Angel From Hell
"Pilot"

Written by
Tad Quill

Third Revised Network Draft
February 13, 2015
ACT ONE

EXT. FARMER’S MARKET - DAY

Allison, a type A, driven doctor in her early thirties, maneuvers through the farmer’s market as if on a military mission. Her boyfriend Derek, a handsome internet entrepreneur, struggles to keep up. Also with them is Jill, Allison’s best friend, cute, thirty, a struggling actress. Allison picks up a giant bunch of radishes.

ALLISON
Are these enough radishes for our party?

DEREK
I don’t know. How many rabbits did you invite?

ALLISON
It’s for the crudites.

DEREK
Let’s just have someone cater it.

ALLISON
Lazy much? It’s our first party together. We can make appetizers.

(Off list)
I need thirty-seven red peppers.

Throughout the following, Allison, as is her wont, is multi-tasking, putting a staggering amount of peppers in her bag while listening to Derek, who has stopped at a vendor selling hipster-ish clothes. He tries on a scarf.

DEREK
This is amazing.

ALLISON
(not looking up)
Another scarf? We live in LA. Your neck never gets colder than seventy degrees.

DEREK
(re: scarf)
It feels like Latin American cotton.
(turns to Jill)
I went to El Salvador last year. Ridiculous surf trip.

JILL
Cool.
DEREK
The waves and ceviche were insane.

ALLISON
(re: scarf)
Come on, it’s August and you look like you hopped off a toboggan.

Allison playfully takes off his scarf and they end up in a kiss. Jill watches, then;

JILL
I think I’m going to hit a yoga class.

Jill gestures to a nearby yoga studio. It’s a little grimy.

ALLISON
At that place? MRSA alert.

JILL
I’ve got an audition later and I want to clear my head.

ALLISON
Alright. Text me later and we’ll hang out?

JILL
Definitely.

ALLISON
I’m serious. Don’t flake out on me.

JILL
I promise.

Jill hugs her friend and exits. Derek and Allison continue walking. As they pass a berry stand, the farmer yells out to a woman.

BERRY GUY
Hey magician lady, did you disappear my fruit again?!

Reveal he’s yelling at an over the top woman, Amy, who’s wearing a Kings jersey and doing sleight of hand magic in front of some families. Amy yells at the Berry Guy.

AMY
No, Steve. Maybe they’re up your ass, next to that giant stick.

The parents gasp at the language and scoot the kids away.
AMY (CONT’D)
Never said the show was rated G, people.

Amy turns to her remaining audience member, a ten year old boy and pulls a baseball mitt out of her jersey.

AMY (CONT’D)
Does this belong to you?

Amazed, the kid looks inside his backpack. His glove is missing.

KID
How’d you do that?

AMY
Magic, dude. Now if you look inside your sweat shirt pocket, I believe you have something of mine?

The kid reaches into his pocket and pulls out a flask.

AMY (CONT’D)
Ta Da. My Rumplemintz.

KID
Cool!

Amy takes back her flask.

AMY
Now go get a five from your Dad and put it in the hat.

The kid goes off to find his Dad as Amy accidentally bumps into Allison, causing her to drop her bag full of vegetables.

AMY (CONT’D)
(re: self)
Look what the clumsy magician did. Sorry.

They pick up the produce together.

ALLISON
Don’t worry, accidents happen.

Amy stops and looks at her intently.

AMY
What a sweet thing to say. I bet you’re a sweet person, Dr. Allison.

ALLISON
(taken aback)
How do you know my name?
DEREK
I wouldn’t call her sweet. Hard charger, maybe.

ALLISON
(to Amy)
And how did you know I’m a doctor? Have we met?

AMY
It feels that way, doesn’t it? Like we’ve known each other all our lives? Like we have a psychic, spiritual connection?

ALLISON
What’s happening here?

AMY
I’m just messing with you. I palmed your charm bracelet.

She holds Allison’s bracelet, indicating individual charms.

AMY (CONT’D)
See? Allison charm, Doctor charm. I’m Amy, by the way.

She hands back the bracelet.

DEREK
I thought you had ESP. I was going to make you guess my job.

AMY
You’re unemployed.

DEREK
Actually, I’m developing an app --

AMY
Get paid for that?

DEREK
I’m talking to some invest --

AMY
Unemployed.

Amy shakes Allison’s hand.

AMY (CONT’D)
It was a real pleasure, Dr. Allison.
(to Derek, not a fan)
Take it sleazy, Zuckerberg.
Amy heads out. Derek and Allison look at each other; who the hell was that?

INT. DOCTOR’S OFFICE - NEXT DAY

Allison is studying a patient’s file when her Dad, Marv, who is also her sunburnt medical partner, enters.

ALLISON
Whoa, Dad. What are you using for sunblock? Baby oil?

MARV
I’ve been driving the Benz with the top down.

ALLISON
Where? On the surface of the sun? (re: his face) Come on, we’re dermatologists.

MARV
I have something delicate to discuss with you.

ALLISON
I haven’t been stealing your Altoids.

MARV
It’s not that. Though I’m missing half a tin and it’s concerning. This regards Wally Nolan.

ALLISON
The redheaded surfer? That dude’s a melanoma machine.

MARV
He’s a cash cow. (off her look) Whose well being is important to me. I saw the calendar. He’s booked to see you.

ALLISON
Only because you were busy. (off his look) Do you think I’m stealing your patient?

MARV
You know how competitive you are. Remember when you threw your racket after I crushed you in tennis?
ALLISON
Way to wedge that into the conversation. If you want me to cancel Mr. Nolan, I will.

MARV
Please.

ALLISON
That’s what’s nice about working with family. The trust.
(off his face)
Seriously, what’s up with the sunburn?

MARV
Elise likes me with a little color.

ALLISON
(with lisp)
Elishe. How is Elishe? And her brashes?

MARV
Sure. Mock a woman who’s tackling a major medical issue.

ALLISON
Crooked teeth are a major medical issue?
(re: file)
I’ll tell Mrs. Cooley. It’ll put her lupus in perspective.

MARV
Speaking of Elise, I’d love to bring her to your party.

ALLISON
Um, it’s just going to be close family and friends. And I’ve only met Elise a couple of times so...

MARV
So? No? Is this about Mom? Because it’s been over a year.

ALLISON
No, I love that you’re dating. It’s the grope-y passion I find a little...

Allison mimes gagging.

MARV
I won’t apologize for Elise and my chemistry.
ALLISON
Hey, it’s inspiring. From afar.

MARV
It’s your party, kiddo. She doesn’t have to come.

ALLISON
We’ll make a dinner plan so I can get to know her better. Thanks for understanding.
(gives him peck on cheek, reacts)
Please get a hat. Your face is literally on fire.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - LATER THAT DAY

Allison sits with her younger brother, Brad, a medical sales rep. Allison returns e-mails on her phone while Brad talks.

BRAD
Is Jill going to be at your party?

ALLISON
She’s my best friend, so yeah.

BRAD
Cool. Then I won’t bring a date.

ALLISON
Because you think you’re going home with her?

BRAD
Totally possible. I’m making headway. We’re doing a cleanse together.

ALLISON
Are you applying for the job of her gay best friend?

BRAD
I’m applying for the job of her lover and my resume’s tight.

ALLISON
Resume? Allison’s little brother, hobbies include obsessive crushes and pooping my pants on the way to Mammoth.
(then, sincerely)
Listen, Jill would be lucky to go out with you --
BRAD
I know.

ALLISON
-- but I just don't think she sees
you in that way. Maybe it's time
to move --

BRAD
Never.

AMY (O.S.)
WTF? Dr. Allison?

Reveal...

AMY (CONT'D)
Ta da. It's Amy from the Farmer's
Market. How random is this? Me
running into you?

ALLISON
(surprised)
It's really random.

AMY
(re: Brad, flirty)
Who's this Bit O'honey?

BRAD
(flirty back)
What's up? I'm Brad. Her brother.

Amy turns her back to Allison and tries to pull her jersey
off her shoulder.

AMY
So I've got this thing on my
shoulder. Might be a mole, might
be a wax burn from some degrading
role play. You know what I'm
talking about, Brad.

BRAD
Yeah, I do.

AMY
Could you eyeball it? Give me a
ball park diagnosis?

Allison, wanting to end this awkward impromptu exam, hands
Amy her card.

ALLISON
Why don't you come into the office?
Just make an appointment.
AMY
Cool. I’m currently between insurance carriers. What’s your barter policy? Kidding. I’ll pay cash. It will probably be in ones. And no, I’m not a stripper, Brad.

BRAD
Damnit.

Amy puts the card in her pocket and gets ready to leave.

AMY
Dr. Allison, I’ll see you soon. (to Brad)
And you? I’m not done with you.

BRAD
If you need me, I live above my sister’s garage.

AMY
Oh, you’re a project, aren’t you?

BRAD (suavely)
I’ve got all kinds of debt. Student loans, credit cards, you name it.

Amy exits, Brad turns to his sister.

BRAD (CONT’D)
Why was I flirting with that woman?

ALLISON
No idea but it was disturbing. She’s some kook from the farmer’s market.

BRAD
It’s like she put a spell on me.

He grabs his wheelie briefcase full of drug supplies.

BRAD (CONT’D)
Well, I’ve got to roll.

Brad goes, rolling his briefcase with a Pfizer logo on the side.

ALLISON
(calls after him)
Get a new exit line.
BRAD
(calls back)
I’ll see you at home tonight. And
tell Jill I’ll definitely be at the
party.

ALLISON
(calling after)
She doesn’t care.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP – FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER

Allison walks a few steps and then is joined by ... Amy, who’s pouring schnapps into her coffee.

AMY
Told you I’d see you soon.

ALLISON
Okay, you keep showing up
everywhere and it’s freaking me
out.

AMY
Absolutely. It’s weird.
(offering flask)
Rumplemintz?

ALLISON
I’m actually on my way to the
office. Because it’s eleven am.
On a Tuesday.

Allison walks briskly away. Amy follows, trying to keep up.

AMY
Can I ask you something personal?

ALLISON
I don’t really know you.

AMY
Would you consider yourself
spiritual?

ALLISON
But go ahead and ask anyway. Am I
spiritual? I’m a doctor and a
woman of science. I don’t go to
church. I want to punch people
carrying yoga mats... So no. Not
spiritual.

AMY
Do you think there’s a force in the
universe that only wants you to be
happy?
ALLISON
Yes, Amazon. I ordered a desk organizer and it was at my house four hours later. How is that possible?

AMY
(increasingly winded)
And if there was such a force, do you think it could be manifested in a person? Whose only mission was to safeguard your journey in this world? You know, intervene before you get hit by a bus, that sort of thing?

ALLISON
You sound like you’re describing a guardian angel.

AMY
That’s exactly what I’m describing!

Allison stops walking. Amy stops too, hands on knees, totally gassed.

AMY (CONT’D)
Oh thank God. You were hoofing it like a Clydesdale.

ALLISON
What exactly do you want?

AMY
Dr. Allison, we have not formally met.

Amy takes a sip of schnapps coffee, gathers herself and extends her hand.

AMY (CONT’D)
I’m Amy, your guardian angel.

Allison stares at her, not taking her hand. Amy puts her hand down and looks around.

AMY (CONT’D)
I didn’t want to do this on the street. Full disclosure, I’m half in the bag. I thought my croissan’wich would absorb the booze.
ALLISON
Okay, I’m a skin doctor and I think what you really need is a neurologist or a psychiatrist, maybe a sober living arrangement. I wish you all the best. Please stop following me.

Allison starts to walk away. Amy calls after her.

AMY
Your mom died four hundred and twelve days ago. And though you’d never admit it, she was your best friend and since then, you’ve buried yourself in work.

Allison stops. That’s exactly true. She turns around.

AMY (CONT’D)
You’ve also buried yourself in a relationship with that loser Derek.
(off Allison’s look)
Observation not a judgement. You got your first period at Red Lobster which is super ironic --

ALLISON
Stop! How do you know this stuff?

AMY
God gave me your file.
(off her look)
I’m messing with you. Look, I’ve been watching you. That’s what we do. We watch over souls. And yours is amazing.

This gives Allison pause. A nice compliment.

ALLISON
You could’ve easily found this stuff on-line. My friends over share on Facebook.

AMY
True. And I’m a wiz on the computer. Especially photoshop.
(showing her phone)
My head on Giselle’s body.
Potential Christmas card.

ALLISON
So you’ve been cyber stalking me?
AMY
Maybe. Or maybe I’m an angel whose mission is to safeguard your journey through this world. Again, it depends on what you believe.

ALLISON
Angel or drunk wack-a-doo? I’ll go with the latter.

AMY
Good call. Or huge mistake.

ALLISON
I’m leaving.

AMY
Cool. But if you believe any of this, even one percent, don’t tell anyone. This is for you alone.

ALLISON
Okay, angel lady.

Allison turns and walks away. She looks down at her phone just before crossing the street.

AMY
Bus! Look out!

Allison stops in her tracks and looks up, alarmed, expecting to be narrowly missed by a bus. There’s no bus.

AMY (CONT’D)
My bad. Thought I saw a bus.
(re: schnapps coffee)
Man, I’m buzzed.

INT. DOCTOR’S OFFICE – A FEW DAYS LATER

Allison examines Wally Nolan, a balding redhead in his fifties. She studies his scalp.

ALLISON
It looks benign but we’ll biopsy it to be sure. Follow up with my Dad next week.

WALLY
I can’t take skin advice from a guy who’s redder than a matador’s cape.

ALLISON
Hey, I’m only seeing you because you showed up for your cancelled appointment.

(MORE)
ALLISON (CONT'D)
You’d be seeing my Dad if he wasn’t
golfing. You’re his patient.

WALLY
But you’re so much more responsive. 
You’re always here, you e-mail me 
right back...

This hits Allison. She is always available because she’s been throwing herself into her work, just like Amy said. She notices a cross around Wally’s neck.

ALLISON
Cool necklace. Where’d you get it?

WALLY
It was a confirmation gift.

ALLISON
(beat)
Off the wall question. Do you believe in angels?

WALLY
No. But I have a cousin who does. 
She actually talks to her guardian angel.

ALLISON
(intrigued)
Really?

WALLY
Of course, my cousin also took a bunch of acid at a Dave Matthews concert.

ALLISON
Probably so she could get through a Dave Matthews concert.

WALLY
Now she bags groceries at Ralph’s. Why do you ask about angels?

Allison remembers Amy’s warning.

ALLISON
No reason. I think we’re all set --

Marv enters, like a betrayed lover.

MARV
Oh, hello Wally.
WALLY
(cought)
Hey Marv. I thought you were playing golf?

MARV
My game was cancelled but no worries.
(then)
Allison, a word?

EXT. OFFICE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS
She follows Marv into the hall, shutting the door behind her.

MARV
So it’s like that.

ALLISON
It’s not. He’s your patient. I made that very clear to him.

MARV
I thought about it, and I am going to bring Elise to your party.

ALLISON
Seriously? What, as like, payback?

MARV
No, I’d just like her to be there.

ALLISON
Really?

MARV
Yup. It’s important to me.

Allison, not wanting to fight in the office, relents.

ALLISON
Sure. Whatever. Just promise you won’t be all hands-y with each other.

MARV
I can’t make that promise.

Allison rolls her eyes and walks back into her exam, leaving Marv with a petulant victory.

INT. MEDICAL BUILDING PARKING GARAGE - LATER
Allison crosses over to her car. Amy leans against the hood.
AMY
(re: electric car)
Sweet Volt. Derek’s idea? It’s
got his stink all over it.

ALLISON
We’re officially in a stalker
situation.

AMY
I feel like I freaked you out
earlier.

ALLISON
Hence the phrasing “stalker
situation.”

AMY
Let me make it up to you. Julio’s
Cantina. When’s the last time you
had a weekday margarita?

ALLISON
I’ve got a six am spin class.
Plus, I’m off sugar.

AMY
(announcer voice)
And the Lame Ass award goes to ... 
No Fun Allison.

ALLISON
I’m not a lame ass.

AMY
Prove it.

ALLISON
Peer pressure? Really?

AMY
(deep breath, then)
Listen, I’m making jokes but
there’s something really intense I
need to talk to you about.
(off Allison’s look)
I have cancer.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. MEXICAN CANTINA - LATER

Amy and Allison are at the bar.
AMY
Okay, I don't have cancer.
Terrible lie, never should have
said it.

ALLISON
You just faked cancer?

AMY
I didn’t know how else to get you
here. I’m in uncharted waters.
This whole thing is a major angel
faux pas.

ALLISON
Just to be clear, lying about
cancer isn’t cool in any dimension.

AMY
I’m talking about contacting you.
Technically, we’re never supposed
to intervene in a human’s life.

ALLISON
Is that some sort of cosmic rule?

AMY
Yeah, we’re supposed to help from
afar, be subtle about things.

ALLISON
There’s nothing subtle about you.

AMY
Nope, and if I see you going down a
dangerous path, what am I
supposed to do? Stick my head up
my butt?

ALLISON
What do you mean? Dangerous path?

AMY
Follow me.

Amy crosses into the dining room and Allison reluctantly
follows. Amy points to a corner booth, where Derek and Jill
sit laughing. Allison is taken aback.

ALLISON
I didn’t know they were having
dinner? Derek said he was working.

AMY
He’s working on boning your friend.
(off Allison’s look)
(MORE)
AMY (CONT'D)
They’ve already hooked up once, 
some light petting, I won’t go into 
details. Second base.

ALLISON
What?

AMY
Boobs, dude.

ALLISON
Not that. Derek’s cheating on me? 
With Jill?!

On Allison’s stunned look, Amy puts her hand on her shoulder.

AMY
I’m really sorry. 
(then, noticing)
Would it cheer you up to know I 
found a taquito behind your ear?

ALLISON
Not in the mood for magic.

As Amy quietly retrieves a taquito from behind Allison’s ear 
and takes a bite, we;

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE
ACT TWO

INT. MEXICAN CANTINA - MOMENTS LATER

Amy and Allison have ducked behind a wall so that Derek and Jill don’t see them.

ALLISON
We just moved in together. Derek wouldn’t cheat.

AMY
Sure, he would. People suck.

ALLISON
Said the “angel”.

AMY
Hey, I’m your angel. I believe in your fundamental goodness.
(re: Derek)
I don’t know what’s going on with that tool.

ALLISON
Why do you hate Derek?

AMY
Because he’s cheating on you!
(then)
Listen, there’s a simple way to find out. Ask him.

Allison pokes her head into the room. Jill and Derek are laughing. It does look suspicious. Allison takes a deep breath and crosses over to their table.

ALLISON
Hey guys.

Derek and Jill look up, startled to see Allison. They look busted.

DEREK
Hey babe. What are you doing here? You said you were working late again?

ALLISON
Just, you know ... what are you doing here?

DEREK
(he looks at Jill)
I guess you caught us.
ALLISON
Ah-ha! Ah-ha!
(to Derek)
How could you?

DEREK
How could I what?

ALLISON
And Jill? Is this why you haven’t been texting me back? You hooked up with my boyfriend?

JILL
Allison, what are you talking about?

DEREK
We didn’t hook up.

ALLISON
(re: dinner)
Then what the hell is this?

DEREK
Okay, I didn’t want to say anything but you know how it’s my thing to surprise you with gifts?

ALLISON
No. I mean, you’ve done it many, many times but I wouldn’t call it your thing.

DEREK
I’m making a video for the party of all the big moments in your life. Because moving in with you is the biggest moment in my life.

ALLISON
(uh-oh)
Yeah?

DEREK
And Jill was just giving me some pictures to scan.

Jill reveals a pile of photos of Jill and Allison.

JILL
Here’s one of us at prom, one of us in Greece together...
ALLISON
(takes picture)
...One of you visiting me when I stayed home with lice.
(then, realizing)
You risked lice for me. And you have really good hair.
(mortified)
Guys, I totally freaked out. Can we just forget I said anything?
I’m so sorry.

DEREK
Babe, why would you even think something like that?

Allison looks back at Amy, who because of her location, can’t be seen by Derek or Jill. Amy is still eating the taquito.

EXT. MEXICAN CANTINA - A LITTLE LATER

Allison and Amy are talking heatedly by the valet stand.

AMY
He’s lying. I know they’re hooking up.

How?

AMY
Because an angel knows.
(Allison snorts)
And I hacked into his e-mails.

ALLISON
What?!

AMY
I told you I’m good with computers.

Allison starts back into the cantina.

AMY (CONT’D)
(tearing up)
Wait. Please. Let me explain.

ALLISON
Are you crying?

AMY
No, there’s habanero pepper in the taquito. I’m literally digesting lava.

Amy takes another bite.
ALLISON
Then stop eating it!

AMY
It’s delicious!
(composes herself)
Derek sent a bunch of e-mails to Jill. They were really explicit.

ALLISON
I want you out of my life.
Seriously. I’ll get a restraining order. My uncle’s a lawyer.

AMY
Your uncle’s a dentist.

ALLISON
Why do you know everything!? I’m leaving and don’t follow me!

Allison goes back into the cantina. Beat. Amy heads into the cantina, calling ahead.

AMY
I’m not following you but I need the ladies room. I’ve got a nuclear situation and it’s not a drill.

INT. ALLISON AND DEREK’S KITCHEN – A FEW DAYS LATER
Allison is cutting vegetables for the party. Derek enters.

DEREK
That’s a lot of crudites.
Reveal five platters of crudites.

ALLISON
It’s official; I’m public enemy number one to vegetables.

Allison reaches under the counter and produces a bag.

ALLISON (CONT’D)
I got you something.

She gives the bag to Derek. He pulls out the scarf from the farmer’s market.

DEREK
Wow. You must feel really guilty about the other night.
ALLISON
I do. So guilty that I bought you a ridiculous scarf.
(off his look)
That looks good on you.

DEREK
Thank you. It’s a sweet gesture. But it doesn’t change the fact that you really hurt me, Allison.

ALLISON
I know. And, again, I am so sorry.

DEREK
If we’re going to be together, you have to trust me.

ALLISON
I do. I completely trust you.

DEREK
Good.
(re: scarf)
I’m going to wear this tonight.

Allison smiles “great”. They kiss. She tries to take off the scarf, he pulls away. The doorbell rings. Party’s starting.

INT. ALLISON AND DEREK’S LIVING ROOM - LATER

The party is in full swing. Derek and Allison make the rounds, catching up with friends. Marv and Elise, mid-forties, attractive, cross over.

ELISE
(slight braces lisp)
Thank you so much for including me.

ALLISON
Of course, thank you for coming, Elishhe.
(catching herself)
Elise. You look beautiful.

MARV
 Doesn’t she?

He nuzzles Elise’s neck. She giggles and nibbles his ear.

ELISE
That is enough, Marv.

ALLISON
It’s actually way too much. The bar’s in the kitchen.
Elise and Marv cross off. Angle on a smitten Brad, who approaches Jill.

BRAD
Hey you.

JILL
Hi Brad.

BRAD
How’s the cleanse going?

JILL
Oh, I stopped that last week. Didn’t I tell you?

BRAD
You did not.

JILL
How about you? How are you doing on it?

BRAD
Great. It’s caused some vertigo and full body sweats but I feel good. A little weak. But good.

JILL
Cool.

Jill looks over and sees Derek and Allison arm in arm. She seems to feel lonely.

BRAD
Yup, clean living. It’s kind of my deal now --

JILL
Hey, you want to get drunk?

BRAD
Absolutely.

As she drags Brad to the kitchen, he passes Allison and gives her a big thumbs up. Brad’s plan to get Jill seems to be working.

EXT. ALLISON AND DEREK’S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Amy rides up on her bike to the valet parking attendant. She hops off and hands the valet her bicycle.

AMY
Keep it close, hot stuff.
She heads towards the party but stops when she sees Allison through the window. She’s smiling and having a good time. Amy takes a slug of her flask. Beat, she heads back to the valet.

**AMY (CONT’D)**
I’ve got to stop intervening.

**VALET**
What?

**AMY**
I’ve got a rep as a bit of a hot mess. So I’m trying to be more disciplined.
(eyes him up and down)
Bummer for you. We would’ve had a good time.

**VALET**
(beat)
What?

She jumps on the bike and feigns going through her pockets.

**AMY**
I left my cash in my other jersey.
Get you next time, sugar tush.

She bikes off.

**INT. ALLISON AND DEREK’S LIVING ROOM - LATER**

The party is drunker, people are having fun. Karaoke is happening. Derek has the mic and is MC’ing.

**DEREK**
All right, who’s up next?

Marv and Elise bound to the front of the room.

**MARV**
My lady and I will be singing
Meatloaf’s “You Took the Words Right out of my Mouth.”
(seductively, into mic)
Hide the kids ‘cause it’s about to get steamy.

Marv turns to Elise and begins the spoken word pre-amble to the song. It’s highly sexual. Allison watches, concerned.

**MARV (CONT'D)**
“On a hot summer night, would you offer your throat to the wolf with the red roses?”
"Will he offer me his mouth?"

"Yes."

"Will he offer me his teeth?"

"Yes."

"Will he offer me his --"

(quickly grabs mic)

-- Alright. Toast time.
I’d like to officially welcome everyone to our new home!

People cheer.

I’ll keep it short.
(to Derek)
I just want to say that I feel truly lucky to have met this man. He makes me feel safe and loved and I’m so happy that we’re living together.

They kiss. Everybody cheers again.

We need more beer!

Yeah! More beer! Love is in the air.

Brad tries to put his arm around Jill, chickens out, rests his hand awkwardly on her shoulder.

Allison steps out of the noisy party to make a call.

Yeah hi, Yummy? I need to order a beer delivery --
(noticing)
Why’s that open?
She notices an open door to Derek’s office, which is a room in their converted garage. She crosses over.

    ALLISON (CONT’D)
    (back into phone)
    No, sorry. Can I get two cases of Corona delivered to --

She’s about to close the door, notices something in the room.

    ALLISON (CONT’D)
    Weird.
    (into phone)
    Not you. Yeah, two cases of Corona delivered to --

She picks up something off the couch.

    ALLISON (CONT'D)
    My clover charm?
    (then, notices her own bracelet)
    But I have my charm. This must belong to... Jill?
    (into phone)
    Hello? Yummy guy?

INT. ALLISON AND DEREK’S KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Allison enters the party and makes a beeline to Jill, who is drunkenly flirting with Brad. Derek talks to friends nearby.

    ALLISON
    Hey, are you missing your clover charm? You know, the one we got on our trip to Ireland?

Jill looks at her bracelet, which is identical to Allison’s, and realizes she is missing the charm.

    JILL
    Yeah. How’d you know?

Allison holds the charm up.

    ALLISON
    (suspicious)
    It was in Derek’s office. On the couch.

Jill looks across at Derek. Beat.

    JILL
    (confessing)
    Derek and I hooked up. Oh God, I’m so sorry.
The party gasps.

ALLISON
What?!

BRAD
What?!

JILL
It happened when we were working on the video, things got out of hand. It’ll never happen again.

ALLISON
(still in shock)
Seriously?

BRAD
(still in shock)
In the room below where I sleep?

ALLISON
Not your moment, Brad.
(to Derek)
Are you kidding me?

DEREK
Okay, just give me a chance to explain.

ALLISON
What part? The cheating or the making me feel horrible for accusing you of cheating while you were cheating, you sociopath?

DEREK
This move has brought up a lot of issues for me.

ALLISON
Oh, then definitely cheat. What issues?

DEREK
For one thing, we’re pretty different people. I’m chill and you’re super intense. I mean, you stole a patient from your own Dad.

MARV
(to himself)
Knew it!

ALLISON
I said he thought I stole his patient.
DEREK
Plus, you’re always either on the
phone or at the office. You’ve
worked almost every week-end we’ve
been together.

ALLISON
Well, somebody has to work around
here!

The party gasps. The gloves are off.

DEREK
So there it is! You don’t believe
in my business plan.

ALLISON
An app where you can choose
different skin colors for your
photos?

DEREK
It’s like Benetton! It promotes
tolerance.

ALLISON
It promotes black face!

DEREK
Okay, let’s just cool off before we
say something we regret.

ALLISON
How about this? Leave and never
come back because I’m breaking up
with you.
  (off Derek’s surprise)
I’m serious. Go.

She’s not messing around. Derek leaves. She wheels on Jill.

ALLISON (CONT’D)
What the hell, Jill? Are you in
love with my boyfriend?

BRAD
And not even considering other
options?

JILL
(answering Allison)
God no. I mean, I think Derek and
I connected because we both are a
little lost. I just turned thirty
and I’m not getting any work and I
feel really vulnerable and lonely.
ALLISON
(dawns on her)
Oh my God, you’re a completely selfish person.

JILL
I know. I’m too in the moment.

ALLISON
No, you’re selfish. How am I just realizing this? I mean, you make everything about you. I can’t even get you to text me back. It was fine in high school, you were my kooky friend, but cheating with my boyfriend isn’t flake-y, it’s awful.

JILL
You’re right. I’m a terrible person.

Jill bursts into tears and runs out.

BRAD
(reflexively)
Jill!

Allison glares at Brad, who recovers and calls after Jill.

BRAD (CONT'D)
That’s right. Keep running. You hurt my sister.
(to room)
Team Allison all the way.
(then, to sister)
I’m just going to make sure she knows how bad she messed up.

Brad bolts after Jill as Allison rolls her eyes. Beat.
People start to mill around, get more drinks, etc.

ALLISON
Hey folks, the party celebrating my relationship ended when my relationship ended. How is that not clear?

People quickly exit. Marv crosses over.

MARV
Oh, kiddo.

ALLISON
I’m such an idiot. I heard he was cheating and I didn’t want to believe it.
MARV
Hey, you deserve much better than that ass.

ALLISON
Thanks Dad.

MARV
It’s the truth.
(gives her a big hug)
And I forgive you for Wally Nolan.

ALLISON
(still in hug)
I didn’t steal your patient.

MARV
It’s water under the bridge.

As Marv exits with Elise, Allison is left totally alone.

INT. DOCTORS OFFICE/ WAITING ROOM/ HALLWAY - NEXT MORNING

Allison, alone in her office on a Sunday morning, does paper work. Beat. There’s a knock at the waiting room door.

She answers the door but there’s nobody there, only a plate with one s’more on it. She looks up and down the empty office building hallway. Beat. Amy jumps out of the elevator.

AMY
Ta da.
(re: plate)
I was just going to leave the plate but who eats unattended camp food?
FYI, best s’more ever.

Amy enters and looks around at the empty office.

AMY (CONT’D)
So the doctor is working on a sunday morning, huh? My diagnosis is loser.

ALLISON
I don’t know how you knew but you knew. Derek was hooking up with Jill. You were right so go ahead and throw it in my face.

Amy stops and looks at her sincerely.

AMY
I’m sorry. That must feel terrible.
ALLISON
   (tearing up a little)
   It does.

AMY
   (then gently, re: s’more)
   Take a bite.

ALLISON
   (teary)
   I’m off sweets.

Amy hands her the s’more. Allison takes it, looks around.

AMY
   Who are you looking for? The sugar police? Hit that.

ALLISON
   Nobody’s made me s’mores since I was --

AMY
   -- a kid and your Mom made them.

ALLISON
   She used to --

AMY
   -- make them --

ALLISON
   -- can I please finish a nostalgic thought?

AMY
   Sorry.

ALLISON
   She used to make them “just because”. She called them my reward for being me. She’d surprise me with a plate every few months.

AMY
   That’s why I made the s’more. To remind you of a time when you felt happy and loved.

ALLISON
   (tearing up)
   That’s not how I feel now. I mean, yesterday I thought I felt happy and loved but I guess it was all just a lie.
AMY
(firmly)
That’s enough with the waterworks.

ALLISON
(taken aback)
What?

AMY
You should be celebrating! You’re free of two hundred and fifty pounds of baggage.
(clarifying)
Derek and Jill.

ALLISON
No, I got that.

AMY
You know what your problem is?

ALLISON
I’m too intense.

AMY
No, you take care of everybody but yourself and that attracts people who take advantage. I mean, you pay your boyfriend’s rent, your brother sleeps in your garage, and you let your Dad guilt you into not treating patients who clearly prefer you, because, let’s face it, he’s turned into a lazy lobster. And don’t get me started on Jill the drama queen.

ALLISON
What’s your point?

AMY
Living for others doesn’t end well. It drains you. You have so much love to give. But you have to give it to yourself first.
(indicates s’more)
Take a bite. Fill yourself up with love.

ALLISON
That sounded gross.

Allison takes a bite of the s’more. Beat. She smiles.

ALLISON (CONT’D)
This is amazing.
AMY
Look at that smile! That’s the smile of a happy kid living in the moment, free of everybody else’s expectations.

ALLISON
Settle down.

AMY
I could help you, Allison. You just need someone to nudge you and say, hey get off the phone, get out of the office, have a weekday margarita, have some fun, let a random guy take you to O-town.

ALLISON
Was with you right up until the end.

AMY
(deadly serious)
You deserve to be happy. That’s all I want for you. In fact, you could call it my mission in life.

Allison takes this in.

AMY (CONT’D)
But hey, if this angel stuff is all too bizarre, I get it. I’ll leave you alone.

ALLISON
No, you won’t.

AMY
No, I really will. I mean, it’d be a bummer. For me. This is my last shot angel-wise.

ALLISON
Is this another lie? Like fake cancer?

AMY
No, it’s real. You’re my “final chance”. There have been a lot of complaints about my work.

(smelling plate)
Impulse control issues, that sort of thing.
ALLISON
You just said impulse control issues while licking a s’more plate.
   (Allison takes plate)
Get a grip.

AMY
So unless you want me to stay, this is it. This is my big exit...

Amy heads for door, hesitates, Allison doesn’t react.

AMY (CONT’D)
... I bid you adieu. I’m exiting your life. Forever.

Still no reaction. Amy, resigned, exits to the hallway and heads to the elevator. Beat. Allison opens the door.

ALLISON
It’s not like I believe you’re an angel.

AMY
But...

ALLISON
But ... you know, I could use a weird friend.

Amy beams.

AMY
Do you have coffee in there?

ALLISON
I do.

AMY
Good, because I’ve got Rumplemintz.

As Amy enters Allison’s office and her life;

INT. ALLISON AND DEREK’S KITCHEN – THAT NIGHT

Allison sits with her lap top. Takes a breath and clicks a file called “Big Moments Video”. It’s a series of pictures to music. Allison with her parents, Brad, Jill, Derek, etc. Another picture. Allison at the age of nine. She’s watching a parade, a huge grin on her face, happy and free.

She pauses the video, studies the picture more closely. Although surrounded by a crowd of strangers, she recognizes a face. It’s Amy, exactly as she looks now, smiling down at Allison, almost like she’s looking over her. Wait, could she actually be an angel?
Her phone buzzes with a text. Tight on the phone: “Thought this would make you smile. The miracle of photoshop.” It’s a picture of Amy’s head on Giselle Bundchen’s body. Allison looks back at the parade picture.

Did Amy photoshop herself in? It looks so real. What’s the truth? It depends on what you believe.

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW