

deathtrApp

by

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FADE IN

EXT. BAY AREA FREEWAY - DUSK

Another typical night on highway 280. More cars than lanes as traffic slows to a crawl. Even in the HOV Lane.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

HEATHER (26, long black hair) glances at her phone perched on the hands-free device open to her traffic app and speaks out loud.

HEATHER

Of course, I'm going to meet up with him, Mom. Free dinner, hello?

Mom's voice comes through the car speakers.

MOM (O.S.)

But an app? How do you know he's not a serial killer?

HEATHER

(laughs)

C'mon mom. Wake up and smell the 2000's. Tumble is safe. Anyway, it's time for you to jump back in the dating pool. I downloaded the app on your phone.

MOM (O.S.)

Ugh...you know I hate all that techy stuff. I can barely text.

HEATHER

There's an app for seniors, too.

MOM (O.S.)

Hey now, I'm not that old!

A car ahead taps the brakes and slows down. The traffic app FLICKERS as a voice comes over the speaker. The APP.

APP (O.S.)

Accident ahead. Recalculating.

HEATHER

Hold on a sec, Mom. Let me see what's going on with traffic.

MOM (O.S.)

Okay, keep your eyes on the road.

The phone shows a new route cutting twelve minutes from her drive. Heather looks over her shoulder and hits the blinker.

HEATHER

I can still get there on time.

As she switches lanes to get off the freeway, a car swerves in her blind spot and HONKS.

HEATHER (cont'd)

Fuck you, asshole!

(oops)

Sorry, Mom.

MOM (O.S.)

I'll let you concentrate, honey.
Have fun but be safe. We still on
for dinner this weekend?

HEATHER

I will and YES! Looking forward to
it. Love you.

MOM (O.S.)

Love you, too.

CLICK.

She follows the car in front of her toward the off-ramp as the App gives directions on her phone, interrupting the LOUD MUSIC all around her.

APP (O.S.)

Turn Left.

She does and drives down the dark and less crowded road.

CUT TO:

EXT. DARK ROAD - LATER

A single set of headlights beams down a two-lane road, in what used to be an orchard during a simpler time.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Heather looks around her. Puzzled. Not a car in sight.

HEATHER

Where the fuck are you taking me?

As if on cue, the app responds.

APP (O.S.)

Turn right ahead.

The phone shows a clear GREEN line connecting back to the freeway, ahead of the bright RED line of traffic.

HEATHER

About goddamn time.

At the approaching street, she turns right.

Drives about a hundred feet. Then slams on her brakes.

HEATHER (cont'd)

What the fuck?

Dead end.

With a deep ditch on both sides of the narrow road.

She grabs the phone from her hands-free device.

HEATHER (cont'd)

Piece of shit app. Dammit.

Bright headlamps light up the inside of her car from behind, as a car stops several lengths behind her.

Heather looks into the rear view mirror, lifts up her phone.

HEATHER (cont'd)

The fucking app is wrong!

The car stays put.

Heather rolls down the window, sticks her head out, holds up the phone, blocking her eyes from the glare of the lights.

HEATHER (cont'd)

Back up, buddy. The app is wrong!

Heather's car suddenly SHUTS OFF.

The futuristic dashboard of the E-car goes dark. Everything falling to black.

Except the headlights behind her. Blinding.

HEATHER (cont'd)
What the...I just charged up.

Her expression goes from annoyance to concern as she looks up at the rear view mirror. And those headlights.

She quickly grabs her key-fob and flips open the mini-can of pepper spray as she collects herself.

Looks at the rear view. Then the door handle.

Fuck it.

EXT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Heather springs out of the car, one hand out to block the headlamps, the other clutching the pepper spray.

HEATHER
Hey fucker, just back the car up-

And suddenly a LARGE SHADOW appears behind her.

She senses a presence there.

Side eyes.

Braces herself.

Turns and raises the pepper spray.

A hand reaches out and covers her nose and mouth with a rag, as the pepper spray shoots past the shadow which comes face to face with her.

Heather struggles.

She's held firm, rag over nose and mouth.

Eyes roll up in her head. Body goes limp. Collapses.

A set of legs walks toward the headlights, as Heather lies motionless on the pavement.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT CRIME SCENE - DAY

A dead body lies on a blood soaked rug, surrounded by FORENSIC OFFICERS and uniformed POLICE.

KAILEY BATES (46, tough as nails) walks into the room and takes command.

KAILEY
Goddammit. Time of death?

FORENSIC OFFICER
Body temp is ninety degrees. Four
to six hours, tops.

Kailey turns to her partner, JACKSON 'JAX' BEESON (50, overweight, tired) and rolls her eyes.

JAX
There goes two months of legwork.

KAILEY
No way. That son of a bitch just
went from pain in the ass to top of
the list.

JAX
Where do you think he is now?

KAILEY
On my fucking radar. Let's go.

She storms out with a steeled look as Jax tries to keep up.

CUT TO:

INT. KAILEY'S CAR - LATER

Kailey barrels down I-880 outside San Jose in her '67 Mustang Shelby GT500. Both mean business.

JAX
You honestly think he'll be there?
After killing the primary witness?

KAILEY
I never said Diego was the sharpest
tool in the shed, but he sure as
hell is predictable.

Kailey weaves through traffic with ease but Jax will never be at ease with her driving.

KAILEY (cont'd)
Call it in.

Jax reaches for the police radio as Kailey revs the engine to cross three lanes of traffic just in time to meet the oncoming exit ramp.

JAX

Jesus Christ, K. You're gonna get us both killed one day.

(into radio)

Detective Beeson and Bates requesting backup on possible suspect in one-eighty-seven at-

Jax turns to Kailey, raises his eyes.

KAILEY

SCC Towing. Behind the Fairgrounds.

JAX

(into radio)

SCC Towing behind Santa Clara County Fairgrounds. Code two point five. Be there in two minutes.

RADIO

Copy that. No sirens or lights.

Kailey turns sharply down the street and hits the gas.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCC TOWING - LATER

Kailey and Jax size up the situation from across the street. The Shelby might as well be a neon sign that reads 'POLICE' in this neighborhood.

KAILEY

I'll cover the front. You go around back.

JAX

Back-up is coming.

KAILEY

They'll clean up. Let's go.

JAX

Clean up. Yeah, right.

They cross the street and approach carefully. Kailey nods to Jax, who drops around back as she enters the front office.

INT. SCC TOWING - CONTINUOUS

The front office is anything but. More like an entryway with a plastic chair and a card table and an old landline phone.

Empty.

Kailey steps quietly through the office and down the hallway past the restroom toward the garage entrance. She peers into the empty garage, as Jax appears at the other side.

Jax shrugs his shoulders.

Kailey takes a step into the garage when the restroom door BURSTS open and a MAN sprints down the hallway and out the front door.

Kailey turns at the sudden noise.

KAILEY
Diego! Stop!

Kailey eyes Jax who's already in a motion down the side of the garage, pistol pulled. Kailey takes chase.

EXT. SCC TOWING - CONTINUOUS

DIEGO (32, Hispanic, panicked) sprints down the sidewalk and hops a small fence, as Kailey exits the front and meets Jax who never breaks stride.

KAILEY
I'll cut him off.

For a big man, Jax can move. He definitely played football back in the day and gives chase over the fence.

Kailey holsters her pistol and runs across the street to the Shelby. The engine revs like a lion hungry for dinner.

INT. KAILEY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

She grabs the police radio.

KAILEY
Bates and Beeson in pursuit behind
Verde Mobile Home Park. Code 3.

She flips a switch and the lights and siren WAIL, then peels out toward Diego.

CUT TO:

EXT. VERDE MOBILE HOME PARK - LATER

Diego hustles between the mobile homes stacked tight in the community. But not at random, he knows where he's headed.

Jax slows up, careful not to run into a gun fight, and advances methodically from one lot to the next.

Diego kneels next to a mobile home and removes a wooden lattice from beneath a window. Reaches under, pulls out a go bag, unzips it, and pulls out a semi-automatic pistol.

DIEGO

Come and get me.

Diego slings the bag over his shoulder and heads around the corner when Jax comes into view.

JAX

Put down the weapon!

Diego FIRES in his direction.

Jax takes cover as pieces of mobile home splinter overhead.

JAX (cont'd)

Motherfucker did not just do that.

Diego sprints off in the opposite direction as the SQUEAL of tires is heard from around the corner.

Kailey closes in as the engine REVS louder.

Jax takes aim and fires as Diego disappears between two units. Gets up and takes chase.

As Diego emerges from between the row of parallel homes, Kailey accelerates and SLAMS into him, sending him flying backward onto the narrow drive. Bag and gun fall aside.

Kailey gets out of the car, gun drawn.

Jax runs up, sweating and out of breath, but at the ready.

Diego MOANS and sees the gun next to him. Leans toward it.

KAILEY

Oh please, reach for it. Please.

Diego knows better.

SIRENS approach from the street as black and whites pull in.

Kailey looks at Jax.

KAILEY (cont'd)
You good?

Jax nods. Catches his breath.

KAILEY (cont'd)
You hungry?

POLICE OFFICERS arrive, scooping up Diego.

JAX
You're buying. And typing the
report.

CUT TO:

INT. SAN JOSE POLICE DEPARTMENT - LATER

Kailey pecks at a computer while scarfing down a bagel and cream cheese. Jax looks over and motions to his cheek.

JAX
Missed a spot.

She wipes the cream cheese from her cheek and cracks a smile as she continues to peck away.

In the background, a news broadcast showing a ribbon-cutting ceremony from the night before is on. A Silicon Valley star-studded event.

REPORTER (V.O.)
Tanveer Khan, Prince of Silicon
Valley, CEO of uDrive and EVR eCars
cut the ribbon at the new Khan
Technology Campus on what will be
the largest investment in the area
in almost a decade.

Kailey looks up briefly. Takes another bite.

REPORTER (V.O.) (cont'd)
Khan's Electric Vehicle Revolution
continues to shape the nation's
discussion of renewable energy and
last night's ceremony at Stanford
marked the next step in cementing
Silicon Valley as the world's
headquarters for the foreseeable
future.

Kailey looks back at Jax.

KAILEY

Quiet cars make me nervous.

JAX

That explains a lot. Yours is about as silent as a freight train.

KAILEY

What, she purrs like a kitten.

The corner office door opens and CAPTAIN LEWIS emerges and makes his way over to them. Hands Kailey a printout.

CAPTAIN LEWIS

Call just came in. Another roadside killing. Similar MO as the other two, just outside Woodside. Get over there and check it out.

KAILEY

You got it, boss.

She scarfs down the last couple bites of her bagel as the two of them get up and leave.

CUT TO:

INT. KAILEY'S CAR - LATER

Kailey takes the Stanford exit and drives away from the freeway and toward the wooded preserve area.

KAILEY

If Captain's right, this would make the third victim in six weeks.

JAX

A whacked out serial killer. Great.

KAILEY

I knew those cases were connected. Let's see what this scene tells us.

Jax looks down at his phone, his navigation app telling him where to go.

JAX

Take a right up here and then we should be close.

Kailey takes the turn hard and sees the black and whites up ahead, blocking off a side road.

KAILEY

Here we go.

They stop and show the OFFICER her badge, then pull in.

As Kailey brakes, she sees the abandoned car ahead.

Her face falls.

Jax notices.

JAX

Kailey?

EXT. DEAD END CRIME SCENE - CONTINUOUS

Never letting her eyes off car, she rushes past the COPS and FORENSICS TEAM on the scene.

KAILEY

No, no, no, no...

She reaches the back of the car and falls to her knees, as long black hair dangles off the roof and blows in the wind.

Jax rushes over to her.

JAX

What is it?

He looks up at the car.

The crime scene.

The victim.

JAX (cont'd)

Oh fuck.

Kailey bursts into tears.

KAILEY

HEATHER!! NOOOO!!

Jax pulls her away, as we climb up for a birds-eye view of the scene.

Heather, sprawled out over the roof of the car, eyes wide open, arms out, legs together. Perfectly positioned. Fully clothed. A Christ-like pose. No resurrection here.

CUT TO:

EXT. DEAD END CRIME SCENE - LATER

Kailey sits in the back of the ambulance, never taking her eyes off the crime scene, as forensics moves the body from the car to a bag on a gurney.

She watches Captain Lewis direct the officers around the scene and pulls Jax over to talk with him.

They look over to her watching them, and approach.

CAPTAIN LEWIS

Beeson's going to take your statement and ask you some questions. And then someone's going to take you home and-

KAILEY

-There's no fucking way I'm-

CAPTAIN LEWIS

-and you're going to take some time to take care of the things you need to do right now.

JAX

Listen to the Captain, Kailey.

She's fucking had enough.

Stands nose to nose with Lewis. Points to the crime scene.

KAILEY

Some sick son of a bitch killed my daughter and five others and I'm going to kill that motherfucker before he does it again!

CAPTAIN LEWIS

(calmly)

We. We are going to catch this guy. And to do that, we'll need to stay focused and clear-headed.

Kailey storms off. Doesn't want to hear it.

CAPTAIN LEWIS (cont'd)

So you're going to take the time you need right now. Beeson's going to run point on this-

KAILEY

-I'm the point!

JAX

Kailey-

KAILEY

I'm the point on this, goddammit!

CAPTAIN LEWIS

Your partner knows the case. He's going to stay on it and keep you fully informed.

KAILEY

This is bullshit. You're going to put me in a drawer and lock it.

CAPTAIN LEWIS

(to Jax)

Keep Bates informed on any new information that comes in. And pull a team together to scour the evidence on the previous murders.

JAX

Yes, sir.

(to Kailey)

Trust me, K. I got this. I got you.

Kailey looks over at Heather's car, then at Jax and Captain Lewis, then follows the Forensics Team into the ambulance as they load Heather's body.

CUT TO:

INT. KAILEY'S HOME - LATER

Kailey curls up on the couch. Bloodshot eyes stare blankly across the room. Numb. Dead inside.

The phone RINGS. She doesn't move. Lets it go to voicemail.

She gets up and crosses the room to the fireplace mantle. Picks up a picture of her daughter.

Tears up. Braces herself against the mantle.

Phone RINGS again. She turns toward it. Annoyed.

Picks it up and looks at the display. She answers.

KAILEY

What have you found out?

CUT TO:

INT. SAN JOSE POLICE DEPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Jax looks as uncomfortable as he sounds. Tries to keep it professional.

JAX
That's not why I'm calling.

INTERCUT BETWEEN KAILEY AND JAX

Kailey paces in front of the couch.

KAILEY
Don't ask how I'm doing.

JAX
I won't. Heather's body has been released. You can pick up her things and make arrangements.

Kailey's knees give and she sits. Rubs her forehead.

KAILEY
Yeah. Okay.

JAX
Can I do anything for you?

KAILEY
Catch the son of a bitch.

CLICK

Kailey slams the phone on the coffee table then looks at the framed picture of her daughter in her hand. Traces her face with her finger.

Her smile. Snuffed out.

Then slams the picture on the table and SCREAMS.

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Kailey stands graveside surrounded by UNIFORMED POLICE as well as other detectives.

A handful of GIRLFRIENDS pass and give their condolences. Kailey greets Heather's friends warmly, hugging them, comforting them.

The last of them, TAYLERE (26, strong, but not today), hugs Kailey hard and sobs.

TAYLERE
I'm so sorry, Miss B. I'm so sorry.

KAILEY
It's okay, Tay.

TAYLERE
I don't understand. I was just with her. We were out laughing and-

She bursts into tears again.

Kailey remains strong, takes her hand.

KAILEY
She loved you. You were her sister.

TAYLERE
We were. And you'll always be my second Mom.

Kailey smiles. Caresses her cheek.

KAILEY
Yes, I will.

TAYLERE
Are...are you going to be okay?

She lies.

KAILEY
Yes, dear. I'm going to be okay.

Taylere gives Kailey another hug and walks away.

Kailey absently shakes the hand of the next person, her eyes never leaving the headstone.

CUT TO:

INT. KAILEY'S HOME - LATER

Half-eaten trays of cheese and casseroles litter the dining room, while a handful of remaining guests reminisce and laugh about memories of a happier time.

Kailey hugs one of the GUESTS as they leave. Says the things you're supposed to say but doesn't care.