

INDEMON

Written by

Jason Bremermann

jbremermann42@gmail.com
(504) 975-2529

FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

TOMMY (late 20s, disheveled) steps through the door. He carries a large stack of envelopes, some opened, some not. He flips through them.

They are all rejection letters from various jobs that he applied to.

Without opening more of them, Tommy tosses them onto the counter and grabs his laptop. It's time for another job search.

Tommy throws himself into the couch, mindlessly scrolling through job ads on *indeed*.

As Tommy scrolls, he notices a message pop up in the upper right hand corner.

There is no profile picture or any information to go off of. Tommy scans over the details of the message.

It's a job offer. The final part of the message reads "Would you like to start the interview process now?"

Tommy thinks for a moment. It's the first response he's gotten in months. He knows that he at least needs to take a chance on this one.

Without hesitating any further, he accepts the message.

As soon as Tommy starts typing a man dressed in an old fashioned suit steps towards the front, SAMMAEL. His hair is slicked back and he always has an easy smile across his face.

SAMMAEL

Pleasure to make your acquaintance.

Sammael extends a hand towards Tommy, not realizing that he can't physically touch him. His hand taps against the barrier of the computer screen. For just a flash his outward bravado drops.

Sammael quickly recovers. The smile spreading across his face again.

He turns to look at the list of jobs on the screen behind him.

SAMMAEL (CONT'D)

You won't need these anymore.

He drags the screen away, closing it out.

Behind the screen in an open tab for a porn website. Sammael pauses for a moment puzzled. He looks back towards Tommy.

Tommy looks at him with an expression that reads "What did you expect?"

Sammael quickly drags the window away as well. He checks behind himself to make sure that there is nothing else that he needs to address.

SAMMAEL (CONT'D)
Now where were we?

TOMMY
You hadn't even started.

SAMMAEL
Right.

Sammael clears his throat, preparing to give a grandiose speech.

SAMMAEL (CONT'D)
Actually, could you give me a hand here?

Sammael extends his hand towards the screen. He's careful to make sure that he doesn't tap the edge again.

SAMMAEL (CONT'D)
Just reach in and grab me if you can.

Tommy, confused, reaches his hand towards his screen. With a simple tug he pulls Sammael out and into his apartment.

SAMMAEL (CONT'D)
Much easier to talk this way. Don't you think?

Sammael flashes a smile. He's trying his best to make sure that Tommy is at ease.

TOMMY
What do you want?

SAMMAEL
I want to offer you employment my good man.

TOMMY
What would I be doing?

SAMMAEL

A little bit of everything.
Whatever it is that I desire. You
would be at my beck and call.

Tommy is unimpressed. He knows the whole spiel.

SAMMAEL (CONT'D)

You would give me your eternal
soul.

TOMMY

Do I get benefits?

Sammael pauses. He wasn't expecting a question like this.

SAMMAEL

What do you mean?

TOMMY

I give you my eternal soul. What
sort of benefits do I get?

SAMMAEL

Employment?

TOMMY

So no dental? What about vision?

Sammael doesn't know how to respond. He was just trying to
get a soul. He wasn't sure there were going to be questions
asked back at him.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

I'll work for you. I'm desperate at
this point. I just wanna know what
the benefits and things are like.

SAMMAEL

I'm asking for your eternal soul!

TOMMY

I've worked corporate before. This
is all pretty standard stuff.

Tommy moves towards the kitchen.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

This feels like it might take a
while. You want something to drink?

Sammael collapses into a nearby chair.

SAMMAEL

Water please.

Sammael watches as Tommy grabs a glass for both of them. Tommy places the glass beside Sammael.

Without hesitation, Sammael splashes the water on his face. It burns and sizzles on his skin. It appears to hurt somewhat but Sammael tries to hold his composure.

TOMMY

Another one?

SAMMAEL

No thanks. I'm good.

Sammael clears his throat again. He has to get back into control of the situation.

SAMMAEL (CONT'D)

About the job off-

TOMMY

What's the pay like?

Sammael grinds his teeth. He hasn't gotten any of his rehearsed line in. He keeps being cut off by the most benign questions imaginable.

SAMMAEL

Can I give you my pitch first?

Tommy seems disinterested, but he nods.

SAMMAEL (CONT'D)

Thank you.

Sammael stands up. He checks his posture. He wants to make sure that he has as commanding a presence as possible.

SAMMAEL (CONT'D)

What is the value of a human soul?

Sammael pauses for dramatic effect. Letting the words linger for a moment. He goes to continue his speech when-

TOMMY

Approximately ten million. Give or take.

SAMMAEL

Why do you know that?

TOMMY

It's a pretty common question.

SAMMAEL

Do you think your life is worth
that much?

Tommy ponders the question for a moment. He's never really
valued how much he's worth.

TOMMY

No.

(beat)

Probably only around eight point
five.

SAMMAEL

And you came to that number how?

TOMMY

Rough guess.

Sammael collapses into the chair again. Nothing he could
possibly say phases Tommy. He rummages through his brain to
find something to take back control.

But he can't think of anything.

Suddenly a contract appears in Sammael's hands. It's a
weathered ancient scroll that appears as though it was ripped
straight out of an antique library.

He places the contract in front of Tommy.

Tommy studies the fine print, he wants to make sure that
everything he wants is covered.

SAMMAEL

Just sign the contract.

Tommy holds up a hand. Sammael has to wait for him.

SAMMAEL (CONT'D)

Everything you want is in there.

TOMMY

I don't see a mention of vacation
days.

SAMMAEL

You are selling your soul-

TOMMY

And I expect that I can take
personal days if I need them. What
if I have to go to a funeral?

SAMMAEL

I will give you bereavement time.

Tommy nods in approval. Sammael slumps further into his chair. He doesn't care what happens after this. He just wants the contract signed so that he can get back to his domain.

Tommy reaches the end of the contract. He has no further notes to give.

TOMMY

All right. I'll sign.

Sammael immediately perks up. He finally has someone within his grasp.

SAMMAEL

You want nothing else?

Sammael waits for a moment. He expects Tommy to come back with one more request that he has. Tommy runs through a list of things in his head.

TOMMY

Not at the moment.

SAMMAEL

Good, then sign here.

Sammael points to a few different sections of the contract.

TOMMY

What do you want me to sign with? I
can prick my finger for blood if
that's what you want.

Tommy pokes at the tip of his finger trying to get a small blood flow started. Sammael quickly stops him.

SAMMAEL

Why would I want you to sign in
blood?

TOMMY

Isn't that just a normal part of
soul purchases. It's more binding?

SAMMAEL

More binding than a corporate contract? I have plenty of lawyers on speed dial. The binding of the legal English is far stronger than any demonic force could muster.

With a flourish, Sammael produces a nice fountain pen. He hands it to Tommy, who quickly signs all the designated spaces.

TOMMY

What happens next?

A silence fills the room. Sammael never expected to get this far. He had been so focused on getting someone to sign that he never thought about what would happen next.

SAMMAEL

I... I don't know.

Again silence. Neither of them know what to do at this point.

TOMMY

Is there anything I can do for you?

SAMMAEL

No... Not really.

TOMMY

You were just trying to boost your numbers weren't you?

SAMMAEL

This quarter has been rather slow.

Tommy reclines further into his couch. It's another corporate job that doesn't know what it's trying to do.

TOMMY

Just call me when you have something.

Without another word Sammael leaves, somewhat dejected. Tommy stays in his position, lounging as he waits for the call.
(SAMMAEL, TOMMY)

FADE OUT.