

DATAble

Written by

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**Logline:** In a dystopian capitalist society, two freelance assassins meet on 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 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 DATAble score is 99%. 99%.

A HOLOGRAM WAITRESS materializes, and approaches.

HOLOGRAM WAITRESS  
(flirty, a little robotic)  
Hi there, can I get you something  
to drink?

WILL  
No, thanks. I'm waiting for  
someone.

HOLOGRAM WAITRESS  
Got it, I'll come back when your  
friend arrives.

He starts to swipe her away with a flick of his hand, but thinks better of it.

WILL  
Actually, I'll have my usual.

HOLOGRAM WAITRESS  
Your usual, got it. On the rocks  
with a twist of lemon.

She walks a few steps away and then vanishes.

Will clicks on Tara's "METRICS" and scrolls through all kinds of statistics.

Her GPA (3.6)

Her BMI (17)

Average REM cycles per night (2)

Average number of sexual partners per year (6.5)

EXT. DINGY APARTMENT COMPLEX. SAME NIGHT

Meanwhile TARA whips her red motorcycle in front of a blatant "No Parking" sign and hops off.

She fixes her ponytail and pulls on a pair of menacing black latex gloves.

INT. DINGY HALLWAY.

Tara KNOCKS LIGHTLY on the door, a friendly, non-threatening patter. A HIPSTER in annoying clear glasses opens the door.

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, pinning Dexter  
to the wall)  
Dexter Lee, based on objective data  
gathered with your explicit  
consent, you have been flagged as  
an Unproductive and Unnecessary  
Individual by the United  
Corporations of the Former Fifty  
States.

DEXTER  
No, no, no wait - I can explain.  
It's just been a weird couple  
months... I've been freelancing!

TARA  
Your unwillingness or inability to  
contribute to the Gross Domestic  
Product is a violation of your  
civic contract, and, as a result,  
you have been sentenced to die.

DEXTER  
I want a lawyer!

TARA  
You do not have a right to a  
lawyer, as lawyers are all busy  
being Productive. You do have the  
right to a painless death.

DEXTER

Oh my god...

TARA

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

(breaking character)

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

He drops to his knees, clasping his hands.

DEXTER

Dear God -- please protect my  
parents... and my sister... and my  
plants...

TARA

Make it snappy. I have a date  
tonight.

She hauls him to his feet.

TARA (CONT'D)

(starry-eyed)

Can I tell you a secret? I think  
this guy could be The One.

INT. RESTAURANT. EVENING

TARA

Will?

Tara has let her hair down and lost the gloves. Smoke-show.

He stands to meet her, and goes in for a handshake; but she  
was going for a hug. They kind of do both and it's a little  
awkward when they both sit down.

TARA (CONT'D)

Sorry I'm late. Work was brutal.

WILL

Oh, it's totally fine. Gave me time  
to look over your Metrics. Very  
impressive.

TARA

Thank you!

The HOLOGRAM WAITRESS re-appears.

TARA (CONT'D)  
I'll have my usual.

HOLOGRAM WAITRESS  
Your usual, got it. On the rocks  
with a twist of lemon.

Will catches this. It's the same as his. He smiles a little.

LATER

TARA  
So, were you surprised when the  
match came in?

WILL  
Definitely. It's not something you  
expect in my line of work.

TARA  
Yeah, I thought Breeders were the  
only ones who got in the 90s.

WILL  
At first I thought it might be a  
scam.

TARA  
Same, I ran your name in the  
DATAbase.

Will laughs.

WILL  
Yup, I did the same thing.

The both laugh.

TARA  
It's funny---

She cuts herself off, looking away and blushing.

WILL  
What?

TARA  
Never mind. It's silly.

WILL  
No, it's okay. Just say it.

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

WILL

Oh...

TARA

No, it's not... You seem great! And you're really hot.

WILL

Thanks.

TARA

I guess I just 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, 99% is so high. My parents are only 87% compatible, and they've had a really successful civil union.

WILL

That's cool. Maybe I'll get to meet them some day.

She blushes a little. Her tablet BUZZES. "Accelerated heartbeat detected. 3 slow deep breaths recommended."

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 really 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 bad, right?

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  
vanished. All his data just  
stopped, disappeared. I heard he  
went to Nicaragua. Realistically,  
he's probably dead. But I like to  
picture him in a hut by the beach  
somewhere... Catching fish with his  
bare hands...

They look into each other's eyes a moment too long. Will  
locks in to Tara.

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. CONTINUOUS

In a giant generic office space, cubicles stretch as far as the eye can see, each manned by a man in a blue suit and red tie and wireless headset.

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  
You know I can't tell you that.  
Just seal the deal and don't get attached.

WILL  
Just tell me.

OSWALD  
Let's go out tonight. Celebrate.

WILL  
Fine. Just tell me this. What was our actual DATAble score? Me and Tara.

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

WILL  
I'm serious.

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

WILL  
The DATAble score. What was it?

OSWALD  
(sighing)  
87 percent.

Will hangs up. Like her parents. 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.

WILL

Sure.

TARA

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

WILL

I'm down. Hey, your friend. The one who went... off the grid.

TARA

What about him?

WILL

Did you ever look into it at all?

TARA

(laughing)

Are you kidding? That would be treason.

WILL

So you didn't... try to find him? Nothing that might have left a trace?

TARA

Of course not. Why?

WILL

Yeah. No, obviously. Sorry, never mind.

TARA

Are you okay? You seem a little nervous.

He tries to smile. It's a grimace.

WILL

I'm new at this. To be honest I have no idea what I'm doing.

TARA

(laughing)

None of us do! It's okay. Dating is a lost art these days.

She reaches across the table, puts her hand on his.

TARA (CONT'D)

It's okay. I'm one of the good  
guys. I promise.

Will contemplates her hand on his.

WILL

Tara. Do you trust the Data?

TARA

Of course.

WILL

So you believe I'm the right guy  
for you. That I could make you  
happy?

TARA

(carefully)  
It's definitely statistically  
probable.

WILL

Let's get out of here.

TARA

Okay... You still want to go to the  
Forum, or....

WILL

No. Let's go to Nicaragua.

She looks shocked, pulls back her hand.

TARA

What are you saying?

WILL

We could live in a hut by the  
beach.

TARA

Shh. You could get me in trouble  
talking like that.

WILL

We could catch fish with our bare  
hands!

TARA

What the fuck is wrong with you?

She jumps up.

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, shock crosses her face.

Their faces are just millimeters apart. They stare into each other's eyes.

Then 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. CLUB. NIGHT

Will and Oswald are drunk and surrounded by holograms.

OSWALD  
 The first assignment is always the  
 hardest.

He pats him on the back. Will recoils and drinks in silence.

OSWALD (CONT'D)  
 Hey, cheer up. There's plenty of  
 fish at the supermarket.

A dead-eyed hologram in lingerie approaches them.

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

Will swipes her away with a flick of his wrist.

OSWALD  
 What the fuck? She was cute!

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

OSWALD  
 You really want to know this?

WILL

Yes.

Oswald sighs.

OSWALD

Unpaid parking tickets.

FREEZE FRAME.

CREDITS ROLL.

THE END