

INT. LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

In her quaint suburban living room, SARAH, 52, sits on her couch between LISA and TIFF, both early 50's. Tears run down her face, but she bears little emotion, just stares straight ahead. Tiff places a hand on Sarah's arm.

TIFF

Maybe you should get a second opinion.

LISA

That was the second opinion.

TIFF

Okay, a third then.

LISA

Dr. Teller is the best in his field on this side of the country. As much as I hate to admit it, I think he probably got it right.

TIFF

There has to be something we can do.

Lisa pours Sarah a glass of wine.

LISA

There is. We can drink and be angry. We can get pissed and be pissed.

Sarah takes the glass without looking or making a motion to drink. Tiff refills her glass.

TIFF

I think I'm too sad to be angry.

LISA

Being sad is useless. Anger is a great motivator.

TIFF

I can't help it.

LISA

You'll get there.

TIFF

I know! Why don't we work on creating a bucket list?

LISA
Jesus, Tiff. She just found out
she's dying. You can't talk about
her bucket yet.

TIFF
Well, I want to do something!

SARAH
I want to make a list.

Tiff and Lisa start at Sarah's words.

LISA
(cautiously)
You do?

SARAH
Not a bucket list.

TITLE: THE BULLET LIST

INT. LIVING ROOM-NIGHT (LATER)

Two bottles of wine and a mess of snacks later. Tiff holds
a pen to a pad of paper, ready for dictation.

LISA
What about that bitch at the end of
the street? The one with the bush.

TIFF
What?

SARAH
Helena, bleck. She's got all this
money she doesn't know what to do
with, so she sculpts bushes. But
she's terrible and her front lawn
always looks like a topiary
graveyard.

LISA
Beware all ye shrubberies who enter
here.

TIFF
Should I write her down?

SARAH
No. I'm not going to do somebody
in just because they're slightly
(MORE)

SARAH (cont'd)
annoying. They have to be people
who the world would be better off
without. It's my parting gift to
the universe.

LISA
You're so very generous.

SARAH
I know.

TIFF
But, I mean, how? I just don't see
you pulling a gun out and shooting
everyone.

SARAH
Oh, no. Not a gun. I'd have to go
out and buy one. And learn how to
shoot.

LISA
And the mess. I'm already thinking
about what I want to call dibs on.

SARAH
You may have all my hats.

LISA
Aw, thanks babe.

TIFF
But how, then? I support you one
hundred percent, you know
that. But I just don't see this
working.

Sarah looks at Tiff with great confidence.

SARAH
I will throw a fancy dinner party
and poison all my guests.

TIFF
Oh. Yes, I could see that
working.

LISA
I love a fancy party.

SARAH
I will send out invitations-

TIFF
I have the perfect stationary!

SARAH
-under the pretense of burying the
hatchet. How many guests do I
have?

TIFF
Six. So far. Do you think they'll
come?

LISA
Read them off to us.

TIFF
(reading)
Martha Timothy.

SARAH
My old roommate.

INT. SARAH'S HOUSE ENTRY-NIGHT (FUTURE)

Sarah, dressed very formally, hair up, pearls on, opens the
front door to MARTHA, 51, a gaudy middle-aged woman.

SARAH (V.O.)
Martha won't miss an opportunity to
poke around my house and tear me
down.

MARTHA
Sarah, it's been so long! Your
house is so...you.

TIFF (V.O.)
Keira Fellows.

Sarah takes the jacket off of Keira, 30's, slender, hip, who
sneers at everyone (maybe that's just her face?).

SARAH (V.O.)
Keira will come if I tell her I
want to include her in my will.

KEIRA
Careful with that. It's new you
know.

TIFF (V.O.)
Amos Rillig.

SARAH (V.O.)
Amos is easy. I'll just tell him
that I have some rare, grotesque
disease and he'll show up just for
the details.

Sarah fills a glass with brandy and hands it to AMOS, 40's,
bald and unkempt.

AMOS
You do look awfully pale. A bit
green, too.

TIFF (V.O.)
John Rostomonov.

INT. LIVING ROOM-NIGHT (PRESENT)

Tiff stops reading the list.

TIFF
Our old principal?

LISA
What a dick.

TIFF
Really? A little gruff, maybe.

LISA
You really don't know?

SARAH
I thought everyone knew.

TIFF
That bad?

LISA
Someone should've poisoned him a
long time ago.

INT. SARAH'S HOUSE ENTRY-NIGHT (FUTURE)

JOHN, 72, tall, imposing man, walks passed Sarah without
saying hello.

TIFF (V.O.)
 And finally, Eric and
 Michelle. Are you sure you want
 Michelle on here? Sure, your ex is
 evil, but she just happens to be
 married to him.

LISA (V.O.)
 That makes her evil by default.

Sarah opens the door to ERIC, 55, and Michelle, 40.

MICHELLE
 I'm so sorry, Sarah. Really, this
 is so sad.

ERIC
 Yep, shame.

Michelle and Eric walk passed Sarah. Sarah closes the
 door.

INT. SARAH'S KITCHEN-NIGHT

Sarah, in her formal dress and pearls, enters the large
 kitchen. Tiff and Lisa gather around the center island
 looking at a recipe book. A pan and a skillet sizzle on the
 stove top. Tiff wipes her hands off on her apron.

SARAH
 Everyone's seated and has a
 drink. How are things going in
 here?

TIFF
 Right on schedule. Soup's almost
 done.

LISA
 It's too salty.

TIFF
 You're too salty.

LISA
 Thank you.

A knock on the back door. Tiff opens the door to let in
 SAM, 27, built and tattooed, who carries a couple grocery
 bags.

SAM
Sorry I'm late!

LISA
No, worries, Love. We're just
getting started.

TIFF
It's been too long!

Sam sets the bag down and Tiff gives him a big hug. He then
hugs Sarah.

SARAH
Thanks for coming. Are you sure
you're all right with this though?

Sam takes Sarah's hands.

SAM
You are the best mother I could
have asked for. I don't want to
lose you. But if you have to go, I
think it's only right that you take
Dad down with you.

SARAH
Oh, sweetie!

Sarah and Sam hug, Lisa tries not to cry. Tiff pulls out a
camera and takes a photo of the two.

INT. SARAH'S DINING ROOM-NIGHT

A couple pictures of Sarah and Sam adorn the wall. Martha,
Keira, Amos, John, Eric and Michelle sit at the long wood
table, three to each side. Awkward silence. John and Eric
sip on cocktails. Keira scans her phone.

JOHN
Does anyone know what this is
about?

MICHELLE
I think because of
Sarah's...illness, she's trying to
get in touch with everyone.

JOHN
Why?

ERIC
Who the hell knows. I need a
refill. Anybody else? Martha?

MARTHA
Oh, no thank you.

Eric moves to the mini bar in the corner of the room.

MICHELLE
(to Martha)
You two know each other?

MARTHA
A long time ago. I was Sarah's
roommate in college. You and Eric
are...?

MICHELLE
Married, six years now. How do you
all know Sarah?

JOHN
She was my student.

AMOS
I live just down the street.

Everyone stares at Keira waiting for her to respond. She
looks up.

KEIRA
What?

INT. SARAH'S KITCHEN-NIGHT

Sarah, Tiff, Lisa and Sam in the kitchen.

TIFF
The poison's not till desert? Why
not just stick it in the soup?

SARAH
I offered a three course meal and I
intend to follow through.

Sarah takes two bowls of soup and exits.

LISA
Besides, waiting until desert is so
much more dramatic and poetic. She
could throw in a great line like,
"try the tort, it's to die for."

Sarah returns to the kitchen for two more bowls.

SAM

Or maybe someone will ask what's for desert and she can say "death by chocolate."

SARAH

Oh, I like that.

Sarah exits.

LISA

You can't have a great line with soup. Careful with the soup, it's hot...and poisonous. Just doesn't work.

Sarah returns.

TIFF

What about the meat loaf? We could kill them with that.

SAM

"Enjoy your meatloaf 'cause that's what you'll be in a couple of hours."

TIFF

No, you're right. Much better lines with chocolate.

Sarah picks up two bowls.

SARAH

Sam, place that last bowl on my forearm, thanks.

Sam places the last bowl, Sarah exits.

INT. SARAH'S DINING ROOM-NIGHT

Sarah enters and places the last bowl of soup, including her own on the table and joins her guests. They stare at Sarah, waiting for an explanation.

SARAH

Bon appetit!

ERIC

That's it? I thought you'd have something to say, some speech or whatever.

SARAH

No. Eat!

JOHN

I feel like there's something you're not telling us.

SARAH

Funny, I get that feeling from you all the time. But for now, let's eat. I have a surprise for you all, but it's not until the end.

KEIRA

Is this paleo?

INT. SARAH'S KITCHEN-NIGHT

Sam stirs a pot of mashed potatoes on the stove. Lisa and Tiff sit at the island.

TIFF

I really just don't remember Sarah mentioning Keira before.

LISA

She complains about her all the time! We hate Keira.

TIFF

Really?

LISA

She's the one who took credit for the pitch Sarah wrote up for that Pizza place downtown.

TIFF

Oh. I remember that. Keira just doesn't ring a bell.

LISA

She's the one who parks in the handicap place every other day.

TIFF
That sounds familiar, too.

Sarah enters carrying empty soup bowls.

SARAH
How's it coming?

SAM
Ready for the main course. How's it going in there?

SARAH
Very uncomfortable. I'm ready to kill them now.

TIFF
Patience is a virtue.

SARAH
True.

Martha enters the kitchen.

SARAH (CON'T)
(to Martha)
Hi. Do you need something?

MARTHA
Can we talk? Alone?

SARAH
Um, sure. We can step out back. Sam, will you go ahead and serve the other guests?

SAM
You got it, Mom.

Sarah and Martha exit the back of the kitchen. Sam starts scooping food onto plates.

EXT. SARAH'S BACKYARD-NIGHT

Sarah and Martha step out into the small, fenced-in backyard. A nearby street lamp illuminates them slightly.

SARAH
Are you all right?

MARTHA

Am I? How are you? I can't believe how well you're taking all this. I mean it's just awful!

SARAH

I have my ups and downs.

MARTHA

You're probably waiting for me to make some snide remark or lecture you on healthy living. I deserve that. I was not a good friend to you.

SARAH

Oh, I...

MARTHA

I wasn't a good person, really. That's all changed now.

SARAH

Oh?

MARTHA

Yes. I'm on the wagon now. Two years sober.

SARAH

I see.

MARTHA

I can't undo what I've done, but I can apologize for it.

SARAH

You don't have to.

Martha pulls out a piece of paper and tears up.

MARTHA

I'm sorry for all the times I called you fat. There is nothing wrong with being plus-sized.

SARAH

Oh, God.

INT. SARAH'S DINING ROOM-NIGHT

Sam carries plates of food in to the guests.

MICHELLE

Sam, sit. Join us.

SAM

I guess I could take a load off for a minute.

Sam sits where Sarah had been sitting, tucks into the food.

ERIC

I didn't even realize you were here.

SAM

Just like old times.

AMOS

I'm sorry about your Mom, Sam.

SAM

Me, too.

JOHN

We all are.

SAM

Principal Rub-my-balls. Have you been practicing emotions in the mirror?

KEIRA

Wait, whose Mom?

EXT. SARAH'S BACKYARD-NIGHT

Sarah listens to more of Martha's confessions.

MARTHA

I'm sorry for always drinking the last of the milk and not telling you or replacing it. I'm sorry for stealing your lipstick and then trying to convince you it was mine all along. I'm sorry for sleeping with Eric when you two were dating.

SARAH
Wait, what?

MARTHA
I'm sorry for setting off that bug bomb in your bedroom when I thought you had bedbugs.

INT. SARAH'S KITCHEN-NIGHT

Tiff and Lisa talk at the island.

TIFF
I don't think that was Keira. No, whose the one we hate?

LISA
I'm telling you it's Keira.

Tiff pulls out her phone, scrolls.

TIFF
What is her name? She was at the picnic this past summer.

LISA
Yeah, Keira. Bitchy little know-it-all.

TIFF
Aha! Tina! There.

Tiff shows Lisa a picture on her phone.

LISA
Oh, yeah! You're right. We hate Tina.

Tiff and Lisa laugh. Then stop laughing.

LISA (CON'T)
Shit.

Martha and Sarah enter the kitchen from the back. Martha's wiping her eyes.

SARAH
Go ahead and eat, dear. I'll be in after a moment.

MARTHA
You're so nice.

Martha leaves for the dinning room.

LISA
What was that?

SARAH
A full confession. I should want
to kill her more, now, but she's
such a mess, I feel a bit guilty.

TIFF
And we have another problem. We
hate Tina.

SARAH
Right, Tina. She's the worst.

LISA
But we invited Keira.

SARAH
We did! Damn, I always get those
two confused.

Sam enters the kitchen with empty plates.

SAM
Mom, can we talk about Amos?

SARAH
Why? What'd he do?

SAM
Nothing really. That's the
point. Maybe we shouldn't kill
him. I mean, what was your reason
again?

SARAH
He gives me a creepy Rear Window
feeling.

LISA
Here, here.

SAM
I think maybe that's just the way
he is. I don't think he's done
anything, though.

SARAH

Well, if you don't want me to kill him, then I won't.

SAM

Thanks, Mom. I know you were looking forward to it.

SARAH

Great. No Martha, no Keira and no Amos.

LISA

Hey, you can still get Rostomonov. I'll enjoy watching that.

SAM

Sorry, no. He left.

SARAH

No!

SAM

My fault. Who knew he was so easily offended?

TIFF

So what are you going to do?

Sarah thinks, looks at the chocolate torte.

INT. SARAH'S DINING ROOM-NIGHT

Sarah places the pieces of tort in front of each guest, ending with Eric. She sits at the end of the table with a large cocktail. Everyone eats.

AMOS

My, this is sinful!

MARTHA

It's to die for!

SARAH

No, not really.

EXT. SARAH'S HOUSE ENTRY-NIGHT

Sarah helps Michelle put on her coat.

MICHELLE

Thanks for having us over.

ERIC

Yes, it was weird. Let's not do it again.

Michelle and Eric head out. Lisa, Tiff Sarah and Sam stand in the doorway watching people walk to their cars.

SARAH

What a failure. I invited my enemies over and fed them a fancy meal. Some joke.

Eric stops mid-lawn, makes choking noises, falls to the ground.

LISA

That's from me.

SARAH

I think I'll miss you most of all.

LISA

I know.

Sam pulls out his phone, points it towards the three ladies.

SAM

Smile!

Sam takes their picture.