

DATAble

Written by

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LOGLINE: In a dystopian capitalist society, two freelance assassins meet through a dating app.

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FADE IN:

INT. RESTAURANT. EVENING

A man is waiting for someone at a sleek modern restaurant. This is WILL. He's conspicuously hot, like an underwear model or Captain America.

A beautiful woman's face is smiling up at him from his tablet, where an app called "DATAble" is open. Her name is TARA. Their DATAbility score is 98%.

A WAITRESS approaches.

WAITRESS

Can I get you something to drink?

WILL

No, thank you.

(he reconsiders)

Actually, yes. Sorry. I'll take a vodka. On the rocks. Twist of lemon.

He clicks on a button labeled "METRICS." Idly scrolls through all kinds of statistics. (GPA; average REM cycles per night; number of sexual partners, etc.)

EXT. DINGY APARTMENT COMPLEX. SAME TIME

TARA parks a red BMW in front of a blatant "No Parking" sign.

INT. DINGY HALLWAY. SAME TIME

She knocks on a door in a dingy apartment complex. She's wearing glasses and a futuristic business suit. Her hair is pulled back in a no-nonsense ponytail.

A HIPSTER opens the door, looks at her suspiciously.

TARA

(sweetly)

Dexter Lee?

DEXTER

Yeah...?

What happens next happens in a FLASH. Tara KICKS the door open, enters the apartment, slams the door shut, and PINS Dexter against the wall, twisting his arm behind his back.

DEXTER (CONT'D)

What the FUCK?

TARA

(by rote)

Dexter Lee, based on objective data evidence gathered with your consent, you have been flagged as an Unproductive Member of the United Corporations of the Former Fifty States.

DEXTER

What? No--

TARA

Based on this violation of your civic contract, you have been preemptively sentenced to die.

DEXTER

Wait, there's been a mistake! It's been a weird couple of months, I've been freelancing---

TARA

You have the right to a painless death. If you cannot afford a funeral, your remains will be donated to a government-owned free-range pig farm for the production of high-quality sausage and other pork products.

DEXTER

Why are you doing this??

TARA

Look, I don't make the rules, okay? I'm just doing my job.

He drops to his knees, starts mumbling the Lord's Prayer through pathetic sniffles and sobs.

TARA (CONT'D)

Make it snappy. I have a date tonight.

She pulls him up and shoves him roughly up against the wall. He closes his eyes - bracing himself for a blow that doesn't come.

TARA (CONT'D)

(starry-eyed)

Can I tell you a secret? I think he might be The One.

INT. RESTAURANT. EVENING

TARA

Will?

Tara has let her hair down and lost the glasses.

WILL

Tara.

He stands up; she floats toward him.

But their greeting is a little awkward. He goes for a handshake, she goes for a hug.

TARA

Sorry I'm late. Work was *brutal*.

The hologram WAITRESS approaches.

WAITRESS

Can I get you something to drink?

TARA

Yes *please*! Vodka. On the rocks.
Twist of lemon.

LATER

TARA

I was pretty surprised when the
match came in.

WILL

Me too. Not something you expect in
my line of work.

TARA

Yeah... Same here.

(They share a moment of intense eye contact.)

TARA (CONT'D)

I honestly thought only Breeders
got in the 90s.

They share a laugh.

TARA (CONT'D)

It's funny---

She cuts herself off, blushing.

WILL

What?

TARA
Never mind, it's silly.

WILL
What is it?

TARA
I guess I thought I'd *feel*
something when I saw you.

WILL
Ouch...

TARA
No, no! It's not-- You seem great!
And you're really hot.

WILL
Thanks.

TARA
So I guess I thought it would be,
like...

WILL	TARA (CONT'D)
Love at first sight?	Love at first sight.

TARA (CONT'D)
I told you, it's stupid.

WILL
Maybe a little old-fashioned.

TARA
It's just that, our score is so
high. My parents have been married
for 35 years, and they were only
76% compatible.

WILL
Maybe I'll get to meet them
someday.

She blushes a little. Her tablet BUZZES.

Caution!

- Accelerated Heartbeat Detected -

TARA
What's good here?

She's not asking Will, she's asking her tablet.

"RECOMMENDED FOR TARA: Based on your current nutrient levels
and preference for spicy bold agnostic cuisine..."

TARA (CONT'D)

Have you been to that place Y2K
that just opened?

WILL

No, I don't really go out much.

TARA

Oh, it's so cute. It's all like,
retro-themed. They have paper menus
and everything.

WILL

Sounds kind of wasteful.

TARA

It is a little. But sometimes it's
fun to be a little bit bad.

The waitress brings them each a fresh drink.

TARA (CONT'D)

Do you ever wonder what food would
taste like if we had to hunt it
down and prepare it ourselves.

WILL

You mean, like in the Stone Age?

TARA

The Stone Age? People are out there
right now.

WILL

What, *off the grid*?

He lowers his voice as he says it.

WILL (CONT'D)

You really think it exists?

Tara looks around.

TARA

I knew a guy in high school who
went. All his data, everything---
it just vanished. I heard he went
to Nicaragua. Realistically, he's
probably dead. But I like to
picture him living in a hut by the
beach somewhere... Catching fish
with his bare hands.

They look into each other's eyes a moment too long.

WAITRESS

Have you guys decided what you
want?

INT. BATHROOM. CONTINUOUS

In the bathroom mirror, Tara reapplies lip-gloss, fixes her hair, scrubs a tiny spot of blood off the cuff of her sleeve.

INT. RESTAURANT. CONTINUOUS

Will's phone vibrates. The name OSWALD flashes on the screen.

WILL

Hello.

INT. CAPITAL SOLUTIONS OFFICE CUBICLE. CONTINUOUS

Cubicles stretch as far as the eye can see, each manned by a Data Analyst in a blue suit and red tie. Ours is OSWALD.

OSWALD

I didn't know you had such a romantic side.

INTERCUT WILL AND OSWALD.

WILL

This doesn't feel right.

OSWALD

Don't tell me you're getting cold feet.

WILL

What was she flagged for?

OSWALD

You know I can't tell you that. It's an inside job. Listen, what are you up to this weekend? I got passes to the Happy Haus. My treat.

WILL

Fuck the Happy Haus.

OSWALD

Watch your tongue! Or I'm going to put a target on *your* back.

WILL

What was our actual DATAble score?

OSWALD

What is it with this chick? She's hot, but way past peak fertility.

WILL

Come on, I'm serious.

OSWALD

*I'm serious. Her eggs are drying up
as we speak.*

WILL

Our DATAble score. What was it?

OSWALD

(sighing)
76 percent.

Will hangs up. His face registers determination.

TARA RETURNS. Their food has arrived. It's unrecognizable -
but strangely appealing.

TARA

Any interest in checking out the
Forum after? I told a friend of
mine I'd make an appearance.

As Tara sits down, Will notices a man in a blue suit and a
red tie over her shoulder.

TARA (CONT'D)

I feel kind of bad.. She *always*
invites me to things, but I always
end up sending my hologram.

WILL

(distracted)
Sure... Listen, your friend. The
one who went *off the grid*.

(He whispers it.)

TARA

Yeah? What about him?

WILL

Did you ever look into it at all?

TARA

(laughing)
Are you kidding?

WILL

So you didn't... try to find him?
Anything that might have left a
trace?

TARA

Of course not... That'd be treason.

OVER HER SHOULDER, two more ANALYSTS ENTER the restaurant.

WILL
(trying to compose
himself)
Right. Yeah, obviously. Sorry.

TARA
Are you okay? You seem a little
nervous.

He tries to smile. It's a grimace.

WILL
Sorry, I'm kind of new at this. I
have no idea what I'm doing.

TARA
(laughing)
None of us do! Dating is a lost
art.

She reaches across the table, kindly squeezes his hand.

TARA (CONT'D)
Don't worry. I promise I'm one of
the good guys.

OVER HER SHOULDER, one of the analysts takes a sip of coffee.
His digital pin reads: "OSWALD."

WILL
Tara. Do you trust the data?

TARA
Of course.

WILL
So you trust that I'm the right guy
for you. That I could make you
happy?

TARA
It's statistically probable...

While she's talking, Will sees a THIRD ANALYST entering the
restaurant.

WILL
Let's get out of here.

TARA
Okay...

WILL
Let's go to Nicaragua.

She looks shocked, looks around like it's a joke.

TARA

What?

WILL

We could live in a hut by the beach.

TARA

What are you saying?? You could get me in trouble talking like that.

WILL

We could catch fish with our bare hands!

She jumps up.

TARA

What the fuck is wrong with you?
How do you people fool the system?
(she grabs her bag)
I'll be reporting you to my Oswald.

The Oswalds are standing up, closing in. She sees them.

TARA (CONT'D)

Even better. They're already here!
Gentlemen, you're looking for this man.

She points to Will.

TARA (CONT'D)

(with contempt)
I can't believe I pictured spending the rest of my life with you.

WILL

Tara, WAIT---

He grabs her wrist.

She WHIPS around.

Their faces are just millimeters apart, it's a LUSH shot - They stare into each other's eyes.

Then, SHOCK crosses her face. She stumbles back.

Where he has grabbed her wrist, a small syringe has plunged into the vein.

The syringe falls to the ground. Its label reads:

LETHAL INJECTION™

CAPITAL SOLUTIONS, LLC.

Two drops of bright red blood splash onto the floor.

INT. HAPPY HAUS

Will and Oswald are drunk and surrounded by holograms.

OSWALD
Cheer up, buddy. There's plenty of
fish at the supermarket.

A naked dead-eyed hologram approaches them. (A projected bar
in front of her lets them SWIPE LEFT or RIGHT.)

DEAD-EYED HOLOGRAM
Hey boys. You wanna have some fun?

Will swipes her away to the left, mechanically.

OSWALD
What the fuck?

WILL
Tara. What was she flagged for?
Just tell me.

Oswald sighs.

OSWALD
You *really* want to know?

WILL
Yes.

Oswald sighs.

OSWALD
Unpaid parking tickets.

FREEZE FRAME. THE END.

CREDITS ROLL.