

TEASER

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Darkness. A low drone of otherworldly music.

A match scrapes across striking paper, and then someone lights the candles on a homemade ALTAR.

This someone is CORA GREEN, a shy, eager, and earnest woman in her early-to-mid 20s. She also happens to be a devotee of the unholy wretch known only as the Dark Lord.

She removes her hood and hovers her hands over the black WAX SKULL at the center of the altar.

CORA

Dear Dark Lord. It's me, Cora. Are you there?

A breeze sweeps across the shrine. He listens.

CORA (CONT'D)

I carry news from this plane.

Candles flicker.

CORA (CONT'D)

Today I scoured Chicago for a worthy sacrifice to settle my debt. I am here to report that...

The shrine rattles.

CORA (CONT'D)

I didn't find anyone.

All noises cease.

CORA (CONT'D)

I did find a coffee shop on Clark street, and I flirted with a cute barista named Clark.

(bowing toward shrine)

Dark Lord, I ask you lend me strength while I pursue this coffee-shop hunk.

The flick of a light switch. Cora's roommate, ROBIN NEWMAN (late 20s), a doesn't-give-a-fuck hipster with a nose ring, opens her bedroom door and leans in.

ROBIN

Hey...I know I told you I was cool with your weird religious stuff, but do you have to worship at three a.m.?

CORA

Almost done. I promise.

ROBIN

Just tell Satan it's bedtime.

CORA

Satan isn't real, Robin. The Dark Lord is an eldritch deity you can only find-

Robin SLAMS her door.

CORA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

-in your heart.

A face manifests on the wax skull. The Dark Lord speaks.

DARK LORD

You didn't find me in your heart, Cora. I burrowed into your guts. Infected you with my plague.

CORA

I mean, maybe technically-

DARK LORD

Also, what's with the roommate. Couldn't find a studio?

CORA

We've been over this-

DARK LORD

I hear Rogers Park is reasonable.

CORA

I'm not moving into some studio. I know myself too well -- I'll just sulk, alone, in a city where I don't know anyone. I told you, when I moved to the city I wanted --

DARK LORD

-- to help me inhale the souls of its filthy denizens?

CORA

No! To make friends. Go on dates.  
Find myself and the person I'll be  
in adulthood! That's what your  
early twenties are for, right?

DARK LORD

I don't know. I'm in my early  
twenty thousands.

(beat)

You know, roommates don't always  
work out as friends, but they can  
make for great sacrifices.

CORA

I'm not sacrificing Robin. She's  
the best friend I have here.

DARK LORD

Yesterday she called you "Clam." Is  
that even a human name?

CORA

She just misspoke.

ROBIN (O.S.)

Shut up, Clam! Christ!

CORA

Sorry!

DARK LORD

Look at you, supplicating yourself  
to a lord-less worm when you should  
be bringing me souls on which to  
feast. You know what day it is?

Beat. Cora swallows. She knows.

DARK LORD (CONT'D)

You're one week out again, Cora.  
That's the deal, remember? You  
bring me a soul, or I take yours.

Cora nods and blows out the candles.

DARK LORD (CONT'D)

One week, Cora. Papa gets his  
soul, one way or another.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. CHICAGO SIDEWALK - MORNING

Cora, dressed in a modern professional-casual outfit, hustles down a sidewalk with a to-go coffee.

She looks at the coffee cup, on which is written -

"For Cora. <3 Clark."

Cora smiles, until - OPE - someone walking the other way bumps into Cora, sending her coffee cup flying.

CORA

Shit!

Cora shakes hot coffee off her hands.

STRANGER (O.S.)

So sorry, didn't mean to...

Cora looks up to see ANGEL DUNN (late 20s), an artsy chaotic good.

ANGEL

Cora Green?

CORA

Angel Dunn -

Angel hugs Cora. Cora tentatively hugs back, clearly confused about something.

ANGEL

I'm so sorry, I'm in such a rush I didn't notice it was you... Oh my god. How are you?

CORA

Good, yeah. Good.

(beat)

How did you -

Cora stops herself from asking the question she was about to ask.

CORA (CONT'D)

I mean. How are you?

ANGEL

Great. So great. Didn't realize you were in Chicago.

CORA

Same.

ANGEL

We should catch up sometime. I owe you a coffee.

CORA

For sure.

ANGEL

Text me.

CORA

Will do.

No one believes her.

ANGEL

It was good to see you, Cora.

Angel scurries off while Cora waves bye.

Then Cora starts walking again with a frown and sigh.

DARK LORD (O.S.)

Which human was that?

CORA

You don't remember Angel?

DARK LORD (O.S.)

You primates are little more than skin donuts with blood-jelly filling to me. You're lucky I remember you, servant.

CORA

Lucky's not the word I'd use.

INT. HANSON AND SONS OFFICE - MORNING

Cora walks into an office that's caught between corporate tradition and startup modernity. She holds a new coffee.

INT. SHARED CUBICLE AT OFFICE - MORNING

She walks to her shared desk space with the other marketing coordinators and puts her coffee down.

CORA

Jesus, the morning I've had. I  
literally ran into one of the last  
people I wanted to see -

JESSICA DANIELS (mid-20s), a sardonic young woman who wants  
you to know this is just her day job, looks up at Cora.

JESSICA

Your estranged friend Angel from  
college?

CODY MCCARTNEY (early 30s), big and friendly and lovable,  
turns his chair around.

CODY

You ran into her again?

CORA

What do you mean again?

CODY

You came in here last Monday saying  
the same exact thing, wearing the  
same outfit and everything.

JESSICA

So you ran into her again, and  
recycled your Monday outfit?

CODY

I mean, it's a good outfit, so -

CORA

(interrupting)

No I just ran into her once. Just  
this morning. Unless you're saying  
this morning isn't this morning...

Cora thinks.

CORA (CONT'D)

Oh no. Is this a time loop thing? I  
cannot do another time loop.

CODY

No no, you probably just lost a  
week. Days blend together when  
you're working. Happens all the  
time.

CORA  
 So nothing magical happened...seven  
 days of the only life I get on this  
 Earth just sort of...disappeared?

Jessica and Cody shrug and nod.

CORA (CONT'D)  
 Oh god, what did I do all week?

FLASH TO:

INT. CORA'S DESK - DAY

Cora stares with blank eyes and an open mouth as she types at her computer, the dull light illuminating her zombie face.

BACK TO:

INT. SHARED CUBICLE AT OFFICE - MORNING

CORA  
 Oh, that's right.  
 (beat)  
 Wait, if it's been a week, that  
 means...

DARK LORD (V.O.)  
 Mmmm, its feeding time.

CORA  
 No no no.

GREG GRIFFITHS (early 30s), a loud, cocky neckbeard, jumps up and claps with obnoxious enthusiasm.

GREG  
 Yes yes yes -- it's pitch day.  
 Can't wait to see your ideas, even  
 if they'll be total shit compared  
 to mine. Just kidding, of course.  
 But not really. Let's kill this!

Greg runs away. Cora, Jessica, and Cody watch with disgust. Cody walks up to Cora and puts a hand on her shoulder.

CODY  
 You OK?

CORA  
 Yeah, yeah. Sorta forgot about the  
 pitch meeting. But. It'll be fine.

Cora glances at Cody's hand on her shoulder. He takes it off.

CODY

Sorry, was trying to say it'll be fine, but you just said that, so -

CORA

Right.

CODY

Right.

An awkward beat.

CODY (CONT'D)

See you in there.

Cody hurries away. Jessica follows.

Cora finishes putting her stuff down, then grabs a notebook and her laptop. She glances at the Dark Lord book in her bag.

The Dark Lord's face appears on the cover.

DARK LORD

Happy hunting, servant. Or, not happy. I eat either way.

The Dark Lord cackles. Cora throws the bag under her desk.

DARK LORD (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Ow!

Cora walks toward the meeting.

INT. HANSON AND SONS MEETING ROOM - MORNING

Executive types sit at the far end of a conference table, while Cora, Greg, Cody, and Jessica sit near the front.

CHARLES HANSON (50s), a dapper and verbose manchild, stands at the front.

CHARLES

What's in a name? Well, according to our board, a significant loss of market share to snappier brands in the soap and grooming industry. It pains me to say it, but we must update the name of our beloved company.

(tearing up)

(MORE)

CHARLES (CONT'D)  
 We can no longer be "Hanson and  
 Sons Handmade Hand Soaps and Suds."

Charles composes himself.

CHARLES (CONT'D)  
 Our marketing coordinators will  
 pitch us new names for the company.  
 The person behind the selected idea  
 will then lead a committee to  
 completely overhaul our brand.

Charles sits down.

CHARLES (CONT'D)  
 (to Cora)  
 Clam, why don't you kick things  
 off?

CORA  
 It's Cora.

Cora stands.

CORA (CONT'D)  
 (muttering)  
 Why do people think it's Clam?

Cora looks out into the room, trying to remain composed.

DARK LORD (V.O.)  
 You are not prepared for this,  
 Cora.

CHARLES  
 Are you OK?

Absolutely not. Cora's sweating, breathing heavily.

DARK LORD (V.O.)  
 Every minute you spend stalling is  
 a minute closer to the gnashing,  
 when I rend your soul from its  
 flesh vessel. It is a sensation, I  
 am told, akin to the peeling of  
 muscle from bone.

RUMBLING as Cora's stomach churns.

DARK LORD (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 But surely, that will feel like  
 mercy compared to standing in this  
 marketing meeting for one second  
 more.

Cora holds her hands up to her mouth.

CORA  
I'm gonna puke -

Then runs out the door.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Cora sits at the bar, staring into a pint of draft beer.

The Dark Lord's face manifests on top of the foam. He stares back, licking his lips.

Behind Cora, there's revelry. A COWORKER (20s) slaps Greg on the back. Cora overhears their banter, unfortunately.

COWORKER  
"Sudz", so simple. How'd you do it?

GREG  
Just came to me.

COWORKER  
Hey, well, congrats again, Greg.

GREG  
Thanks, man.

Greg leans over the bar next to Cora.

GREG (CONT'D)  
(to bartender)  
Another Mr. Jim, please. Thanks, brother.

Cora sips her beer, while Greg looks to her.

GREG (CONT'D)  
Hey killer. Feeling all right?

CORA  
Yeah. Just a nerves thing.

GREG  
Sorry you didn't get to do your pitch. Was looking forward to it.

CORA  
Seems yours went well.

GREG

Yeah, dude. Nailed it, if I do say so myself. Cut our company's name down like a samurai. Soon we'll just be "Sudz," with -

CORA

A "Z".

GREG

Fuckin a.

CORA

I was gonna pitch we add more words. Something like, Hanson and Sons Handmade Hand Soaps and Suds for Handsome Studs.

GREG

That sorta would've defeated the point.

CORA

I know. It's a joke.

GREG

Ah.

Greg's whiskey arrives. He downs it and slams the glass. He clearly thinks he's Don Draper.

GREG (CONT'D)

Gonna grab a smoke. Join me.

CORA

I don't smoke.

GREG

Or I guess we could have this conversation here, in front of everyone.

CORA

What conversation?

But Greg is already walking outside.

And Cora, despite her annoyance, grabs her bag and follows.

EXT. SIDEWALK BY BAR - NIGHT

Greg lights a cigarette, making a big show of inhaling and exhaling and looking cool.

GREG  
I worry you don't take this job seriously, Cora.

CORA  
Yeah. It's a job.

GREG  
See, that attitude, it bugs me out.

CORA  
Bugs you out?

GREG  
Yeah, like, it's kinda fucked.

CORA  
I know what it means. Look, man. I need money. To live. Like everyone. I wouldn't be in marketing if I didn't.

GREG  
So what do you want to do?

CORA  
I don't know. Find a partner. Make friends. Forge relationships that last a lifetime. The usual.

GREG  
Can't make a career outta that shit, bro.

CORA  
Be pretty cool if you could, though, right?

GREG  
To low achievers, sure.

CORA  
What's your problem?

GREG  
As you know, I'm spearheading this "Sudz" deal. Gonna be big for the company, and for me. And I'm not gonna fuck around. I don't want anyone half-assing it. Basically, I'm your boss now, and I'm going to need you to shape up, or fuck off.

Cora's flustered, not sure where to start with her response.

CORA  
You're not my boss. We have the  
same title.

GREG  
But I make more money than you.

CORA  
Because of institutional sexism.

GREG  
Maybe. And maybe I'm not  
technically your boss. Yet. But we  
both know I will be. Remember that.

Greg throws his cigarette on the ground.

Cora watches, fuming, as Greg stamps the cigarette out.

Then, Cora's eerily calm. Greg starts to head back inside -

CORA  
Hey, Greg. You're right.

Greg stops and turns back toward Cora.

CORA (CONT'D)  
I need to take this more seriously.

GREG  
Glad my words got through.

CORA  
Actually, I scribbled some ideas  
down. But I've been nervous about  
sharing them. Mind taking a look?

GREG  
Right on.

Cora opens her bag and pulls out the DARK LORD'S BOOK. She  
passes it to Greg.

GREG (CONT'D)  
Sick journal, B-T-dubs.

CORA  
Open to the bookmark.

Greg opens the book, then freezes. Too scared to scream.

The centerfold of the DARK LORD BOOK has become a gaping maw  
with an ungodly array of shark-like teeth.

A BLACK TENDRIL flies out pulls Greg's face into the book.

Cora looks away as Greg gurgles and the Dark Lord gleefully eats like a hungry dog with its kibble.

But even as she looks away, Cora can't help but smile...

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. COFFEE SHOP - MORNING

Cora waits in line at a local coffee shop. Her bag is open, and the Dark Lord has manifested on the Dark Lord's Book.

Cora wears Bluetooth headphones, so her conversation with the Dark Lord seems at least a little less weird.

DARK LORD

Ugh. What a horrid soul that was.  
Next time, find me a priest. Those virgins are delicious.

CORA

I thought you liked the nasty stuff.

DARK LORD

There's a limit, servant. This soul was well over the line.

CORA

Good thing you only had a bit of it, then.

DARK LORD

Because you refuse to slaughter these pigs for me. My inter-planar tendrils can only do so much. But a bucket of pure blood poured down my gullet...oh mama.

CORA

No buckets of blood. Sorry.

DARK LORD

This no murdering policy of yours is worse for both of us, you know. You have bought yourself maybe three weeks with that partial soul. Were you to serve me a cocktail of that thick, soul-laden syrup, you could rest for a full human year!

CORA

Yeah yeah, sure.

Cora reaches the front of the line and smiles as she sees CLARK (30s, but looks 20s, studly, the perfect smile incarnate). Clark grins back at Cora.

CORA (CONT'D)  
 OK gotta go getting coffee love you  
 bye!

DARK LORD  
 What? I know you're getting coffee.  
 And you love me? -

Cora removes her headphones and throws them in her bag.

DARK LORD (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Ow! By Nyarlathotep, give me a  
 warning!

Cora closes her bag.

CORA  
 (to Clark)  
 Hi.

CLARK  
 Hey there.

EXT. CHICAGO SIDEWALK - MORNING

Cora walks excitedly, phone in one hand, coffee in the other.  
 Her coffee cup has Clark's number on it. \*Swoon\*.  
 She composes a text on her phone.

CORA  
 (while texting)  
 Hey it's Cora, the coffee hound.  
 Want to get dinner some-

BAM! Coffee and phone go flying as Cora bumps into someone  
 AGAIN.

CORA (CONT'D)  
 God dammit! Why me?! Why?!

Angel picks up Cora's phone.

ANGEL  
 Fate, it appears.

CORA  
 Angel. Shit. Again.

ANGEL

Probably a lesson in two  
millennials so aloof they run into  
each other in the exact same way  
twice.

CORA

Probably.

ANGEL

Guess that's two coffees I owe you.

CORA

Guess so.

ANGEL

Haven't gotten a text from you yet.  
Do you still have my number in your  
phone, or did you "new phone, who  
dis?" me?

CORA

I should still have it.

ANGEL

Then hit me up!

CORA

OK.

ANGEL

Seriously.

CORA

I will.

But Angel's not convinced. Neither is Cora. Still, Angel  
smiles.

ANGEL

Talk soon.

Cora nods politely and waves as she watches Angel leave.

DARK LORD (O.S.)

I think I remember that one now. Is  
that your daughter?

CORA

What? No. I don't have a daughter.

Cora looks at her phone.

DARK LORD (O.S.)  
Swore you had a daughter.

INSERT - CORA'S PHONE: A text from Clark reading, "Friday at 7. Ante Prima. Already made a reservation."

Cora smiles to herself.

INT. SHARED CUBICLE AT OFFICE - DAY

Cora types at her desk, glowing from the computer screen and the anticipation of her date.

Then, she notices HEAVY BREATHING from behind her.

Slowly, she turns around to see GREG, staring at her, eyes vacant but with a tinge of sadness.

Cora turns back to her computer with an abashed face.

INT. CHARLES OFFICE - DAY

Cora knocks at Charles' door. She radiates nervous energy.

CHARLES  
Cora Bora! Come on in.

Cora sits, but stays nervous.

CORA  
I'm so, so sorry about yesterday.

Charles is confused.

CHARLES  
Yesterday? Wait, were you the one who besmirched my horse's honor in his Instagram comments?

CORA  
No. The pitch meeting...

CHARLES  
That! Oh, no need to be sorry, dear Cora. I too was distressed at being forced to change our beloved company name.

CORA  
Right, right.  
(beat)  
(MORE)

CORA (CONT'D)

I guess I thought you were going to fire me.

CHARLES

Fire you? Why would you think that? You should never assume the worst. Indeed, you should never assume anything at all.

(beat)

Write that down.

CORA

I...didn't bring anything to write with. I'll write it when I get back to my desk.

CHARLES

Good. Now, I was told you have a creative writing degree, yes?

CORA

I do.

CHARLES

Well it's time to put it to use, my good man.

Charles throws a stack of papers on his desk.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

That's my memoir manuscript. Give it a read.

CORA

Oh, sure.

CHARLES

It's a first draft, so -

CORA

Tear it apart. Got it.

CHARLES

No, don't do that. I was going to say, "be gentle." Why would I want you to tear it apart?

CORA

Sorry, since it was a first draft, I assumed you'd want some tough love, as they say.

CHARLES

I *just* told you to stop assuming things. You know what happens when you assume, Cora? You -

CORA

Make an ass out of you and me. You're right.

CHARLES

No, you greatly inhibit my ability to communicate. There you go again, assuming how my sentence will end.

Charles waves Cora away.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Begone.

Cora grabs the manuscript and rushes toward the door.

CORA

Sorry, and thanks.

CHARLES

Remember, be gentle.

Cora nods, leaves, and closes the door behind her.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Ass.

INT. SHARED CUBICLE AT OFFICE - DAY

Cora leafs through the manuscript, then sighs.

Jessica taps her shoulder.

JESSICA

Hey.

Cora turns to her.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Notice anything weird with Greg today?

Jessica gestures with her head toward Greg, who is writing the word "EMPTY" over and over on a whiteboard.

Cora shrugs.

CORA  
Not that I've seen.

JESSICA  
That's not weird to you?

Charles walks up to Greg, pats him on the back, and then keeps moving.

CORA  
If Charles isn't concerned, I'm not concerned.

Jessica shrugs, then looks back to her computer.

Greg turns around and stares at Cora. Or, wait, is he glaring?

Cora quickly looks away.

INT. BATHROOM IN APARTMENT - NIGHT

Cora applies make-up. Friends, she looks good.

KNOCK KNOCK at the bathroom door.

CORA  
Yes?

ROBIN (O.S.)  
You done yet?

CORA  
Almost!

ROBIN (O.S.)  
Bitch I gotta potty!

CORA  
Sorry!

Cora finishes her lipstick, then opens the door to see Robin.

CORA (CONT'D)  
Have a date tonight.

ROBIN  
Uh huh.

CORA  
With that coffee shop guy, remember him?

ROBIN  
Yeah, Carp.

CORA  
No, Clark. I've been talking about  
him for weeks.

ROBIN  
Sorry if I'm not remembering this  
particular fuckboy, dude. I'm about  
to blow like Vesuvius.

Robin nudges Cora out of the way, drops her drawers, and sits  
on the toilet.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Cora stands and stares from the hallway.

ROBIN  
Some privacy?

CORA  
You left the door open.

ROBIN  
So close it! Fuck!

Cora closes the door, closes her eyes, and sighs.

ROBIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Hey Stan. Uh-huh. Roommate again.

Flush.

ROBIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Yeah I'm on the can.  
(beat)  
Well, what good's a life coach if  
you're going to judge me for having  
a body.

Cora finally walks away.

EXT. SIDEWALK OUTSIDE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Cora walks up to see Clark, dressed nicely but not too  
nicely, waiting in front of the restaurant.

CORA  
Hey.

CLARK

Hey there.

They smile and hug. It's awkward and cute.

CORA

Not used to seeing you out of  
barista attire.

CLARK

Ah yes, allow me to introduce you  
to evening Clark. You like?

CORA

He'll have to do.

Clark laughs.

CLARK

Come on.

They head into the restaurant.

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Cora sits across from Clark.

CORA

Really?

Clark nods.

CORA (CONT'D)

The last coffee shop you worked at  
was managed by a real-life cult?

CLARK

Pretty much. It was a Children-of-  
God adjacent Jesus-y thing. Didn't  
realize until they asked me to move  
into their commune.

CORA

There weren't any warning signs?

CLARK

The owner did have us all suck on  
his toes on our first day, but I  
thought that was just a Chicago  
thing.

Cora laughs.

CORA  
You're funny.

CLARK  
You're cute.

Cora smiles.

CLARK (CONT'D)  
What are you doing after this?

CORA  
What do you have in mind?

CLARK  
Don't laugh at me, but, I actually  
have a stand-up show tonight.

CORA  
Oh, you do stand up! And, you,  
planned our date night the same  
night as one of your shows?

CLARK  
Want to come?

CORA  
You said don't laugh at you, but  
isn't that the point of stand-up?

CLARK  
Not at. With.  
(beat)  
Come laugh with me?

CORA  
What the hell. Why not.

EXT. SIDEWALK OUTSIDE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Cora and Clark walk out of the restaurant, all giggles and  
grins.

As they walk away, a FIGURE appears out of the shadows.

It's GREG. And though he may be missing a bit of soul, he's  
still pretty obviously upset.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

Cora and Clark walk into a dim dive bar.

CORA  
You booked a show at a dive bar?

CLARK  
Put my name on the list before  
dinner. Should be first.

CORA  
Wait. This is an open mic.

CLARK  
Uh, yeah. That's what I said. A  
stand-up comedy show.

CORA  
You made it sound like...

Clark's confused.

CORA (CONT'D)  
Never mind.

CLARK  
Come on, it's in the back.

INT. BACK OF DIVE BAR - CONTINUOUS

Cora uneasily follows Clark through a black curtain to the back of the dive bar, where others mill about with PBRs and Miller Lites.

CLARK  
Assmann!

Clark bro-hugs it out with ASSMANN (mid-30s), a greasy bearded dude in a backwards Bears hat.

CLARK (CONT'D)  
How's it going, dude?

ASSMANN  
It's good, man. Good.

CLARK  
(to Cora)  
This is Assmann.

CORA  
I'm Cora.

ASSMANN  
Charmed.

CORA  
Let me guess, they call you Assmann  
because you like butts?

CLARK  
No, because it's his last name.

ASSMANN  
My family founded the Assmann  
Corporation of America, a plastic  
fabricator in Indiana.

CLARK  
It's real. Look it up.

CORA  
Got it. Sorry.

ASSMANN  
Also I prefer tits.

CORA  
Ah.

ASSMANN  
But, I'm demisexual.

CORA  
(more enthusiastic)  
Oh!

The HOST (30s) taps the mic.

Cora, Clark, and Assmann turn to pay attention.

HOST  
All right, usually the host would  
do some jokes, but I'm not really  
in the mood tonight. My  
acupuncturist was stabbed eighteen  
times in the back today.

Cora laughs. No one else does. The Host glares at Cora.

Clark nudges Cora and shakes his head.

CORA  
 (whispering to Clark)  
 That seemed like a joke!

HOST  
 OK, well, first up, we have a comic  
 that can be seen all over  
 Chicago...

Clark takes a deep breath, then heads toward the mic.

CORA  
 Break a leg.

HOST  
 Give it up for Clark Crumpenis!

CORA  
 Crumpenis..?

Clark takes the mic, but almost drops it. FEEDBACK.

Cora cringes.

CLARK  
 Shit. Sorry.  
 (beat)  
 Uh, how is everyone?

A long, awkward silence.

CLARK (CONT'D)  
 I was watching the news earlier.  
 And it was like, what's going on  
 here, man? It's madness out there.

Someone coughs.

Cora leans to Assmann.

CORA  
 Is this his first time?

ASSMANN  
 You kidding? Clark's been hitting  
 mics for a decade.

CLARK  
 Anyone here ever eaten an airplane?

CORA  
 And he's still...

ASSMANN

Still what?

CLARK

I mean eaten foodplane. Er. H-had  
airplane food?

CORA

He's so charismatic in person, but  
on stage...you know.

Assmann shakes his head -- he doesn't know.

CLARK

Maybe I should do some impressions.

CORA

Oh no. I can't do this.

ASSMANN

You can't leave. This is Clark's  
first show since his wife left him.

CORA

His wife??

GREG walks through the curtain, turns toward Cora.

GREG

What you do to me?

Everyone turns to look.

Cora's frozen.

Greg approaches her.

GREG (CONT'D)

What you do to me?!

CLARK

Hey, man, I know this isn't my  
best, but it's not cool to heckle  
at open mics.

GREG

Where Greg go?!?!

Greg's now inches from Cora. She meets his terrified, blank  
stare.

GREG (CONT'D)

Where is the rest of Greg?

Finally, Cora snaps to attention.

CORA  
Come on.

She grabs Greg's arm.

CORA (CONT'D)  
I've got this! Sorry everyone.  
Excuse us.

Cora leads Greg out.

EXT. SIDEWALK OUTSIDE DIVE BAR - NIGHT

Cora leads Greg away from the dive bar.

Greg looks at the sidewalk.

GREG  
Dog?

CORA  
That's not a dog. That's a dead  
pigeon.

GREG  
Pet.

CORA  
Don't pet it!

Greg leans toward it, but Cora pulls him away and around a corner into an alley.

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

GREG  
No book. Greg won't look at book.

CORA  
No book. I promise. Just...calm  
down. Can you do that?

Greg breathes loudly, but shuts up.

CORA (CONT'D)  
You actually sort of saved me back  
there, so let me help you out.

GREG  
You make Greg whole?

CORA

I can't do that. I can tell you how you can do it yourself, though.

(beat)

What you're experiencing is a sort of shock. You lost a piece of yourself. But you'll recover. The soul's a resilient thing. It can grow back, like a lizard's tail. You just have to nurture it.

GREG

Ahh. Work more.

CORA

No, no. See, that's why I chose you in the first place. I figured you weren't using your soul much anyway.

GREG

So you just...take?

CORA

It's not so simple.

GREG

Taking bad. Simple to me.

Greg's got Cora there -- she takes a moment to respond.

CORA

Go to a museum, spend time with friends. Whatever enriches your life. Your soul will grow back. Stronger, and more vibrant.

Cora lets this sink in, if that's even possible.

GREG

When Greg get soul back, Cora is so fired from Sudz.

CORA

Hate to tell ya, Greggy boy, but when your soul grows back, you won't remember any of this. And if you do, you'll assume it's a dream.

Cora takes out her phone. Greg jumps.

CORA (CONT'D)

Relax. I'm calling you a Lyft.

Cora hesitates.

CORA (CONT'D)  
Please tell me you still know your  
address.

EXT. SIDEWALK NEAR ALLEY - LATER

Cora opens a car door for Greg. He gets in.

GREG  
See you at work tomorrow?

CORA  
Tomorrow's Saturday, Greg.

Cora closes the door.

GREG  
Have to hustle!

The car drives off.

CORA  
He's a lost cause...

The Dark Lord manifests on a dumpster.

CORA (CONT'D)  
Where have you been?

DARK LORD  
Digesting that rancid soul.  
(beat)  
I overheard what you said, about  
souls growing back. Were you lying  
to him, or yourself?

CORA  
I wasn't lying to anyone.

DARK LORD  
Perhaps not intentionally.

CORA  
It grows back. I've seen it.

Beat.

DARK LORD  
So, about that comedy set.

CORA  
No way. Not talking about it.

Cora walks away.

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Cora walks into the apartment to find Robin watching some junk on TV.

ROBIN  
How was the funeral?

CORA  
The *date* was...not great. But it's fine. I don't know why I even went on it. I think what I really need is a friend.

A long, awkward pause.

Cora opens the door to her room.

CORA (CONT'D)  
Goodnight, Robin.

INT. CORA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Cora sits on her bed in her room, which is adorned with the posters of a former English major hipster goth.

Cora's on her phone. She scrolls to a contact - Angel.

INT. HIP BAR - NIGHT

Cora nervously walks into a hip bar and looks around.

She spots Angel, who waves and smiles.

Cora, who has a bit of a wall up, walks to Angel's table.

ANGEL  
Cora! I'm so happy you're here.

Angel gives Cora a hug.

ANGEL (CONT'D)  
I got you a drink. You still do vodka lemonades?

CORA

I do.

Angel holds up her glass.

ANGEL

Cheers.

They clink glasses.

And Cora smiles, a real, genuine smile.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

So, how are you? What do you do?  
How have you been? Tell me  
everything.

CORA

Yeah! Well, I moved here a couple  
months ago for a job...

As Cora speaks, her words fade to the background.

DARK LORD (V.O.)

This one. I remember her now.

Angel nods as Cora speaks.

DARK LORD (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Her soul... Mmm, it tasted of  
enthusiasm. Ambition. Hints of ego.

Angel smiles.

DARK LORD (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But here she is, her soul regrown,  
born again new. My servant was  
right. It *does* grow back. Oh. How I  
shall feast. How I shall devour.

The Dark Lord laughs as Cora's audio returns.

CORA

So yeah, that's me. How have you  
been?

END ACT THREE

TAG

INT. HANSON AND SONS OFFICE - DAY

Greg stands at a copier.

Inside the copier is a dead pigeon.

The copier prints photocopy after photocopy of this deceased bird.

Charles walks by. He pats Greg's shoulder.

CHARLES

Keep up the good work, Greg.

Greg nods.

GREG

Thank.

That's not a typo. He says "Thank."

The copier continues to run as Charles exits.

END OF EPISODE