

THE "DO LIST"

by  
Melisa Ford

Melisa Ford

303-563-9371  
melisaford@gmail.com

FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT, BEDROOM - NIGHT

A bedframe SQUEAKS against the rhythms of love. SOPHIE (27) and JASON (27) go at it. All missionary, all the time.

SOPHIE (V.O.)

Reserve flights. Check the mail. Shit. I haven't checked it since Sunday. I bet the power bill's in there. When's that due? If they shut us off I'm gonna have to cook without a microwave. Can you bake a Lean Cuisine? Probably not. Plastic in the oven has got to be a toxicity risk, and that cardboard tray is a fire waiting to happen. Definitely pay the power bill. Do laundry--

GROAN. Jason finishes, rolls off, pecks her.

JASON

We've still got twenty minutes.

SOPHIE

Ugh. If I go to sleep now I'm just gonna be more tired than if I don't.

JASON

Then don't. How about we...switch things up a little?

SOPHIE

Okay. Maybe we could try...?

She points down at herself, hinting at oral, hopeful.

JASON

No! I mean...we should save that. For a special day. That's not today. But...I did see this thing on the internet...totally an accident--

Jason leans in, WHISPERS in her ear. Her face contorts in DISGUST, but he doesn't see. He pulls out a bag of MARBLES.

JASON (CONT'D)

Wanna try it?

SOPHIE

You know, I have to shower and you have to shower and, yeah, we should probably just get going.

LATER

Sophie enters, toweling off her wet hair. Under the dim bulbs, she looks like a daisy pelted by the rain, once bright and warm, now desperate for sunshine.

She watches Jason dress - so kind, so responsible, so... marbles on the nightstand? What the fuck was that about?!

SOPHIE

Are you feeling okay? Anything bothering you?

JASON

No. Why?

SOPHIE

I don't know. That thing, you know, with the....that was a little--

JASON

It's like, ten 'til seven.

SOPHIE

Yeah, yeah. Okay. Just give me five minutes.

Sophie rushes into her closet, flips through dresses, still perplexed.

EXT. BRADLEY MCMANSION - NIGHT

Sophie and Jason approach the perfect home for the perfect family. The door swings open to reveal: GRACE BRADLEY (late 40's) a tornado of good intentions hidden behind a winning smile. Sophie & Jason paste on their happy faces.

GRACE

There you are! How's my favorite future son-in-law?

JASON

How's my favorite future mom-in-law?

GRACE

(ushers them inside)

Oh you! Better go say hello to your parents.

He nods, squeezes Sophie's hand as he goes. A party is going on. MUSIC plays. Grace pulls Sophie aside.

GRACE (CONT'D)

What in the world are you wearing?

SOPHIE  
It's called a dress, mom.

GRACE  
Looks more like a sausage casing.  
Really honey, you don't have to try  
so hard.

Grace tries to yank up the neckline, unsuccessfully.

SOPHIE  
(smacking her away)  
Mom! Stop!

Becky, A.K.A. BECKS (20's), too tiny to be that pregnant,  
waddles forward, saving her.

BECKS  
Yay! You're here!

SOPHIE  
How's the nugget?

BECKS  
Ow! Kicking the crap out of me with  
his freaky kangaroo paws. And here  
I thought big feet were a good sign.  
But nevermind. Tonight's your night!

Becks drags Sophie into the LIVING ROOM, decorated for a  
WEDDING SHOWER. GUESTS mingle. Jason rejoins Sophie.

BECKS (CONT'D)  
Okay everybody! Since Sophie and  
Jason are joined at the hip,  
tonight's shower theme is "Together  
Forever"!

SOPHIE  
Awww! Thanks everybody!

BECKS  
Sit, sit! We've got games!

LATER

Sophie's blindfolded. A line of MALE GUESTS, wearing numbers,  
kiss her on the cheek, one by one.

SOPHIE  
This feels so wrong! Sorry, honey!

Everyone TITTERS. Jason's last; he pecks her fast, goes on.

BECKS

Okay! Which one was the love of  
your life?

SOPHIE

Two. No. Five. Definitely five.

LAUGHTER. She removes her blindfold. Jason's number nine.

LATER

Sophie opens a gift - a small statue. MONA (40's), Jason's  
adoring mom, beams, sitting by Jason's tubby dad, IRV (40's).

MONA

It's Saint Gerard, patron saint of  
motherhood. I know you two aren't  
religious, but it couldn't hurt to  
keep it around. In the bedroom maybe?

SOPHIE

(forcing a smile)

Thank you Mona, that's so thoughtful.

A woman squeezes in next to Sophie, hands her a drink.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Oh, thank God!

Sophie takes the drink, downs it. The woman is FIONA FINCH  
(20's), dark and artfully edgy, a modern day pinup.

BECKS

You're late.

FIONA

What did I miss?

BECKS

Almost everything.

FIONA

Perfect.

(to Sophie)

Here. Open mine next.

Sophie does, but SLAMS the lid closed.

SOPHIE

Fifi!

FIONA

What? The invite said to bring  
something you could use together.

SOPHIE  
Somehow I think Jason might disagree.

FIONA  
Never know until you try.

BECKS  
What is it?!

SOPHIE  
Nothing. Don't--!

Becks lunges for the box. An ELEPHANT-NOSED STRAP-ON tumbles out. Everyone freezes. Mona gapes in horror.

BECKS  
(to Fiona)  
Sweet.

Grace glares at them. They raise a glass to her in a toast.

GRACE  
Who wants dessert?

LATER

Everyone eats cake, watching a slide show on TV. The photo is of Sophie and Jason at 4, covered in mud, holding hands.

Grace gives a speech, standing next to HENRY (50's), Sophie's dad. He's a patched-elbows, favorite armchair sort of guy.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
(looking at Henry)  
*Some* people have accused Mona and I  
of planning this thing at the  
hospital. Which, I admit, might be  
just the teensiest bit true.

HENRY  
Teensiest bit my foot!

Mona winks at Grace mischievously. On screen, a photo of Sophie and Jason in braces, smiling awkwardly at each other.

GRACE  
But really, you can't manufacture  
something this special. All you can  
do is hope your daughter finds someone  
who deserves her. Luckily, she did.

Sophie and Jason pop on screen, graduating from Cornell.

GRACE (CONT'D)

I couldn't have ended up with a better son-in-law if I *had* picked him myself. To first loves that become last loves.

Everyone raises a glass. Sophie, moved, reaches for Jason's hand. It's gone. She catches a glimpse of him walking out the door.

EXT. BRADLEY MCMANSION - NIGHT

SOPHIE

Where are you going?

JASON

I need a break. From this. Us. All of it.

SOPHIE

From...? What are you talking about?

JASON

Come on, Soph. Haven't you ever wanted to *be* with anyone else? Like, sexually?

SOPHIE

What?! No.

JASON

You've never even been curious about what it would be like?

SOPHIE

Okay. Curious, yes. But not enough to act on it.

JASON

Well I am. A lot curious. Pretty much all the time. In the shower every morning, in the bathroom at work, behind this bush once while I was out on a run. You know the other night at the movies when I went to get milk duds? Really curious.

SOPHIE

Oh my god.

JASON

I haven't, of course, I wouldn't. But I really, really want to.

SOPHIE

Are you asking my permission to have sex with other people? At our wedding shower?!

JASON

No. I'm telling you I *need* to have sex with other people. Before I can marry you. And frankly, I don't think it would hurt if you got a little experience too.

SOPHIE

You want me to be with other guys?

JASON

Or girls or monkeys or whatever.

SOPHIE

You want me to have sex with monkeys?

JASON

How boring is our sex life gonna be if we're only ever with each other? It'll just be the same thing, over and over and over again.

Sophie sinks onto a car hood. Jason joins her.

SOPHIE

I can't even imagine being with anyone else. I love you.

JASON

I love you too. But this isn't about loving you or not loving you. Of course I love you. This is about sex. And not starting a life together when we've never really lived.

He takes her hand.

JASON (CONT'D)

Just give me a year. One year.

She stares at him in shock, as the strains of some desperation-soaked ballad like Mariah Carey's "Without You" begin.

INT. SOPHIE'S KIDDIE BEDROOM - DAY

Sophie, a foul mess, wears her crumpled wedding gown and CROONS alone, in her "Under the Sea" themed childhood bedroom.



SOPHIE  
I can't lllllllllllive! If livin' is  
without you! I can't llllllllllive! I  
can't give anymoooooore!

The dress is covered with a trash-bag bib, just in case. A  
SLURP stops her. Fiona's there, sucking down a slushie.

FIONA  
That's a good look for you. Nice  
touch with the cheese whiz.

Sophie looks down at a telling orange blob. Scrapes at it.

SOPHIE  
Don't judge.

FIONA  
Come on, you need to purify. I know  
just what to do. It's like that  
lemonade cleanse, only with alcohol.

INT. SUNNY SIDE UP RESTAURANT - DAY

Empty mimosa glasses. Fiona hands Sophie a full one. She's  
out of the dress, but still gross.

FIONA  
That's a good girl. All the way.  
There you go.

SOPHIE  
Oh god. What am I gonna do?

FIONA  
You're gonna keep drinking 'til all  
the pain floats away on a magical  
cloud of mimosa.

SOPHIE  
Don't joke. This is serious. It's  
like half of me just disappeared.

FIONA  
Okay. Honestly? You're gonna suck  
it up and move on. So you were about  
to get married. So what?! You're  
twenty-seven! I mean, maybe you  
need to date more than one person  
before you decide who you're gonna  
be with forever.

SOPHIE  
But I love him.

FIONA

Okay. Maybe you do, maybe you don't.  
(scribbles on a napkin)  
All I'm saying is, you've never been  
with anyone else, so there's no way  
to be sure. Here.

Fiona hands her the napkin.

SOPHIE

Vegan, accountant, skydiver,  
magician...what is this?

FIONA

Think of it like...taking your pussy  
on a vacation. You sleep with every  
guy on that list, and when you're  
done, you'll know if Jason's the  
one...or not.

SOPHIE

You want me to have a relationship  
with all these guys?

FIONA

I'm not talking about a relationship,  
sweetie, I'm talking about finally  
getting somebody to gobble your lady-  
hole.

SOPHIE

Ugh. *You* are disgusting and *this* is  
ridiculous.

She crumples it up, then sees something by the register. A  
LITTLE BOY drops a bag of MARBLES. They SCATTER. One ROLLS,  
hits Sophie's foot. She grabs it. Light bulb!

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

What's the least disgusting way to  
learn about sex stuff? The weird  
stuff. Like, fast.

INT. SENSATIONS SEX SHOP - DAY

Polished and shiny, the kind of place you can take your wife.  
Fiona leads Sophie through, but she can barely look.

Fiona picks up a DVD - SWEATY HUNKS WITH BIG DICKS XIII.

FIONA

Following the genius of twelve?  
That's bold, gentlemen. Very bold.

SOPHIE

Okay, I'm just gonna say it. This was a bad idea. We should go.

Sophie turns and CRASHES into a display of VIBRATORS, which scatter and BUZZ all around her.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Oh god!

She kneels, grabs one, tries to turn it off, but can't.

CONNOR (O.S.)

Here.

Someone takes it from her, presses a button and it's off. Sophie looks up. CONNOR (27) is a warm mix of goodness and easy sophistication, confidence in a worn t-shirt.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

That's a tricky one.

SOPHIE

Huh. I wouldn't know. Not that I've never, I mean, but I've never--

CONNOR

You need a little help?

Sophie suddenly remembers the dozen others whirring away, and starts picking them up again. Behind her, Fiona stuffs something into her shirt and slinks out.

SOPHIE

That's okay. I think I can handle it on my own. I mean, that's what they're for right? Handling it on your own?

CONNOR

Okay.

Arms laden, the buzzing creatures POP from her clutches until she's empty-handed. Determined, she snatches one.

SOPHIE

Gotcha! A bunny? Wow. Who wants a bunny fooling with your down parts?

CONNOR

I don't know. Mrs. Cottontail?

Sophie tries to turn it off, but can't. Amused, Connor does it for her. They get back to work on the mess.

CONNOR (CONT'D)  
I take it this is your first time?

SOPHIE  
Well I'm not a--

CONNOR  
I meant in the store?

SOPHIE  
Oh, no. I mean yes - I've never  
been in here before. It's not exactly  
my kind of place, you know?  
(realizes)  
Not that you're a pervert or anything  
if you do come in here a lot-- you  
come here a lot, don't you?

CONNOR  
Well, it's not my first time.

SOPHIE  
Sorry. I didn't mean to--

CONNOR  
No worries. So what are you doing  
here if it's not your kind of place?

Sophie suddenly looks around for Fiona, but she's gone.

SOPHIE  
My girlfriend dragged me in here.

CONNOR  
Your girlfriend? Oh. That's cool.

SOPHIE  
My...? No! I'm not a--not even a  
little bit. You know what? I gotta  
go. Thanks for the help.

CONNOR  
No trouble.

Connor sets the last one on the shelf, smiles to himself as  
Sophie rushes out.

EXT. SENSATIONS SEX SHOP - DAY

Sophie storms out to find Fiona, doubled over laughing.

SOPHIE  
Why would you leave me? Why?!

FIONA  
Sorry, but that was a train wreck.

SOPHIE  
Thanks. Porn guy in there thinks  
I'm some lesbian prude now.

Fiona pulls the thing out of her shirt. A book.

FIONA  
Here, I got something for you.

SOPHIE  
Please tell me you didn't steal this.

FIONA  
I didn't *not* steal it.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

It's slow. Sophie and Becks, both doctors in medical scrubs, huddle over the book from Fiona: CONTEMPORARY KAMA SUTRA.

SOPHIE  
Oh please. Who can actually do that?

BECKS  
At least try. I bet it's like the  
adrenaline response, only with sex.  
Like your body can only bend that  
way when you're super horny.

SOPHIE  
How did you get through med school?

Becks tries to lift a leg over her head, but almost falls.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)  
Yeah. That's not gonna work.

BECKS  
Well you better think of something  
fast. You have a very narrow window  
here, and I refuse to pick sides.

Just then, PARAMEDICS race in a gurney with a deliriously  
HAPPY WOMAN groaning on it. The girls spring to action.

SOPHIE  
What's the story?

PARAMEDIC  
Patient's suffering from self-induced  
pelvic fracture and vaginal trauma.

SOPHIE  
Self-induced? How?

The Paramedic holds up a JACKHAMMER with a DILDO duct-taped over the chisel, GUNS IT. Becks takes it, in awe.

HAPPY WOMAN  
It was worth it!

SOPHIE  
Of all the stupid things to do in  
the name of sex.  
(to paramedics)  
Take her to bay four. Becks, call  
in Dr. Timms and--put that down!

BECKS  
What? Am I the only one who can see  
this is a clear case of user error?

SOPHIE  
Leave it.

Reluctantly, she does.

EXT. SENSATIONS CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

With a domed head rising from mounds of bushy greenery, this skyscraper looks more like a monument to its industry.

The sign out front reads: SENSATIONS INTERNATIONAL, INC.

INT. CONNOR'S OFFICE - DAY

A lived-in space with huge windows and baseball paraphernalia everywhere. Connor works behind a big desk. TATE (30's), schlubby and rotund but with the attitude of the player he truly is, lumbers in and slops on the sofa.

CONNOR  
Come on in. It's not like I'm busy  
or anything.

TATE  
What the fuck is this?

He lobs a wad of paperwork at him. Connor unfolds it.

TATE (CONT'D)  
She breaks up with you right after  
you ink the deal and now you're gonna  
renew her contract?  
(MORE)

TATE (CONT'D)

You're doing that thing where you're being *too* nice just to make sure you're not being a dick. Fuck the high road! We can get clit ticklers anywhere.

CONNOR

Girls don't want bunnies and shit anymore. You want me to ditch our biggest seller?

TATE

After the shit she pulled with you? Hell yes. Her heart is made of coin, so hit her where it hurts. This is the perfect time to cut her off from the titty, bro.

CONNOR

Not happening.

TATE

Your call, I guess. Oh! I got good news for you. Remember that Mandy chick from HR? The hot one? I heard she wants to fuck you. Like, hard.

CONNOR

Get out of here. I got shit to do.

TATE

Come on! That girl is naughty. She needs a spanking.

CONNOR

I don't want naughty. I want nice.

TATE

Okay, okay, I see how you roll. Oh! I got the perfect girl!

INT. CLUB - NIGHT

At the bar with Tate, Connor stares at his watch.

TATE

Relax, man, this is gonna be awesome. This girl's really *nice*. And here they come. Ladies!

Two hot chicks enter - slutty BROOKE (20's), Tate's girl, and the slightly more reserved KRISTI (20's), Connor's date.

TATE (CONT'D)  
Oh my god. You are so hot.

Brooke and Tate lip-lock, really into each other.

CONNOR  
Wow. Okay. Kristi?

KRISTI  
Yes. And you're Connor. I recognize your picture from the magazine. Thirty billionaires under thirty? Such a great article.

CONNOR  
Oh. Right. Thanks. But they got the money part wrong.

KRISTI  
Oh.

CONNOR  
My dad's the billionaire.

KRISTI  
Oh!

Tate spots Connor's discomfort and disconnects from Brooke.

TATE  
Should we head to a table?

AT THE BOOTH

Brooke and Tate hug-up in the corner, Connor and Kristi chat.

CONNOR  
So why'd you guys break up?

KRISTI  
He was sweet, but I was never meant to be a plumber's wife, you know? I appreciate the finer things. Like this champagne, for instance.

She tips the glass toward his mouth.

CONNOR  
Oh ah...  
(drinks)  
Thanks.

Kristi dips her tongue in the glass, trying to be sexy, then shoves it into his mouth.



CONNOR (CONT'D)

Wow. That was...a surprise.

KRISTI

When a man takes care of me the way  
I deserve, then I take care of him.

Her hand drifts down to his crotch. He stops her.

CONNOR

Wow. You know what? I forgot I've  
got an early meeting tomorrow. I  
should go. Nice meeting you, though.

KRISTI

But--!

Connor leaves.

TATE

Where're you going?  
(to Kristi)  
Where's he going?

EXT. CLUB - NIGHT

TATE

Come on, dude.

CONNOR

She practically mouth-raped me back  
there.

TATE

What's wrong with a little mouth  
rape? Some people like that sort of  
thing.

CONNOR

Well, not me. Besides, did you hear  
her? I've never heard so many  
different words for money come out  
of one person's mouth.

TATE

So what? She wants money, you've  
got a fuckton of money. Use that  
shit to your advantage.

CONNOR

I'm leaving now.

TATE

I don't get it, dude.  
(MORE)

TATE (CONT'D)

You have access to like, the hottest girls on the planet. A million guys would kill to be you.

CONNOR

Goodnight Tate.

Connor leaves.

TATE

Well excuse me for trying to get your dick wet!

INT. SOPHIE'S KIDDIE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sophie drums her fingers on the Kama Sutra book, thinking. She stares around the room: moving boxes, fish wallpaper, a stack of gifts from the shower. Something hits her.

From a kid-sized desk, she grabs scissors, colored paper, glue stick, and gets to work.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Empty, dark. Sophie unlocks the door, opens it.

SOPHIE

Hello? Jason? Anybody home?

No one. She smiles, tugs in a huge, GIFT-WRAPPED BOX.

LATER, IN THE BEDROOM

Candles, soft music, and a trail of hand-cut paper hearts leading to: Sophie, lying in bed, *wearing* the gift box. Sooo not sexy. She fidgets, uncomfortable, but hears the front door OPEN.

She composes herself, poses as alluringly as possible when rocking cardboard lingerie. Jason enters, drunk.

JASON

Sophie? Is Halloween?

SOPHIE

No, Jason. I'm here because I know why you did it.

JASON

You do?

SOPHIE

And I want you to know that you have nothing to be afraid of.

JASON

I don't?

SOPHIE

I *can* be sexually adventurous. Just give me a chance. We have our whole lives to try everything there is to try. It's a gift we'll only share with each other. My gift to you.

From somewhere, a GIGGLE. A HOT DRUNK CHICK enters.

HOT DRUNK CHICK

This what you were lookin' for?  
(holds up the MARBLES)  
Oooh...you got me a present.

Sophie BOLTS out of bed, stares at her GIANT CANS.

SOPHIE

Who is that?!

JASON

Amy, no Angie, no--

HOT DRUNK CHICK

*Amber*, asshole. But it's cool.  
I've always wanted to try a threesome.

SOPHIE

What? No!

Sophie races out, sort of. More of an intense waddle.

JASON

Sophie! Shit.

HOT DRUNK GIRL

Let her go, holmes, let her go.

Jason sinks to the bed, reeling.

EXT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sophie, in the box, watches in disbelief as her car is TOWED.

SOPHIE

Hey! Stop! That's my car!

She chases the truck, but her waddle is no match for wheels.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Dammit, dammit, dammit!  
(grabs phone, dials)  
Can you come get me?

INT. FIONA'S MYSTERY-MACHINE VAN - DAY

Fiona drives; Sophie pouts, still in the box.

SOPHIE  
What an asshole, right?

FIONA  
Mmm-hmm.

SOPHIE  
What?

FIONA  
It was really fast, yeah, but is he  
an asshole?

SOPHIE  
She was in *our* apartment.

FIONA  
What did you want him to do? Turn  
it into some weird Sophie shrine?

SOPHIE  
I don't know. Maybe not screw some  
random slut. Oh god. He's screwing  
some random slut.

FIONA  
Why is she a slut? She's just doing  
exactly what you should be doing.

SOPHIE  
Sleeping with total strangers?

FIONA  
Yes. As many as you possibly can.

SOPHIE  
How is that not being a slut?

Fiona parks in front of the IMPOUND LOT.

FIONA  
Look, I know it hurts. But he didn't  
lie and he didn't cheat. He was  
straight with you. He's just out  
having fun. You should be too.

SOPHIE  
So you're sticking up for him? That's  
perfect. Thanks.

Sophie fumbles out, and SLAMS the door.

INT. IMPOUND LOT OFFICE - NIGHT

Sophie rings the BELL. A DODGY CLERK comes forward.

DODGY CLERK  
You here to sing me a song,  
sweetheart?

SOPHIE  
No. I'm here to retrieve my  
wrongfully towed vehicle. License  
number three-M-eight-L-one-F-seven.

He pounds his keyboard.

DODGY CLERK  
Says here it was a non-resident  
vehicle. Meanin', you don't live  
there. Do you live there?

SOPHIE  
(starts to cry)  
No. I don't. I don't live there.

The clerk grabs the intercom mic.

DODGY CLERK  
Doris to the front. We got a crier.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Soft SOUL MUSIC thumps through the darkness. Sophie flips  
on the light. Grace and Henry, naked, make out on the floor.

SOPHIE  
Oh, come on!

HENRY  
Sophie?!

They clutch for couch cushions, struggling for cover.

GRACE  
(off Sophie's face)  
Honey, what's--what are you wearing?

She runs upstairs. The Phone RINGS!

INT. SHOWER - NIGHT

Sophie cries in the shower. A KNOCK on the door.

GRACE (O.S.)  
Guess who called?!  
(MORE)

GRACE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
He seemed pretty frantic to talk to  
you. I told you he'd come to his  
senses.

SOPHIE  
I'm not talking to him!

GRACE  
Okay, okay. Make him sweat it out a  
little. Not too long, though, honey!

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

It's slow. Sophie and Becks play with the ultrasound machine.

SOPHIE  
Yep. You're still pregnant.

BECKS  
Fuuuuuck. Your turn.

Sophie lays down, like in a shrink's office. Becks squirts  
goo on her belly and they watch the screen.

BECKS (CONT'D)  
I say do it. It'll drive him so  
crazy he'll call it off. Guaranteed.

SOPHIE  
You think?

BECKS  
Look at me and Raj. He pulled the  
same thing before I got pregnant.  
(mocking, Indian accent)  
"I don't want to be exclusive. "I  
want freedom." "Wah-wah-wah!" Then  
the minute he realized I was fucking  
other guys, he couldn't handle it.  
He magically wanted me back. Of  
course, now we don't know who this  
little bastard's daddy is, but at  
least we're together, right?

SOPHIE  
I guess. I don't know.

BECKS  
Well, you basically have three  
options. You could date other guys  
and see what happens.

SOPHIE  
Doesn't feel right. At all.

BECKS

You can leave him for good and move  
on with your life.

SOPHIE

He is my life.

BECKS

Or you could wait around like the  
Virgin Mary and hope he doesn't meet  
anyone else.

SOPHIE

Oh my god. You think he could?!

BECKS

I don't know, honey. It's possible.  
But, good news! Your uterus is  
totally empty! Good for you!

INT. OCEAN JOURNEY AQUARIUM - NIGHT

Sophie wanders through the exhibits, thinking things over.

She stops at a shallow pool. Inside, minuscule translucent  
beings drift free of white pods. Angel Fish being born.  
Sophie traces their path on the glass.

As she watches them, something settles within her. She gets  
up, determined, and leaves.

INT. SOPHIE'S CAR - NIGHT

Sophie speeds through the streets, on a mission.

EXT. FIONA'S APARTMENT/PHOTO STUDIO - NIGHT

A KNOCK on Fiona's door. Fiona opens it. It's Sophie.

SOPHIE

Your list? I wanna try it.

Fiona smiles.

INT. FIONA'S APARTMENT/PHOTO STUDIO - DAY

Fiona closes the door behind Sophie. Her place is a chic  
live-in warehouse that serves double duty as a photo studio.  
Fiona walks over to a camera set up on a NUDE MALE MODEL.

SOPHIE

This is how you spend your free time?

FIONA

Basically.

(MORE)

FIONA (CONT'D)  
 (to model)  
 Out. We're done here.

The model dresses, scurries out.

FIONA (CONT'D)  
 (to Sophie)  
 You're serious? Like french-fry,  
 apple-pie, cross-your-heart and hope-  
 to-die serious?

SOPHIE  
 If this is what it takes to get him  
 back, then I'll do it.

FIONA  
 Sweet. This is gonna be so awesome.

SOPHIE  
 Don't make me regret it.

FIONA  
 Regrets are for pussies.

Fiona pulls out a marker and scribbles "THE DO LIST" on the  
 paper photo backdrop in big red letters.

SOPHIE  
 What are you doing?

FIONA  
 Making it official.

Fiona writes out a list of different types of men: a sports  
 fanatic, a fireman, a musician, a single dad, a military  
 man, an accountant, a vegan, etc...

SOPHIE  
 A magician? No way. Magicians creep  
 me out.

Sophie grabs for the marker, but loses.

FIONA  
 Ah-ah-ah. You don't make the list.  
 I make the list.

SOPHIE  
 Yeah, but I get veto power.

FIONA  
 Uh-uh.  
 (MORE)



FIONA (CONT'D)

You're in my world now, honey, just wandering around like Bambi crying over your dead mommy. Well guess what? You're not gonna get anywhere without your old pal Thumper. So if you want my help, then I make the rules. Up to you.

SOPHIE

Okay, okay, Miss drama queen.

Fiona scribbles "RULES" at the top of another column.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Rules? Really? You're serious about the rules?

FIONA

If you're gonna do this, you have to *do this*. No gray areas. So.  
(writes as she goes)  
Rule number one. You must have sex with everyone on this list.

SOPHIE

Sex?! Actual penis-vagina sex?

FIONA

What else were you gonna do? Make eyes at them across the lunchroom? Yes, penis-vagina sex. Jesus Christ.

SOPHIE

Oh my god. I don't know if I can do that.

FIONA

Then why the fuck are we even talking? Jason's not out holding hands, honey. He's getting laid. Laid!

SOPHIE

Okay. Please stop saying that.  
(deep breath)  
If he can do it, I can do it. Except for the magician. He's off the list.

FIONA

What's your problem with magicians? Magician sex is...magical.

SOPHIE

Anybody who wants to impress children  
that much has problems. Like,  
serious, serious problems.

FIONA

I'm not asking you to marry him.  
Just fuck him. We're keeping the  
magician.

(keeps writing)

Two. You must go on at least one  
date every week.

SOPHIE

The faster the better. Let's get  
this over with.

FIONA

Three. And this is the most  
important. No second dates. Ever.  
You are, under no circumstances,  
allowed to enter into anything that  
resembles a serious relationship  
until you get through this list.  
Understand?

SOPHIE

Except for Jason.

FIONA

No! Especially Jason. You're not  
allowed to see him, call him, even  
think about him until you're done.

SOPHIE

But what if--

FIONA

I swear to god, if you say "what if"  
one more time...

SOPHIE

Okay. Okay. No Jason. No second  
dates.

Fiona spits into her own palm, thrusts it toward Sophie.

FIONA

Last chance to back out.

Sophie considers for a second, then spits into her own palm,  
takes Fiona's hand, and shakes.

FIONA (CONT'D)

Good. Now all we've got to do is  
get you ready.

*Thanks for reading ACT I! For a complete copy, please contact  
Melisa Ford: melisaford@gmail.com OR 303-563-9371.*