

DATAble

Written by

Tessa Rapaczynski

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

FADE IN:

INT. RESTAURANT. EVENING

A man waits for a woman 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 99%.

A HOLOGRAM WAITRESS materializes, and approaches.

WAITRESS

Can I get you something to drink?

WILL

No, thank you.

He almost swipes her away with a flick of his hand -

WILL (CONT'D)

Actually, yes. My usual.

WAITRESS

Vodka on the rocks. Twist of lemon.

He clicks on a tab labeled "METRICS" and 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 car in front of a blatant "No Parking" sign.

INT. DINGY HALLWAY.

She KNOCKS THREE TIMES. She's wearing glasses and a futuristic suit. Her hair is pulled back in a ponytail.

A HIPSTER opens the door, suspiciously.

TARA

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?

## INT. DEXTER'S APARTMENT

TARA

(by rote)

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

DEXTER

What? No, wait-- There's been a mistake!

TARA

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

DEXTER

It's just 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 physical remains will be donated to a 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 re-appears.

WAITRESS

Good evening. The usual?

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  
Love at first sight?

TARA (CONT'D)  
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 had a great civil  
union partnership, and they're only  
86% percent compatible.

WILL  
They sound great. Maybe I'll get to  
meet them some day.

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 two 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 makes a call to someone named OSWALD.

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  
Capital Solutions, Oswald speaking.

WILL  
This doesn't feel right.

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

WILL  
What was she flagged for?

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

WILL  
I'm serious. Our DATAble score.

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

WILL  
What was it?

OSWALD  
 (sighing, checking)  
 86 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. The first  
assignment is always the hardest.

A naked dead-eyed hologram approaches them.

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

Will swipes her away, mechanically.

OSWALD  
What the fuck?

WILL  
What was she flagged for? Tara.  
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.