

What The Heart Wants

by

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FADE IN:

INT. DANCE CLUB - NIGHT

TAMARA (early 30's) maintains a steady gaze across the crowded dance floor, a sultry smile on her lips.

As the heart-thumping music pulses through the room, she is a motionless figure of beauty amid the writhing sea of humanity.

She catches the eye of young professional BRENDAN (late 20's), currently dancing with another GIRL (20's).

Brendan smiles at Tamara, returns his attention to the girl.

He looks up at Tamara again.

Her eyes remain locked on him.

He tries to concentrate on the girl. Tamara draws his focus.

He stops dancing and approaches Tamara, to the girl's disdain.

He smiles flirtatiously, shouts to be heard above the noise.

BRENDAN

Hey sexy! Want a drink?

She nods, still brandishing that seductive look, grabs his hand and leads him away.

They pass the bar, and he looks confused.

Tamara takes him through a side door, the overhead exit sign glowing red.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Tamara pushes Brendan up against the wall, rips open his shirt. Buttons go flying.

BRENDAN

You don't waste any time, do you?

TAMARA

Nope.

She reaches for him. He grabs her wrists.

BRENDAN

Are we really gonna do this here?

TAMARA

We sure are.

She shakes loose his grip, puts her hands on his chest.

He shoves her hands aside.

BRENDAN

Ladies first.

He gets to his knees, slides both hands up her legs.

She's about to stop him, but doesn't.

He slides some classy lingerie down to her ankles, then hides his head under her dress.

Tamara grabs his head as if to pull him away, but enjoys what he's doing too much to end it. She moans with pleasure.

BRENDAN

(muffled)

Oh, you like that, huh?

TAMARA

Yes...

She shudders, leans on him for support as her legs shake.

He emerges from under her dress. She puts a hand on his chest.

TAMARA

Now it's your turn.

He undoes his belt.

Tamara puts her other hand on his chest.

He grins like a fool.

She smiles that seductive smile...and her eyes turn black.

Her fingernails become claws.

Tamara digs both hands into his flesh. He screams.

She pulls open his ribcage with a loud CRACK.

Tamara is drenched in blood. It runs down her demonic face, drips from her chin.

She doesn't even blink.

Brendan looks at the gaping wound, too in shock to make another sound.

He drops to the concrete.

Tamara reaches into his open chest cavity, grips the heart with one clawed hand, pulls it from his mangled torso.

The attachments - aorta, pulmonary artery, etc. - stretch thin until they rend and snap, flinging droplets of blood.

Tamara licks her bloody lips, bares razor-sharp teeth.

The heart is still beating as she bites into it.

INT. TAMARA'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Tamara flosses her teeth, looking human again.

She wears only a towel, hair somewhat damp. She checks her smile in the mirror.

MALONE (O.S.)

Did you enjoy yourself?

Tamara sighs heavily, not at all startled. She turns to face the tall and imposing MALONE (50's), who stands right behind her yet does not appear in the mirror.

TAMARA

Malone, why don't you get a fucking reflection? Instead of creepin' up my ass all the time.

She pours a sip of mouthwash, swishes it around.

MALONE

This is your second warning regarding sexual activity with a mortal. Should there be a third infraction--

He is interrupted by her gargling mouthwash. She spits.

MALONE

You will be reassigned.

She exits. He follows.

BEDROOM

Tamara slides on underwear, still sporting the towel.

TAMARA

I told you before, it's hard being stuck in a human body. It has needs.

She pulls on a t-shirt over the towel, then drops the towel.

MALONE

Like modesty?

She gives him a look, returns to the bathroom. He follows.

TAMARA

I don't even see the problem. It wasn't intercourse, right?

BATHROOM

She hangs up the towel.

MALONE

Any form of sexual activity with a human--

She starts up the hair dryer. He pauses due to the noise.

He waits a beat, but she ignores him. He unplugs the dryer.

MALONE

...forms a bond. And that bond is forbidden.

TAMARA

I just wanted to get off! For once! Okay? Don't you ever let loose?

MALONE

I am evolved beyond physical impulses.

TAMARA

Oh, wow, good for you. Sorry if I wanted to feel something for once.

MALONE

If you feel anything for these mortals, feel pity. Because they are doomed to eternal torment, and we are their tormentors.

Tamara looks away, bored, heard it all before. Malone frowns.

MALONE

Tuchmula, what level-

TAMARA

Don't call me that here. I'm in human form, in the human realm. It's Tamara.

MALONE

Tamara: what level of hell do you currently serve?

Tamara rolls her eyes like a petulant teenager.

TAMARA

Four.

MALONE

And I am level five. This means I outrank you.

She glares up at him. He leans down, gets in her face.

MALONE

No more sexual activity. Last warning. Understood?

TAMARA

Yes.

He stands upright.

MALONE

I have another task for you.

TAMARA

Keep it.

Tamara turns and walks away.

BEDROOM

Tamara sits on the edge of the bed, arms crossed. Malone is already there, at the foot of the bed, standing still.

MALONE

A level three is transferring up here. You will provide her orientation.

TAMARA

You just threatened me with reassignment, now I'm training some new girl?

MALONE

Despite your weaknesses, you are experienced and knowledgeable. I feel she could benefit from your tutelage.

TAMARA

Yeah, well, toot this.
(gives him the finger)
I'm not doing it.

MALONE

You have no choice. I will summon you at the appropriate time.

TAMARA

Great. Looking forward to it.

She gets to her feet in a huff, returns to the bathroom.

BATHROOM

Tamara picks up the hair dryer to plug it in. Malone, again already just standing there, blocks her from doing so.

MALONE

I realize you may feel, at times,
like an actual human, walking around
in that pile of flesh and bones. But
you're not. And you can't change
what you are.

TAMARA

What I am is tired. Flesh and bones
need sleep.

She looks at his hand blocking the power outlet. He moves it out of her way.

MALONE

I'll be watching you.

Malone dissipates into nothingness with a whoosh.

TAMARA

Asshole.

She plugs in the dryer, resumes drying her hair.

INT. HELL'S CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

A windowless space with all objects and surfaces various shades of red and black.

Tamara sits on one side of a long dark table. Malone stands near the door.

At the head of the table in a large red leather chair is DELIA, a full demoness with an air of age and authority.

Even with her pronounced horns, sharp features, and glistening red skin, she has a pleasant demeanor and comforting tone.

DELIA

(to Tamara)

I understand there have been some
minor discrepancies lately.

Malone suppresses a small chortle. Tamara subtly glares at him. Delia ignores him.

DELIA

But I want you to know you have my
full confidence.

TAMARA
Thank you, madam.

DELIA
(to Malone)
Bring her in, please.

Malone opens the door and KAYLEE (20's) enters, bubbly and full of youthful energy. Not at all hellish.

Delia indicates to Tamara, with a nod of her head, to Kaylee.

Tamara gets the idea, stands and approaches the new girl.

TAMARA
Hi. I'm Tamara.

She reaches out to shake hands. Kaylee hugs her.

KAYLEE
I'm Kaylee! It's so good to meet you! I just LOVE being in this human body, don't you? It's so intricate!

TAMARA
Yes it is.

MALONE
Kaylee will accompany you to the mortal realm for verbal instruction. No demonstrations.

TAMARA
Of course.

Delia stands. The other three give her their full attention.

DELIA
Thank you, ladies. I know you're both going to do very well.

She snaps her fingers, sending both women back to Earth. They disappear in an instant.

MALONE
I have concerns.

DELIA
I'm aware of your concerns.

She waves her hand and makes him disappear as well.

DELIA
Men.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Tamara and Kaylee walk casually as they chat.

KAYLEE

So how long have you been doing this?

TAMARA

Not long. A few decades.

KAYLEE

Do you know if...? Sorry. Nevermind.

TAMARA

It's okay. Ask me anything.

Kaylee bites her lip, musters up courage.

KAYLEE

Is there a God?

TAMARA

Honestly, I don't know. Maybe.

KAYLEE

But there is a devil, right?

TAMARA

Not sure. Never met 'im.

KAYLEE

I think there is. Someone's gotta be in charge. Ooh, what about angels?

TAMARA

I don't see 'em that often, but they're around.

KAYLEE

Really? What are they like?

The women stop at a corner, wait for the light.

TAMARA

They have a job to do, just like us. We handle the guilty, they deal with the righteous. All part of the system.

KAYLEE

That sounds like fun too! Having wings, flying around, talking to nice people.

TAMARA

Demons don't get to do that.

The light changes.

TAMARA

But we can go get some coffee.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

A large CROWD waits in several lines, others already seated.

Tamara and Kaylee sit at a small table. Tamara sips a coffee while Kaylee devours spoonfuls of some sugary monstrosity.

KAYLEE

This is the most amazing thing I
have ever tried in all existence!

TAMARA

Don't get too attached. Human bodies
require maintenance.

KAYLEE

Oh I know, I read the manual. I just
figured it's my first time up here,
I should try and enjoy a little
decadence while I can, right?

Tamara lifts her cup in a half-hearted gesture of cheers.
Her eyes wander about the room, looking at people.

KAYLEE

So you said you work in this building?
At your human job?

TAMARA

Mm-hmm.

KAYLEE

Is that fun?

TAMARA

Look, Kaylee...nothing about this
kind of work is fun, okay? There is
some freedom in being up here, but
it's also very limiting. You feel
human, but you're not. And you never
will be.

KAYLEE

Wouldn't that be so cool though? To
like, turn completely human, and
never have to go back to hell?

TAMARA

That's called transubstantiation,
and it isn't real.

KAYLEE

No?

TAMARA

No. Not possible.

KAYLEE

Oh. Too bad.

Kaylee sucks down the last dregs of her dessert drink.

KAYLEE

So how do we get our assignments?

Tamara starts to answer but Kaylee continues on.

KAYLEE

What do we know about the human subjects? Do we get a list of all their evil deeds? Like a dossier with all the dirty details of the horrible things they did? You know, like why they deserve to be devoured?

TAMARA

Why is irrelevant to our position. We're only told who they are and where to find them.

KAYLEE

And that's when you do the seduction.

Kaylee grins lasciviously. Tamara is rather expressionless.

TAMARA

Right.

KAYLEE

One of the girls told me it works on any man. Good, bad, evil, whatever.

TAMARA

We have our specific targets who are known to be evil in some way, but yes. You do have power over all men.

KAYLEE

So like any of these guys here, you could make them do whatever you want?

She indicates all the people at tables behind her.

TAMARA

If I wanted to, sure.

KAYLEE

Will you show me?

TAMARA

Malone said no demonstrations.

KAYLEE

Could you maybe just tell me how you do it?

Tamara sighs, looks over the crowd. She spots two business-casual coworkers, SIMON (early 30's) and PHIL (40's).

Simon has a guy-next-door quality, while Phil is a bit of a shlub but quite amiable.

TAMARA

That guy there. Mister Everyman.

Kaylee turns to look at Simon, resumes facing Tamara.

TAMARA

First you just want to get his attention. Make eye contact.

She looks directly at him, unmoving. He talks with Phil.

TAMARA

When he notices you, draw him in. Smile. Just a little.

She does this. Kaylee is transfixed. Simon is oblivious.

TAMARA

Once he's focused on you, that's when you turn on the real charm.

Simon glances at Tamara, just happens to catch her staring.

She breaks eye contact, embarrassed, looks at Kaylee.

KAYLEE

Our demoness powers.

TAMARA

Yes. The super-pheromones.

Tamara risks a quick look at Simon.

He's back in conversation with Phil.

TAMARA

They work best up close, but with practice you can use it from across the room. Then you lead the target away, and...

KAYLEE

Rip out their evil little hearts!

Tamara nods.

KAYLEE

Actually I have a question about that -- how do we avoid being seen?

Tamara finishes her coffee.

TAMARA

First thing we do is get out of here. We shouldn't be talking about this in public.

She promptly stands.

INT. TAMARA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Tamara flops onto the couch. Kaylee sits across from her.

TAMARA

Part of your job is hiding what we do from the people among whom we exist.

KAYLEE

The mortals.

TAMARA

Yes. You have to avoid standing out in a crowd, or being noticed by anyone other than your target.

KAYLEE

Yeah but don't they notice when people just happen to walk outside and get torn to shreds in an alley?

TAMARA

Their minds are easily clouded. It's one of our powers, your metaphysical trainer will show you how.

KAYLEE

Oh, okay.

Tamara rises, lifts herself off the couch with some effort.

TAMARA

I think that's enough for today.

KAYLEE

Aw, but I'm learning so much!

Tamara approaches the front door. Kaylee follows.

TAMARA

They set you up with an apartment,
right? And a regular job?

KAYLEE

They did.

TAMARA

You should focus on that for now.
Get used to pretending to be human.

She opens the door for Kaylee.

TAMARA

Honestly, that's most of the job up
here. And it isn't always easy.

Kaylee steps out into the hall.

KAYLEE

You seem to have it down.

TAMARA

(beat)
Good night, Kaylee.

She shuts the door.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Tamara sits alone at a small table, reads a book as she enjoys
her lunch: tea and a sandwich.

SIMON

Mind if I sit?

Tamara looks up as he sets down his meal, not waiting for an
answer. He sits and smiles at her.

SIMON

Always so crowded this time of day.

She can't reply, her mouth is full. He doesn't realize this.

SIMON

Do you work upstairs? I'm sure I've
seen you here before.

He sips his drink. She swallows her food.

TAMARA

You stalking me?

He almost does a spit take, laughs.

SIMON

No, I just...I recognize you.

Tamara returns attention to her book, ignores him.

SIMON

I work upstairs. Buchanan Foster.

TAMARA

No kidding. What do you do there?

She couldn't sound less interested.

SIMON

Research analyst. I'm Simon.

He reaches out to shake hands, but she makes no move to reciprocate. He gradually retracts his hand as she speaks.

TAMARA

Simon, I'm not really in the mood to be hit on in a coffee shop today, so let's just share the table in silence?

SIMON

I wasn't hitting on you. Just being friendly in a crowded place.

She ignores him, reads her book. He resumes eating.

She glances up at him. He's looking elsewhere. She sighs.

TAMARA

Yes, I do work upstairs. My job is rather boring and highly irrelevant. But it is somewhere to go every day.

SIMON

Do you have an office or did they make you a cubicle monkey like me?

She's about to answer, stops herself with a mischievous smirk.

Tamara turns on that sultry smile, that otherworldly charm.

TAMARA

Let's say I have a private office. What would you like to do in there?

SIMON

What do you mean?

She leans in closer, a strong seductive maneuver.

TAMARA

I mean what would you like to do with me? Or to me?

Simon chuckles nervously.

SIMON

Uh, I'm really not sure what you're getting at.

TAMARA

Let's go where we can be alone. I'll show you what I'm getting at.

SIMON

Okay, um...I'm sorry to have disturbed you. I will leave you alone now.

He packs up his things, rises from his chair.

SIMON

My apologies.

He walks away. Tamara looks incredulous, confused.

TAMARA

What a ding-dong.

INT. TAMARA'S APARTMENT - FRONT DOOR - EVENING

The doorbell rings. Tamara opens the door to JULIANNE (30's, classy & poised) who then enters, holding a CARDBOARD BOX.

INT. TAMARA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Tamara & Julianne sip red wine in the warm, cozy room.

JULIANNE

He just got up and walked off?

TAMARA

Yeah. Like nothing happened.

JULIANNE

That is weird.

Julianne pulls out a cigarette and lights it.

TAMARA

Oh come on, I hate it when you smoke in here. It stinks up the place.

JULIANNE

I think it smells like home.

TAMARA

Exactly.

Julianne defiantly keeps smoking, but with a smile.

Tamara shoves a coaster in front of Julianne to use as an ashtray.

TAMARA

So that's never happened to you?

JULIANNE

No. I mean I've heard about it, but...you sure he wasn't gay?

TAMARA

Even if he was, it's supposed to work anyway, right?

JULIANNE

I don't know how it works, just how to use it.

TAMARA

I thought I did too.

JULIANNE

Was he on the menu?

TAMARA

No, he wasn't an assignment. I was just fooling around. But it felt strange not having that control.

JULIANNE

You want to bend them to your will.

TAMARA

Yes. And I don't like not getting what I want.

JULIANNE

Ooh! Speaking of which...

Julianne tears open the cardboard box, reaches in.

JULIANNE

I believe you ordered this?

Julianne hands her a fancy dildo in its display package.

TAMARA

Finally!

Tamara rips open the plastic case, inspects the device with appreciation.

Julianne hands her batteries, which she installs.

Tamara switches it on. It makes a distinct humming sound as the head of the toy slowly pistons back and forth.

TAMARA

I will definitely put this to good use.

She switches it off. Julianne pours them both more wine.

JULIANNE

And don't worry about that guy. Some men are just immune. No one knows why.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

TAMARA

Why did you walk away the other day?

Tamara stands next to a table where Simon and Phil sit.

SIMON

Uhh...I thought you wanted me to.

TAMARA

What made you think that?

Simon, at a loss for words, trades glances with Phil, who shrugs without offering assistance.

SIMON

Your general demeanor?

TAMARA

So it wasn't anything I said or something specific I did?

SIMON

No, I just didn't wanna bother you.

TAMARA

Huh. Guess you are immune.

She smiles at Phil, indicates his seat.

TAMARA

May I?

Phil immediately gathers his things and gets up.

Tamara sits. Phil just stands there. She waves goodbye, and he departs.

SIMON

Are you okay? Do you have a contagion or something?

TAMARA

What? No. What are you talking about?

SIMON

You said something about being immune.

TAMARA

Oh. No. I'm fine. I don't get sick.

SIMON

Good to know.

TAMARA

You really are just a decent person,
aren't you?

SIMON

I like to think so. Honest, too. Be
the change you want to see, and all
that.

TAMARA

I apologize for my general demeanor.
The other day.

SIMON

I accept.

Tamara nods, smiling, and stands up to leave.

SIMON

Oh, you're not joining me again today?

She pauses to consider it.

SIMON

C'mon, stay awhile. I always like to
have lunch with a fellow human being.

Tamara laughs, takes her seat again.

TAMARA

What if I'm not human?

SIMON

Then your costume is amazing.

Tamara smiles, charmed by his kindness and innocence.

TAMARA

I'm Tamara.

SIMON

Nice to finally meet you, Tamara.

TAMARA

So where are you from, Simon?

SIMON

Pocatello, Idaho.

TAMARA
Small town?

SIMON
Fifty thousand or so.

TAMARA
Is it really all about potatoes?

SIMON
Only on potato farms.

TAMARA
Ever been married?

SIMON
No.

TAMARA
Kids?

SIMON
Nope.

TAMARA
Pets?

SIMON
A fish.

TAMARA
Only one?

SIMON
I had more, but he ate 'em.

TAMARA
Siblings?

SIMON
I don't think they were related.

TAMARA
Not the fish, you, do you have
siblings.

SIMON
Two sisters. Both married. With kids.
And pets. In Idaho. What about you?

TAMARA
What about me?

SIMON
Where are you from?

TAMARA
You want honesty, right?

SIMON
Yes, please.

TAMARA
I was born of hellfire.

SIMON
Family?

TAMARA
Just an asshole boss.

SIMON
Hey, I have one of those too.

TAMARA
Who doesn't?

SIMON
Nobody I know. So how do you spend
your free time?

TAMARA
I exist in this realm to send men of
evil to their doom.

Simon can't help but chuckle.

SIMON
Should I be worried?

TAMARA
No. Not you. You're always safe with
me.

He takes a deep breath, sighs.

SIMON
This is the most baffling first date
conversation ever.

TAMARA
This a date?

SIMON
Almost. If you'd like a real one, we
can meet up again later.

TAMARA
You know what, Simon?

It sounds like she's telling him off. His face slowly falls.

TAMARA
I would like that.

SIMON
Great! How about tonight?

TAMARA
Sure.

They share a look across the table, their chemistry palpable.
Suddenly her expression changes.

TAMARA
No! Wait. Make it tomorrow. I already
have dinner plans tonight.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

A bloody, demonic Tamara eats the heart of another random
stranger, his body torn open on the ground in front of her.

Malone steps from the shadows down the alley, devilish grin
across his face. His low, evil laugh echoes off the bricks.

MALONE
That's my girl.

Tamara glares at him as he laughs louder and walks away.
She reaches into her victim's torso, yanks out his liver.

TAMARA
(whistles)
Here boy! C'mon, you want some?

Malone turns around, smile replaced with a sneer.

Tamara shakes the dripping, shiny organ like a treat. She
tosses the liver on the ground near him.

Malone eyes it hungrily. He resists at first, then picks it
up and takes a bite, relishing the experience.

He opens wide for a second bite.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Simon bites a forkful of medium rare steak.

TAMARA
So what kind of research do you do?

SIMON

Oh, I don't do the research, just analyze it. Mostly statistics, demographics. It's a lot of math.

TAMARA

You like math, do you?

SIMON

Not particularly. But I am good at it. And someone has to do it.

Their attention is drawn to the GIGGLING TODDLER who runs past their table and bumps into a SERVER carrying a tray.

TAMARA

You know what someone needs to do is get that screaming munchkin to sit down for more than five seconds.

SIMON

I'll never understand why people let their kids run around like that.

TAMARA

I know! This is a place of business, not a fucking playground.

SIMON

My folks would never let us behave like that in public.

TAMARA

Good. Because there's a special place in hell for these kind of parents.

Both the kid's PARENTS reach for him as he passes their table. He dodges them and continues on. They don't go after him.

SIMON

No kidding. Just for that?

TAMARA

Oh, trust me.

SIMON

I do, Tamara. I trust you.

TAMARA

Hmm. That could prove dangerous.

SIMON

Naw, it'll be fine.

She gives him an "Are you sure?" Look.

SIMON

I know, some people aren't who they seem. I know there are women who manipulate men to get what they want. But I can always see the good in people. And I'm positive I've got nothing to worry about with you.

TAMARA

There's a lot you don't know about me. That you shouldn't know.

SIMON

And that's okay. Nothing wrong with being guarded. As long as you don't lie to me, I'm good.

Tamara drinks some wine to avoid having to respond.

SIMON

I mean if you want to keep something a mystery, I understand. Just don't tell me things that aren't true.

Tamara looks him straight in the eye.

TAMARA

Deal.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Tamara and Simon casually walk together.

SIMON

So would you rather have super strength or the ability to fly?

TAMARA

Hmmm. Strength.

SIMON

Why's that?

TAMARA

Flying draws attention. People see you, they need help with cats stuck in trees, frisbees on the roof, they want autographs...strength I can keep secret.

SIMON

But you don't have to sign autographs. You could just fly away.

TAMARA

I'd rather pretend I'm normal than disappoint people like that.

SIMON

Aww. So kind-hearted.

Their eyes meet, nothing but warmth and comfort between them.

SIMON

I'd rather fly. Anything to avoid traffic.

Tamara laughs.

SIMON

Okay how about this: would you rather be a penguin who can fly or a fish who could walk on land?

TAMARA

Penguin.

SIMON

No hesitation there, just absolute conviction. Flying penguin.

TAMARA

Yup.

SIMON

How is that different from a flying person? You're still one of a kind.

TAMARA

Penguins don't ask for autographs.

Simon laughs.

TAMARA

Meaning, they wouldn't single me out. They'd treat me like everyone else.

SIMON

Hmmm. Nice. I'd be the walking fish.

TAMARA

You gotta be different, don't you?

SIMON

No, I just would want to explore new worlds. Experience things other fish never get to see.

TAMARA

How adventurous.

SIMON

I try to be.

TAMARA

If you were this adventuring land
fish, would you eat sushi?

SIMON

Only if they're not friends or family.

Tamara laughs, touches his arm. They're good together.

EXT. TAMARA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Tamara and Simon approach the main entrance.

TAMARA

Well, this is my place.

SIMON

Good security or can I keep stalking
you?

She laugh-frowns, knows he's kidding. He grins.

TAMARA

Thanks for a quality evening, Simon.

She briefly touches his arm. He looks down at her hand.

SIMON

That how you end a date?

TAMARA

I'm not inviting you in.

SIMON

No no no, of course not. And I'm not
looking to make out here in the
street, either. You just do one of
these.

He closes the gap between them, her wary at first, then he
does a cheek kiss with a quick hug and steps back.

She contemplates it, looks appreciative.

SIMON

Right? Affectionate, but non-sexual.
Good first date move.

TAMARA

Yeah. Good move.

She repeats the move on him, all comfortable and friendly.

TAMARA
Goodnight, Simon.

SIMON
Night, Tamara.

She enters the building, smiles back at him.

INT. TAMARA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Tamara takes off her shoes, sheds some outer layers of clothes as she enters the bedroom offscreen.

After a moment, there is the distinct sound of her new toy.

EXT. CITY STREET/PARK - DAY

A jackhammer pounds the pavement on a construction site.

Tamara and Simon stroll by on the sidewalk, enter the park, just walking and talking.

TAMARA
So what makes you laugh, Simon?

SIMON
Hmm. The goofy jokes my niece comes up with.

TAMARA
She's funny, huh?

SIMON
She is, yes, but the jokes are bad. Purposely so. That's her shtick.

TAMARA
Can you tell me one?

SIMON
Uh, yeah, I remember one. You won't laugh, though. Because I'm not a seven year old girl with surprisingly excellent comic timing.

TAMARA
It's okay. I'll pretend.

Tamara uses her fingers to push her cheeks into a big fake smile.

SIMON
All right. Why did no one recognize the clouds?

Tamara shrugs, still holding her cheeks. Simon points upward.

SIMON

Because they were in disguise!

Tamara drops her fake smile, tries not to laugh for real, does anyway.

Simon can't help but smile too.

EXT. CITY PARK BENCH - DAY

Tamara and Simon sit on a bench, share a small paper bowl of ice cream, use little plastic spoons.

TAMARA

So you don't have any dirty jokes?
Not for seven year olds?

Simon pauses eating to think.

SIMON

I actually have an anti-dirty
limerick.

TAMARA

Anti-dirty? What does that mean?

SIMON

When I was a kid, I would see these dumb jokes on TV, all the time, when they mention some stupid limerick about a girl from Nantucket. And it was supposed to be this filthy, dirty joke that everybody knew was a dirty joke but no one ever actually said the rest of the limerick.

TAMARA

Sounds annoying.

SIMON

It was! I figured it must have ended with "fuck it," which of course you can't say on TV, so that's why they never finished the joke. Thus, I came up with my own stupid limerick.

TAMARA

This is fascinating. I can't wait.

Simon sticks his spoon in the ice cream, folds his hands.

SIMON

There once was a girl from Nantucket
Who kept all her chewed gum in a bucket.
One day when in school,
She acted a fool,
And under her desk's where she stuck it.

TAMARA

(beat, smiles)

That is the stupidest fucking thing
I have ever heard.

SIMON

Isn't it though?

He picks up his spoon and resumes eating.

SIMON

At least you got to hear the whole
thing.

INT. NEIGHBORHOOD BAR - EVENING

Tamara and Simon share an intimate booth over drinks.

TAMARA

Women aren't like that, come on.

SIMON

A lot of them are. Yes. You know it.

TAMARA

Name twelve.

She sips her drink as Simon makes a face.

SIMON

I knew this girl once.

TAMARA

Excuse me, girl? Not woman?

SIMON

We were in fifth grade.

TAMARA

Ha! Okay.

SIMON

So we were supposed to be working or
having quiet time or something and
she says "Simon, I'm really bored..."

TAMARA

She said it just like that?

SIMON

Just like that. It's a perfect impression. Anyway, I suggested she do her work, or read, or whatever, and she got mad at me!

Simon takes a drink.

TAMARA

She wanted an alternate suggestion.

SIMON

How would I know that?

TAMARA

Because she obviously didn't want to do the thing she was supposed to be doing, or she wouldn't be bored. She wanted you to come up with something fun to do.

SIMON

Like what?

TAMARA

Like...ditch class and go play on the swings, I don't know. I'm not a fifth grader.

SIMON

But my point is, if she wanted to go play on the swings, why didn't she say let's go play on the swings?

Tamara opens her mouth to answer but he keeps going.

SIMON

I'll tell you why -- because women want men to read their minds. And when we can't, you get mad at us!

TAMARA

Well, there's an easy fix, then. Just learn to read minds.

Simon takes a drink, gives her a mocking "okay" sign.

TAMARA

Read between the lines, then.

SIMON

Oh, we can't. We're too dumb.

TAMARA

Now you're making sense.

SIMON

You see, men don't understand women because you're too complicated, and women don't understand men because you don't realize we are not that complicated.

TAMARA

No, see, that's where you're wrong. Men are consistently predictable.

SIMON

Are we?

TAMARA

Yes. For example, I knew you would say that.

SIMON

You did? Wow, that's very convincing.

He finishes off his drink.

SIMON

What am I thinking now?

Tamara reaches for his empty glass.

TAMARA

That we need another round.

She slides out of the booth.

SIMON

Whoa. Amazing. I'm flabbergasted.

They share a grin.

Tamara takes the empties to the bar, signals the BARTENDER for two more.

As Tamara waits, she looks in the mirror behind the bar at Simon's reflection from across the room, and smiles.

The bartender returns with two more drinks.

Tamara picks them up, turns around, almost spills as she bumps into Malone.

MALONE

Do I even need to say it?

TAMARA

No. So go away.

She tries to stare him down, but he's too big.

MALONE

You're playing a dangerous game.

TAMARA

I'm not playing anything. I'm just trying to fit in. That's my job, right? To seem human?

MALONE

Your job is to send the souls of the damned to hell. Not make friends with them.

TAMARA

He isn't damned.

MALONE

Time will tell.

Tamera stares daggers for a tense moment. Malone steps aside.

Tamara returns to the booth, her demeanor very different than when she left.

SIMON

You all right?

TAMARA

Yeah. I just...

She sighs, drinks. Simon sees Malone, his big frame and stern face watching them from the bar.

SIMON

What's with the jolly gray giant over there?

TAMARA

Asshole boss. Just ignore him.

SIMON

You know he's looking at us.

TAMARA

Yes. Don't look back.

SIMON

I can't help it. His eyes are hypnotic.

Malone stares from across the room.

TAMARA

I would honestly tear them out of his head if I ever got the chance.

Simon returns his attention to Tamara.

SIMON
What's his problem?

TAMARA
He doesn't understand the concept of fun.

SIMON
Maybe we should invite him over. Get him drunk.

TAMARA
We definitely should not.

Simon looks at the bar again. Malone is nowhere to be seen.

SIMON
Huh.

TAMARA
He's gone, right?

SIMON
Yup.

TAMARA
Yeah, he does that.

Tamara relaxes, her anger fading. She takes a drink.

SIMON
He really gets to you, huh?

TAMARA
I'm just sick of him showing up places. Asking me about work.

SIMON
This is probably a stupid question, but, could you maybe get a different job somewhere else?

TAMARA
I would if I could.

SIMON
Why can't you, though?

Tamara sighs heavily. Simon sees the strain on her.

SIMON
You know what? Out of sight, out of mind.

He clinks glasses. She smiles.

TAMARA

You're getting better at the mind reading.

SIMON

Naw, that's all body language. So let's talk about, uh, movies. What kind of movies do you hate?

Simon's upbeat interest shifts Tamara's mood into positive.

TAMARA

Improvised comedies.

SIMON

What? Why?

TAMARA

They're so aimless! Every scene is just a bunch of jokes that don't mean anything and don't go anywhere and the movie's two fucking hours...

SIMON

They're funny, though.

TAMARA

But they're not interesting. That's why people write stuff. To make it interesting.

SIMON

So are you against improv in general, or...

TAMARA

Not when they come up with moments that fit the scene, work thematically, have the same tone...

SIMON

It's just the nonstop random bullshit you don't like.

TAMARA

Yes. It's fucking boring. Get on with the movie already.

SIMON

What about outside the movies?

Tamara considers this.

INT. IMPROV THEATRE - NIGHT

Tamara and Simon sit among a crowded audience.

Everyone laughs and enjoys the IMPROV PERFORMERS on stage.

EXT. DOWNTOWN CITYSCAPE - NIGHT/DAY

Time lapse as the moon falls, the sun rises, darkness fades.

INT. TAMARA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Tamara lies in bed, stretches, greets the day with a smile.

Her smile fades when she sees Malone, staring down at her from the foot of the bed.

TAMARA

Aw, fucknugget.

She drags herself out of bed, trudges into the bathroom.

MALONE

Kaylee will observe tonight's assignment.

Tamara slams the bathroom door. Malone remains still.

MALONE

I expect you at your best.

TAMARA (O.S.)

I'm always at my best!

MALONE

Then everything should go smoothly.

The toilet flushes.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

A guy in a HOCKEY JERSEY (30's) smirks with confidence as he puts his arms around Tamara's waist, his hands on her ass.

Kaylee watches with delight a few feet away as Tamara cradles the guy's head, pulls him closer as if about to kiss him.

But instead, she switches to demon form and crushes his skull like an overripe grapefruit.

Kaylee squeals with glee, hops up and down.

The guy's body drops to the ground with a thud, twitches.

Demon form Tamara leans over him, provides instruction to Kaylee like she's giving her cooking directions.

TAMARA

Until you get more experience, it's best to kill them fast. Take them by surprise.

She uses a claw to slice open the blood-soaked jersey.

TAMARA

If you just go straight for the heart, sometimes their instincts kick in and they fight back.

Kaylee nods, enjoying the education.

TAMARA

It's futile, of course -- you're way too strong -- but it can be annoying.

Some SKATEBOARDING TEENAGERS roll by.

KAYLEE

Oh no there's people here, what do we do, what do we do?!?

TAMARA

Kaylee, it's okay. Clouded minds, remember?

KAYLEE

Right. Right.

TAMARA

Okay. So when you smush the brain, the heart actually keeps beating for a minute or two, but you still want to get to it relatively quickly.

She demonstrates what to do as she speaks about it.

TAMARA

You put both hands on the sternum here, right in the center. Push down, let your claws do the work, then pull open the ribcage.

The guy's chest pops open with a CRACK.

Kaylee looks on in appreciation.

More random PEOPLE walk by, completely oblivious to the gore.

TAMARA

Then grab the heart -- get a good grip, it's kinda slippery -- and pull it on out.

She does just that. Kaylee gives her a hearty golf clap.

Demoness Tamara takes a bite of the dripping, bloody heart.

Malone watches from a nearby rooftop bar, a serious face among happy people having a good time.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Tamara and Simon share a small table, an island of joy amidst the chaos of another crowded lunch.

TAMARA
You ready?

SIMON
Hit me.

TAMARA
Dogs or cats?

SIMON
Dogs.

TAMARA
Beatles or Elvis?

SIMON
Beatles.

TAMARA
Baseball or football?

SIMON
Neither.

TAMARA
You have to pick one.

SIMON
Soccer, then.

TAMARA
Cheater. Vodka or whiskey?

SIMON
Both.

TAMARA
Simon...

SIMON
Whiskey, whiskey.

TAMARA
Pancakes or waffles?

SIMON
Uh, waffles.

TAMARA
Hot dogs or tacos?

SIMON
Tacos.

TAMARA
Bottles or cans?

SIMON
Bottles.

TAMARA
Denim or khaki?

SIMON
Denim.

TAMARA
Sandals or flip-flops?

SIMON
Barefoot.

TAMARA
You have to pick one!

SIMON
I don't like having semi-exposed
feet. I am sticking with barefoot.

TAMARA
So you're putting your bare foot
down.

SIMON
I am.

She sighs heavily, clearly loving every bit of this.

SIMON
Okay, now you.

TAMARA
(clears throat)
Cats, Elvis, football, vodka,
pancakes, tacos, bottles, denim, and
sandals.

SIMON
Wow. You know what you like, huh?

TAMARA

I've had time to think about it,
that's all.

SIMON

And that's, um, just two in common.
Not even twenty-five percent.

He frowns like this is bad news, but isn't serious.

TAMARA

Variety's good. Don't analyze the
numbers, they're meaningless.

SIMON

Not in my line of work.

TAMARA

But we're not at work. We're at fun.

Her charm is undeniable. He's right there with her.

SIMON

Speaking of work and fun, how'd you
like to come to an office party?

She grimaces.

SIMON

You'll get to meet my asshole boss.
Not as scary as yours, but still
quite despicable. Spoiler alert --
he will hit on you.

TAMARA

And you're inviting me why?

SIMON

Because these parties are always
terrible. But you make everything
better.

TAMARA

(beat, on board)
When is it?

INT. BUCHANAN FOSTER - NIGHT

A standard cubicle farm covering most of the floor, with
only a couple walled offices. Most people have personalized
their desks with photos, figurines, knick-knacks, etc.

The party is underway with lame music, plastic cups, and
everyone still in their work clothes, somewhat disheveled.

Simon shows Tamara his cubicle with a grand sweeping wave. It's very plain, and organized, not like everyone else's.

TAMARA

Hmm. Spartan.

SIMON

I have to work here. I don't want it to feel like I live here.

Phil shambles over, drink in hand.

PHIL

Hello again.

TAMARA

Hi. Yes, we met once. I'm Tamara.

PHIL

You took my seat.

SIMON

Phil!

TAMARA

I did. That was rude. I apologize.

PHIL

S'okay. I don't mind.

He finishes off the drink, clearly not his first.

PHIL

I'mma go replace this.

He shuffles off the way he came.

TAMARA

Please tell me he isn't your asshole boss.

SIMON

No, no, that's Phil. He's me in ten years. There's the boss.

Tamara follows Simon's gaze to view DOUG (40's, goatee) pretending to hang Phil by Phil's own tie, laughing at him.

Doug spots them both looking, gets excited.

SIMON

Shit. He saw us. Run.

Doug heads in their direction, weaves through the crowd.

DOUG

Simon my boy!

SIMON

Make a fist. You may wanna use it.

Doug reaches them, puts an arm around Simon's neck and ruffles his hair like a big brother. Simon clearly hates it.

DOUG

Look at you, buddy! Got a real live woman here with ya!

(to Tamara)

Even a three-legged dog catches a frisbee sometimes, am I right?

TAMARA

(mirrors his enthusiasm)

I don't know what that means!

DOUG

(laughs)

Ain't you a pip. Doug Allen Tyler, king of the seventeenth floor.

He takes her hand as if to kiss it. She pulls away before his lips can touch her, punches him on the shoulder.

TAMARA

Tamara. Duchess of the underworld.

DOUG

Ooh, we got a feisty one here. Hey when Simon says blow, go easy with the teeth, yeah? Know what I'm sayin'?

SIMON

Uh, we're gonna get a drink, so...

DOUG

Tamara, what do you do? You work with numbers, that why you like the ol' Simonizer here?

TAMARA

I work on another floor in the building.

DOUG

Oh, nice. Well if you ever need anything, just come see me. You ask who's in charge around here, people'll say DAT guy, D. A. T., Doug Allen Tyler. Mister three first names.

TAMARA

I promise you Doug, if I ever need anything that seriously, you're the first person I'll think of.

Doug laughs. Simon and Tamara share a quick smirk.

DOUG

For real though, it's good to see this guy with an actual human female. I swear he's in love with his numbers. I keep telling him, a zero may look like a bangable hole, but it ain't the same as porkin' a flesh and blood lady, right? Know what I'm sayin'?

TAMARA

I do! You're quite graphic!

DOUG

Ha! Hey you want graphic, come see the porn I got locked up in my desk.

TAMARA

(beat)

Why?

DOUG

What, you never rub one out at lunch?

Simon covers his face in embarrassment.

DOUG

Helps you keep focus the rest of the afternoon. You should try it!

TAMARA

I'll consider it.

Simon takes Tamara's hand to lead her away.

SIMON

Tamara, have you met Evelyn? She makes the best cupcakes.

Tamara nods politely to Doug as she and Simon depart. Doug winks, gives her the "call me" gesture.

Doug is immediately distracted by someone else worth annoying, thus Simon and Tamara are quickly out of earshot.

TAMARA

How is he not a walking harassment suit?

SIMON

I don't know. Thankfully I don't really see him that much.

TAMARA

Yeah, he's too busy yankin' it in his office.

SIMON

Ugh, don't make me picture that.

TAMARA

I've never seen anyone so friendly yet simultaneously disrespectful.

SIMON

Like I said: not scary, still despicable.

TAMARA

I don't like the way he treats you. You ever say anything to him?

SIMON

I'm optimistic the universe will take care of that for me somehow.

TAMARA

Well if it doesn't, I fucking will.

They share a smile. Simon suddenly leans in and kisses her.

She wasn't ready, but totally goes with it.

As quickly as it happened, it's over. Simon clears his throat.

SIMON

Let's get a drink.

He takes her hand again, leads her toward the bar.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Tamara and Julianne walk casually along the sidewalk, each with a shopping bag in hand. Julianne smokes a cigarette.

JULIANNE

You're falling in love, honey.

TAMARA

What?!? Please...

JULIANNE

You are, I've seen it before. You get used to being human, start to think like them. Feel like them.

TAMARA

I'm just trying to get through my time here.

JULIANNE

Ha! You're not careful you'll get sent back down, real quick.

TAMARA
I am being careful.

JULIANNE
If you say so.

Julianne flicks her finished cigarette into the street.

A moment passes, the sounds of traffic preventing silence.

TAMARA
He's fun to talk to, okay? Is having
fun a sin now?

JULIANNE
Some kinds of fun, yeah.

TAMARA
Well, we're not doing any of that.
We're just...spending time together.
It's totally harmless.

JULIANNE
He doesn't know about...?

She mimes pulling out Tamara's heart and eating it.

TAMARA
No, of course not! I wouldn't put
him in danger like that.

JULIANNE
Okay, just checking. But you realize,
eventually, you're either gonna have
to tell him, or leave him.

TAMARA
I know.

JULIANNE
Or fuck him.

TAMARA
Julianne...

JULIANNE
Or eat him!

TAMARA
Will you please stop?

JULIANNE
I'm just saying, these are the
options.

INT. TAMARA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tamara lies awake, restless.

She reaches into the nightstand, removes a toy, switches it on. She holds it in her hand, buzzing away.

She switches it off, chucks it off the bed to the floor.

It lands somewhere in the dark, humming again. Tamara sighs.

EXT. CITY PARK - DAY

Tamara and Simon sit on a bench. She stares into the distance.

He doesn't notice her distraction as he speaks.

SIMON

My niece told me another joke. What do you call a really big animal who doesn't matter?

He pauses for timing, not realizing her mind is miles away.

SIMON

An irrelephant.

Tamara doesn't react at all.

SIMON

Maybe I ruined the delivery.

Tamara comes back to Earth, gives him a half-hearted smile.

TAMARA

I'm sorry. I was elsewhere.

SIMON

You all right?

TAMARA

Yeah, just distracted by this thing I have to deal with at some point.
(smiles affectionately)
But not today.

SIMON

Wanna hear that joke again?

TAMARA

Not today.

Simon chuckles.

SIMON
Mind if I make a personal observation?

TAMARA
About me?

SIMON
Yes.

She cringes, but isn't serious.

SIMON
It isn't a bad thing. Just something
I've become aware of.

TAMARA
Observe away, monsieur.

SIMON
I talk about my family a lot, which
I sense you enjoy. At least I hope
I'm seeing that right.

TAMARA
You are.

SIMON
But you don't ever say anything about
your family, and I occasionally wonder
why that is. I mean if it's all
horrible abuse and shit I don't intend
to dredge it up, of course. I'm just
curious.

TAMARA
It's because I don't really know
what it's like to have a family.

Simon is about to pose a follow-up question, but realizes
silence is the best inquiry in this moment.

TAMARA
(deep sigh)
See, I was raised by someone who
never really gave me any attention,
with no brothers or sisters, in a
place where making friends wasn't
exactly encouraged...so I don't always
know how to behave around people.

She places a hand on his arm.

TAMARA
But I'm always comfortable with you.

He covers her hand with his own, their eyes locked.

SIMON

In that case, there's something else
I want to ask you. It may be a little
too soon.

He sees her tensing up.

SIMON

Don't get nervous. It's nothing major.
My sister and her kids are gonna be
in town next weekend. How'd you like
to have dinner with us?

She instantly relaxes, pleased.

TAMARA

I would like that. Yes.

SIMON

Great! I'll send you the details.

She leans into him, enjoying the closeness.

SIMON

What are you doing tonight?

She sits upright again, clasps her hands together.

TAMARA

I have a prior obligation.

SIMON

Oh. All right.

She's compelled to break the brief and awkward silence.

TAMARA

I can't tell you, Simon. It's better
if you don't know.

SIMON

No, I get it. You have some mysterious
thing you need to do, and you're not
lying about it. Just like I asked.

TAMARA

I'm not seeing anyone else. It's
nothing like that.

SIMON

Tamara, it's okay. I believe you.

The man is dripping with sincerity.

Tamara can't resist having a taste of it, kisses him
vigorously.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Tamara pushes away a pheromone-smitten guy with a MAN BUN (20's) trying to kiss her, his mouth wide open.

She's disinterested at best.

TAMARA
Easy there, Man Bun.

MAN BUN
Mmm, I wanna bite off a chunk of
your ass and cook it for dinner!

TAMARA
That's a new one.

MAN BUN
Get on your knees.

TAMARA
Ooh, you forgot the magic word.

MAN BUN
I'm sorry. Get on your knees, bitch.

TAMARA
Come on, everybody knows the magic
word! It starts with the letter P...

MAN BUN
Pussy.

TAMARA
No...

She goes into demon mode - eyes, claws, teeth - in an instant.

TAMARA
Please.

He shrieks like a frightened puppy, somehow wriggles out of her grasp and scampers away.

TAMARA
Aw, fuck me running.

She morphs back into human form and gives chase.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

A terrified Man Bun runs to a more populated area, pushes through the annoyed CROWD, sees Tamara jogging after him.

MAN BUN

She's a monster! Fuckin' psycho alien!

TAMARA

(to onlooker)

I told him not to smoke that shit.

A large BOUNCER grabs Man Bun to hold him still, though his freakout continues. Tamara catches up.

MAN BUN

Get her away from me!!

BOUNCER

Is he with you?

TAMARA

I just met him tonight. I don't know what he's on.

BOUNCER

So you want cops, ambulance, or let him go?

TAMARA

(beat, resigned)

Let him go.

The bouncer relaxes his grip, and Man Bun immediately takes off in a panic.

MAN BUN

Crazy devil bitch!

Tamara watches her would-be dinner sprinting away, quickly out of sight.

TAMARA

I'm sure he'll be fine. Thanks for your help.

The bouncer gives a respectful nod. Tamara walks slowly back the way she came.

EXT. SIDE STREET - NIGHT

Man Bun runs haphazardly, constantly checking behind him...a little too constantly, as he suddenly runs smack into a very sturdy someone.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Tamara shuffles along slowly and indifferently, back where her meal plans went sideways only minutes earlier.

She stops when the somewhat twisted form of Man Bun, crying in pain, lands at her feet.

Frowning, she looks up at where she knows Malone will be standing, and there he is.

MAN BUN

My legs...you broke my legs.

TAMARA

Don't start with me, Malone.

He simply stares her down with patient expectation.

TAMARA

He got away! It happens!

No response except that infuriating stare.

TAMARA

What do you want from me?!?

MALONE

Compliance.

TAMARA

I'm trying, okay! I'm not perfect.
I'm only--

She stops herself short.

MALONE

Only what? Human?

She glares at Malone, pure hatred and disgust.

Malone gestures toward the whimpering dude attempting to crawl away.

Tamara's anger boils, then explodes into a more full-on demon mode than ever before: glistening blackened skin, well-defined musculature, even two small sharp horns on top of her skull.

She tears into the helpless human, literally rips him apart in a rage, shredding limbs and splintering bones.

Malone watches deadpan, with neither amusement nor admiration.

Tamara sinks her teeth into the heart, rips it in two, and screams a savage, wrath-fueled howl aimed directly at Malone.

INT. CAR - DAY

Tamara yawns, settled comfortably in the passenger seat as Simon drives along an outbound expressway.

SIMON
Late night, huh?

TAMARA
Unfortunately.

SIMON
One you're not able to talk about?

TAMARA
Correct.

SIMON
(truly accepting)
Okay.

He keeps his eyes on the road.

She looks over at him, smiles, puts a hand on his arm.

He smiles back without looking at her.

TAMARA
So this is your older sister?

SIMON
Yup.

TAMARA
What's her name again?

INT. FAMILY RESTAURANT - EARLY EVENING

LAURIE
Hi, I'm Laurie.

Tamara shakes hands with LAURIE (mid-30's) at a curved booth already containing a seated JUNE (7) and NATHAN (5).

JUNE
And I'm June. Nice to meet you.

She reaches out to shake hands as well. June is formal but easygoing, precocious, a tiny version of a confident adult.

JUNE
Please, sit next to me.

Tamara complies. Simon sits across the table, next to little Nathan, Laurie in the center with a kid on either side.

TAMARA
(to June)
Your Uncle Simon tells me you like to write jokes. He even told me a couple of them.

JUNE

Oh he did? Would you like to hear more?

LAURIE

Let's not do that at the dinner table?

NATHAN

Mommy, you said snot!

LAURIE

I didn't mean to.

TAMARA

(to June)

I would love to hear more jokes!

(to Laurie)

I'm sorry, I can't believe she's only seven. She cracks me up.

June looks to her mom for permission, smirking. Laurie waves her off, yeah sure, go ahead.

JUNE

What did the big measuring cup say to the little measuring cup?

Tamara shrugs, enchanted.

JUNE

Take me to your liter.

TAMARA

(smiling wide)

I like that one. That's clever.

NATHAN

I gotta pee-pee!

He slides under the table and crawls out into the aisle, runs off without knowing where the restrooms are.

SIMON

I'll take him.

Simon rushes off after him.

JUNE

What do you call a large reptile who immediately causes trouble?

TAMARA

Large reptile...I don't know.

JUNE

An insta-gator!

Tamara laughs, a genuine heartfelt moment.

LAURIE

She reads the dictionary like it's literature. I'm not even kidding.

TAMARA

(to June)

You are too much!

June takes a breath to tell another joke, Tamara interrupts.

TAMARA

How about one more, and we save the rest for after dinner, okay?

June nods. Tamara looks to Laurie, who approves.

JUNE

What do you call a guy who wears a toga and has allergies?

Tamara shakes her head, mystified.

JUNE

(nose upturned, regal)

Julius Sneezer!

TAMARA

(chuckles)

How do you even know who that is?

JUNE

I read the play.

TAMARA

You read William Shakespeare's Julius Caesar?

JUNE

Uh-huh. It was very sad.

TAMARA

Well it is a tragedy.

Nathan returns and hops up onto the seat, followed by Simon.

SIMON

What'd we miss?

TAMARA

Your niece is smarter than all of us.

SIMON

Pff, tell me something I don't know.

JUNE

There is a type of catfish which can survive on land and go months without food. It's called a Walking Catfish.

SIMON

You got me, Juney. I did not know that.

TAMARA

A fish who can walk on land, huh? How adventurous.

She smiles knowingly at Simon. They share a moment.

A SERVER arrives with two kids meals, sets them down.

LAURIE

I ordered for them right away. Always best to keep 'em occupied, right? Otherwise they could end up runnin' around the place, botherin' everybody.

SIMON

Yeah, we were talking about that recently.

Another shared smirk between Simon and Tamara.

The three adults finally pick up their menus to look through.

TAMARA

What happens when they're finished and you're not?

LAURIE

I bring other activities, quiet games. June will bring a book, obviously. Nathan likes to draw.

SIMON

She tries to steer him away from violent scenarios, with guns and war and all that? But he still draws volcanoes exploding, people melting in lava. You know how boys are.

NATHAN

(while chewing)
Volcanoes don't explode, they erupt.

LAURIE

Your mouth is erupting, could you not talk while eating please?

JUNE

He's not eating please, he's eating
mac & cheese!

Tamara & Simon chuckle. Laurie is amused despite herself.

LAURIE

Thank you, June.

Nathan giggles too, but at something else.

NATHAN

June said snot.

June giggles. Tamara & Simon share a look aside their menus.
They're all having a good time.

INT. FAMILY RESTAURANT - LATER/EVENING

All have finished eating. June reads, Nathan plays on a
silenced phone while leaning against Laurie.

Simon signs the check, leaves it for the server to pick up.

LAURIE

Raymond kept telling me, I should go
with you, you shouldn't have to handle
the kids all by yourself...but they're
good kids! They're easy to handle.

SIMON

Still nice to get a break now and
then.

LAURIE

Right, and when I need one, he'll
take them to see his family. Or I'll
go somewhere fun and they'll all
stay home.

The server swings by to pick up the signed check.

SIMON

Thanks again, have a good night.

LAURIE

So what do you think, Tamara?

TAMARA

Hmm?

Laurie indicates Simon, her wild gesture purposely lacking
subtlety.

Simon rolls his eyes.

TAMARA

He's an exceptional mix of normal
and ridiculous.

LAURIE

Ooh, Simon, she's got you figured
out. Be careful with this one, she's
dangerously astute.

SIMON

I'm not worried. I trust her.

Tamara smiles, but some small part of her *is* worried.

LAURIE

All right kids, pack it up, we're
heading back to the hotel.

June places a bookmark, slaps her book shut, looks up happily
at Tamara.

JUNE

Tamara! Wanna hear more jokes?

TAMARA

Yes! But I think we only have time
for two.

JUNE

Okay. Did you see the press release
from the bedding manufacturer? It
was just a blanket statement.

Tamara smiles with delight. Simon, Laurie, & Nathan slide
out of the booth.

JUNE

What do you call a very small tattoo?
An inkling.

Tamara joyously hugs little June, which June adores.

TAMARA

Can I adopt you?

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Simon drives the expressway back to the city.

SIMON

So you had a nice time, huh?

TAMARA

I did. I truly did.

SIMON

June said she approves, by the way.
In case you were worried.

TAMARA

High praise indeed.

SIMON

Yeah, she's a sharp kid.

TAMARA

If she didn't approve, what would
you do?

Simon lets out a long, slow breath.

SIMON

I'd say June - you're smarter than
all of us, but this is that point-oh-
one percent of the time you're wrong.

TAMARA

Wow. Good thing she approves.

SIMON

Definitely.

Simon signals right and changes lanes, approaching an exit.

TAMARA

Simon?

SIMON

Yes?

TAMARA

Can we go to your place?

SIMON

Uh, sure! If you like.

He passes the exit, stays on the road.

TAMARA

Don't read into it, I just wanna see
where you live.

SIMON

Yeah, no, I wasn't. It's cool.

TAMARA

I met most of your family already,
might as well meet the fish, right?

Simon smiles wide.

INT. SIMON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tamara leans down to get a close look at a big, yellow fish alone in the tank. Simon stands next to her.

SIMON

Not much for conversation, but he is
a very good listener.

Tamara stands upright, smirks at Simon, goes to sit on the couch.

Simon joins her. They look nice and comfortable.

After a moment, she looks in his eyes, their faces close.

He smiles back at her. She kisses him. She kisses him again.

It quickly escalates into full-on making out, Tamara on his lap facing him, his arms around her.

Suddenly she pulls back, freezes there, stares down at him.

TAMARA

I can't do this. I'm so sorry.

She jumps to her feet, frantically heads for the door.

TAMARA

It isn't you, you're wonderful, call
me tomorrow!

She runs out, closes the door behind her, leaves him confused.

INT. TAMARA'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Tamara is on the phone, dressed for bed in her t-shirt.

TAMARA

Hey, Julianne, give me a call right
away, okay? I need your advice.
Thanks.

She hangs up, then looks in the mirror. She stares at her reflection, sad-eyed and dour.

She morphs into standard demon mode, still staring at herself.

Her demon self smashes the mirror with a fist.

She resumes human form, reflected in the many shards of broken glass.

The doorbell rings.

Tamara steps over shattered pieces of mirror.

FRONT DOOR

Tamara opens the door to find Kaylee, all smiles.

KAYLEE

Hi Tamara!

TAMARA

Hi, Kaylee.

KAYLEE

Can I come in? Can we talk?

Tamara takes a moment, then steps aside. Kaylee enters.

LIVING ROOM

They sit.

KAYLEE

I'm worried. I don't know if I can do what you do.

TAMARA

I know it looks tough, but trust me, once you're fully trained, the transformation, the slaughter -- it's like second nature.

KAYLEE

No, not the devouring, I'm looking forward to that. I mean all the other stuff. The human stuff.

TAMARA

You mean like the maintenance, or...?

KAYLEE

Like trying to fit in. Pretending to be like them, when I'm really not.

TAMARA

I told you, that's the job. That's the hard part.

KAYLEE

I know. And I'm already struggling.

Tamara takes a deep breath.

TAMARA

You have to maintain a certain distance. Be aloof. Don't get too close, don't make any real human friends. They'll only make it worse.

KAYLEE

Is that how you handle it?

Tamara reclines a bit, brushes hair out of her face.

There's a thin trickle of blood running down her wrist.

KAYLEE

Your arm is bleeding.

Tamara takes a look. She pulls a tiny silver sliver from her skin, sets it on the table, holds a tissue to the cut.

TAMARA

This is how I'm handling it.

KAYLEE

Are you okay?

TAMARA

We all struggle, Kaylee. The best thing you can do is just put it out of your mind. Get on with the task at hand. Nothing else up here matters.

It's clear even to Kaylee Tamara doesn't truly feel this.

INT. TAMARA'S APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - LATER/NIGHT

Tamara smiles halfheartedly as she closes the door to Kaylee.

Kaylee turns from the door. Malone stands in the hallway.

INT. HELL'S CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Malone stands at the far end of the table, all the way across the room from Delia in her chair.

MALONE

She's dangerously close to breaking.

DELIA

The stress of being human isn't something you've had to deal with. Thus you don't understand its effects.

MALONE

Nevertheless, the evidence is clear.

DELIA

You recommend reassignment.

MALONE

I do.

DELIA

I have another suggestion.

She rises from her chair, slowly approaches him.

MALONE

Support her. Try being sympathetic.

He scoffs dismissively.

She does NOT appreciate that.

He sees the fury in her eyes, immediately recognizes his mistake.

MALONE

Apologies, madam.

She points a finger at him, creates a coil of fire that wraps around him like a rope. It squeezes, tightening.

DELIA

Perhaps "suggestion" was a poor choice of words.

The fire pulls taut, forcing his knees to bend, his body lowering itself to the ground. He's clearly in pain.

MALONE

Yes, madam.

She continues approaching, stops to stand over his bent frame.

DELIA

Treat her with kindness and respect.
Offer to help. Women like that.

MALONE

Yes, madam!

She removes the coil of fire, and it disappears.

Malone gets back to his feet and straightens his coat, which has smoke pouring off it but is not burned at all.

DELIA

Maybe smile once in a while.

She demonstrates with a genuine smile.

INT. TAMARA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Tamara picks up her keys, opens the front door.

Malone stands outside, a big phony grin on his face.

INT. TAMARA'S APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS/DAY

Tamara steps through the door, shuts and locks it, pushes past Malone. He follows her to the elevator.

MALONE

It has been brought to my attention
that the stresses of your human
existence may be weighing on you.
Should you need it, I'm here to help.

The elevator arrives. She steps on, he doesn't.

TAMARA

I don't want your help. I want you
to leave me alone.

The elevator doors close.

INT. TAMARA'S APARTMENT BUILDING LOBBY - DAY

The elevator doors open. Tamara steps out and walks past Malone, already standing in wait. He remains stationary.

MALONE

You know I can't do that. But I can
offer my assistance.

She picks up speed, takes the longest strides her legs allow.

MALONE

Maybe give you a few pointers?

Tamara exits the building.

EXT. TAMARA'S APARTMENT BUILDING/CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS/DAY

Malone is already there as Tamara steps out.

MALONE

Tuchm--

He catches himself just in time.

She gives him the evil eye in a quick side glance as she hurries past.

MALONE

Tamara.

He stays with her, easily keeps pace with her speedwalking.

MALONE

Where are you going, anyway?

TAMARA

Work!

MALONE

In the middle of the day?

TAMARA

Not that work, asshole, regular work.
Human work.

MALONE

Oh. Yes. Of course.

Tamara stops to confront him face to face.

TAMARA

See that's what I'm talking about.
You have no idea what this job is
actually like! All the everyday
bullshit of being human that you
don't have to deal with, but I do.
Plus I have to deal with you!

She walks away again, storming angrily along the sidewalk.

Malone easily catches up with and stays next to her.

MALONE

Then let me help you. We shouldn't
be at odds.

TAMARA

If you really want to help, stop
following me around. Don't show up
at my apartment, or my office, or
anywhere else I happen to be. If you
want to supervise me on assignment,
fine, I get that. It's your job. But
let me deal with the rest of this
human existence on my own.

MALONE

Okay. Understood.

Tamara stops walking.

TAMARA

Really? Just like that?

MALONE

On one condition.

She sighs, knowing there was a catch.

MALONE

No...forming...mortal...bonds.

TAMARA

I'm not forming anything, you stup--

He shushes her with a raised finger.

MALONE

Are we in agreement?

Tamara glares at him, but knows she must acquiesce.

TAMARA

Fine. Now will you fuck off already!

Her raised voice gets the attention of two ATHLETIC DUDES.

Malone repeats that big phony grin, gestures in the direction she was going.

The two dudes (20's) step over, flank Tamara.

CROSSFIT DUDE

This guy bothering you?

TAMARA

Not anymore.

She gives Malone one last glare, then turns and walks away.

MALONE

I'll see you on assignment.

RUNNER DUDE

Hey pal, the lady said to fuck off.
So fuck off.

Runner Dude backhands Malone's shoulder, no harm intended, just a brush off.

Malone eyes them both, stonefaced.

MALONE

Hmm. Not evil. Stupid, but not evil.

Malone slaps Runner Dude's shoulder the same way, but this guy goes down fast and hard, flat on his back.

Crossfit Dude leaps into action, puts Malone in a choke hold.

Malone pinches the man's forearm with a thumb and forefinger, making a loud SNAP.

The dude howls in pain, drops away, hurries off with his friend to avoid additional injury.

Tamara continues to walk further away down the sidewalk, Malone in the background still watching her.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Simon approaches an empty table, his eyes searching the room for Tamara...but she isn't there.

INT. BUCHANAN FOSTER / SIMON'S CUBICLE - DAY

Simon sits at his desk, moping, not getting any work done.

Simon sees Doug with his tie poking through the unzipped fly of his pants, casually conversing with an uncomfortable Phil.

INT. SIMON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Simon sits on the couch, pays no attention to a ghost hunting show on tv.

He opens the contacts on his phone, locates Tamara and her smiling, happy face.

His thumb hovers near the CALL button.

He turns the phone off instead, tosses it to the other end of the couch.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Simon sits alone, eating, his face a thousand-yard stare.

Someone places a hand on his shoulder. He turns to look.

It's Tamara. She smiles. He smiles back.

TAMARA

I'm sorry I ran out the other night.

She sits across from him.

SIMON

I understand.

TAMARA

You do?

SIMON

No.

He says it with humor, to cover the hurt.

TAMARA

I was worried our relationship put you in danger.

SIMON

Because of all the things you can't tell me.

TAMARA

Right. But I've made arrangements. It shouldn't be a problem anymore.

SIMON

Great! What does that mean for us?

TAMARA

It means this can only go so far.

Simon sits back in his chair, further away from her.

SIMON

Are you breaking up with me?

TAMARA

No! No. I'm just saying...I'm not who I appear to be. And if you saw the real me...you'd be horrified.

SIMON

Tamara...how is this not the real you? Are you pretending to like me?

TAMARA

No, of course not!

SIMON

Have you ever lied to me?

TAMARA

No, I swear.

SIMON

And I believe you. You have a few secrets, but...you're still you.

TAMARA

That's the problem, Simon. There's more to me than what you see. And I can't change what I am.

SIMON

What you are isn't who you are.

He takes her hand in his.

SIMON

And who you are is wonderful.

There's that incorrigible sincerity. She looks into his eyes with overwhelming affection.

TAMARA

Okay. I'm gonna take a chance.

Simon smiles happily.

TAMARA

Tonight, after work, we'll go to my place. And we'll talk.

Simon nods with appreciation.

INT. TAMARA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Tamara and Simon sit on her couch, kissing passionately.

Things heat up quickly. She pulls free, stands up.

TAMARA

There's something I need to do.

She turns around and heads toward the front door.

SIMON

Hey you can't run out on me again,
you live here.

Tamara stops at the door, faces it, speaks quietly.

TAMARA

Vetiti sunt animo illos qui nocere
nobis. Forbidden are those who intend
us harm.

She air-draws a pentagram and circles it, one finger on each hand moving independently and opposite each other.

Tamara turns around, smiles at Simon, approaches the couch.

She straddles him seductively, resumes making out vigorously.

TAMARA

I want you now.

She runs her fingers through his hair, nails extending slightly into claws.

SIMON

Now seems good.

He kisses up and down her neck. She raises her head, eyes glowing slightly red.

She seems to recognize this, withdraws a bit, eyes returning to normal and claws retracting.

She hops off, takes his hand, leads him to the bedroom.

INT. TAMARA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - LATER/NIGHT

Tamara & Simon sleep soundly, comfortably cuddled together.

A light rain starts up outside. Drops hit the window.

Distant lightning flashes, slightly illuminates the room for a moment.

The rain picks up. Tamara stirs.

More lightning, closer this time, quickly followed by thunder.

Tamara sits upright, instantly awake.

Another lightning strike reveals Malone, standing at the foot of the bed.

TAMARA

You said you wouldn't show up here.

MALONE

You said you wouldn't form any bonds.

Tamara glances at Simon, still sleeping peacefully.

MALONE

We're demons. We lie. Your deceit was not unexpected.

TAMARA

Neither was yours.

MALONE

Yes, that nifty protection spell I encountered. Know why it didn't work?

Tamara's face radiates anger.

MALONE

I mean you no harm. I'm only here to enforce my authority.

The rain turns heavy, wind pushing it against the window.

MALONE

You were warned, Tuchmula.

TAMARA

I'm not going anywhere.

She's serious. He turns his eyes to Simon.

TAMARA

Don't you fucking dare.

They stare each other down. After a moment, Malone slowly reaches toward Simon.

Tamara leaps at Malone, bursts into full-on demon form in a split second.

He moves to bat her away but she sinks her claws into his arm, manages to hang on as he tries to pluck her off.

She swings onto his back, hooks her legs around his torso, and uses both hands to gouge out his eyes with her claws!

Malone roars in pain and anger, reaches blindly for her as she drops off his back and returns to human form.

Simon is jolted awake by the sound of Malone's rage, just in time to see Tamara drive Malone toward the window.

She gives him a final shove and he crashes through the glass, screaming in fury all the way down.

Wind and rain rush into the bedroom. Lightning flickers into the corners, shines into their wide, open eyes.

SIMON

Tamara?!!??

She looks out the smashed window at the street below. Nothing down there but broken glass.

TAMARA

I'm okay. Get dressed. We gotta get outta here.

INT. SIMON'S CAR - DRIVING/CITY STREETS - NIGHT

The rain is still pretty thick, the roads mostly empty at this hour.

SIMON

Who was that?

TAMARA

My asshole boss.

SIMON

The creepy guy from the bar?

TAMARA

Yes. Take a left up here.

Simon makes the turn.

SIMON

Tamara, you killed him.

TAMARA

No, I didn't.

SIMON

You pushed him out a twelfth floor window!

TAMARA

He is not dead. Trust me.

Simon takes a deep breath.

SIMON

I think at this point you need to tell me the things you said you couldn't tell me.

TAMARA

I need you to keep driving.

SIMON

I need you to explain all this!

TAMARA

I can't! You won't be safe.

SIMON

Are you with the CIA?

TAMARA

No, nothing like that.

SIMON

KGB?

TAMARA

Simon...

SIMON

Advance recon from Neptune?

TAMARA

Will you please stop?

Simon brakes hard. The car skids a bit on the wet pavement, comes to a halt.

TAMARA

I meant stop asking me things!

SIMON

At least tell me where we're going?

EXT. OASIS GRILL - NIGHT

An all-night diner with a big, bright, colorful neon sign.

Simon's car pulls up to the curb.

INT. SIMON'S CAR - CONTINUOUS/NIGHT

Tamara reaches for the door, stops as Simon takes her hand.

SIMON
When will I see you again?

Tears form in Tamara's eyes. Simon realizes what this means.

SIMON
Tamara...

TAMARA
I'm so sorry.

She kisses him, long and intense.

TAMARA
I love you.

She gets out, shuts the door, runs into the diner.

Simon is left there shocked, and alone.

SIMON
I love you too.

INT. OASIS GRILL DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS/NIGHT

Tamara shuffles to the counter, her back to the window and the street outside.

After a moment, Simon drives away.

Tamara sits, puts her head down on crossed arms.

The heavily made-up WAITRESS (60's) approaches her.

WAITRESS
Rough night, honey?

Tamara lifts her head, tears spilling down her face. She's never looked more human.

WAITRESS
I'll bring you some coffee.

She does so as Tamara sniffs, wipes her face on her sleeve.

WAITRESS
Howsabout a slice of strawberry
rhubarb pie? Always makes me feel
better.

TAMARA

Actually, I...I need to see the manager.

The waitress looks Tamara over, not changing her expression. Tamara turns her eyes black, shows the waitress what she is. The waitress nods, then tilts her head toward the back. Tamara stands, enters the swinging doors to the kitchen.

INT. OASIS GRILL KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS/NIGHT

Tamara returns the stare of the GREASY COOK working the flat top grill as she opens the door to the walk-in freezer.

A cold mist spills out, darkness beyond.

Tamara flicks on the light and walks in, lets the door close behind her.

INT. FREEZER - CONTINUOUS/NIGHT

Beyond the shelves of frozen food products, at the back of the cold metal room, is a small panel. Tamara opens it.

Inside is a small notch, into which she extends a single demonic claw.

The entire back wall slides away, reveals another realm.

Tamara steps through, and the wall slides shut.

INT. HALLWAY TO HELL - CONTINUOUS/NIGHT

Tamara traverses the long, red-hued, cave-lined hallway, her reluctant steps expedited by the downward slope.

She wipes away tears, pulls herself together, approaches a large stone door at the end of the hall and tugs it open.

INT. BACK DOOR TO HELL - CONTINUOUS/NIGHT

Tamara steps through, pulls the stone door shut. She is now in a small business-like foyer, its walls on fire.

A DEMON RECEPTIONIST in a sport jacket reclines at a desk of charred wood, equipped with an old-fashioned red rotary phone.

He plucks out a chord on a cherrywood ukelele.

DEMON RECEPTIONIST

Good evening! What can I do for you,
young lady?

TAMARA

I need to turn myself in.

DEMON RECEPTIONIST

I figured as much. Hardly anyone
uses that door these days.

He gives Tamara a shrug, dials the red phone.

INT. HELL'S CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Tamara sits alone, still in fully human form, sad eyes on
the long table.

Malone stands across from her, seething. He glares down at
her with a new set of eyes, face streaked with fresh scars.

Delia sits in her red chair at the head of the table.

DELIA

I appreciate you coming to us.

Tamara makes eye contact, nods politely. Delia gives her a
gentle, understanding smile.

DELIA

So what happened?

MALONE

She repeatedly broke protocol,
disobeyed direct ord--

Delia silences him with a single raised finger, doesn't even
look at him. She waits for Tamara to answer.

TAMARA

I fell in love.

MALONE

Oh for fuck's sake.

This time Delia gives Malone an intense glare. He fails to
be intimidated, addresses Tamara across the table.

MALONE

I wasn't going to hurt him. Just
wake him up so he could see what you
really are.

DELIA
 (to Malone)
 I'll get the rest of your statement
 later.

With a wave of her hand, she dissipates him into nothingness.
 He starts to speak as he disappears, doesn't get a word out.
 Tamara tries to minimize her visible amusement at Malone's
 dismissal. Delia spots it anyway.

DELIA
 (beat)
 You know I used to have your job.

Tamara looks a bit surprised, slightly pleased.

DELIA
 Mmm-hmm. Centuries ago, but, things
 weren't so different. And I was good.

She gives Tamara a sly smile. Tamara's attention is captured,
 her mood even brightened a bit.

DELIA
 There were fewer people, so, fewer
 of them were evil. But they were a
 lot more evil, know what I mean?

Tamara nods.

DELIA
 Still, some of them were halfway
 decent human beings. And it's easy
 to get attached when you're constantly
 acting like you're one of them.

Tamara wipes away a tear, looks embarrassed about it.

DELIA
 But you're not one of them. You're
 one of us. You need to remember that.

Tamara nods, looking properly admonished and apologetic.

DELIA
 You do look comfortable in that skin,
 though. How would you like to resume
 your prior occupation down here?

TAMARA
 Really?

DELIA
 Sure. Were you expecting more of a
 punishment?

TAMARA

Well, yeah, kind of.

DELIA

Don't sweat it. You simply had a tough time pretending to be human when you knew you never could be.

Tamara nods, reluctantly accepting this truth.

DELIA

It's all right. The mortal realm isn't for everyone. You'll be fine down here.

TAMARA

Thank you for this. I appreciate everything you've done for me, madam.

DELIA

You can call me Delia. That was my name, up there.

TAMARA

Thank you Delia.

DELIA

You should hear the names they call me down on seven. Melt that human flesh right off your bones.

Tamara chuckles.

DELIA

Shall we?

She opens the door from across the room with a simple flourish, rises gracefully to her feet.

Tamara takes a deep breath, pushes her chair back, stands.

INT. HELL'S HUMAN RESOURCES DEPARTMENT - DAY

The room looks like a DMV from the 80's: large, drab, old equipment, HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE lined up, waiting their turn.

The DEMON EMPLOYEES, all in human form, sit behind one long counter with individual stations.

Tamara stands up from a seat in her station, showing a combination of bored, angry, and impatient as she yells out.

TAMARA

Next!

AGNES WEINTRAUB (80's), by all appearances a sweet little old lady, steps up to the counter. Tamara sits again.

AGNES

Hello. I don't think I'm supposed to be here.

TAMARA

Name?

AGNES

You see I'm quite kind and generous, always have been.

TAMARA

Name, please.

AGNES

Agnes Weintraub. Née Hofstetter.

Tamara types her answers into the computer, displays blocky green text on a bulky monitor.

TAMARA

Place of birth?

AGNES

Kankakee, Illinois.

TAMARA

Cause of death?

AGNES

Oh, dear. Umm...

TAMARA

Just say injury, illness, or natural causes.

AGNES

Natural causes.

Tamara types it, gets a new screen.

TAMARA

Okay. Well, I can confirm you are definitely in the right place. Try not to take it personally, just how it goes for some people.

Agnes looks like her spirit is crushed, ready to weep.

Tamara gives her speech like she's said it million times.

TAMARA

Please understand you have not been sent to hell to suffer, only the truly evil will suffer for all eternity. You are here to assist in minor operations of the universe by performing assigned tasks necessary to maintain order and prevent chaos.

AGNES

I-I-I don't understand.

TAMARA

Basically, you get the jobs nobody wants because you weren't a good enough person to be allowed to choose a job you like. You follow?

AGNES

No-no, I...I am a good person.

Tamara clicks away at the keyboard, reads the files displayed.

TAMARA

Well, let's see. Okay, it says here you would wave people through at stop signs even though you have the right of way. You shouldn't do that.

AGNES

But...that's...I'm being polite.

TAMARA

No, you're obstructing traffic. Let's see, uh, you shot video on your phone in vertical portrait mode instead of widescreen, now that's just stupid.

AGNES

Lots of people do that!

TAMARA

And they're all stupid. Think about it, Agnes, are your eyes on top of each other or next to each other?

Tamara holds her hand upright and sideways to demonstrate the difference. Then she returns to her screen.

TAMARA

What else, what else...you only tip twelve percent? That's cheap, Agnes. Cheap is bad.

AGNES

I don't much care for your attitude, young lady.

TAMARA

Look, you wanna know why you're here,
I'm just givin' you the rundown.

AGNES

I'd like to speak with your
supervisor.

TAMARA

Yeah, good luck with that.

Tamara takes another look at her screen.

TAMARA

Oh, now, here we go. Here's the
clincher. When your kids were little
you let them run around at
restaurants.

AGNES

My children are angels!

TAMARA

Maybe, but you're not. So I have
just the job for you.

Tamara taps a key and sends a file to the dot matrix printer.

TAMARA

Exit to your right, down the hall,
third door on the left.

She tears off the printout, hands it to Agnes, stands up and
yells to the crowd.

TAMARA

Next!

INT. BUCHANAN FOSTER / SIMON'S CUBICLE - DAY

Simon works on the computer, crunching numbers, his level of
enthusiasm well below zero.

Dougs peeks his head over the cubicle wall.

DOUG

Yo, Simo! How's that project comin'
along?

SIMON

I'm working on it now.

DOUG

All right, bitchin'.
(MORE)

DOUG (CONT'D)

Hey, speakin' of bitchin', how's it goin' with that hot little number you brought in here? What's her name, Taren? Tammy?

SIMON

Tamara. We're not together anymore.

DOUG

What? No!

Doug steps around inside the cubicle, half-sits on Simon's desk.

Simon tries to keep working, even with Doug too far inside his personal space.

DOUG

How you gonna let a woman like that get away? No offense, man, but you'll never do better. She was super fine.

SIMON

Thanks.

DOUG

I mean it. She was hot. I bet she did the dirty stuff too. You ever nail a chick on a toilet seat?

SIMON

I have a lot of work to do, Doug.

DOUG

Hey, no, I get it. Bro's before ho's, right?

He puts out his hand for a fist bump. Simon is having none of it, stops working to direct his full attention to Doug.

SIMON

A, we are not bros. We are colleagues.
B, Tamara is a person. All women are. Not flesh toys for your lascivious attention and amusement.
And third, none of this is appropriate workplace conversation. So please, get your nasty ass off my desk, and let me work.

Simon resumes crunching. Doug looks shocked for a moment, but gets over it quickly.

DOUG

Okay I'm gonna let that slide, 'cause
you're in mourning. So how about I
take you out later, and get you drunk.

Simon tries to keep working and ignore Doug.

DOUG

I make this great drink. It's tequila,
Rumpleminze, and a splash of Red
Bull. I call it a Forget-That-Bitch.

Simon doesn't even look up from his work.

SIMON

That's disgusting, and so are you.
No thanks.

Doug looks confused, has no response. He gets up, leaves the
cubicle.

He peeks his head over the wall once more, still looking
puzzled, then finally departs.

INT. HELL'S HR BREAK ROOM - DAY

A small space in keeping with decor, or lack of it: stained
walls, drab folding tables, old plastic chairs.

Tamara sits alone, stares at nothing. She wipes tears from
her eyes, looks at the empty coffee pot on the cheap machine.

She gets up to check in cabinets, on shelves, finds nothing.

TAMARA

Why is there never any fucking coffee
when you fucking need it!!

JULIANNE (O.S.)

Because this is hell.

Tamara turns to see Julianne in the doorway, in human form.

JULIANNE

You expect a luxury like coffee?

TAMARA

Julianne! Aw, so good to see you!

Tamara gives her a big, excited hug. Julianne hugs back.

TAMARA

What are you doing here? Is this why
you didn't return my call?

JULIANNE

Yeah, sorry about that. I got sent down for taking out the wrong man.

They take a seat, sit close together.

TAMARA

You devoured someone who wasn't evil?

JULIANNE

No, he just wasn't my assignment. But he was definitely evil. I mean the guy sold gym memberships.

TAMARA

Damn. Well I'm glad you're here.

JULIANNE

What happened to you?

TAMARA

(beat)

You were right. I had to leave him.

JULIANNE

I'm so sorry. At least he's okay though, right? You didn't tell him?

TAMARA

No, I didn't tell him. I just broke his heart instead.

Tamara breaks down emotionally a little bit. Julianne comforts her as best she can.

JULIANNE

Listen...somebody came in recently with the new arrivals.

Her tone is intriguing, conspiratorial.

JULIANNE

She told me something I didn't think was possible.

Tamara leans in closely to hear.

JULIANNE

She said that there's a way--

She stops as a MALE EMPLOYEE enters the room. The interloper flops down into a chair, exhausted.

JULIANNE

We shouldn't talk here. Meet me in the caverns tonight.

TAMARA

Where?

JULIANNE

Look for a special symbol carved in the wall.

INT. HELL'S CAVERNS - NIGHT

The dark, reddish, winding stone walls are lit by fire, placed at intervals on torches made of severed limbs.

Tamara stands at a particular spot, looks at a crudely sketched rendering of her vibrating dildo back on earth.

She can't help but smile at Julianne's nature.

Just then, Julianne herself peeks around a corner, approaches Tamara.

JULIANNE

Sorry for the subterfuge. We could be sent way further down if anyone knew about this.

TAMARA

So what'd you hear?

JULIANNE

Okay. I was trying to process a new arrival, but couldn't find her in the system. Then she told me why.

Tamara involuntarily holds her breath.

JULIANNE

She used to be one of us.

TAMARA

What? You mean...

JULIANNE

Yeah. A demoness, living on earth. As a mortal.

TAMARA

How is that possible?

Tamara leans in closer. Julianne instinctively speaks quieter.

JULIANNE

Turns out there is, in fact, a way to transubstantiate and become human.

Tamara's eyes widen, shocked but thrilled.

JULIANNE

And as I understand it, once you return to the mortal realm -- and become mortal yourself -- hell has no more power over you.

TAMARA

Until you die, and end up back here.

JULIANNE

Well sure. That part's unavoidable, I guess.

TAMARA

What's going to happen to her?

JULIANNE

Oh, I created a fake profile, sent her off to minor possessions. She's got a thing for politicians.

Julianne shrugs. Tamara leans on the wall, mind racing.

JULIANNE

You ask me, it's kind of a gamble. If you're caught, you're gettin' serious hellfire.

TAMARA

That is a pretty big risk.

She looks Julianne in the eyes, her own eyes growing misty.

TAMARA

What if it's worth it?

Her question hangs in the air a moment. Julianne grabs Tamara by her shoulders, their faces close.

JULIANNE

Then you go for it.

Tamara's face brightens. Julianne smiles devilishly.

INT. BACK DOOR TO HELL - DAY

The demon receptionist is at his charred desk, reading a magazine about heavy metal music.

Julianne enters the foyer, approaches the desk.

JULIANNE

Hey, you're into music, right?

He just stares at her, still holding up his magazine.

JULIANNE

They need your help in reception.
Some rock star's tour bus crashed
and he doesn't believe he's dead.

The demon puts down the magazine.

JULIANNE

He keeps asking for his road manager,
who actually survived. Meanwhile all
these groupies think they're just
stoned, they're taking off their
clothes and dancing around. It's a
wild scene, man. No one knows what
to do.

He glances at the big stone door he's meant to be guarding.

JULIANNE

Don't worry, I'll cover for you.

He nods at her, smirks a bit as he exits the foyer.

After a moment, Tamara tiptoes in from the opposite direction
the receptionist is heading.

TAMARA

I owe you big time, Jules.

JULIANNE

Just don't fuck up the ritual. If
you don't turn, you're gonna burn.

TAMARA

You're sure you won't get in any
trouble?

JULIANNE

I'll talk my way out of it. You know
me.

Tamara hugs her tight, all too briefly.

JULIANNE

Now go! Be human. He deserves you.

Tamara puts her weight into it and kicks open the big stone
door, enters the hallway, pushes it shut behind her.

Julianne sashays behind the desk, takes a seat.

She pulls out a cigarette, slides the chair back and spins
around to light up her smoke off the burning wall.

She returns to the desk, picks up the music magazine, happily
puffs away.

INT. OASIS GRILL KITCHEN - DAY

Tamara bursts out of the freezer, slams the door shut.

The greasy cook sneers at her, even growls a bit, as she makes her way into the dining room.

The cook goes back to flipping burgers like nothing happened.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Simon and Phil share a small table, eat lunch together in silence. Simon looks sad and distracted.

Phil looks up, sees Tamara enter the room behind Simon. She looks around, trying to find them.

PHIL

Oh. Um. Simon.

Simon looks up at Phil in time to see Phil raise a hand to signal Tamara. She spots them, hurries over.

Simon turns to see what's drawn Phil's attention, faces Tamara just as she arrives.

She doesn't even give him a chance to get up from the table, just hugs him quickly right there in his seat.

SIMON

Tamara! I thought-

TAMARA

I need to know how much you really trust me.

SIMON

Completely!

TAMARA

No I mean really, REALLY trust me, no matter what.

He starts to speak again but she shushes him.

TAMARA

Even if I were to show you something scary. And I mean truly frightening, like absolutely downright fucking horrifying.

Phil looks a little nervous, but fascinated.

TAMARA

Something that could make you question
everything about me, about the world
you think you know. About life itself.
Would you still trust how I feel
about you?

Simon waits to answer to make sure she's finished.

Phil is absolutely transfixed, awaiting Simon's response.

Simon takes a moment to think about what she's asking.

Tamara interprets the delay as hesitation, and her heart is
about to break.

SIMON

I would.

She kisses him, ecstatic. Phil smiles happily.

TAMARA

Okay. We gotta go.

She takes Simon's hand, pulls him up from the table, leads
him away.

TAMARA

Hi Phil! How've you been?

Phil tries to answer, but realizes he won't be quick enough
as Tamara runs off toward the front door with Simon in tow.

The happy couple are about to exit the door when Tamara sees
Malone standing right outside, waiting for them.

TAMARA

Fucknugget!!

She turns before Simon can see Malone and rushes back through
the lunch crowd, pulling Simon into the attached building.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Tamara and Simon run through the lobby, head for the
elevators. She frantically taps the call button.

She looks back to see Malone enter through the front doors,
walking casually toward them. Simon spots him too.

SIMON

Holy shit!

TAMARA

You mean unholy shit.

SIMON

Fuck, you were right. He isn't dead.

TAMARA

Told you I didn't kill him.

The elevator opens. They jump in, manage to get the doors closing before Malone can reach them.

Tamara gives Malone double middle fingers as the doors shut.

INT. BUCHANAN FOSTER - DAY

Tamara and Simon dash in through the main entrance.

TAMARA

Where's Doug's office?

SIMON

This way.

Simon leads her down a long wall past a row of cubicles.

Heads turn, watching them go, looking confused and interested.

TAMARA

What are the odds he's jackin' it in there?

SIMON

If the door's open, we're good.

They reach Doug's office. The door is indeed open.

Tamara spots Malone walking in the main entrance.

INT. DOUG'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS/DAY

Simon enters with Tamara right behind. They close the door and lock it. Doug is at his desk.

DOUG

Well hey there, hot stuff! Thought you two broke up.

TAMARA

We didn't. It's a long story.

SIMON

What do we do now?

TAMARA

Just give it a minute. And stay calm.

Simon nods. Love is all over his face.

Doug approaches them.

DOUG

Hey if you two are lookin' for a threesome, this isn't the chick-to-dick ratio I prefer. Though I might be willing to make an exception.

He stands a bit too close to Tamara, speaks only to her, comes off very un-sexy except in his own mind.

DOUG

For you.

Simon looks like he's about to punch his boss, but Tamara holds him back.

TAMARA

Doug, I would tell you I'm sorry for what's about to happen. But I'm not.

The door handle turns and jiggles, but the door stays closed and locked.

Tamara and Simon move away from the door.

Malone pushes the door open effortlessly, breaking the deadbolt like it was made of paper. Doug backs up.

DOUG

Who is this now? What did I just say about the dick ratio?

Malone shuts the door. Tamara puts herself between Malone and Simon.

TAMARA

I understand why you're here. But there's something you need to know.

MALONE

Your time has run out, Tuchmula. Anything you say is meaningless.

TAMARA

No, you're right. There's nothing left to say. This is something you have to see with your own eyes.

He glares at her with his "new" eyes.

TAMARA

Right. Those look good, by the way. They suit you.

Tamara turns to Simon, whispers just for him.

TAMARA

Trust me.

Simon nods. He does.

Tamara approaches Doug, and does so in a rather slutty manner.

Doug looks surprised, but pleased, naturally.

Simon looks confused. Malone looks bored.

Tamara puts her hand on Doug's chest. He smirks at her.

Tamara turns her head to face Malone.

Malone actually smiles a bit, but isn't that amused.

Tamara returns her attention to Doug.

Doug reaches for her.

Tamara flips the demon switch, shrieks in Doug's face.

SIMON

Oh fuck!!

Doug screams. Tamara rips open Doug's chest and tears out his heart, spraying herself and Simon with Doug's blood.

Malone is full-on grinning.

Doug drops to the floor, bleeding profusely, still momentarily conscious.

Tamara, still in demon form, back to Malone, turns to Simon and winks.

Simon, still freaked out, sees the Tamara he knows and loves in that one tiny moment -- and in a way seems almost okay with all this insanity.

Tamara uses her other clawed hand to RIP OPEN HER OWN CHEST.

SIMON

NO!!

She pulls out her demon heart, black and dripping with oil.

Off Simon's reaction, Malone becomes concerned.

Tamara places Doug's heart inside her chest, which quickly heals around it. She immediately returns to her human form.

She spins around, faces Malone.

TAMARA

Dominati tenetis!

She throws her demon heart at Malone's feet. It explodes in a burst of smoke, flame, and misting black oil.

TAMARA

You hold no dominion over me!!

A vortex opens up in the floor in front of Malone, full of light and darkness, sucking down the smoke, oil, and flame.

MALONE

You sneaky little bitch.

He almost seems to admire her.

Tamara and Simon watch as the otherworldly maelstrom pulls Malone down with the last of the oil and flame, then seals itself off with a CRACK like lightning and a RUMBLING THUNDER.

All is quiet again. Simon coughs on the remaining smoke.

Tamara puts her arms around him, holds him close.

TAMARA

Are you okay?

She holds him by the shoulders, looks him in the eye, a warm smile on her face.

SIMON

I think so. Um, is it too much of an understatement to say WHAT THE FUCK JUST HAPPENED IN HERE?!?!?

Tamara looks down at Doug's heartless corpse.

TAMARA

I'd say it's an appropriate response. But that's not a statement, it's a question.

SIMON

You said snot.

She kisses him to shut him up.

TAMARA

Okay, so, full disclosure. I was a demoness from hell who devoured the hearts of evil men to send them to eternal torment. But now I'm just a woman who loves you. And really needs a shower.

Simon looks at Tamara's beautiful, smiling, human face, still covered in blood, and kisses her again.

SIMON

I love you too.

They share a lovely romantic moment, then she leads him toward the door.

SIMON

What about...

He indicates what's left of Doug.

There's a knock on the door. Simon freezes in concern.

TAMARA

Don't worry. It's all taken care of.

Tamara opens the door. It's Agnes Weintraub née Hofstetter.

She enters the office, pushing a mop and bucket, wearing a red jumpsuit designated LEVEL 1.

INT. BUCHANAN FOSTER - CONTINUOUS/DAY

Tamara and Simon emerge from Doug's office, holding hands, slowly head for the main entrance.

SIMON

But he can't just disappear, I mean...

Phil runs up to the two of them, excited, holding a single sheet of paper.

PHIL

Hey, did you see the memo? Doug got transferred! Isn't that great?

Tamara gives Simon an I-told-you-so smirk.

Phil notices how they're somewhat soaked in blood.

PHIL

What happened to you two?

TAMARA

The, uh, toner cartridge. From the printer. Exploded.

PHIL

But you're all red.

TAMARA

I was red toner.

PHIL

Oh. Well anyway, Doug's gone! See ya Tamara!

He rushes off, excited as never before.

Tamara and Simon continue toward the main entrance, now arm in arm.

INT. SIMON'S APARTMENT BATHROOM - NIGHT

Tamara, freshly showered, wears only a towel.

Simon is clean and dressed. He hands her a button-down shirt.

TAMARA

Thanks for letting me stay here. My apartment's still got a big hole in the window.

She drops the towel, slips on the shirt, buttons it up.

TAMARA

That's gonna be fun to explain.

He touches the large scar in the center of her chest, a remnant of her sudden heart transplant.

SIMON

So you're really human now?

TAMARA

Mm-hmm. As I understand it.

SIMON

I have so many more questions.

TAMARA

It's okay. We have the rest of our lives to answer them.

They kiss passionately.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Tamara and Simon walk along the sidewalk together.

Kaylee approaches them excitedly from the opposite direction.

KAYLEE

Oh wow! Tamara!

Tamara looks a bit nervous. Kaylee is her usual happy self.

They stop on a corner, out of the path of other pedestrians.

KAYLEE

I heard you...um...quit your job?

TAMARA

I did. Turns out you were right.
Some things are possible after all.

KAYLEE

Oh, I'm so happy for you!

She gives Tamara a big hug.

KAYLEE

And you too!

She hugs Simon as well. He just goes along with it.

KAYLEE

I also heard he's immune! Is that true?

TAMARA

He was immune to me. Don't you go tryin' anything!

KAYLEE

I won't, I won't. I'm still in training, anyway.

TAMARA

I think you're gonna do fine. But if at some point you need a friend...a human friend. I'm here for you.

Kaylee smiles, truly pleased.

EXT. CITY PARK - DAY

Tamara and Simon casually stroll through the park.

SIMON

If you have these super-pheremones--

TAMARA

Had. Past tense. They're gone.

SIMON

Right. Sorry. Had. So if you had those to control men, who deals with the evil women? Or evil lesbians? There must be some.

TAMARA

I'm sure there are, but they were never assigned to me. It wasn't a gender neutral organization.

SIMON

Not very PC.

TAMARA

Yeah, well, it's supernatural biology,
not human sexuality. There are limits.

Tamara hooks her arm in his, pulls herself closer.

SIMON

Gotcha. So the evil women...?

TAMARA

Oh! That's an incubus. The male
version of what I was, a succubus.
But there aren't as many of them.

SIMON

Why's that?

TAMARA

Fewer evil women.

SIMON

Really?

She playfully smacks his shoulder.

TAMARA

Don't sound so surprised! Not all
bitches are evil. Same with men, a
lot are just assholes.

SIMON

How do you tell them apart?

TAMARA

My former boss, Malone? He's from
the fifth level of hell. They can
sense evil in mortal creatures.

SIMON

So then Doug...

TAMARA

Was just an asshole.

Simon nods in agreement. No arguing with that.

TAMARA

Either way, they all go to hell
eventually. It's just a matter of
how, and when, and what happens to
them when they get there. We try to
send down the evil ones before they
wreak too much havoc here on Earth.
Thus the devouring of the heart.

SIMON

Not the soul?

TAMARA
It's symbolic.

SIMON
Oh.

TAMARA
The point is we're not supposed to go around eating everyone who annoys us. We need to blend in, appear human.

SIMON
But if you're all up here banishing evil, how come we still get Hitler, and serial killers, and dentists who hunt endangered species?

TAMARA
There's only so many succubi to do the work. People get away with shit.

SIMON
That makes sense. Mathwise.

EXT. CITY PARK BENCH - DAY

Tamara and Simon share a bowl of ice cream with little spoons.

SIMON
What about witnesses? How do you go around ripping hearts out all over the city without anybody seeing you?

TAMARA
We're not of this world, Simon. We have ways to hide what we do.

SIMON
Ah. Good thing, too. 'Cause I gotta say, your non-human form? Yikes.

TAMARA
Sorry you had to see that.

She kisses him on the cheek.

TAMARA
But it's all gone now.

SIMON
One thing still worries me though.

She holds her spoon mid-scoop, looks nervous.

SIMON
You have Doug's heart.

Tamara relaxes.

TAMARA

It's just a muscle. Nothing remains
that made him who he was.

SIMON

But you said it's symbolic when you...

He mimes biting into a handful of heart.

TAMARA

Those things occur on another plane
of existence. And I'm no longer a
part of any of that. I promise you.

SIMON

I believe you.

She feeds him her spoonful of ice cream.

SIMON

Still. You have Doug inside you.

He pretends to shiver. She smacks him on the shoulder.

TAMARA

He seemed like the best option. I
couldn't very well get rid of Phil.

SIMON

Yeah, how exactly do you erase someone
from the world like that?

TAMARA

There's some work involved. That's
why it's almost impossible to take
out someone high profile. Like Hitler.

She sets her spoon in the bowl, leaves the rest for him.

SIMON

Too many people would notice.

TAMARA

Right. But for just any old evil
douchebag, we have a clean-up crew,
we handle the paper trail...and hell's
got plenty of people to do it.

SIMON

But if Doug wasn't evil, how was all
that...processed?

TAMARA

My friend Julianne. She pulled a few
strings underground.

SIMON

Well thank you Julianne. She still
down there?

TAMARA

Yeah. But I think she'll be back.
She's a clever little demoness. You'd
like her.

SIMON

Long as I'm not on the menu.

Tamara hugs him close.

TAMARA

You're always safe with me.

INT. NEIGHBORHOOD BAR - NIGHT

The same bar Tamara and Simon were at on an earlier date.

They sit at a high-top table in the center of the room.

SIMON

Okay -- would you rather travel back
in time twenty years with the
knowledge you have now, or be twenty
years younger here in the present?

Tamara has to dwell on this deeply for a moment.

TAMARA

I don't think I can answer this one.

SIMON

Really? Why?

TAMARA

We don't have the same concept of
time. I mean I've been around for
hundreds of years. But I only started
aging yesterday.

SIMON

Oh. Good point.

TAMARA

What would you do?

SIMON

Well, if I were twenty years younger
I'd be a teenager, so this would not
be a very kosher relationship.

TAMARA

True.

SIMON

And if I go back twenty years, I'm not sure I'd improve all that much.

TAMARA

You don't think so?

SIMON

No. Oh I forgot to mention, if you go back you don't get to, like, bet on the World Series or anything. No using knowledge of future history for fun and profit. You won't remember any of that.

TAMARA

So you retain only the wisdom of personal experience.

SIMON

Exactly. And in twenty years, I don't think I've gained much insight into anything. Not until recently.

He takes her hand, looks deep into her eyes.

SIMON

So my choice is to simply be myself, right now, right here...with you.

Tamara smiles, kisses him lovingly.

SIMON

After I get us another round.

Simon winks as he picks up empty glasses, heads to the bar.

Tamara watches him go, and as he orders from the BARTENDER, who then steps away to make the drinks.

Tamara sees Malone reflected in the mirror behind the bar.

He's standing directly behind her.

She jumps up from her seat, spins around to face him.

He isn't there.

She looks around nervously, in all directions, but Malone is nowhere to be seen.

She checks on Simon, still standing at the bar waiting for drinks - and sees Malone again, in the same place.

But he isn't in the room. He is only in the mirror.

She looks Malone in the eye, as he does to her. They stare at each other, but not with the malice they shared earlier.

This time it's different. This time it's respect.

Malone nods at her, just one tiny gesture. She does the same.

Delia appears in the mirror next to Malone, whose reflection then dissipates into nothingness. He's gone.

Delia moves two fingers in the air to form a small heart of fire. She smiles at Tamara, who waves her a small thank you.

Delia and the heart of fire fade away.

Simon notices Tamara's reflection in the mirror, turns around.

He smiles at her pleasantly.

She smiles back, full of love.

FADE OUT