

LIFE-TRACKER

written by

Steven Sallie

BLACK

AN ELECTRONIC DING. Then -- an upbeat tune.

CLAIRE (V.O.)
What'd you get?

INT. MAX'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

CLAIRE, 25, sits beside MAX, 26, on the couch. Both are looking down at his cellphone, which lies face-up on the table.

Across from them, in a recliner and a beanbag chair, are KYLIE, 23, scrolling her social media, and DREW, 23, devouring a bag of chips.

MAX
I got December 18th, 2067.

CLAIRE
That sucks.

DREW
You're gonna miss Christmas.

MAX
Yeah, but I'll be old as shit, so who cares.

Max holds up his phone. Waves it around.

MAX
Who wants to go next?

Claire's hand shoots into the air. Like an over-eager student desperate to be called on.

CLAIRE
Me! Me! Me!

Max hands her the phone. Claire looks down at it.

REVEAL:

The app they're using. LIFE-TRACKER. A colorful home screen with a few boxes for personal info and a smiling cartoon man in the corner.

CLAIRE
Birthday...

She inputs her birthday.

MAX

Then it'll ask you five questions.

Claire nods.

CLAIRE

I got it, thanks. Don't mansplain.

MAX

Just trying to help.

Claire finishes the questions. Hit the GET RESULTS button.

The app DINGS again. The same music sting as before.

Claire's face lights up. She shows her phone to the others.

CLAIRE

Suck it! June 12th, 2078. I'm
gonna live eleven years more than
you.

Max rolls his eyes. Snatches his phone from Claire's grip.

MAX

Big deal, it's just a stupid app.

Max extends his phone across the table toward Kylie.

MAX

Your turn.

Kylie looks up at the others. Sighs. Puts her phone down, then takes Max's.

She types in her birthday and answers the questions while the others watch in anticipation.

The app dings her results.

Kylie shrugs.

KYLIE

March 29th, 2055.

MAX

Ouch.

CLAIRE

You're gonna die first.

KYLIE

Maybe not. Drew hasn't gone yet.

Kylie grabs the bag of chips out of Derek's hand and replaces it with Max's phone.

KYLIE
Your turn.

DREW
All right. Bet I live the longest
out of all of you.

Drew grins mischievously as he types in his info.

The app dings again. The results are in.

Drew's face drops.

DREW
What the hell...?

Drew holds the phone up so the others can see.

His results: TOMORROW.

DREW
What the fuck?

Max takes the phone, staring down at it with a puzzled expression.

MAX
I don't know. I've never seen it
do that before.

CLAIRE
Try it again. Maybe it's a glitch
or something.

DREW
Yeah. You're right.

Drew takes Max's phone. Retypes his information. Confident this time he'll get a real answer.

The app dings.

Drew sighs. Holds up the phone.

Again, the results read TOMORROW.

DREW
Seriously, what the hell?

Max takes his phone and closes the app.

MAX

Don't sweat it. It's a free app.
You get what you pay for.

Drew just stares straight ahead. Stunned.

CLAIRE

It's no big deal, so will you calm
down?

DREW

Yeah... you're right. It's just a
stupid app.

INT. DREW'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Drew lies in bed, phone in hand. He's downloaded the Life-Tracker app.

His results say the same thing: TOMORROW.

Drew GROANS. Tosses his phone onto the bed.

INT. DREW'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Drew paces the room, phone in hand. On speaker with CUSTOMER SUPPORT.

DREW

Yes! Exactly! That's what I'm
saying. I was just wondering if
there was some kind of mixup or
something?

CUSTOMER SUPPORT (V.O.)

I'm sorry you're having this
issue. I'm having a little bit of
trouble finding a reason -- you're
the first person who's contacted
us with this problem.

Drew stops.

DREW

Wait, seriously?

CUSTOMER SUPPORT (V.O.)

Yes, sir. Would you like me to
connect you to another
representative?

DREW

No, I'll be fine, honestly. I'm just trying to deal with the fact that I'm going to die tomorrow and no one cares!

A long beat.

CUSTOMER SUPPORT (V.O.)

You do know it's just an app, right?

Drew hangs up.

INT. DREW'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

Drew opens his silverware drawer. Pulls out every knife -- even the butter knives -- and tosses them into the trash can.

INT. DREW'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - LATER

Drew places a FIRE EXTINGUISHER, GOGGLES, A BIKE HELMET and a PAINTBALL VEST onto the counter.

He looks down at his supplies. Nods. It's not much, but it'll have to do.

INT. DREW'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Drew, now wearing all his gear and holding the fire extinguisher, sits on the couch. His eyes are locked on the front door. Three new deadbolts have been haphazardly installed.

DREW

All right, bring it on, mother fuckers. I'm gonna live through tomorrow if it kills me.

Drew checks the time on his phone: 12:01.

It's now TOMORROW.

Drew takes a deep breath, tightening his grip on the fire extinguisher.

DREW

You can do this. Just twenty-four hours. You can make it.

(beat)

You can make it.

Drew grabs his phone. Opens the app. Retypes his info.
Results: TODAY.

DREW
We'll see.

Drew tosses his phone across the room.

INT. DREW'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Drew hasn't moved an inch. He's still clutching the extinguisher for dear life. His eyelids are beginning to droop.

Exhaustion washes over him.

His head begins to bobble.

Drew snaps out of it. Shakes his head vigorously. SLAPS himself in the face. HARD.

INT. DREW'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

The door eases open.

Drew's arm reaches in and -- very cautiously -- turns on the light.

Drew shuffles in, checking over his shoulder as if expecting to be attacked at any moment.

He's still wearing all his protective gear. The extinguisher wedged under his right arm.

Drew closes the door. Locks it. Tests the handle, making sure it won't budge.

He pulls down his pants. Sits on the toilet.

INT. DREW'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Drew sits at the table, eating a granola bar. Chewing slowly. Very slowly, as if afraid he'll bite his tongue off.

INT. DREW'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Drew sits on the couch, watching TV.

He flips through the channels, can't find anything worth watching at this time of night. He probably wouldn't be able to concentrate if he did.

His eyelids struggle to remain open. It's all he can do to stay awake.

INT. DREW'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAWN

A faint orange glow pierces through the curtains.

Drew sits in the floor, rocking back and forth like a child having a meltdown.

Equal parts pathetic and insane.

INT. DREW'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

The sun has risen. Flooding the place with light.

Drew lies on his back in the center of the room, looking up at the ceiling.

His glassy eyes stare blankly. He's a million miles away.

SUDDENLY --

A KNOCK on the door.

Drew springs upward, pulling the extinguisher to his chest. Aims it toward the door.

DREW
Go away!

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - MORNING

Max stands outside Derek's apartment. Frustrated.

He POUNDS on the door again.

MAX
Come on, Drew. Open the door!

INT. DREW'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Drew doesn't move.

DREW
I said go away!

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - MORNING

Max sighs, shaking his head, leans against the doorway.

MAX

I've called you, like, twenty times this morning. I Wanted to make sure you're okay.

DREW (O.S.)

Of course I'm not okay! I'm gonna die! Now please leave me alone so I can die in peace!

MAX

For fuck's sake... You're not gonna die!

INT. DREW'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Drew plugs his ears. Closes his eyes.

MAX (O.S.)

It's a stupid app! Don't you think you're taking this whole thing a little too far?

DREW

I'm not listening! I'm not listening!

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - MORNING

Max stares at the door for beat. This is getting old.

MAX

All right, Gollum. You're being a dumbass.

DREW (O.S.)

GO AWAY!

Max has had enough.

MAX

Fine, dude, whatever. I'll call you tomorrow when you're not dead.

He turns and walks away.

INT. DREW'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Rain LASHES the window pane. A distant BOOM of thunder.

Drew kneels in front of the window, peering outside at the storm.

His eyes dart toward the nearby telephone poles and power lines. Making sure none of them are being struck by lightning.

He clocks the water quickly accumulating in the street.

So many potential hazards. So many ways to die.

A CRASH OF LIGHTNING.

And it's close.

Drew SCREAMS. Stumbles backward, clawing his way toward the couch.

INT. DREW'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Drew paces. Anxious. Twitchy. Like a junkie in need of a fix.

He stops. Grabs his phone off the floor. Checks the time --
3:00 PM.

Drew manages the smallest hint of a smile. He's making it. He's still alive. Only a few hours to go.

INT. DREW'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Drew sits cross-legged on the floor, listening to a guided-meditation podcast. His eyes are closed.

PODCAST VOICE (V.O.)

Now take a deep breath and hold
it. We want to focus on releasing
the tension we store on a daily
basis.

(beat)

Perfect. Now let it out...

Drew does as instructed. On the exhale he almost looks calm. At least until --

AN AMBULANCE SIREN BLARES OUTSIDE.

Drew's eyes snap open. His head darts toward the cacophony. Ignoring his phone, he gets up and rushes to the window.

He stares through the blinds as TWO FIRE TRUCKS, TWO AMBULANCES, and a COP CAR zoom down the street.

Drew raises the blinds. Smushes his face against the window pane, trying to make out where they're going. He can't quite see.

He leans back. Stares at the window, contemplating.

Behind him, the podcast is still going --

PODCAST VOICE (V.O.)
Now you should feel all of that
stress leaving your body, replaced
by a sense of weightlessness and
joy.

Drew opens the window. Peers outside. Still can't see where the commotion is.

He leans farther... and farther... and farther still...

UNTIL HE SLIPS AND FALLS OUT THE WINDOW, SCREAMING THE ENTIRE WAY.

A LOUD IMPACT.

And then SILENCE.

PODCAST VOICE (V.O.)
There. Now, don't we feel better?

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Drew lies in bed, IN A BODY CAST. His face is covered in NASTY BRUISES. But there's a smile.

A little one, but it's there.

Max, Kylie and Claire sit by the bed. Looks like they've been sitting here for a while. They're starting to get that look people get when they want to leave but don't want to be rude.

DREW
I made it... Good thing I only
live on the second floor, huh?

It comes out as more moan than words.

MAX
See? I told you you'd be fine.

DREW

Guess you guys were right. It's just a stupid app. I'd be fine if I didn't get so paranoid about it.

KYLIE

Maybe next time listen to us before you end up like this.

DREW

You got it!

He attempts a thumbs up, but winces instead. Can't move his fingers very well.

CLAIRE

So how long do they think you'll be in there.

DREW

I don't know. Probably a while. I'll ask the next time they give me my meds.

MAX

At least they got you on that good shit.

DREW

You know it.

Max looks at Claire and Kylie. Nods toward the door.

MAX

We should get going. Call us if you need anything, man.

Claire and Kylie stand.

CLAIRE

Bye.

KYLIE

See ya.

They start for the door.

DREW

Wait! Can you do something for me?

The trio turn back.

MAX

Sure, buddy. What do you need?

DREW

Can one of you get the nurse and tell her to bring the bed pan. And to maybe hurry. I don't know how long I can hold it.

MAX

On it.

Max runs from the room. Claire and Kylie follow.

Drew rests his head on the pillow. Grins. Happy to be alive.

Well... as happy he can be in this situation.

FADE TO BLACK