

Angel From Hell

"Pilot"

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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.

Through-out 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 Rumpemintz.

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 wheelee 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
(caught)
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.

ALLISON
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 Mary 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-ambule 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?"

ELISE
"Will he offer me his mouth?"

MARV
"Yes."

ELISE
"Will he offer me his teeth?"

MARV
"Yes."

ELISE
"Will he offer me his --"

ALLISON
(quickly grabs mic)
-- Alright. Toast time.
I'd like to officially welcome
everyone to our new home!

People cheer.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
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.

JILL
(buzzed)
We need more beer!

BRAD
(buzzed)
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.

EXT. ALLISON AND DEREK'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

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

ALLISON
(into cell)
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 Rurplemintz.

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