

# ONBOARDING!

*A Job to Die for...*

Written by

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**Rain Management** / Matt Rosen / Lucius Cary

We open on a company WELCOME VIDEO.

Inspirational music. Piano and strings interlacing to give this footage the pace and gravity of a motivational sermon.

*We're immediately locked in. Uplifted. In awe.*

Very tight shots. Dutch angles. Camera pans. It's dramatic. Goliath office buildings. Mathematical gibberish on whiteboards. Wall Street stocks. Hands being shook. Deals being made.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)  
Let me tell you a story.

We're back at the dawn of the twentieth century. B&W clips build on top of each other through the decades.

WOMAN' VOICE (V.O)  
Of a company that dared to dream. That reached for the moon.

Portraits of old white men. Monopoly mustaches. Pocket watches.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O)  
And landed on the sun.

Now-- the Industrial revolution. The inauguration of capitalism. *And we are at the center of it.*

A medley of diverse voices continue orating throughout the video.

MAN/WOMAN (V.O.)  
A story about a company that shatters the glass ceiling and redefines what is possible.

MORE CLIPS. Present day. Brainstorm sessions. Glass paned offices. Employees hard at work. Some interviews sprinkled in.

Underlined buzz words linger on screen for *dramatic effect.*

MAN/WOMAN (V.O.)  
Where synergy is in our DNA. Where nothing is taken offline. This is a story about a company that doesn't just circle back. They ALSO follow up.

Despite what you may think. **This video is not a spoof.**

*...Which makes it that much fucking better.*

Engineers build robots. Financial advisors wow with impressive power-points. Seminars. Briefcases. Employee headshots. Keycards.

Footage of a C-suite executive speaking to a crowd of employees.

C-SUITE EXEC (ON MICROPHONE)  
This company pioneered vertical  
integration. You don't believe me?  
Google it.

A clip of an executive on BLOOMBERG News.

EXEC (NEWSCAST)  
*Thanks, Pam. Let me start by saying,  
we're a company that always opens the  
kimono. We love nothing more than  
working with outside council.*

MAN/WOMAN (V.O.)  
A story about closing the loop. Even if  
it means running it up the flagpole.

Commissaries. Business Parks. Company buses. Think pods.  
Relaxation rooms. All the perks that no one reading this has,  
but a bunch of our friends do.

MAN/WOMAN (V.O)  
A company that eliminates silos. And  
constantly moves the goalposts. A  
company that doesn't get back to the  
S.E.C until the E.O.D.

Client meetings. Warm colors. Pats on the back.

MAN/WOMAN (V.O.)  
We don't just crunch the numbers. We  
make them up. We're a company that is  
always getting "new eyes on that."

MAN/WOMAN  
A company that has their ducks in a  
row.

Community service shots. Building homes. Food drives. Planting  
trees. Hospital visits. It's all bullshit, but looks great on a  
brochure.

MAN/WOMAN (CONT'D)  
A company where sync-ups happen  
everyday.

Amazing achievements by employees. Marathons. Iron Mans. Awards.  
Patents. Reminding viewers people who work here are the elite.

MAN/WOMAN (CONT'D)  
This is a story about cultivating  
leaders.

(MORE)

MAN/WOMAN (CONT'D)  
 Not by the things they do, or the  
 voices they amplify. But by the  
scaleable work they create.

Stock footage from more company bonding events.

MAN/WOMAN (V.O.)  
 This is a story about R.O.I. And how  
 that story ends, is completely up to  
 you...

The video fades to black. And a **company logo** slowly surfaces...

MAN/WOMAN  
 This is a story about West Bridge  
 Capital.

WESTBRIDGE CAPITAL. *The world's leading financial services firm.*

MAN/WOMAN (V.O.)  
 A place you can now call home--hoe--ho--h

The video GLITCHES. Like a broken record. And we POP WIDE--

#### INT. AUDITORIUM - DAY

One hundred young professionals in the audience. Wide eyed.  
 Perfect posture. Business formal attire. Pens and notebooks out.

This is West Bridge Capital's NEW HIRE CLASS.

A Woman shuffles to the podium. This is **KAREN ULRICH**. Mid fifties. Head of HR. Loves a strong daiquiri. Maybe two.

KAREN  
 It always cuts out here.

Karen exits out of the welcome video. Little does she know, The projector is now screen sharing a different window on her desktop... Her Match.com Profile. More specifically, a BIKINI PHOTO. Caption: "**Who's ready for a dip in the dating pool?;)**".

ANDRE (FROM THE AUDIENCE)  
 Okay Karennnn!! SLAYYY!

Meet **ANDRE**. Bleached blonde hair. A VAPE glued to his hand. Fashion forward. He's an Aperol Spritz. Just with arms and legs.

Karen smiles, not a clue what's behind her. The rest of the class hold back their snickers. A few to point out--

Sitting next to Andre is **CHARLIE BUCKNER**. Mid twenties. Boyish look. Thick glasses. Feverishly taking notes. Company handbook is out on his lap. He's already read it... *Twice*.

**EVA**-- Late twenties. Tattoos. Penetrating eyes. You can just tell she's a world killer. And a heart breaker.

Up next, **JANE PETERSON**. Mid sixties. A fresh perm. Pearl necklace. She's the oldest new hire by a few decades.

Last and definitely least, **ERIK MARKS**. He's a Nopo baby. We'll come to learn it's HIS dad's name on all the checks. And he's everything we want him to be. A complete, total dick.

ERIK  
(whispering re: Karen's picture)  
I would.

A.J  
Bro, that would be all time.

Meet **A.J**, crypto-bro aficionado. A.J came out of the womb in a Patagonia fleece. His yearly four seasons... *Q1, Q2, Q3, and Q4*.

The two give each other 'daps'. *Tools*.

BACK ON KAREN--

KAREN  
For those of you I haven't already met, my name is Karen Ulrich. I am head of HR here at WestBridge Capital. First, I want you all to give yourselves a pat on the back. Among thousands of applicants, you were chosen as the next generation to represent this wonderful company.

Charlie and the others applaud. *Boastful, but deserved*.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
Now I'm sure many of you are eager to hit the ground running. But, here at W.B.C., we take a unique approach to the onboarding process. We believe the best way for you to learn our company's core values is with a little R&R. A place where you can integrate with the WestBridge family in a much less stressful environment. That is why we pair our new hire orientation with our annual company retreat. And this year's retreat will be at... Drumroll please!

New Hires exchange looks. *Really?* It seems so... They awkwardly drumroll. *This makes even us squirm.*

KAREN (CONT'D)  
CEO Jonathan Mark's private island in the Caribbean! So pack your sunscreen because we're going to the tropics!

Everyone's jaws drop to the floor. *Holy shit!*

*LATER...*

The meeting has just ended. Everyone packs their bags. Reminder: Karen's bikini pic is still on the big screen.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
Don't forget we have an open bar at the Stapler Room tonight for all new hires!

Eva and Charlie reach the door at the same time. He freezes. Locking onto her with an unmistakably smitten gaze. He looks at her the same way Ross looked at Rachel. *Yup, trouble.*

CHARLIE  
Oh, here. Let me--

Charlie opens the door for Eva. Eva doesn't bat an eye. *It's not the first door a guy has opened for her.*

Just as he's about to follow her through-- New hires waddle past him like ducks. Last through is Karen.

KAREN  
Such a gentleman.  
(checking Charlie out)  
See you on the beaches...

#### **INT. THE STAPLER ROOM BAR - NIGHT**

The local watering hole for WestBridge employees. A "Welcome to WestBridge" banner drapes over the bar.

It's still early. A few more drinks before everyone loosens up. We move through the bar, eavesdropping on new hire conversations.

*CONVO 1: Finance Chads. We all know the type. Fleece vests & khakis. Coke problem? Probably. Fuck-boy problem? Definitely.*

NEW HIRE (DOUCHY VOICE)  
I mean the industry is heading for a huge paradigm shift.

NEW HIRE #2 (DOUCHIER VOICE)  
 Totally. Freidberg did a deep dive into  
 it on last weeks "All-In" episode.

NEW HIRE #3 (DOUCHIEST VOICE)  
 Dude. Supposedly Freidberg fucks. Like  
 a ton.

NEW HIRE  
 GOATing. I'd kill to 'afters' with him.

CONVO 2: Two new hires are stuck ice-breaking with Jane. She's on her third Chardonnay. Showing photos of her dog.

JANE  
 And that's us with Tilly at Niagara Falls. This was umm. April of last year. No, May. May. Because yeah, Jonathan acquired us in June.

RANDOM NEW HIRE  
 What kind of numbers were you pushing?

JANE  
 Oh, tiny. It was just my husband and I.

RANDOM NEW HIRE #2  
 Damn. I didn't know there was another old person.

JANE  
 Oh, he's dead. He passed away a few months back. Had a heart attack. At the acquisition party, believe it or not! Fell right onto the cake. Of course no one wanted to eat it after that. So that became my dinner for the next three weeks.

(off the new hires--)  
 Anyways, I told myself 2024 is the year of the "new me". I want to feel young again! So, I got a TikTok. Invested in GameStop. I even started drinking Celsius. Now that shit is "lit".

(beat)  
 But enough about me. It's time to get loose! Who wants a shot!?

NEW HIRE  
 I'm intermittent fasting.

NEW HIRE #2  
 My stomach can only handle organic wine.

CONVO 3: Charlie and Andre (vape in hand) at a table top.

ANDRE  
 This looks like a Banana Republic ad.  
 (noticing someone)  
 Wait. I'm dead. I matched with that guy  
 last week.  
 (Sizing him up)  
 Six feet my ass.

Charlie scans his notes from earlier. Barely paying attention.

CHARLIE  
 Office romance is frowned upon. Section  
 4C of the company handbook.

ANDRE  
 The only thing I "4C" is him in my bed  
 later.  
 (grabbing Charlie's handbook)  
 Come on Charlie, loosen up a bit. You've  
 been talking about this job ever since I  
 met you ten years ago. Now you got the  
 job! It's time to relax! The phrase  
 "it's just a job" is famous for a  
 reason...

CHARLIE  
 Yeah whoever came up with that was  
 definitely unemployed.

Andre shakes his head. There's no getting through to Charlie.

**INT. WOMEN'S BATHROOM STALL - THE STAPLER ROOM - SAME**

EVA's at the mirror. Bold colors. Statement eyelashes. A real  
 vision. She fixes her make up. Rehearses a fake smile.

EVA  
 (practicing)  
*Oh my god! You're parents paid for your  
 college, too? No way! I also summer in  
 the Hamptons! Wolf Of Wall Street?! I  
 love that movie! Sure, I'd love some K!*

Boom, she's got it. It's showtime.

**INT. THE STAPLER ROOM - NIGHT**

It's buzzing now. Conversations flow. Ice-breakers on tap. Eva  
 works the floor with ease. Andre impresses. Jane annoys. Erik  
 and A.J entertain the finance chads. And then there is--

## EXT. PATIO - THE STAPLER ROOM - SAME

CHARLIE, alone drinking a beer. Eva steps out for a smoke. Charlie changes his posture. Trying to act cool. Failing miserably, of course.

CHARLIE  
Hey. How ya doin?

EVA  
Good.

CHARLIE  
Good.  
(beat)  
No, I'm not doing good. I'm just saying it's good that you're doing good. But, I'm also doing good.

Charlie's beyond flustered. *Awkward beat.*

EVA  
Good.

Eva focuses her attention on something across the street--

CHARLIE  
What're you looking at?

ON-- A caravan of trucks nearby transporting SHIPPING CRATES. "**W.B.C. CORPORATE RETREAT**" stamped on the wooden panels.

EVA  
You think it's normal to pack shipping crates worth of supplies to a company retreat?

CHARLIE  
Huh. Maybe it's like...food?

EVA  
That's a lot of food, Charlie.

CHARLIE  
How'd you know my name?

EVA  
It's on your name tag.

Charlie mouths to himself "fuck". Then he looks for EVA's name-tag. Nowhere in sight.

EVA (CONT'D)  
Let's hope you're right.

Eva finishes her cigarette and WALKS OFF--

CHARLIE  
Sorry. I didn't catch your name.

EVA (OVER SHOULDER)  
I didn't throw it.

He nods. Brutal. Then, his phone buzzes. A text from Andre.



ON-- Andre laughing his ass off from the window.

**EXT. TARMAC - THE NEXT DAY**

Two commanding 747s. Both branded with "WESTBRIDGE CAPITAL".

The asphalt is littered with CORPORATE MICE. Spread Sheet Wizards. You know the type. Short sleeves. Pen holders. Glasses that could cook an egg on a sunny day.

They're eager to board the plane. And so are our NEW RECRUITS. Lined up. Passports out. Gleeful looks. ON Andre and Charlie--

CHARLIE  
Did you know Jonathan Marks has over 42  
patents to his name?  
(Andre does not care)  
He also wrote the original code for  
ADP's backlog data.

ANDRE  
Spare me the wiki page. I only care  
about interesting facts.

Charlie thinks. Then--

CHARLIE  
Oh! He gave Elizabeth Holmes her first  
orgasm.

ANDRE  
Shut the fuck up, really? Hot.

**INT. PLANE - DAY**

A penthouse built for the sky. Endless rows of first class pod seats. Flight attendants handing out hot towels and champagne.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT  
Good afternoon. Welcome aboard.

EVA  
Whoa. ANDRE  
Okay, now this is a vibe.

CHARLIE  
It's even better than the reddit photos. JANE  
(in young hip tone)  
This airplane "fucks"  
Amirite?

ANDRE  
(whispering to Charlie)  
Who is that old lady, and why is she talking like Whoopi Goldberg?

New Hires make their way down the aisle and take seats in the--

**INT. BACK OF PLANE - DAY**

Charlie and Andre squeeze through. They find seats next to--

**HANK.** 40s. Mid level executive. Has a parking spot. Balding faster than he wants. Neck rest and eye mask already on.

CHARLIE  
These seats taken?

Hank lifts up his eye mask.

HANK  
Nope all yours.

CHARLIE  
Thanks.  
(extending his hand)  
Charlie. Charlie Buckner.

HANK  
Oh. Hank.

Charlie pulls out his WHITE lanyard.

CHARLIE  
We're in the new hire class.

HANK  
Congratulations.

Charlie notices Hank's lanyard. It has a number "8" sticker.

CHARLIE

Whoa! You're a level eight!? Holy crap!  
It's a pleasure to meet you, sir.

(explaining to Andre)  
Level eight is the most senior ranking  
you can have at W.B.C.

(to Hank)  
I thought level eights flew private?

HANK

We do. They took off this morning. And,  
forgot me by accident.... For the fifth  
year in a row.

Yikes-- Charlie and Andre keep their thoughts to themselves.

CHARLIE

(to Andre)  
You got to see it dude. It's the old  
RadioShack P.J. It's filled with all  
these cool gadgets. I heard there is a  
steam room.

HANK

There is. And Cold Brew on tap. How do  
you know all of that?

ANDRE

He's been obsessed since he was a kid.  
This whole weekend is like his dream  
come true.

HANK

Be careful. Dreams can become nightmares  
in the blink of an eye... Now if you'll  
excuse me. I have a big weekend ahead of  
me. I'm going to get some sleep.

Hank's comment lingers in the air. Ominous.

ANDRE

(whispering)  
Talk about a buzz kill.

*ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE AISLE-- Eva and Jane paired up--*

JANE

You know I lost my virginity on an  
airplane.

Jane winks and shimmies. Desperate for millennial approval.

JANE (CONT'D)  
...with a woman.

EVA  
Got to love the 70's.

JANE  
This weekend is going to be quite the  
hoot! All of us kids under one roof.

Jane gets a notification on her phone.

JANE (CONT'D)  
Ohppp! Time to BeReal

She takes an awkward selfie with Eva.

JANE (CONT'D)  
Favorite time of the day.

Jane shuffles through the seat back pocket. Looking for  
something. She turns around to the new hires behind her.

JANE (CONT'D)  
Either of your pouches have a Sky Mall?

LATER...

Mid flight. Half the cabin asleep. But not Charlie. He's staring  
at Eva. Lost in her beauty.

ANDRE  
You need to stop staring, Ted Bundy.

CHARLIE  
What!? I'm not staring. I'm casually  
glancing.

ANDRE  
Bitch, you're staring like you're about  
to chop her ass up!

Hank, with his eye mask still on, interjects--

HANK  
You have been staring for a while.

Off Charlie's embarrassed red cheeks we go to--

**EXT. UNDISCLOSED ISLAND - DAY**

The plane approaches its destination. Clear blue water. White  
sandy beaches. Emerald green mountaintops. It's paradise.

**EXT. TROPICAL JUNGLE - DAY**

Dozens of JEEPS transport employees along a dirt path hugging the coastline. Charlie, Andre, and Hank ride in one together.

CHARLIE

So I've been crunching the numbers, did you know that statistically we had a better chance of getting drafted in the MLB than we did getting hired at WestBridge!? We're basically pro athletes.

ANDRE

Is baseball still a thing?

CHARLIE

So, Hank, any tips for The weekend?!

Hank turns to Charlie. Completely serious, he says--

HANK

Just don't die.

*Charlie and Andre share puzzled expressions.*

**EXT. HOTEL ENTRANCE - DAY**

Robert Erwin gardens. Uniformed staff on stand by. Floral leis at check-in. Nature's tropical hums echo through heavenly archways. W.B.C. employees are escorted to their hotel rooms.

**INT. SPORTSBOOK PARLOR - HOTEL - DAY**

A Goliath wall of SCREENS. Rows of leather chairs. A.C On blast to keep patrons on edge. There is an imposing NEON SIGN says "THE INCUBATOR DOME" -- illuminating the whole room.

A true sports book. But, *it's empty*. Except on the mezzanine is--

**JONATHAN MARKS.** 70's. Eccentric. Earthy attire. A ton of Chakra beads. He's a character. And CEO of WestBridge Capital.

Karen, HR lady, stands by his side. She's on her phone swiping through a batch of Bumble profiles.

JONATHAN MARKS

You smell that Karen?... Anticipation.  
Pure, organic, grass fed, Anticipation.

KAREN  
(playing along)  
Mmmmm Ahhhhh. Yes. Anticipation...

JONATHAN MARKS  
This island is a landing pad for my chakra. You know, at times, part of me believes the center of the universe is in this very room.

KAREN  
It is a lovely room.

JONATHAN MARKS  
You know I had those tiles imported from the south of France.

HANK (O.S)  
We bought those on sale at Home Depot.

HANK, appears on the first floor. He walks up the stairs.

JONATHAN MARKS  
Hank. Must you take the fun out of everything?

HANK  
Oh, sorry.  
(to Karen; monotone)  
Those tiles were imported from the south of France.

JONATHAN MARKS  
Where have you been?

HANK  
Well you had me fly commercial. Again.

JONATHAN MARKS  
Oh right. Yes! Yes. I did.  
(off to Karen)  
Leadership finds him off-putting... So!  
onto biz'naz' shall we? Talk to me.

HANK  
All up and running. I just want to put it on the record that these courses are much harder than previous years. I'm worried about a heavy head count.

JONATHAN MARKS  
We said this year we were going to open the floodgates.  
(MORE)

JONATHAN MARKS (CONT'D)  
What are we if not a species of our  
word? How are the new hires?

KAREN  
Good. A few duds. some diversity hires.  
You know, the usual.

JONATHAN  
I'm worried about Erik. He's not so  
bright, you know.

HANK  
We know.

KAREN  
I told you, we're going to make it a  
walk in the park for him.

JONATHAN  
I don't think he likes parks.

HANK  
Well I'm sure he likes walking.

JONATHAN MARKS  
I can't be certain of that either. He  
sits a lot.

Off Jonathan, we go to--

**INT. EVA'S HOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM - DAY**

EVA lays on her bed. Scrolling on her PHONE at an online  
directory with all the new hires and bios. She stumbles across  
Charlie's page. It's cringe, but in a cute way.

Then-- The page goes blank. A **NO RECEPTION/WIFI** alert pops up.

**INT. CHARLIE'S ROOM - SAME**

Charlie-- just out of the shower. He notices a W.B.C. GIFT  
BASKET on his bed. Opens it. Inside is-- W.B.C. MERCH & a note  
that reads "*Time to suit up, pledge!*" A smile sweeps across his  
face.

**EXT. HOTEL EVENT SPACE - NIGHT**

In front of us is the best corporate party money can buy. Top  
shelf liquor. Caviar laced hors d'oeuvres. Even an ICE LUGE.

The whole company is here. Rocking their best Tommy Bahama resort wear. A lot of aftershave. A lot of perfume. A lot of Birkenstocks. But even MORE corporate jargon.

RANDOM EMPLOYEE

I pinged Jenny. But I think she's been underwater on the Mariposa deal.

RANDOM EMPLOYEE # 2

All good. I'll mark it as an action item for next week.

OVER BY THE ICE LUGE-- Corporate squids mingle. We hear BITS.

W.B.C. EMPLOYEE #3

...I'm hearing go long on Tesla, short Berskhire.

W.B.C. EMPLOYEE

...see my Strava upload last week? It was a 'pr'.

W.B.C. EMPLOYEE #3

...If I have to do another CRA for Damien I'm going to lose it.

ANOTHER EMPLOYEE

...Don't quote me. But, I heard Apollo Ohno is our guest speaker.

W.B.C. EMPLOYEE

That would be elite!

We move through the event-- New hires all forced to rock cheesy W.B.C. merch... A silly corporate hazing ritual.

#### **EXT. BAR - HOTEL EVENT SPACE - NIGHT**

Charlie and Andre at the bar. Andre waving his phone to the sky.

ANDRE

I am literally going to cease to exist if I don't get a bar of service.

Charlie's mouth, agape. *This is his Oscars. His Met Gala. His Lakers floor seats.* And boy is he fanboying.

Until Andre literally closes Charlie's jaw for him.

ANDRE (CONT'D)

You need help.

Attention turns down the bar-- where Erik lines up SHOTS.

ERIK  
SHOTS ON ME! Ha! Get it!?

*Andre and Charlie watch in envy. The 1 percent of the 1 percent.*

CHARLIE  
Man... must be nice.

ANDRE  
We'll get there. I believe in us.

CHARLIE  
I don't.

*OVER BY THE TABLES-- W/ Eva, Jane, & A.J.*

Jane's back on her chardonnay shit. She's showing Eva her tattoo. It's a Taylor swift lyric-- "**Karma Is My Boyfriend**".

JANE  
It was single needle.

EVA  
Yup...That's a tattoo, alright.

JANE  
I found him on the Instagram. He inked  
Hals-eye.

EVA  
It's pronounced Halsey.

A.J  
So, what, you're like, a Swiftie?

JANE  
I'm sorry, what's that sweetie?

*Then-- The Tiki Torches dim. The DJ turns down the music. Chatter quells. Everyone's attention turns to the stage--*

JONATHAN MARKS walks out. A roaring applause. He's W.B.C.'s very own Jim Jones. Especially Charlie's.

JONATHAN MARKS (ON MICROPHONE)  
How we doing WestBridge!?  
(off applause and cheers)  
That's good. Me too. Me too. Well, it's  
another fiscal year around the sun. And  
boy did it shine bright on us! Up in  
sales. Two hundred clients added. And  
only two Congressional subpoenas!

*Now THAT gets a big round of applause--*

JONATHAN MARKS (CONT'D)  
 This is a special weekend. One we look forward to every year. A time for us to get in touch with our inner selves while also working on a killer tan. But that's not all this weekend is. No no. It's also a time of enlightenment. Of guidance. Of Onboarding. A weekend which will turn our new hire peasants into gladiators. Over the next few days we will teach you how to survive in this olympic sport we call life. Through all the blood, sweat, and tears imaginable. So enjoy tonight, for your judgement day starts tomorrow.

The corporate sheep all howl and cheer. It's almost tribal. Charlie, Eva, and other new hires exchange concerning looks.

JANE  
 Was that speech a little...

EVA  
 Fucking weird? Yeah.

JANE  
 Should we be worried?

EVA  
 No...I don't think so...Maybe.

JONATHAN MARKS (ON MICROPHONE)  
 But enough of me for now. Ladies and gentleman, please welcome our musical guest this weekend...  
 (beat)  
**ICONA POP!**

*WHATTTTT? !? !? ! No. Fucking. Way.*

Fog machines layer the stage. Then-- FIREWORKS. STROBE LIGHTS. LAZERS. SPEAKERS REVERBERATING.

*It's like Ibiza, but better.*

Icona Pop storms out. With their #2 hit single "All Night". (*Why not their #1 Hit I LOVE IT, you ask? Just be patient...*)

The crowd goes NUTS. Any hesitation our new hires had. It's certainly gone now as this turns into a FUCKING RAGER. *We go into full party mode--*

Tequila shots. Fist bumps. The dance floor PULSATES. 2nd and 3rd years run a relay race to and from the bathroom with COKE BAGS.

Karen booty-shakes her way to a one night stand.

The new hires are **roaring**. Sweat flying off faces. They look like the cast of Office Space, if they were slipped Molly.

Charlie and Eva intersect on the dance floor-- It's loud.

CHARLIE  
EVA!

EVA  
YEAH?

CHARLIE  
That's your name! I looked for your picture on the website! It was a great picture by the way!

EVA  
Thanks...?

Eva slowly glides away. It isn't until after that Charlie realizes how creepy he sounded.

LATER...

AT THE BAR-- HANK harboring a dozen empty shot glasses. Charlie approaches.

CHARLIE  
Someone's ready to party.

HANK  
What? Oh. I'm not one for parties much.

CHARLIE  
Could have fooled me.

Hank rips another shot.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Whoa there.

HANK  
I'm really sorry, Charlie.

CHARLIE  
Sorry? Sorry about what?

HANK  
For everything you're about to go through.

CHARLIE  
What? What are you talkkiiiiinnnng-

*And then, with the snap of a finger--* Charlie loses his balance. Falls to his knees. Sounds swallow in his ears. His vision blurs.

Andre notices and rushes over, but he too falls to the floor. Succumbing to the same symptoms.

One by one we watch as every new hire drops like flies.

POP WIDE-- Birdseye view of the party. The full moon casting a magical blue hue on the ocean as the music fades--

**EXT. HOTEL - MORNING**

*TRACKING SHOT--* through all the beautiful amenities a 5 star resort has to offer. Yoga on the lawn. Hot stone massages. Meditation circles. A few kooks taking surf lessons.

**EXT. HOTEL POOL AREA - DAY**

Poolside Cabanas. Tropical drinks. Crispy french fries.

W.B.C. employees lathered in tanning oil. But not Hank, he's three coats deep in SPF 100. Lounging, reading *A SELF HELP BOOK*. A coworker approaches. Let's call him **MIKE**. Our resident douche.

MIKE  
What? You don't check your Slack anymore?!

HANK  
If you read my memo you would know I specifically shut off Slack during onboarding.

MIKE  
Oh, whatever... Dude, did you hear Jimmy and Rachel banged last night?

HANK  
I'm sharing a wall with Rachel. So unfortunately I heard it all night.

MIKE  
Ha! Legendary... So listen bro, I got a request. And it's time sensitive. I need you to activate my sports-book account. I want to hit that shit asap.

HANK

You have an account. You've been an employee here for three years. It activates at your first retreat.

MIKE

This is my first retreat... Two years ago, the retreat landed on my wedding. Then last year, you know, I was stuck in divorce court.

HANK

That's an unfortunate sequence of events.

Hank pulls out his laptop and starts to code away. Mike grossly checks out girls in bikinis as he waits. We all know a MIKE.

MIKE

God, I'd love to run some due diligence on the babes in Corp Comm.

Hank doesn't warrant that comment with a response.

HANK

Okay. You're all set. Just review the gambling rules and maximums.

MIKE

Bro, you're a mensch. We should definitely sync up later this weekend.

Hank lights up--

HANK

Really? Yeah, let's do it. How about--

MIKE

(back to checking out girls)  
Let's put a pin in it for the moment.

Mike jumps up and walks over to a group of girls in the pool--

MIKE (CONT'D)

Cindy, need a second set of eyes on that?!

Then-- Jimmy, from "Jimmy and Rachel smashed last night", rushes up. He's frantic. Frazzled.

JIMMY

Do you know anywhere on this island I can get Plan B?!

OFF Hank's defeated face--

**INT. SERVICE CORRIDORS - LATER**

Hank treks down an endless white hallway. Adorned with PIPES and BREAKERS. He reaches a door. Scans his keycard. Unlocking it--

**INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Hank flips the light switch on, *INTRODUCING US TO--*

**MISSION CONTROL**

360 degree floor to ceiling screens like we're at SoFi Stadium. Displaying surveillance footage of a dozen or so new hire groups across the island. Smaller screens display New Hire BIO's. Stats--(Like a playing card).

There's a conference table with 3D HOLOGRAM of the island. Sprinkled with ATTRACTIONS. Blueprints of sorts. We can't make out what they are, but they look like mini obstacle courses.

At the center of it all is a SWITCHBOARD. With only one chair. For one omnipotent conductor. It's clear that conductor is **HANK**.

HANK  
(sotto)  
Another day at the office...

CUT TO:

**EXT. SKY PLATFORM LEDGE - DAY**

We're in a POV shot. Eyes blink awake. It's blurry. We can't make out our surroundings.

Then-- A GIGANTIC BUG lands on our nose. Followed by--

CHARLIE  
AHHH!

Charlie's voice grounds us. He SPRINGS up and SWATS away the bug. He looks around and realizes he is somehow...someday...

**ON A LARGE PLATFORM IN THE MIDDLE OF THE SKY!**

*POP WIDE--* The platform sits atop a towering SHAFT hundreds of feet in the air in the middle of a deep ravine. The shaft extends all the way to the ground, supporting the structure like a space needle.

There are cables attached to all four sides of the platform. Stretching out to the cliffs, helping keep this thing BALANCED.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Oh shit. Shit. Shit. Shit.

Eva GROANS. She slowly lifts her head. Squints her face--

EVA  
Oh no. Did we...?

CHARLIE  
I don't think so?

EVA  
Thank God.

Ouch...

ANDRE (O.S)  
OWWWWW!!

*REVEAL: Andre, buried under a passed out body pile consisting of Jane, Erik, and A.J.*

ANDRE (CONT'D)  
Can somebody get me out of here?!

Charlie rushes over and pulls Andre out from the pile--

ANDRE (CONT'D)  
Where in God's name are we?!

CHARLIE  
I'm not exactly sure.

Then-- Jane, Erik, and A.J wake up. Rolling off each other. Disheveled. Disoriented. Puzzled looks.

JANE  
Now that was a party.

ERIK  
What the hell is going on!? A.J?

A.J  
No clue. Last night was a bender-oni.

ERIK  
Who the hell are these people?

JANE  
Jane. And you are...?

ERIK  
I'm Jonathan Mark's son. Erik. Someone better tell me what's going on.

CHARLIE  
I'm Charlie. This is Andre. That's Eva.

ERIK  
Great, now what the fuck is this?

EVA  
You tell us. Your dad cuts the checks.

Then-- Andre's eyes go wide in a panic.

ANDRE  
WAIT. WAIT. NOOOOO...

He furiously pats his body. And then finally pulls out a VAPE.

ANDRE (CONT'D)  
Oh thank you, Jesus.

He takes a big hit. Charlie notices a METALLIC GOLD CUFF around Andre's wrist. Charlie has one, too. And so do the others.

CHARLIE  
Huh. Well this is new.

ANDRE  
Ew, it's hideous.

A.J  
Why won't it come off?!

Charlie inspects his CUFF. It looks like a knock off AppleWatch. He taps the screen and there are two APPS. A CALENDAR and MAPS app. He pulls up the CALENDAR APP-- It has two upcoming meetings.

**WEALTH MANAGEMENT (in 5min) and MARKETING (in 3 hours).**

Our heroes all have the same schedule. *CLOSE ON-- Eva.* Wheels spinning in her head.

EVA  
I think we were drugged last night.

ANDRE  
I'm sorry, WURRTTTT?!

EVA  
Last night, Mr. Mark's weird speech. I think this might be like our onboarding or something?

ERIK  
Don't be ridiculous. My dad would never drug us! Maybe you guys, but not me.

SUDDENLY-- A STAR WARS-esque HOLOGRAM OF MR. MARKS appears above their cuffs! He's in a SARONG and Jimmy Buffet HAT.

JONATHAN MARKS HOLOGRAM  
Is this thing on?...Oh it is. Okay.  
(clearing his throat)  
Well hello there! How are we all feeling this morning? Well rested I am sure! Thanks to some naughty mixology... I'm sure you are all full of questions. So let me explain what's going on.  
(beat)  
Today marks the commencement of your onboarding orientation. As I touched on last night, this process is designed to challenge and push you to become true WestBridgers. Or as we like to call it, a true BIATCH. And we don't mean the informal derogatory term used by valley girls. No, A BIATCH, is who we strive to be everyday here at WestBridge. It's more than a word to us. It's an acronym. **B**oldness. **I**ntegrity. **A**daptability. **T**eamwork. **C**ommunication. **H**umility. As I always say "the more BIATCHES in the meeting the better!"

ANDRE  
I'm like so confused right now.

JONATHAN MARKS HOLOGRAM  
But you can't teach this through a powerpoint. No, no. You need to live it. Feel it. Touch it. Out in the wild. With your lives on the line. Like our ancestors before us! Now... Each department will onboard you. They will run you through exercises. Challenges of sorts, and in the process, you will learn about their verticals and responsibilities. But more importantly you will learn something about yourselves and your teammates. Yup. You heard me. Teammates. Brothers and sisters in arms. Look to your left and right. Those faces will be with you through thick and thin this weekend.

Eva, Andre, Jane, Erik, A.J, and Charlie look at each other.  
*Well this should be fun...*

## JONATHAN MARKS HOLOGRAM (CONT'D)

I know this might seem unorthodox. But unorthodox is how WestBridge Capital became the number one financial services firm in the country! And let me tell you, if you can't survive out there, you definitely won't survive in here. So I suggest becoming the biggest baddest BIATCH you could ever be! Fly you young professionals, fly into the void of the unknown! And as they say in the old country... 'Happy Onboarding!'

The hologram ZAPS AWAY-- Our heroes are paralyzed with fear.

An audible 10 second COUNTDOWN begins on their CUFFS.

A.J

What the fuck is this timer?!

CHARLIE

(looking at CUFF SCHEDULE)

I think it's our onboarding session with Wealth Management?

JANE

Before breakfast? That seems counterproductive--  
(in "hip" tone)  
I mean... "super wack"!

*Andre rolls his eyes. Who invited this woman??*

3, BEEP! 2, BEEP! 1, BEEP! A message pops up on everyone's Cuffs.

**< THE REAL CURRENCY WE MANAGE >**

SUDDENLY-- Four small explosions! Blowing off each cable line! There is now nothing keeping the platform balanced on the shaft! It begins to TIILT! Everyone loses their footing.

JANE (CONT'D)

Whoa!

A.J

What the--?!

ANDRE

What the EF is happening!?

CHARLIE

Spread out! We need to balance this thing or it's going to tip over!

Our heroes, especially Andre enter full panic mode. Charlie and Eva race up the tilting platform to distribute weight.

The others cautiously wobble into individual positions. Spreading out weight evenly to bring the platform back parallel to ground.

ERIK  
WHAT'S THE REAL CURRENCY?!

CHARLIE  
Alright let's peel back the onion. We need to start throwing things out and just see what sticks. Wealth management, currency... Off the top of my head I'm thinking, Diversifying portfolios? Financial planning? Oh! Tax havens??

JANE  
For those clients with "the bag".

ANDRE  
Can you not be cringe for like two seconds?

A.J  
Hey, Tom and Jerry, either ideate or shut up! I can't believe they're giving this to us out of pocket.

We move to EVA. Calm. Collected. She surveys the platform. Stumbling across a HATCH with a W.B.C. logo etched onto it...

Eva grabs the lever and pulls the hatch open. Her eyes widen--  
*BACK ON--* The others bickering...

A.J (CONT'D)  
Clearly you idiots aren't reading between the lines. I was Summa Cum Laude at Princeton, okay. I think I know what I'm talking about--

EVA (O.S.)  
--It's trust.

Everyone turns. Eva's holding a HARNESS and RUBBER BUNGE ROPE.

EVA (CONT'D)  
Trust is the real currency. We manage client's trust.

CHARLIE  
Yes! Article 6B! Trust is the most valuable currency. How'd I forget!?

EVA

They want us to do a trust fall. With these bungee jumps.

ANDRE

Nope. Nuh-uh. No thanks.

ERIK

Where'd you get that!?

EVA

Look at your feet nepo boy.

Erik looks down. He's standing on a HATCH similar to the one Eva found. Our heroes look down and find HATCHES next to them.

ANDRE

If you guys think I am going to leap to my death you are seriously deranged.

*MOMENTS LATER...*

ON Andre-- begrudgingly STRAPPED INTO HIS HARNESS like the rest.

ERIK

Okay. One of you fuckers is going first.

EVA

No, we have to jump at the exact same time. Otherwise the weight distribution will be uneven and the platform will tilt off this beam and we'll all die.

JANE

Trust fall... We're not just trusting the company. We're trusting each other!

Jane lights up with a big smile. Like she cracked the code.

A.J

Enough sitting around. Let's jump.

ERIK

Fine by me.

Charlie's nerves are in full force.

JANE

Charlie, you good?

CHARLIE

Nope. Not really.

JANE  
Fear of heights?

CHARLIE  
More just a general fear of death.

A.J  
Oh, reallll niche fear!

JANE  
You two have nothing to worry about. I  
"hit" one of these suckers in Africa  
with Earnest. A total hoot. Just make  
sure your feet are right here against--

WSHHHHH! Jane SLIPS off the ledge!

JANE (O.S) (CONT'D)  
AHHHHHH!

ERIK  
How is this woman an employee here?

EVA  
QUICK! We all need to jump!

Like amateur synchronized divers-- they all fall back in unison  
and FREE FALL two hundred feet!

EVA (CONT'D) JANE  
Ahhhhh!!!! Ohhhh my!!!!!!

*The only one not screaming is CHARLIE. Who has **FAINTED MID-AIR**.*

*THEN-- as they near the ground, the rope YANKS them back up! Our  
heroes recoil up and down-- Bobbing. With a sigh of relief--*

ANDRE  
I'm alive!! The world still loves me!!!

JANE  
See, Charlie. A piece of cake.

Jane sees Charlie PASSED OUT--

JANE (CONT'D)  
Oh dear, I think Charlie's knocked out.

EVA  
Erik, swing over and nudge him. We need  
to get off this thing.

ERIK  
Fuck that. I'm out of here. A.J, Let's go!

Erik and A.J unclip from their harness and free fall into BUSHES!

EVA  
NO! We had to release at the same time!

The platform starts to tilt! Jane and Eva shoot up! Charlie and Andre are thrust downward!

EVA (CONT'D)  
Andre and Jane, on the count of three,  
unclip!

ANDRE  
What about Charlie!?

EVA  
Don't worry I'll get Charlie. 1, 2, 3!

Andre and Jane unclip and fall into the bushes--

This TILTS the platform even more and springs Eva forward. As she's thrust in the air she unhooks! Latching onto Charlie's rope. She slides down it like a FIRE POLE! Until she lands and straddles a slowly awakening Charlie.

CHARLIE  
Wha-- what is going on...?  
(realizing)  
AHHHHH!!! AHHHH!!!

Charlie begins to flail, making Eva's job impossible.

EVA  
Hey, stop! Stop!

Charlie's not listening so Eva-- PUNCHES HIM in the face. Knocking him out cold. Again. She then unhooks his harness, and the two drop down into the bushes!

The PLATFORM reaches it's tipping point and FREE FALLS off it's staff-- HEADING FOR A COLLISION COURSE with EVA AND CHARLIE! It bulldozes through tree branch after tree branch, crashing down!

Eva braces for impact! And then...NOTHING. She looks up and the platform is stuck! WEDGED between two THICK TREES!

Eva takes a moment to collect herself. That was close. She jumps up and drags Charlie out of harms way.

Charlie wakes up mid-drag, as they stagger to safety. Alive and conscious. Eva helps Charlie up, who's nursing a bruised nose.

JANE  
WOO! Alright! Squad goals!

Jane goes to high five the group. But they're not having it.

LATER...

Everyone gathered round. Everyone except Eva, who's gearing up to leave. A.J steps forward--

A.J  
Alright. Listen up! Whatever this process is, we're going to need to form a chain of command. Erik and I will be taking lead.

A.J notices Eva walking away--

A.J (CONT'D)  
Hey! Where do you think you're going!?

EVA  
I don't take orders. Especially not from boys.

A.J  
Listen honey, let's drill down some details here. You won't be able to survive 1 hour in that jungle by yourself. Last thing this team needs is a damsel in distress. So let the Ivy Leaguers handle this. You got a problem with that...talk to me and we'll take it offline.

Eva bites her tongue momentarily.

A.J (CONT'D)  
Now, out here, we need to keep our balance sheet tight. Only necessities. We're up against a volatile bull market and we need to create the right infrastructure to protect ourselves. Piggyback off what I do, because I will literally and figuratively be your saving grace through this process.

Suddenly-- One of the trees wedging the platform GIVES WAY! And the platform TUMBLES DOWN at faster speed! This time, CRASHING right onto...

**A.J!**

FLATTENING HIM LIKE A PANCAKE!

Our heroes are SLACK-JAWED and SHELL SHOCKED. So are we.

ANDRE  
Did that douchebag just literally die  
in front of our faces!?!?!?  
(no one responds)  
Did he!? Did he!?

JANE  
Yeah. I'd say that's a fair assessment.

ANDRE  
Oh my god. I'm going to VOM.

Clamor erupts. Screams. Shrieks. Panic mode in full swing.

EVA  
Screw this. I'm not dying for some job.

JANE  
I'm going to agree with you there.

ERIK  
We need to get the fuck out of here!

Eva, Jane, Andre, and Erik start to mobilize. We hold on Charlie, an introspective moment. He's not quite on board. Then--

CHARLIE  
Guys, guys wait!  
(Off everyone)  
Okay. What just happened, yeah that was crazy. And even terrifying. Actually, okay, it was probably the craziest most terrifying thing I've ever witnessed.

Clearly everyone agrees.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
But I think we have to do this. Better yet, I think we can do this. If we wrangle all of our brain power and work together, we have a real shot here.  
(beat)  
I mean...what better choice do we have? Quit? Start over? Resumes. Interviews. All the bullshit. Do you remember how hard it is out there to get a job? It's almost impossible nowadays. And we have one.  
(MORE)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
 One that thousands of people would literally kill for. And all we have to do is find a way to get through this weekend. Alive. And that job is ours. I don't know about you all, but I can't turn back. I need this job.

The others look at each other. Seems they do, too...

Charlie throws his hand in the middle of the group. Eva joins. Jane follows. Erik's next. Andre's still skeptical, but then--

ANDRE  
 Fine. But no more jumping off things!

**INT. INCUBATOR DOME - DAY**

Clamor. Adrenaline. The floor teeming with W.B.C. employees. *It's at FULL CAPACITY.* If you didn't know better you'd think we were at the MGM Grand.

Leader boards. Betting odds. Fluctuating at the speed of the Santa Anita Horse Track.

The *Wall Of Screens*-- broadcasting LIVE FEEDS of each onboarding group as they attempt to survive life threatening courses.

PULL IN ON-- Footage of a new hire group stuck in a SHARK TANK. Another feed shows new hires building make shift ZIPLINES through the jungle. Another shows a new hire with a CHOPPED OFF ARM and LEG! Above the screen a plaque reads "HUMAN HANGMAN".

MIKE, resident douche, is at a podium commentating with a MICRPHONE.

MIKE (ON MICRPHONE)  
*And over at Swimming with Sharks, New hire #52 is close to the finish line. Here he comes, and OH FUCK!*

A SHARK ATTACK. Fin Flaps. Body parts wailing. Red-hued water.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
 What a kill! Alrighty! Down goes New hire #52. Closing out at 12/3 odds. Dibs on his adderral 'scrip. Ha!

On the ODDS BOARD-- The flashing **GREEN** LIGHT next New Hire #52's name switches **RED**.

Grunts across the room. *Seems like a sure bet gone wrong.*

W.B.C. EMPLOYEE #2  
What the fuck! His resume said he was  
on his high school swim team!

W.B.C. Chad #3 celebrates #52's demise. He turns to employee #2.

W.B.C. CHAD #3  
Rookie mistake. Always cross reference  
with MaxPreps.

Chad #3 pulls up #52's High School Stats...J.V ALL FOUR YEARS.

**INT. SERVICE CORRIDORS - CONTINUOUS**

Mr. Marks wanders down the hallway. A symphony of CLANGS and VIBRATIONS come from the mechanical and electrical panels. It's giving evil lair vibes. Like a Bond film.

**INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Hank working away. The same footage and visuals projected in the Dome are on display here. But much more detailed, filled with code, physics, diagrams. All the boring stuff no one cares about.

JONATHAN MARKS (O.S)  
You should really take better care of  
this place.

Hank swivels his chair around to see-- Mr. Marks.

POP WIDE: The control room is littered with GAMER trash. You know; *Cheetos, Diet Pepsi, Twizzlers...*

JONATHAN MARKS (CONT'D)  
A room of chaos is but a mirror to the  
soul.

(off Hank)  
You know I think this is my first time  
in this room. I feel a virginal aura  
hovering over me.

Mr. Marks marvels at the room. Like a kid at the Aquarium.

HANK  
Are you okay, sir?

JONATHAN MARKS  
Absolutely.  
(beat)  
(MORE)

JONATHAN MARKS (CONT'D)  
Sure, if you were to ask me if I am currently on two tabs of acid I had leftover from Elon's burning man camp, would I say yes? Probably.

HANK  
I see.

JONATHAN MARKS  
It's very, how should I say... Musty in here.

HANK  
I've put in four separate maintenance requests for A/C installation.

JONATHAN MARKS  
Say less, Hank. Say less. I'm going to move mountains to get you climate control in here.

HANK  
You said that last year.

JONATHAN MARKS  
Wow. amazing isn't it? Time... jump roping over us like we're just kids on a playground... have you thought about a koi pond in here? It would really harmonize the energy.

HANK  
A/C would harmonize it more.

JONATHAN MARKS  
Right. Okay. Well, I wanted to talk about Erik. I watched the trust fall exercise. I'm a bit worried.

HANK  
As I said, I think this year's courses are...hard to complete.

JONATHAN MARKS  
That may be true. And that is why I want to be kept in the loop with Erik's team, so I can sprinkle some magic when possible.

HANK  
So you want to cheat?

JONATHAN MARKS

It's not cheating. It's called moving  
the goalposts.

HANK

Isn't that what cheating is?

JONATHAN MARKS

Okay. You know I'd love to stay and  
debate this, but my body and soul have  
already moved on from this  
conversation.

Jonathan pats Hank on the shoulder as he exits. Hank turns his  
attention to one of the MONITORS, where he sees--

**EXT. JUNGLE SWITCHBACKS - DAY**

Eva leads the way using the MAPS app on her cuff. Our heroes  
trudge behind her through a maze of mossy trees.

ON Andre-- struggling. The bushes nearby start to rustle. He  
turns, and there it is, A MONKEY, dangling from a branch!

ANDRE

Oh hey there cutie! Guys come check  
this out!

The others are too far ahead to hear or care.

Andre approaches the monkey. Cute, playful banter ensues between  
them. It's adorable. UNTIL...

The Monkey SNATCHES Andre's vape from his hand and scampers off!

ANDRE (CONT'D)

Hey! Hey! Get back here!

*OVER BY Jane-- She's blabbing off to an annoyed Erik.*

JANE

And the other part of me is like, you  
know what, this might be exactly what  
we need. A real slap in the face.  
Waking us up. Your dad may be on to  
something. What do you think?

ERIK

I think you should stop talking to me.

Over to... Charlie power walks to catch up to Eva--

CHARLIE

Hi.

Nothing from Eva. She's on a mission. No distractions.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

So listen, I just wanted to sidebar and say thank you. For bailing me out back there. And for punching me in the face.

EVA

No problem. Just don't make it a habit.

CHARLIE

Yeah. Would never.

An awkward beat.

EVA

How's the nose?

CHARLIE

Oh, psh. Totally fine. Doesn't even hurt. Only when I touch it. Or think about it. Sometimes even when I'm not thinking about it. But yeah, it's great.

Eva scans the trail. She sees a YARROW PLANT. Rips off a leaf. Hands it to Charlie--

EVA

Put this in your nose. It'll help stop the swelling.

Charlie follows orders.

CHARLIE

Thank you...You seem to really have all your ducks in a row here. It's impressive.

EVA

I got sent to a lot of wilderness camps growing up. You get a crash course in blue sky thinking.

CHARLIE

You got sent...like for summer camp?

EVA

No. Not for summer camp, Charlie.

CHARLIE

(realizing)

Ohhhh. Well, regardless, we're lucky to have you on the team. I think you're going to help us really push the envelope. Not that we're ready for the envelope to be pushed. But when we are, it'll be good to have you with us.

*IN THE BACKGROUND we see Andre CHASING THE MONKEY through the brush nearby. Shouting and yelling at the cute little animal.*

EVA

Listen, I work best alone. So if you just follow my lead and don't get in my way, you might just survive this thing.

CHARLIE

Oh. Yeah. Totally.

Eva continues forward. Leaving Charlie in his tracks. A wave of defeat crashing down on him.

Then-- near Jane, the MONKEY swings close by with Andre in pursuit. With a leap, Andre snatches his VAPE from the monkey's claw, but crashes hard onto the ground.

Eva turns around and sees Andre on the floor--

EVA

Andre! Stop messing around!

Andre pulls himself up. Dusts off his shoulders. Jane approaches.

JANE

Yikes. "That's what she said".

ANDRE

Okay if you're going to talk like a real housewife of New Jersey, you're going to need to get the lingo right. "That's what she said" is a phrase used to make an innocent statement sound sexual. It has nothing to do with what a woman actually says.

Jane tries to follow, but her boomer mind can't comprehend.

ANDRE (CONT'D)

You know what? No. I can't do this without caffeine.

Andre stomps off--

**EXT. CAVE - DAY**

Our heroes approach a large ominous cave hidden in the jungle overgrowth. A large W.B.C. logo ENGRAVED into the stone.

ERIK

EVA  
This is what the MAPS says.

Erik checks his cuff. ON the MAPS APP-- 10ft to destination.

CHARLIE

ANDRE  
Have YOU ALL LOST YOUR MINDS?! We're just going to "ENTER THE CAVE", willy nilly?! How do we know there aren't killer bats or lava in there!? I mean this company is trying to kill us after all. Am I the only one here with a freaking brain on their shoulders.

JANE  
It's head on their shoulders.

ANDRE

Yeah I know that Jane! It was a pun on the phrase-- you know what, never mind.

CHARLIE  
(to the others)  
He'll calm down. His blood sugar is  
just low.

Charlie and Co. slowly creep into the cave.

ANDRE  
Yeah it's freaking low! We haven't  
eaten anything all day!

## INT. CAVE - MOMENTS LATER

It's dark. Damp. Auditorium sized. Our only light source-- a beam of daylight through the cave entrance.

**THEN-- WSHHH!** A trap door slides down and SHUTS THE CAVE ENTRANCE! Leaving our Heroes TRAPPED. *In the pitch black.*

ANDRE  
I knew it. We're all going to die. And wearing these fucking shirts.

Yes. *They're all still wearing the W.B.C. Merch attire.*

**SUDDENLY--** the 10 second countdown BEGINS. BEEP. BEEP. BEEP. 3...2...1 And then--- A new light source glows up the cave.

MARKETING EXEC 1 (O.S)  
Over here! Other way.

They whip around to find-- One of the CAVE WALLS is actually an IMAX sized SCREEN. And on the screen is--

A ZOOM session with a HOTEL BOARDROOM full of W.B.C. EMPLOYEES!

BARBARA  
Hey everyone! Oh wow, look how clear you guys are. You never know with zoom.

**NOTE: This scene will intercut between the ZOOM meeting in the hotel boardroom and our heroes in the cave.**

BARBARA (CONT'D)  
My name is Barbara, and we're the marketing team.

CHARLIE  
(whispering to Andre)  
Barbara Steinmen. Head of Marketing.  
Mr. Marks poached her from Deloitte last year. There's a lawsuit.

IN BOARDROOM-- Floor to ceiling glass windows. Panoramic views of the island. The side door opens. In comes MIKE. He's indulging in some DIP N' DOTS.

MIKE  
Oh shit am I late!? My bad everybody.  
"Island time", haha!

Erik's had enough. He breaks down--

ERIK  
HELP US! GET US OUT OF HERE!!!

Our other heroes decide to join in...

IN BOARDROOM-- We watch our team crying for help. But there is no AUDIO coming out of the TV.

MARKETING EXEC

Oh I should mention, we disabled audio in the spirit of our exercise. Which is... CHARADES! How fun right!? We, in marketing, are all about creativity and there's no better way for you to showcase your creativity than with an old fashion game of charades... But not just a normal game of Charades, that's what the boring fortune 500 companies do. Here at W.B.C., we make it interesting.

*SUDDENLY-- THE GROUND begins to RUMBLE! Rocks fall. Air pressure pockets explode around the cave. Unleashing a torrent of STEAM.*

*POOF! A wall pocket pops open. **LAVA** begins to ooze out of it.*

*Yep, you heard right... **FUCKING LAVA.***

*Gushing down the walls. Then POOF! Another. And another. Lava's spouting all over the place like a bad kitchen leak. Creating a fiery MOAT around our heroes.*

JANE

That looks a lot like lava.

ANDRE

What the actual EFF is happening!?!?

BARBARA

Yes. That is Lava. And it's going to fill up the whole cave. Quickly. The only way out, is above you.

Everyone's heads dart up-- There is a TUNNEL about 30 feet up.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

What you can't see is a mechanical ramp at the base of that tunnel. It will incrementally drop down with every charade we guess correctly. And after we've gotten them all, 'voila', the ramp will be at your feet, and you will be free!

ANDRE

This bitch is crazy.

JANE

I haven't played charades in ages.

BARBARA

I don't want to waste any more of your time. So... let the Charading begin!

An OUTLOOK UPDATE pops up on our heroes' cuffs-- "**PARTY POOPER**".

SPLSHH! PFFFFF! Lava GUSHING closer and closer! We huddle up with our team. Charlie takes point--

*What follows is the most high stakes game of CHARADES imaginable.*

They all hold up TWO FINGERS to the camera. for "2 words".

JANE

Okay. I'll squat. You four pair up and dance with each other.

EVA

No one dances at parties anymore.

JANE

God, does your generation have any fun?

ANDRE

Not having fun is the new having fun.

Eva lays on the floor--

EVA

Charlie, Andre grab my legs. Hold me upside down. Like I'm doing a keg stand. Erik pretend like you're playing beer pong. Jane, get squatting!

Our marketing team lean forward in their chairs. Squinting eyes.

SHOUTING OUT

Beer olympics!/squatting!/Hangover shits/frat bros... Ohhh ohh! PARTY POOPER!

VRRFFFF-- A ramp extends from the tunnel and drops at an angle!

ANDRE

Hey! Why'd it stop!?

They look at their cuff. It reads "1/5 complete"!

ERIK

We have five more of these!? This place is going to blow any minute!

Next up -- "**WILL SMITH SLAPPING CHRIS ROCK**"

QUICK SHOTS: 5 fingers go up. Andre points to a rock. Eva runs up to Charlie and SLAPS him across the face. Erik freezes into the Oscars statue pose.

MARKETING CHAD  
 Rock! Slap! Slap Rock in the face? OH!  
 OH! Will Smith Slapping Chris Rock!

Boom. Another one down. The ramp extends. But the LAVA TIDE is rising fast! More air pockets BURST! The heat palpable. Our heroes sweating like they're in a SAUANA. *Because they are.*

Next up-- **"FYRE FESTIVAL"**

EVA  
 Erik. You seem like a fyre survivor,  
 any ideas?

ERIK  
 For you information I actually am a  
 Fyre survivor.

ANDRE  
 STOP IT! No you were not!

CHARLIE  
 Andre! Can we table this?

Andre settles himself. Sidebars with Erik--

ANDRE  
 We are so circling back on that.

*They begin to dance. But without audio, it looks like they're just a bunch of Dead Heads...*

Charlie points to the Lava. Gestures the billowing smoke.

MARKETING KAREN  
 Music. Dancing. Headphones. Lava.

CHARLIE  
 It's not working. we gotta pivot!

ANDRE  
 Jane, Eva pretend like you're models  
 taking selfies. Erik pop an imaginary  
 collar.

Eva and Jane pucker their lips. Jane mimics a selfie stick pic. Erik is aggressively popping an imaginary collar over and over.

MARKETING KAREN  
 Oh duh. Fyre Festival!

VRFFF-- The ramp extends further! It's within arms reach!

But more Crevices burst from the roof of the cave! Lava starts pouring down on them like a deathly shower head!

Next-- **"SCANDOVAL"**

CHARLIE

Okay. Next up is... Scandal Oval?

ANDRE

It's Scandoval! Do you live under a rock?!

NO ONE knows what this is. Andre paces. Stressed. It's up to him.

EVA

Andre, don't worry... You got this.

Then-- A DROP OF LAVA spouts from the rock and lands on Erik's SHOE. Burning through to his feet! Charlie PATS OUT the flame!

ERIK

AHHHHH!!!!!! Andre Hurry!

Andre holds. Then, he shoots us a heroic gaze--

*QUICK SHOTS: Charlie pretending to roll a camera. Erik is the "boom operator". Andre kisses Eva. Then Kisses Jane. Then gets slapped by both. Then acts out the infamous apology video.*

ON-- BOARDROOM... Our execs turn their heads trying to decipher what our heroes are acting out. Then we see--

MIKE

Oh I know. I know! Scandoval!

Everyone's shocked Mike knew that. He recoils.

VRFFFFFF-- The ramp is so close THIS IS THE LAST ONE!

The final card-- **"CAITLIN CLARK"**

*QUICK SHOTS: 2 fingers. Eva acts out shooting a three pointer. The rest of the team stand around clapping.*

FEMALE EXEC

Oh I think maybe it's...

MALE EXEC 1

Steph Curry!

FEMALE EXEC (CONT'D)

It might be...

MALE EXEC 2

Lebron James, Michael Jordan

FEMALE EXEC (CONT'D)

Should we...

MALE EXEC 4

KOBE!

FEMALE EXEC (CONT'D)                            MALE EXEC 6  
Guys! Listen to me!                            OH! Jeremy Lin!!!!!!

The female exec LEAPS UP in the boardroom. Blood boiling.

FEMALE EXEC (CONT'D)  
CAITLIN CLARK!

Bingo! The male execs exchange sheepish glances.

THEN-- ANOTHER CREVICE begins to crack! This one would eat up the whole cave with Lava!

And just as all seems lost, THE RAMP REACHES THE GROUND!

CHARLIE  
Come on!!

Our heroes race up the ramp into the tunnel just as KA-BLOOM!! The crevice erupts and lava swallows the cave hole!

**EXT. CAVE - CONTINUOUS**

Our team leap out of the TUNNEL! Smoke and dust shoots them into the jungle foliage--

CHARLIE  
Everyone okay?!

ANDRE  
I am like so over this company.

**INT. JUNGLE TRAIL - DUSK**

Mosquitos and creepy crawlers follow our crew like paparazzi. Eva, again at the head of the pack. Jane, right by her side.

JANE  
You know, you remind me of myself when I was your age. Bold. Brave. Beautiful tits.

EVA  
Yup. That's me in a nutshell.

JANE  
You have quite the guard up. You really need some Netflix and chilling.

Eva looks back at Charlie. A slight curiosity in her eye. Then--

EVA  
I don't chill.

OVER TO Charlie-- Looking at his cuff...

CHARLIE  
We're nearing EOD! We should start to think about a place to set up camp. Mr. Marks always said the best employee is a well rested one.

ERIK  
Have you always been such a corporate boy scout?

ANDRE  
Yes. He has.

ERIK  
You need to get laid, man.

ANDRE  
Preach.

CHARLIE  
Hey I might not be Casanova, but I get laid.

ANDRE  
(to Erik; making the jerk off motion)  
The guy rips through Costco packs of shea butter lotion and Kleenex like it's his job.

CHARLIE  
Dude! Come on! Not cool!

Everyone goes quiet. And then--

JANE  
I masturbate.

ANDRE  
Okay, Jane. I need to have a serious conversation with you about, like, the way you talk. It's completely unhinged. You know what? You're on time out.

Charlie looks up ahead. Eva's nowhere in sight.

CHARLIE  
Where'd Eva go? Eva!? Eva!?

ERIK  
 Damsel in distress. Just like A.J  
 predicted.

Then--

EVA (O.S)  
 Guys! Over here!

They follow Eva's voice up a ridge to a...

POP WIDE-- A massive *TROPICAL CANOPY* nestled between the jungle growth. Patio misters. Ice chests full of **LA CROIX** and **SMART WATERS**. A Picnic table covered in **FINGER FOODS**. And an **H.R. STAND** filled with **BROCHURES** and **PAMPHLETS** on employee benefits.

Our reaction mirrors our heroes. *Slack-jawed. Is this real?*

CHARLIE  
 It's...so...beautiful...

EVA  
 It's gotta be a trap.

ANDRE  
 Whyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy!!!! Why can't it just  
 be like a good thing for once!?

There's a large PACKAGE underneath the canopy. Erik's name is written on it. He walks over and opens it. A note inside reads-- **"You're doing great kiddo! - Dad"**

*INSIDE IS-- A twin CASPER mattress rolled up and a SLEEPING BAG.* Erik's face is riddled with emotions. Thankful, but clearly a hint of embarrassment behind his eyes.

ERIK  
 It's not a trap. It's from my dad.

Andre SPRINTS to the finger foods table. Eva approaches Erik.

EVA  
 Such a whittllle daddy's boiii.

Off Erik's annoyance we go to--

**EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT**

*Our heroes are settled around a CAMPFIRE. Everyone except Eva.*

Andre furiously shakes his vape. It's out of battery. He's trying to milk every last bit of nicotine. We've all seen these people. They're at every party we go to. Maybe they're even you.

ANDRE  
I would eat an unforgivable amount of  
ass for a USB-C charger right now.

Jane's reading one of the EMPLOYEE BENEFITS PAMPHLETS.

JANE  
Wow they offer a 50% 401k match.

Erik lays across his CASPER mattress.

ERIK  
I didn't know new hires over 60 we're  
given 401k accounts.

Erik chuckles. Andre smacks Erik's arm.

ANDRE  
Be nice.

ERIK  
I was just kidding!

CHARLIE  
They also have unlimited PTO and their  
offices are pet friendly.

ANDRE  
Good because I'm going to need a  
freaking service poodle if I survive  
this hellhole.

Jane takes note of Eva's absence.

JANE  
Eva! 'Double-You' 'Why' 'Aye'?

Andre and Co. look at each other, baffled.

CHARLIE  
You never actually say that. That's  
something you just type.

*ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CAMP--*

Eva is huddled under a makeshift fort she built. She's crafting  
weapons from jungle materials. Determination in her eyes, she  
prepares for the challenges that lie ahead.

*LATER... BACK AT THE BONFIRE--*

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
So, why do you think your dad didn't  
pull you out of onboarding?

ERIK

I dunno. I think he wants me to like grow or whatever. Make sure I'm roughing it, like everyone else.

*As Erik gets extra comfy on his CASPER MATRESS...*

ANDRE

Yeah you're really "roughing it".

The camp quiets. Our heroes introspective for a moment.

JANE

You know, today was a total mess. But I haven't had that much fun since Ernie was alive. It's nice being part of a team again. Kind of like having a family. Something I would really like right about now. It's been a lonely few months...

This moment is real. Raw. Pure. And then--

ERIK

Why don't you buy one of those Syrian kids or something?

ANDRE

Erik!

ERIK

What? I'm just saying. If you're lonely, adopt.

JANE

I'm too old to raise a child by myself.  
(beat)

I suppose that's why I asked your father for a job after Ernie passed. I just didn't want to be alone.

ERIK

Well, that backfired.

JANE

Maybe. Maybe not. Time will tell.

**EXT. JUNGLE CAMPSITE - NIGHT**

It's the middle of the night. Everyone's asleep. Eva steps out of her makeshift tent and tiptoes to the dwindling BONFIRE.

CHARLIE (O.S)  
Couldn't sleep either, huh?

REVEAL: Charlie by the fire. Wiping dirt off his W.B.C. MERCH HAT-- making the company logo visible.

Eva takes a seat, adds a few logs to the fire--

EVA  
How do you stand looking at that thing  
after the day we've had.

CHARLIE  
Well these are custom made for the 2024  
class. So there are only like a 100 of  
them in the world. An instant  
collector's item. My only tangible  
asset, at the moment actually.

EVA  
What is it with you and this company?

CHARLIE  
What do you mean? It's the number one  
financial firm in the world.

EVA  
Yeah. That's the reason we're here.  
But you, I don't know. There's  
something else. I can tell. Something  
deeper. Something personal.

Charlie's uncomfortable. No part of him wants to discuss this.  
*But there's something about Eva he can't say no to.*

CHARLIE  
When I was a kid my dad would always  
drive me by the West Bridge offices. He  
would go on and on about how one day,  
he would work there.

Charlie gets vulnerable. Real vulnerable.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
And that once he got the job, he'd make  
enough money to buy a real house with a  
yard. Send me to a good school. Family  
vacations. Yada Yada... I actually used  
to day dream he would take us to  
Jamaica. I was a big Bob Marley guy.

A light chuckle from the two. Eva's beginning to warm to him.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Anyways, it was always WestBridge this, WestBridge that. And then one day I came home...and he was gone.

(beat)  
He'd left. No goodbye. No note. Changed his number. I even tried emailing him. But I just kept getting bounce backs.

EVA  
Wow. I'm so sorry. That's terrible.

CHARLIE  
He never made it to WestBridge. He was a coward and ran from it. I promised myself right then and there, that I would become the man he was too afraid to be.

Charlie loses himself in his thoughts. Stares off.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Anyways. I guess that's the back story for my WestBridge hard on.

The two now very close to each other. Charlie holds Eva's gaze, and for the first time... She holds his.

EVA  
So what happened to the boy who loved Bob Marley?

CHARLIE  
He switched to podcasts. Better R.O.I.

EVA  
That's too bad.

CHARLIE  
Why?

EVA  
Because Reggae rocks.

Eva stands up, walks back to her tent. Leaving Charlie completely entranced.

**INT. HOTEL DINNING ROOM - MORNING**

A breakfast buffet like you've never seen. Greasy bacon. Syrup lathered french toast. Fruit platters. Lines for days. Except at the omelette station-- which is a ghost town.

Hank's eating at a table, alone. Until--

Mr. Marks, dressed head to toe in the newest VUORI athletic wear, takes a seat next to him.

JONATHAN MARKS

Ahhh, what a wonderful morning. Sleep well?

HANK

Not particularly. No.

JONATHAN MARKS

Well, you'll sleep when you're dead.  
Unless you believe in reincarnation...  
If you do, there's this fantastic book  
you MUST read.

HANK

I don't believe in reincarnation.

Mr. Marks stares into Hanks soul.

JONATHAN MARKS

Who hurt you Hanky Panky.

HANK

If I had to put a finger on it. I'd  
probably say, you.

A tense beat. And then Mr. Marks starts to chuckle.

JONATHAN MARKS

You know, you're one of those people,  
who don't mean to be funny. But are  
just a total crack up. I don't know  
what it is. Maybe your face or  
something? Whatever it is, it's a gift.

HANK

Thanks.

JONATHAN MARKS

So, talk to me young grasshopper. For  
what purpose did you call this meeting.  
And if you could make it quick. I got  
pickleball in ten minutes. No wait...

Mr. Marks checks his watch. We hold on this for a long beat.

JONATHAN MARKS (CONT'D)

Nine minutes.

An eye roll from Hank. *His boss is a legit clown.*

HANK

We're losing record numbers. Like I feared we would.

JONATHAN MARKS

But Erik is okay, right? He's fine?

HANK

Yes, your son is fine. But--

JONATHAN MARKS

Butts are for Cancun, Hank. We're in the Caribbean.

HANK

Sir, sometimes you say things that make me want to literally leave my own body.

JONATHAN MARKS

You're welcome.

(jumping up)

Just trust the onboarding process and relax! Today is going to be special, just you wait.

Off Mr. Marks grabbing a Chocolate Croissant off Hank's plate--

**EXT. JUNGLE CAMPSITE - DAY**

ON: Charlie asleep. Andre KICKS him awake.

ANDRE (O.S)

Wake up you whore.

Charlie rubs the sleep off his eyes. Our heroes stand over him.

JANE

Get enough beauty sleep?

CHARLIE

Yeah. Sorry guys.

ERIK

Come on then! Those fuckers crammed our cals with back-to-backs all day.

EVA

By fuckers you mean your dad, right?

Erik grunts. Charlie checks his wristwatch calendar. It is indeed PACKED w/ BACK TO BACKS. *We hate to see it...*

ANDRE  
I can't believe I am about to do this  
entire day without nicotine.

**EXT. VARIOUS LOCATIONS - MONTAGE**

*NOTE: This montage will feature snippets of other new hire teams navigating life-threatening onboarding courses, interspersed throughout. It will be packed with high-octane, trailer-worthy moments.*

**MUSIC CUE: "Emergency" By Icona Pop**

---The hotel pool, ICONA POP performs. W.B.C. Employees splashing away like they're at WET REPUBLIC. It makes the other night's show look like a concert in the park.

---Hank is stuck in the Control Room. Sequestered, watching this epic pool party over the security monitors.

---WILD GOOSE CHASE COURSE, Except Charlie and Co. are the "goose" and they are chased by WILD ANIMALS.

---HOTEL BALLROOM, Mark Cuban is the Guest Speaker. Mark fucking Cuban. And he absolutely crushes it. The crowd goes nuts. He hoses the audience with literal corporate kool aid.

---A LITERAL MINEFIELD EXCERCISE. Charlie and Eva are paired up. Eva is blindfolded. Charlie has to communicate the safest path.

---CORPORATE LADDER OF DEATH, our heroes have to CLIMB up a three hundred foot ladder etched into a CLIFF. With no ropes...

---These moments are SCARY. HYSTERICAL. FUN. We're getting a front row seat to Eva and Charlie's playful banter. Their wandering eyes...

---Andre and Jane, a duo we are slowly falling in love with.

---Erik becomes tolerable. Even saving Charlie from a fall.

---The hotel is FIRING! Mark Cuban now in the pool dancing his face off. He even places some bets in the INCUBATOR DOME with Mr. Marks! Karen makes a move on Cuban, but he denies her.

---Camaraderie across the island at an all time high, both in the jungle and at the hotel.

---WE END ON, Charlie and Co. on a river bank. A stack of CARDBOARD BOXES next to them. A notification pops up on their CUFFS from the RISK MANAGEMENT TEAM.

**"A DAY IN OUR LIFE. OH CAPTAIN, MY CAPTAIN..."**

---Our heroes determine they need to build a BOAT.

---QUICK SHOTS: of our team hard at work constructing the vessel. We get the sense this is going to look awesome...

**EXT. RIVER - DAY**

...But our senses are *wrong*. The boat is PITIFUL. Middle school cardboard rafts look better than this. It barely treads water as we stroll down river.

*But the backdrop-- It's beautiful. Calm. Luscious tropics.*

EVA

See, now this is more like it. Last session of the day seems to be a breeze.

Eva rolls up her sleeves. Puts her hair in a bun. And sprawls out, soaking up the sun. Charlie stares longingly at Eva. He's interrupted when--

ERIK

Make the move, bro.

CHARLIE

What!? No way. Look at her. She's like, that. And I'm like, this.

ERIK

Sometimes a little bit of this and a little bit of that, works. I heard you two chatting last night. You guys have some real synergy. I mean that.

Charlie's bullish. But realistic.

ERIK (CONT'D)

Look, that's not the type of woman who's wasting her time talking to anyone she doesn't want to... She hasn't said a single word to me in like four hours.

Charlie thinks. Maybe Erik is right.

CHARLIE

But like, here? In the middle of all this? Seems like, a bit tone deaf, no?

ERIK

I'm going to level with you. I've never understood what tone deaf means. But all I can say is, you can kick this can down the road for as long as you want. But who knows how much time you have left...

(off Charlie)

You know...In case you die.

CHARLIE

Yeah, I got that. Thanks.

OVER TO-- Andre, doing his best to teach Jane the slang she so desperately wishes to learn.

ANDRE

...no it means like no joke. Like it's true. So you say like "T-swift's new album is lit, no cap."

JANE

Ahhh, it's a term for honesty.

ANDRE

Sure.

EVA

Show us what you got Jane!

Andre grabs Jane's shoulders. Dead serious--

ANDRE

Stick to the fundamentals.

JANE

(clearing throat; then)  
The tea is that Eva is ghosting her jungle bae, Charlie. Because she wants to flex her rizz. That's what she said.

The boat erupts in laughter, except for Andre.

ANDRE

I don't even know why I try. How many times have we gone over "that's what she said"!?

*THEN* Suddenly-- BMMFFFF! BMMMMF! The river RATTLES. As if a T-Rex was stomping nearby. Our heroes inspect the water.

ANDRE (CONT'D)

What was that?

BMFFFF! BMMMMF! More rattles. The earth begins to vibrate.

JANE  
Something tells me that noise is coming  
to kill us.

Eva puts her hand in the water.

EVA  
The current is picking up.

*UNDERWATER SHOT-- We see VENTS OPEN from the ground. Spouting pressurized air! The current begins to CHURN!*

Charlie thinks to himself. A lightbulb goes off--

CHARLIE  
Risk Management... They mitigate risks  
associated with market volatility...

EVA  
Volatile conditions... Rapids...

ANDRE  
This island fucking blows!

Our heroes start to get pummeled by water. *Each of them BARKING orders over the other. It's chaos.*

THEN, UP AHEAD-- are CLASS 5 RAPIDS!

ERIK  
Everyone! SHUT UP! We're not helping  
the situation!

CHARLIE  
He's right! We need to streamline the  
process!  
(to Eva)  
Was there river rafting at wilderness  
camp?

EVA  
Yeah...

CHARLIE  
Okay Everyone! Eva's running point!  
Whatever she says, goes. Do you  
understand!?

EVERYONE  
YES!

Eva takes a deep breath. Category 5 rapids getting closer!

EVA

Okay! A quick rafting lesson! If I say forward you paddle forward once. If I say forward twice. You paddle twice. If I say forward left. Only the left side paddles. Same with right. Do you understand!?

EVERYONE

Yes!

And we are off to the races. A rafting sequence like none other.

EVA

Forward! Forward LEFT!

Charlie paddles even though he's on the RIGHT.

ERIK

Are you TRYING to kill us!?

CHARLIE

Sorry! Sorry!

Our boat PINBALLS around the CHOPPY RAPIDS. BANG! BANG! SMASHING from boulder to boulder. Eva continues to bark orders.

EVA

Left! No right! Wait forward!

JANE

MAKE UP YOUR MIND WOMAN!

EVA

LEFT!

They slip into a WATER HOLE! Eva pushes off a boulder with her paddle-- SLINGSHOTTING the boat onto a rollercoaster ride.

A notification pops up on Charlies CUFF. "Destination in 100ft".

CHARLIE

(looking at the MAPS app)

The drop off is just up ahead!

They hit a rock pocket and Erik goes FLYING off the boat! Head first into the white water MUSH!

ANDRE

ERIK!!!

Then-- Erik SPRINGS out of the water! GASPING FOR AIR! He's close to shore. Close enough to swim to it. And so he goes--

Erik plops onto the rocky ravine. Catches his breath. He gets a notification on his CUFF-- "**DESTINATION REACHED**"

ERIK  
Guys! This is the drop off! Paddle here!

Our heroes paddle their hearts out-- Finally making it over. One by one they jump out and swim ashore. Next up, Charlie and Eva. But just as they are about to leap out-- WOOOSH!!!!

The raft is SUCKED BACK into the RAPIDS through a whirlpool.

ERIK (CONT'D)  
Charlie! Eva! Wait!!!

Charlie and Eva are sprung back in the thick of the category 5!

CHARLIE  
We need to circle back! We need to  
circle back!

EVA  
We can't just "circle back"!

POP WIDE to see-- a gigantic WATERFALL up ahead!

CHARLIE  
Oh boy.

Eva looks to her left then right. She's out of ideas... She grabs her paddle--

EVA  
It's time Charlie!

CHARLIE  
Time for what?!

EVA  
It's time to push that envelope.

Charlie, jubilant that Eva remembered their earlier conversation, but his excitement quickly fades as he realizes what Eva truly means as she--

PADDLES TOWARD THE WATERFALL!

CHARLIE  
Wait! No! We don't need to push the envelope! It's fine where it is! Let's pull it back!

SLOW MO-- a dramatic early 2000's song plays as Charlie and Eva paddle through category 5 rapids into a WATERFALL. For now let's say "**HERO**" by **Enrique Iglesias** because why not.

This is in the trailer.

THEY GO FLYING OFF THE WATERFALL! Clearing the wake, they free fall...and fall...and fall into--

**--BOTTOM OF WATERFALL--**

WHOMP! They SPLASH into the water. We lose them underneath the mist. The BOAT-- pummeled by thousands of gallons of water.

Andre, Jane, and Erik watch in horror.

**EXT. RIVER RAVINE - LATER**

CLOSE ON-- Eva's lifeless body floats down river. A HAND appears, and grabs her by the collar, pulling her ashore. Its--

CHARLIE... Scraped up, but alive. He moves Eva's hair out of her face. Gently tapping her cheeks.

CHARLIE  
Eva. Eva. Stay with me.

He panics. Then bends over to give her CPR.

Eva's eyes dart OPEN. She COUGHS UP river water. And SHOVES Charlie off her!

EVA  
What the hell was that!?

CHARLIE  
I was trying to save your life!

EVA  
Was I not breathing?

CHARLIE  
I don't know I forgot to check! It was all happening so fast.

EVA  
Well next time make sure the person you're trying to save actually needs saving before you go sticking your tongue down their throat.

CHARLIE  
I didn't use any tongue!

Eva looks around, there is no waterfall in sight.

EVA  
Where are we?

CHARLIE  
My guess, we probably drifted about a mile or two down river. And our chances of survival are depreciating every minute we aren't with our team.

EVA  
Thanks for the calculation.  
(inspecting her surroundings)  
We'll head up that ridge over there.  
It'll give us a vantage point.  
Hopefully we'll be able to spot some smoke from our camp.

Eva crawls up on her own.

EVA (CONT'D)  
And no more unsolicited "life saving".

CHARLIE  
Wouldn't think of it.

**EXT. RIDGE SWITCHBACKS - LATER**

Eva and Charlie trudge up the mountain. *Charlie looks at his watch.*

CHARLIE  
So, what's your story?

EVA  
I don't have one.

CHARLIE  
Everyone has a story.

EVA  
Not this girl.

CHARLIE  
Come on. I just spilled a whole Jerry Springer episode on you last night.

EVA  
And...?

CHARLIE  
And, it's time for his next guest.

EVA  
Jerry Springer was cancelled in 2018.

Charlie decides to let it go. The moment fills with silence.

EVA (CONT'D)  
I really don't have a story. I'm just  
me. There's no grand history to it.  
Some people are just not that  
interesting. And I'm one of them.

Charlie stops Eva.

CHARLIE  
I think you're interesting.

The two hold each other's gaze. A slight smile from both--  
Until... A BLADE enters frame and is pressed right up against  
Charlie and Eva's NECK! We're frozen with fear.

CUT TO:

**INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY**

Hank's practicing his swing on a putting mat, when a  
notification pops on the BIG SCREEN. New Hire #27 and #28's  
lights are now FLASHING **RED**!

At the switchboard, he pulls up their profiles. It's Charlie and  
Eva. He recognizes Charlie. Hank's face fills with guilt--

HANK  
Damnit.

**EXT. WATERFALL PLUNGE POOL - DAY**

Andre, Erik, and Jane scour the area. Determined, but fearful.  
The billowing mist and spray make the search near impossible.

JANE  
Charlie! Eva! Charlie!

Andre sits on a rock. Palming his face. Erik walks over--

ERIK  
Maybe they went back up the ridge to  
find us.

ANDRE  
Sure, but also, maybe they're dead!

ERIK  
We don't know that. Let's keep looking.

Erik pulls Andre up. Jane follows behind--

**EXT. JUNGLE TRAIL - DUSK**

We're with a pack of face painted, weapon carrying, *TRIBESMEN* as they march through the thick jungle brush. Clad in BURNING MAN attire. These people feel both retro and futuristic all at once.

Sandwiched between the bunch we see *Eva* and *Charlie* ALIVE! Hands bound with jungle rope--

EVA  
EXCUSE ME!! Where are you taking us!?  
Hey, I'm talking to you!

CHARLIE  
Eva!

EVA  
What?!

CHARLIE  
We don't want to piss them off. We can't afford to burn any bridges.

EVA  
This isn't a merger, Charlie!

CHARLIE  
We don't know that. It could be.

Eva spots a KNIFE on the tribesman's belt. She REACHES for it, GRABS it, and cuts herself free. In a swift move, she DROP KICKS the tribesman to the floor and MAKES A RUN FOR IT!

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Well, that's a pivot.

**EXT. JUNGLE BRUSH - CONTINUOUS**

Eva WIZES past jungle greenery. Tribesmen in quick pursuit. A few zig zags and Eva thinks she's in the clear. Until--

A LASSO wraps around her chest and yanks her into the bushes!

There, a tribesman covers her mouth and points up to the trees where-- A SECURITY CAMERA sits atop a large metal rod.

TRIBESMEN  
We can't have them see...

**EXT. JUNGLE TRAIL - LATER**

Eva and Charlie press on in single file, but now Eva is being carried, her body dangling from a wooden spit like a pig ready to be roasted. Charlie can't help but chuckle to himself.

EVA  
I don't want to hear it, Charlie.

*Suddenly, the jungle brush clears and the group arrive at--*

**EXT. DIRT ENCLAVE - CONTINUOUS**

A MASSIVE HUT stands resolute. Daunting. We can't see what's inside. The entrance is silhouetted like a black void.

More villagers emerge from the trees. Also clad in BURNER attire. They form a circle around Eva and Charlie. CHANTING. CLAPPING. It's tribal. Almost ceremonial.

CHARLIE  
I think we're going to be eaten.

EVA  
Oh come on. These people aren't cannibals!

CHARLIE  
They have the look.

EVA  
The look?! You know a lot of cannibals now, do you?

CHARLIE  
Two.  
(off Eva's astonishment)  
Okay, three.

Eva and Charlie are forced to their knees. A Tribeswoman slithers forward. Let's call her **MELINDA**.

MELINDA  
Quiet!... Before us lay two lost souls.  
Swimming in a fishbowl. Year after year.

EVA  
Did she just quote Pink Floyd?

MELINDA  
 But it is not I who control their fate.  
 It is the will of The Janitor.

THE CROWD  
 Ja-ni-tor! Ja-ni-tor! Ja-ni-tor!

EVA  
 Okay maybe they are cannibals.

A Man steps out from the hut. *The crowd goes silent; in awe.*

Meet--**THE JANITOR**. Bamboo crown. Snakeskin sandals. Straw hula skirt. A Jeff Goldblum fever dream, if he never made it out of Jurassic Park.

But that's not all he is. He's also Charlie's--

CHARLIE  
DAD?????

JANITOR  
 Well I'll be God dammed. Charlemagne is that you?

*OFF-- Eva and the villagers' "HOLY SHIT" expressions--*

CUT TO:

**INT. MR. MARKS HOTEL SUITE - DAY**

OVER a DOOBIE BROTHERS song in the background...

CLOSE ON-- a capsule of VIAGRA PILLS. Next to it is Jonathan Marks. Railing a crushed up LINE of VIAGRA.

Newly energized, he goes into a performative dance. Like a bird MATING CALL. Karen is in sexy lingerie on the couch.

Mr. Marks jumps on to the couch and crawls toward Karen.

JONATHAN MARKS  
 ALL aboard! Woof. Oh yeah. It's cosmic.  
 I feel it. The universe expanding. And so am I... I think it's time for some vertical integration.

KAREN  
 Let's break some silos you bad boy.

Then his door BURSTS OPEN! His security guard **RICO** storms in.

RICO  
Sir, we have a problem.

**INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY**

Hank pours himself a shot of whiskey. CHARLIE'S PROFILE is still up on the monitor. An **X** across his picture. Hank raises his shot.

HANK  
To you, Charlie.

JONATHAN MARKS (O.S)  
Don't drink that just yet.

REVEAL: Mr. Marks, Karen, and Rico at the door...

*LATER--*

Rico cues up security footage on a monitor.

Hank is sandwiched between Mr. Marks and Karen on a couch. Hank looks around the room-- a plethora of open seating...

HANK  
There's plenty of seating available.

JONATHAN MARKS  
I want to be as close to you as possible, Hank. I want to feel your pulse as you watch this video, as if it were my own...

RICO  
Here we go, boss.

ON THE SCREEN-- FOOTAGE of Eva's failed escape from earlier. We see her get LASSO'ED and pulled out of frame.

HANK  
I'm sorry am I missing something?

JONATHAN MARKS  
Bet your hairy ass you're missing something! Look at the time stamp.

Hank looks. "16:35:23".

HANK  
Okay...

Rico now pulls up the betting boards. He clicks on "New Hire 27", which is Eva. The time of death reads "15:22:47".

JONATHAN MARKS

Now I'm a firm believer that time is a figment of our imagination. Except in regards to this. How is this woman coming back from the dead?!

HANK

That's not possible.

KAREN

Well, clearly it is.

JONATHAN MARKS

You said those wristbands were indestructible. You said there's a better chance someone gets a perfect March Madness bracket than decoding your wristbands.

HANK

You said that, sir. Not me.

JONATHAN MARKS

That's not the point! This is a big big no no, Hank. New Hire 27 is out and about Naked and Afraid-ing all over MY JUNGLE.

Jonathan starts to pace around the room. He KNOCKS OVER a MUG. It shatters on the floor.

HANK

My mother gave me that.

JONATHAN MARKS

This is a sticky situation Hank. Yes. Very very sticky. I don't like sticky stuff. It sticks to you.

(to Rico)

Rico. I want to get Erik out of there immediately. Before anything else gets screwed up.

(to Hank)

And as for you. You must harmonize this chaos and restore balance on my island.

HANK

By doing what?

JONATHAN MARKS

You got to kill her, Hank. Kill her good. Kill her like you've never killed anyone before.

HANK  
I haven't killed anyone before.

JONATHAN MARKS  
Sure... And I don't have two  
illegitimate kids in Cartagena.

Awkward silence. And then to both Rico and Hank--

JONATHAN MARKS (CONT'D)  
Actually. Kill all four of them. Erik's  
whole team. There's no telling what  
they know. Rico, I need your muscle on  
this one, too. Hank, if I don't have  
all four of those new hires' heads.  
It'll be yours, next...

OFF Hank's demoralized face--

**INT. HUT - DAY**

Charlie and Eva sip tea on STRAW MATS. The Janitor, AKA,  
CHARLIE'S DAD is on a cushioned VAPE. *We will now refer to  
Charlie's dad by his real name, **LARRY BUCKNER**.*

LARRY  
This is a fucking trip, man. We are  
like spitting images of each other.  
Except my jaw is a bit more chiseled.  
And I don't think my hairline has  
receded as much as yours has.  
(sizing up Charlie)  
Are you done growing? Or...?

CHARLIE  
Yeah. I'm done growing, Dad! What the  
fuck is going on?! What are you doing  
here?! Where-- How-- I have so many  
questions.

LARRY  
Well, fire away.

CHARLIE  
Is this why you walked out on Mom and  
me? To become fucking Tarzan.

LARRY  
First of all, don't knock Tarzan. That  
man is a literary treasure. And second  
of all, no I did not walk out on you  
and your mother.

EVA  
Can I get some more tea. That's delicious.

CHARLIE  
Do you mind?! I'm in the middle of interrogating my estranged father.

LARRY  
Hold the phone Charlemagne. Just father. No estrangement.

CHARLIE  
The 20 years of no communication would say otherwise.

LARRY  
Well if you'd give me a minute to explain myself. I could--

CHARLIE  
No! You know what, no. I've gone through like eight therapists in my life, and the only thing they all agree on is that you are a complete total asshole...And that I have a slight gambling addiction.

(to Eva)  
But manageable.

LARRY  
He gets that from his mother.

Eva starts to put the pieces together...

EVA  
You were a new hire, weren't you?

She looks around the room at some of the other tribesmen.

EVA (CONT'D)  
All of you. You worked for WestBridge.

LARRY  
I'd hardly call it working if you get canned before you finish onboarding.

This information smacks Charlie right in the heart.

CHARLIE  
Wait, what?

LARRY

Guess the apple didn't fall far from  
the tree.

CHARLIE

How come you never told me?

LARRY

Well if my memory serves me right, they  
had us sign NDA's. Ring a bell?

FLASHBACK TO:

**INT. AUDITORIUM - DAY**

We're back at the auditorium from the opening of the film with Charlie and the other new hires. Charlie signs NDA after NDA...

KAREN

This is for your benefit really.

**BACK TO THE PRESENT--**

CHARLIE

Okay. Sure. Might ring a bell. But, I  
still don't get it, what is this place?

LARRY

Let me show you.

**EXT. VILLAGE MAIN STREET - DAY**

LARRY guides Eva and Charlie down a path covered in a canopy of jungle overgrowth.

CHARLIE

So what, this village is filled with  
everyone who never passed WestBridge's  
onboarding?

LARRY

Yes. But we are so much more than that.  
We are the survivors. The innovators.  
The creators. We're the congregation of  
the future. The ones that decided to  
shove our middle fingers up capitalism's  
ass. We are the... Digital Nomads.

LARRY pulls two big BANANA LEAVES apart, introducing us to--

## EXT. DIGITAL NOMAD VILLAGE - CONTINUOUS

POP WIDE: A Swiss Family Robinson affair. Timber bridges. Platform levers. Tree houses with straw huts. Some with **solar panels**. It's unbelievable. A jungle paradise.

TRACKING SHOT: Larry escorts Charlie and Eva down the village's MAIN STREET-- filled with makeshift shops and huts.

FIRST UP-- Crunch the Lumbers: A wood-shop filled with wooden appliances both necessary and decorative.

LARRY

Over the years as more of us were left for dead on the island. We said enough of this pity party. Let's kick this engine into high gear. So we got cookin'.

(beat)

And boy did we cook...

Larry brings them into-- NY Steak Exchange: A meat shop with the finest cuts. There's a woman at the counter cutting meat.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Leslie! Some carpaccio for the newbies.

Leslie slices off two pieces from a LARGE TENDERLOIN. Hands it to Eva and Charlie.

EVA AND CHARLIE

Thanks.

LARRY

It's grass fed. Don't you kids love that crap?

They scuff it down.

EVA

So what...You're like the chief of the village?

LARRY

CEO actually.

Next up, Larry walks them into Boardroom Blends: An all-organic stop for coffee and juices. A man behind the makeshift counter blending up some deliciousness.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Thomas here is a wizard with a blender. I mean just divine.

(to Thomas)

(MORE)

LARRY (CONT'D)  
 They'll take two Capital-Gain Shakes.  
 (sizing Charlie up)  
 An extra scoop of protein for him.  
 (to Charlie)  
 Ever heard of a dumbbell? Jeez.

Charlie covers his arms. He notices another shop across the street-- Liquid Assets. *The town's competing Juicery*.

LARRY (CONT'D)  
 Don't go there. Hygiene Inspections  
 gave them a "C" last year.

Thomas hands Eva and Charlie their shakes.

THOMAS  
 Here you go, newbs!

They follow Larry out of the hut--

CHARLIE  
 Dad. Dad.

LARRY  
 (Ignoring Charlie)  
 You guys arrived at the the best  
 possible time. Tonight's Karaoke night.

CHARLIE  
 DAD!

Larry stops in his tracks. Turns around.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
 None of this explains why you didn't  
 come home...

LARRY  
 Charlie Boy. Look around you. We're on a  
 remote island in the middle of the  
 ocean. It's not exactly an aviation hub.

CHARLIE  
 Why didn't you fly back with WestBridge?  
 Cut your losses. Find a new job.

LARRY  
 You don't get it do you?

Larry inches closer to Eva and Charlie.

LARRY (CONT'D)  
 Listen up kids. This is the end of the  
 road.  
 (MORE)

LARRY (CONT'D)  
If you're here that means you failed the onboarding process. You either went off course, cheated, fell to your alleged deaths, whatever the reason may be. You're out of the game.

Larry contemplates how real to get right now. Then--

LARRY (CONT'D)  
Passing onboarding is crucial. The ones that do that, are golden. They're set for life. Playing lead guitar with one of the biggest bands on the planet.  
BUT. BUT. All that comes with a sacrifice. A secret you have to live with. And you can't just go spilling the beans to the cops, S.E.C, or Columbo. You do that, it'll hurt you just as much as it would hurt Mr. Marks. How come you think no one out there knows about what goes on here? Because West bridge Capital makes sure the ones that fail, never make it off the island alive.

EVA  
But we're alive. You're alive.

Larry grabs Eva and Charlie's wrists. Both CUFFS are powered OFF.

LARRY  
Not to them you're not.

**EXT. JUNGLE RIDGE - DUSK**

Andre, Erik, and Jane trek up a steep ridge.

JANE  
I think we should set up camp. It's getting pretty late.

Andre stops. Scans the horizon.

ANDRE  
You're right. You guys should. But, I'm going to keep looking. He's my best friend.

ERIK  
Then we keep looking. We're a team.

Then-- A CAMOFLAUGE JEEP burst onto the scene, scattering leaves and twigs in its wake!

RICO and another security guard step out--

ERIK (CONT'D)  
Rico?

RICO  
Erik. You have to come with us. Your father wants you back. You're done.

Erik freezes. Unsure how to react. Andre steps forward--

ANDRE  
Hi, yeah, okay so our friends are missing and we need your help.

RICO  
Erik. Get in the car.

Erik, Andre and Jane move to the car. Rico stops Andre and Jane.

RICO (CONT'D)  
Just Erik.

Rico's henchman grabs Erik and forces him into the Jeep.

ERIK  
Why can't they come!?

Andre rushes over, but Rico stops him. Showcasing the GUN nestled in his belt.

JANE  
Ha! You think a gun is going to scare us? After the weekend we've had. Please.

Rico pulls his gun on Andre and Jane. Erik watches in horror from the Jeep window.

Andre immediately raises his hands in surrender!

ANDRE  
Please don't kill me! I'm still on the season finale of Love island!

JANE  
We're not surrendering asshole!

ANDRE  
Don't listen to her. She's senile.

JANE  
How dare you!

Andre and Jane start to bicker. Rico enjoys the show. Then, Jane throws a PUNCH. Andre ducks and her fist lands an uppercut on RICO instead! Leveling him to the ground! Off everyone's shock--

JANE (CONT'D)  
RUN!!!

Andre and Jane race off through the jungle. Rico shakes it off and begins shooting! Bullets WIZ past Andre and Jane, but none make contact. We see Erik's jubilant smiles from the window.

RICO  
Damnit!

HENCHMAN  
Should we go after them, boss?

RICO  
No. Let's get Erik home. That's priority.

Off Rico's menacing glare--

**EXT. JUNGLE RIDGE - LATER**

The coast is clear. Jane and Andre catch their breath.

JANE  
I'm cramping up. I need you to stretch me out.

Jane gets on the ground and lifts her leg up for Andre. As he grabs her foot-- a BLADE comes into frame. Pressing against Andre's NECK. Jane's jaw drops. They're done for...

ANDRE  
You've GOT to be kidding me.

**EXT. TREE HOUSE PORCH - DUSK**

Charlie, newly showered, leans against the railing in a towel. He's watching Eva converse with Digital Nomad's below.

She looks up at Charlie. A newfound twinkle in her eye.

Larry approaches. Clocking His son's gaze--

LARRY (O.S)  
Slow down partner. I just got my son back, I don't know if I'm ready for grandchildren yet.

CHARLIE  
No, it's... not what it looks like.

LARRY  
It's always what it looks like.

Charlie can't help holding back a smile.

LARRY (CONT'D)  
It's good to see you Charlie boy. I've  
missed the bejeezus out of you.

CHARLIE  
Yea...it's good to see you too, Dad.

The two embrace in a long overdo HUG.

LARRY  
How's your mother?

CHARLIE  
She's good. Remarried. To a woman.

LARRY  
That explains a lot about our marriage.

CHARLIE  
What about you? Any takers here?

LARRY  
Nothing serious. I'm a lot older than  
the new crop we get each year.

CHARLIE  
Right.

LARRY  
But listen, I'm proud to see you've  
followed in your father's footsteps.  
Even if that does mean failing  
Onboarding! And I'm really looking  
forward to starting over and getting to  
know each other.

CHARLIE  
But we haven't actually failed yet,  
right? You were just saying that. We  
still have tomorrow.

LARRY  
Well, not exactly...

THEN-- the unmistakable sound of a BULL HORN in the distance.  
Like a war cry.

Digital Nomads (Which will now be referred to as **DMs** for the remainder of the script) scurry towards the sound.

LARRY (CONT'D)  
There's Clarence.

CHARLIE  
Who's Clarence?

LARRY  
Our lead Head Hunter. He's the one that snatched you and Eva up.

Pointing to Charlie's POWERED OFF CUFF--

LARRY (CONT'D)  
He's the one that disabled your cuffs.  
Wonder what the catch of the day is.

Charlie and Larry slide down the wooden pole.

**INT. HUT - DUSK**

ANDRE and JANE, surrounded by DMs. Andre's fists are up, ready to fight.

ANDRE  
Bitch, I DARE you to get any closer.

*Then-- LARRY appears. Tailed by Eva and Charlie.*

ANDRE (CONT'D)  
Charlie!!!

Andre races over to Charlie, while Eva and Jane rejoice.

ANDRE (CONT'D)  
I thought you were so freaking DEAD!

EVA  
God, is it good to see you guys.

JANE  
You look good. Lose weight? Ha.

Chuckles all around. Our heroes reunited at last. Except for--

CHARLIE  
Where's Erik?

ANDRE  
Oh. Absolutely not. Don't even get me started on that boy.

JANE  
Jonathan pulled him. Wanted him back at the hotel safe and sound. And then he tried to have us killed. It was a whole thing.

Larry and the GM's aren't following--

CHARLIE  
Erik is Jonathan Mark's son.

LARRY  
That fuck has a son?!

Jane chuckles. Her eyes meet LARRY's. It's magnetic. Fiery.

JANE  
Who's that?

CHARLIE  
My dad.

ANDRE  
Your WHAT?!

CHARLIE  
Long story.

Larry combs over his hair. Nervous. Shy. Giddy.

LARRY  
Larry. Pleasure to meet you.

JANE  
Jane. Pleasure's all mine.

ON-- JANE simmering with lust. Andre's caught in the middle--

ANDRE  
Whatever this is, it's absolutely vile.

LARRY  
How about a meal? You all must be starving.

**EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT**

Rico escorts Erik through the grounds. He's bruised, sweaty, muddy-- a complete juxtaposition to the slew of Vineyard Vines Chads and Karen's walking by.

FROM A BRIDGE-- Erik can see into the INCUBATOR DOME glass ceiling. He immediately stops. Completely lost for words.

He sees it all...The live streams. The Parlays. Betting boards.

RICO  
Better you don't look at that.

Erik can't believe it. His face boils with anger.

**EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT**

*We're in thick brush. It's calm. Quiet. And then--*

Creeeeeak! Scrrrrnnch!

The ground begins to SHIFT and pulsate! Suddenly, a hidden HATCH BURSTS open from the ground. To reveal--

HANK

Climbing out of it like a sewage worker would through a manhole. He surveys the area.

HANK  
God, I hate nature.

**EXT. VILLAGE - NIGHT**

ON an enormous PICNIC TABLE-- The whole village in attendance. Like Pilgrims at Thanksgiving.

Andre speaks with one of the "Tech-ey" DMs. He's holding his vape. Pointing at the charging portal.

ANDRE  
No. That's a USB. I need a USB-C.

Larry stands for a TOAST.

LARRY  
It's been twenty years since I landed on this mother fucker of an island. Like all of us, I never planned to live out the rest of my days here. Lucky for me, I found you dipshits...But today isn't about the past. It's about the future. And the future starts now. With these young adults. And one beautiful middle aged woman.  
(winking at Jane)  
And I couldn't be more proud that one of them is my own flesh and blood.

Andre and Jane share a concerned look. *What future?*

ANDRE  
What's he talking about Charlie?

Charlie sidebar with his Dad--

CHARLIE  
Dad, what if we don't want all of this  
as our future?

ANDRE  
Yeah, Mr. Buckner, I mean Janitor...?  
We want to go home.

LARRY  
I don't know how clearer I can make  
this... This is your home now. There  
is no way to get on that return  
flight, alive.

Charlie holds on this moment. A fire brewing in his eyes.

CHARLIE  
There has to be something we can do.  
Look, you have a whole village at your  
disposal. An army.

LARRY  
Trust me, we've tried everything.

DIGITAL NOMAD 2  
The hotel has around the clock  
security. And they have surveillance  
cameras a mile in each direction. The  
place is a fortress.

LARRY  
The only reason we're alive is because  
they don't know we exist. The second we  
attempt an attack, our cover is blown.  
And boom there goes our little  
paradise.

Our heroes drop their faces. Defeat on the horizon.

LARRY (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry guys. There is no way into  
that hotel.

*THEN...*

HANK (O.S)  
That's not entirely accurate.

Bushes RUFFLE and out comes **HANK**. Within seconds he's swarmed by a bundle of SPEARS.

CHARLIE  
Wait! Wait! Hank?

HANK  
Hi.

CHARLIE  
What are you doing here?

HANK  
Officially? I'm here to kill you.

LARRY  
Doing a pretty shit job so far.

ANDRE  
Wait, what did you just say?

HANK  
I'm here to kill you.

ANDRE  
No, before that.

HANK  
Hey.

LARRY  
I think you said "Hi."

JANE  
Yeah you said, "Hi."

ANDRE  
No! About a way into the hotel?

HANK  
I'd happily elaborate. With a few less blades in my face... Maybe a glass of water. Ohhh is that banana bread?

LATER...

Hank enjoying Banana bread as he finishes explaining.

LARRY  
Hold the phone. So you're telling us. There are secret underground tunnels all across the island.

ANDRE

HANK  
Because I built them. Every year I am entrusted with rigging the island for the new onboarding sessions. I am the architect of this whole island. My technical role is assets manager. And this island is the asset.

DM's eyes widen-- Whoa... This man is the key to all of it. One Dm stands up. A deep faith in his eyes.

## DIGITAL NOMAD

The table is quiet. What the fuck??? But then--

More and more join in. They start chanting! This riles up Hank more than we have ever seen. He attempts to hide his flattery.

HANK

Eva gets us back on track--

EVA

HANK  
My office.

JANE  
And that is...

ANDRE  
At the friggin Hotel! Get with it Jane.

Hank takes out his IPAD. Pulls up a 3D hologram of the island's underground tunnel system.

HANK  
It's how we manage the onboarding sessions. The island is essentially a theme park.

## EVA

HANK  
Test you. But yes, kill you, in some cases.

CHARLIE  
Why are you telling us all of this?

We hold on Hank. As he finally musters the courage to say--

HANK  
I guess I'm done being a B.I.A.T.C.H.  
If you guys are serious about fighting back. I can help.

Charlie looks to the DMs. Focusing on his dad--

CHARLIE  
Dad? What do you say?

Larry takes a deep breath. And then--

LARRY  
I say WestBridge Capital is due for a hostile takeover.

Our heroes and DMs cheer. The time has finally come. Charlie extends a thankful look to his Dad.

ANDRE  
Cool guys, but we still need a plan.

Charlie stares into the distance. Wheels spinning again...

CHARLIE  
I think I might have something. It's a bit out there. But it could work.

Charlie clears the table. Uses silverware and plates to lay out his PLAN--

**INT. MR. MARK'S SUITE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Erik enters freshly showered. He thinks he's alone, until--

ERIK  
Jesus! Dad, you scared the shit out of me!

Mr. Marks runs over and gives his son a big hug--

JONATHAN MARKS  
Kiddo. Thank God you're alive. I've been worried sick about you.  
(MORE)

JONATHAN MARKS (CONT'D)  
My Meridian flow has been so, just, all over the place since you went out into that jungle.

ERIK  
The jungle you put me in.

JONATHAN MARKS  
There's no point in us getting lost in the weeds on this one. I'm just happy you're back.

ERIK  
What's going to happen to the rest of my team? Charlie? Eva?

Suddenly-- The door opens and Rico escorts HANK in.

JONATHAN MARKS  
Ahh. Perfect timing! Hank here will be able to advise.  
(to Hank)  
Hank. What's come of Erik's teammates?

HANK  
They have all been taken care of...

ERIK  
What!? Why?!

JONATHAN MARKS  
Uhhh, they were... they were cheating. Yes! They were cheating the onboarding system. Badly cheating. Risking lives. Even yours.

ERIK  
They weren't cheating! I was with them the whole time.

JONATHAN MARKS  
So many things happen behind closed doors, son.

ERIK  
We didn't have any doors!

No one has an explanation. Jonathan pivots. Switching gears--

JONATHAN MARKS  
Okay. Well you must be exhausted. I left an Ambien on your nightstand. Get some sleep, kiddo.

Jonathan and Co. trickle out of the room. Erik's left trying to piece it all together.

**EXT. DIGITAL NOMAD VILLAGE - TREE HOUSE - NIGHT**

Charlie roams across a beautiful dim lit bamboo patio. Gazing out at the night stars and the sleepy village below him. Most notably a SNORING ANDRE.

He sees his dad and Jane getting extra flirty by a fire pit.

EVA (O.S)  
Can't sleep either?

We see EVA-- lying against a tree shaft.

CHARLIE  
No, I'm just a really lucid  
sleepwalker.

Eva rolls her eyes. Charlie takes a seat next to her--

EVA  
Can you believe they built this place  
with their bare hands?

CHARLIE  
I know. Talk about a sick WFH set up.

Eva's eyes veer over to LARRY and JANE down below.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Yup. I guess that's happening.

EVA  
Haha. Good for them.  
(beat)  
So how you doing with everything?

CHARLIE  
Me? What on earth could you be  
referring to?

The two chuckle. It's been a whirlwind of a 48 hours.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Im okay. I mean, I'm out a few grand in  
therapy. But I'll survive. I think my  
mind is just trying to adjust to all  
these new, uhh... variables.

The two lock eyes.

EVA

What's been the hardest variable to  
adjust to?

CHARLIE

Honestly...

Eva's breath catches in her throat. She's on pins and needles.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

You.

Her heart skips a beat. Deep down that is the answer she was  
hoping for, but she's still left speechless.

Their hands slowly meet each others touch. Charlie inches in  
for... THE KISS.

But just as their lips are about to lock-- Eva PULLS AWAY.

EVA

You don't want to do that.

CHARLIE

I'm pretty sure I do.

Charlie goes in one more time. Eva pulls away again.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

(mortified)

Okay. Cool. For sure. All good.

EVA

Charlie, I'm not good for you.

CHARLIE

Why don't you let me be the judge of  
that.

EVA

Because I know. I've gone down this  
road before and it never ends well.

CHARLIE

Well us guys aren't all the same, you  
know.

EVA

Do you want to know why I don't have a  
good "talk show story". It's because in  
my life, work comes first. This job  
comes first. And I'm willing to bypass  
anyone who gets in the way of that. And  
the reality?

(MORE)

EVA (CONT'D)

Everyone gets in the way of that. Every person on this planet is just an obstacle, competition, another person I can't trust. And truthfully, they shouldn't trust me either.

CHARLIE

I don't know what you're talking about... This would be a phenomenal Jerry Springer episode.

Eva's not in the mood for playful banter.

EVA

I'm serious Charlie! I need you to listen to me.

CHARLIE

Okay. I get it. Life's scary. People are fucked. We got front row seats to that this weekend. But look, through it all we've come out stronger. And part of something bigger than ourselves. Part of a team. And now tomorrow, we can finally put an end to this.

EVA

(sotto)

It's never going to work

CHARLIE

What?

EVA

Your plan. It's never going to work.

CHARLIE

It will. Trust me.

(gesturing themselves)

Trust this.

EVA

I don't. I can't.

Eva gets up and begins to walk away--

CHARLIE

Really!? That's it. You're going to walk away like there's nothing here?!

EVA

There isn't, Charlie. Whatever this is. It's not real. It's situational.

CHARLIE  
Can't you just be vulnerable for like  
two seconds!

Eva's already out of ears shot. Charlie scoffs. Looks down and sees his dad and Jane kissing.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Oh give me a break!

OFF Charlie we go to--

**INT. HANK'S HOTEL ROOM - MORNING**

Hank wakes up with a smile we have never seen him wear.

**INT. HUT - DIGITAL NOMAD VILLAGE - MORNING**

It's Charlie's turn to get up. Andre and Jane still in bed. Eva's bed is EMPTY. A deep inhale-- Charlie fears the worst.

**EXT. DIGITAL NOMAD VILLAGE - MORNING**

The village is lively. Everyone gears up for the imminent CLASH. Pin balling through the flurry is CHARLIE and ANDRE.

ANDRE  
You know, this is like the third day in a row where I woke up thinking, "yup this might be it".

CHARLIE  
That'll end today.

ANDRE  
Let's hope these renaissance fair freaks know how to fight.

We see Larry gathering troops in the distance--

LARRY  
Charlie Boy! It's go time! You ready?

Charlie surveys the village. Presumably for Eva-- But no sign.

CHARLIE  
Yeah. Yeah, I'm ready.

**EXT. JUNGLE - DIGITAL NOMAD VILLAGE OUTSKIRTS - DAY**

Larry leads our heroes and DM ARMY off trail.

LARRY

He said he would leave the hatch open.  
It should be right around here...

Jane spots an OPEN HATCH through thick brush. Metal ladder bars lead down into the underground tunnel.

JANE

Found it!

One by one the DMs enter the hatch. Next up, LARRY-- Holding Jane's gaze. Dramatically. Like they're in a telenovela.

LARRY

You did wonderful.

ANDRE

Okay move it. Move it people.

Last up are Andre and Charlie...

CHARLIE

You ready?

ANDRE

No! Of course not! Just go. Let's get this over with.

**INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY**

It's empty. Quiet. Until a floor latch POPS OPEN and out come-- OUR HEROES and DMs. Slowly and discretely. It's giving Trojan Horse vibes.

LARRY

Shhh... Move! Move!

Andre turns and sees the VIDEO WALL of security cams, betting odds, player profiles, etc.

ANDRE

MOTHER FUCKER--

CHARLIE

Shhhh!!! Come on.

Everyone quietly slips into--

**INT. SERVICE CORRIDORS - SAME**

They reach the END of the hallway. Only double doors separate them from the INCUBATOR DOME. Our team lean their backs against the doors. Exchange looks.

LARRY  
On your count, son.

CHARLIE  
Three...Two...One...GO!

And with that our heroes STORM INTO--

**INT. INCUBATOR DOME - CONTINUOUS**

...Which is completely DESERTED. It's a GHOST TOWN. Everyone scrunches their face. They lower their weapons; puzzled.

CHARLIE  
What the...

LARRY  
Hank said 7, right?

JANE  
Maybe he meant military time.

ANDRE  
That's still 7...

**SUDDENLY--** O.S CLAPPING from the mezzanine. Our heroes look up to find-- JONATHAN MARKS! Accompanied by W.B.C. employees and guards.

JONATHAN MARKS  
Bravo! Bravo! You almost succeeded.

More W.B.C. CHADS rush the first floor. BLOCKING THE EXIT.

We see HANK-- His hands ZIPTIED and his mouth DUCT TAPEd.

JONATHAN MARKS (CONT'D)  
Sorry, I think your 7AM has to  
reschedule...

CHARLIE  
How...How... How did you--

JONATHAN MARKS  
Uhh earth to whoever you are. This is  
MY ISLAND. I know everything.

W.B.C. Chads and Guards restrain our heroes and DM's.

JONATHAN MARKS (CONT'D)  
Correct me if I'm wrong, but I'm  
getting a subtle energy shift here...  
Yes. Yes. There it is. Just a few  
moments ago there were high levels of  
hope romping about. But now I'm  
interacting with a lot of despair.  
Rico, what do you think?

RICO  
(deadpan)  
I'm feeling that in the air too, sir!

JONATHAN MARKS  
So which one of you is the genius  
behind this failed Trojan Horse  
experiment?

Nothing... Until-- LARRY steps forward.

LARRY  
That would be this good looking son of  
a bitch right here.

JONATHAN MARKS  
Bag him and bring him upstairs.

Guards pin LARRY to the floor. Charlie leaps forward.

CHARLIE  
NO! No! It was me. Take me.

LARRY  
Charlie, no.

CHARLIE  
It's me. I'm behind it. Leave the  
others out of it.

JONATHAN MARKS  
Okay then. Rico, bag the kid. And for  
the rest. You know what to do. Throw  
them in the cellar. But, with the  
Merlots! Not the Cabs.

Guards haul Charlie off camera-- Andre, Jane, Larry and the DM'S  
are shoved in the opposite direction.

## INT. MR. MARK'S SUITE - HOTEL - DAY

Charlie and Hank are thrown to the floor. Standing over them-- Mr. Marks, Karen, and Erik-- who is visibly shaken up. But there is one more person in the room...

**EVA** swivels around in a CHAIR!

CHARLIE

Eva...

Our mouths DROP TO THE FLOOR along with Hank and Charlie's.

HANK

(whispering)

What the fuck, I thought you guys were a thing!

CHARLIE

Well, we never actually kissed. We almost did, but--

EVA

--But I stopped it. I warned you Charlie.

CHARLIE

You told me you were a workaholic. Not a backstabbing sociopath!

JONATHAN MARKS

It's funny how the two have such a symbiotic relationship... Eva here, came to us early this morning with some insider information. Providing us with what we in the biz like to call, actionable insight. She will be rewarded for her contributions to this company. You two on the other hand, will not be.

Mr. Marks pulls out a PISTOL Holding Eva's gaze.

JONATHAN MARKS (CONT'D)

Eva, sweetheart. Would you do the honors?

EVA

You want me to--?

JONATHAN MARKS

One final gesture of good faith.

He hands Eva the gun. She raises it toward's Charlie. The two lock eyes. He sends her a pleading glance.

JONATHAN MARKS (CONT'D)  
It's time to show your loyalty to the  
WestBridge family.

The room is on the edge of their seat. Erik shuts his eyes, battling his own guilt.

EVA  
I'm sorry...

*We hold on this as the tension builds to a feverish summit.*

*AND THEN-- Eva turns and points the gun AT MR. MARKS!*

EVA (CONT'D)  
...To have swindled you Mr. Marks.

JONATHAN MARKS  
(raising his hands)  
Whoa there! Easy with that thing. I'm  
sorry, am I missing something? Karen?

*Karen and Erik share blank expressions...What is going on?*

Eva grabs a cork screw off the bar. Keeping the gun pointed at Mr. Marks she glides over to Hank and Charlie-- slicing through their ZIP TIES.

Charlie and Hank dust themselves off and stand up. Charlie's body language visibly clashing with Eva's. Tension still in the air between the two.

JONATHAN MARKS (CONT'D)  
Okay someone needs to tell me what the  
hell is going on!

Charlie steps forward--

CHARLIE  
Oh, yes, apologies. Let me explain. Our team was extremely discouraged when we failed the onboarding process. So we wanted to find a way to make it up to you and the board. A way to show how BIATCH-EY we could be. And we think you're going to be really impressed with what we came up with.

Jonathan and Karen tilt their heads. Erik holds in a smirk.

*NOTE: The explanation of this will be V.O and intercut with FLASHBACKS of Charlie, Eva, and Co. hatching the plan at the picnic table from last night.*

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
First up. Boldness. The plan. We wanted to make a splash. We wanted to do something you would never expect.

**FLASHBACK W OUR HEROES**-- gathered around the picnic table.

DIGITAL NOMAD #1  
How do you know this is going to work?

CHARLIE  
Because it's never been done before.  
Because it's the boldest thing we could do.

**MR. MARK'S SUITE IN THE PRESENT**-- Eva steps up next to explain.

EVA  
Next up. Integrity. This was the foundation of our fight.

**FLASHBACK W/ OUR HEROES** around the picnic table--

CHARLIE  
This is a battle for integrity, of which our opponent has none of. We need to use this to our advantage. We want to be apprehended. And we want everyone to see it. Trust me.

**INT. INCUBATOR DOME - STILL IN FLASHBACK**

Some W.B.C. employees' faces droop with sympathy and guilt as they watch our heroes being escorted through the building. A sudden tide shift among some--

Larry takes note. The plan seems to be working...

**MR. MARK'S SUITE IN THE PRESENT**--

EVA  
Then of course, there was Adaptability. But in order to adapt, you must also rely on a constant variable. A compass that always points due north.

Mr. Marks and Karen scrunch their faces. HANK steps forward--

HANK

That compass is me. Motherfuckers. I programmed the entire island to be run off a single passcode system activated only by fingerprint. By MY fingerprint.

**INT. WINE CELLAR - SAME**

Jane, Larry, Andre and the DM's are packed in like sardines.

Larry pulls out LATEX TAPE. Hank's FINGER IMPRINT etched onto it. He wraps it around his index finger and presses his hand against the control panel next to the wine cellar door--

The panel scans Larry's finger... And the CELLAR DOOR POPS open!

A GUARD hears commotion from down the hall. He races over.

WAHH-TCHAAHH!!! Larry KARATE chops him knocking him out cold.

LARRY

Yeeheww! Still fucking got it.

ON Jane, aroused. She steps over to Larry. They get touchy--

ANDRE

Hey, Travis and Kourtney hands where I can see them!

JANE

(whispering to Larry)

He's not taking this as well as I'd hoped.

ANDRE

I'm sorry, you two met like eighteen minutes ago and you're already showing hole.

A DM spots a DOORWAY across the hallway

DIGITAL NOMAD

Look! That should be the weapons room.

Larry dashes over and uses his fingerprint to open the doors. The Dm's and co. crowd behind him. As the doors open, their mouths drop in complete SHOCK. But we can't see why.

JANE

Huh. Well this is unexpected...

**BACK IN MR. MARK'S SUITE--** We're on Charlie.

CHARLIE

And well, teamwork. That one's pretty self explanatory.

HANK

And we can't forget Communication. Which is the most crucial component.

**FLASHBACK TO-- HANK in the CONTROL ROOM.**

HANK (O.S) (CONT'D)

See what you are forgetting, is that I am the administrator for the new hire's outlook calendars...

Hank types away at his computer. Creating a CALENDAR INVITE:

**"HOSTILE TAKEOVER: New Hires Make your way back to the hotel, and let's give them hell."**

Hank clicks SEND-- WSHHHHH!

CUT TO:

**FLASHBACK-- VARIOUS LOCATIONS AROUND THE ISLAND - NIGHT**

Hank's CAL INVITE pops up on New hire's CUFFS across the island.

QUICK SHOTS: Teams mobilizing. Arm themselves with makeshift weapons.

**BACK IN MR. MARK'S SUITE--**

Charlie

And we can't forget Humility. What better way to exercise humility than to raise your hand and say "We can't do this alone. We need your help." As you say, collaboration brings improvement.

**INT. SECURITY SHED - HOTEL FORECORT - SAME**

EVA (O.S)

And plus, it was the best way to keep you all distracted from the security cameras.

Grizzly GUARDS sit around Playing UNO. Until out the window they see-- An ARMY of New Hire t-shirts charging towards them. Waving their makeshift weapons in the air. Ready for blood.

GUARD PLAYING UNO  
Uh-oh.

QUICK SHOTS: Other new hires storm the outskirts of the hotel. The Golf Coarse...Pick Ball Courts...The Surf Shack... Etc.

**BACK IN MR. MARK'S SUITE--**

Mr. Marks scrambles for the remote. He turns on the TV.

ON THE SCREEN-- New hires have OVERRUN THE HOTEL. It's Mayhem. Total Anarchy.

We PULL IN ON the monitors. Images grow until it fills the screen, seamlessly transitioning us into the actual scenes.

QUICK SHOTS: It's a bloodbath. New Hires CLASHING w/ W.B.C. employees across the whole hotel. It's become a full blown BATTLEGROUND. It's everywhere. It's apocalyptic.

JONATHAN MARKS  
Karen, are you seeing this? Karen?

Everyone turns, Karen is nowhere to be found.

EVA  
Shit. Where's Karen--

WOOSHH! Karen LEAPS from behind the couch and tackles Eva to the floor! Punching the gun out of her hand! It slides across the room.

Eva kicks Karen off her. Hank helps Eva up. And the three BOLT out the door!

Erik stands there motionless. Completely torn. Wanting to join, but stays loyal to his father who, scurries across the room and picks up the GUN!

As he raises it, he realizes our three heroes are already halfway down the hall! Rico steps forward, points to two guards--

RICO  
Get them!!

Rico grabs his walkie talkie and rushes over to a wall panel and PULLS THE ALARM!

**INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

*ERRRR! ERRR!!* The ALARM blaring down the hall. Charlie, Eva, and Hank run for their lives. Closely pursued by the TWO GUARDS--

BAM-BAM! Gunfire! Our heroes dodge bullets, rounding the corner. As the guards follow-WAH-TCHA! Eva, in KILL BILL FASHION, drop-kicks one guard and punches the other in the crotch!

Hank is in complete SHOCK. *Who is this woman?!*

CHARLIE  
She got sent away a lot as a kid  
(off Eva's glare)  
What?! It's the truth!

HANK  
No judgment. I have a nephew like that.

*THEN-- a team of guards storm from the other end of the hallway! Guns up! Bullets fly! Our heroes dart into the STAIRWELL!*

HANK (CONT'D)  
FOLLOW ME! COME ON!

**INT/EXT. THROUGHOUT THE HOTEL - DAY**

The ALARM system BLASTS across the hotel-- But it's too late as the grounds are already teeming with BATTLES.

CUT TO:

**SECURITY SHED**-- it's completely RANSACKED. Our grizzly, UNO-loving guards are caught up in a NET TRAP. Dangling from a TREE.

The walkie talkie SMUSHED into the ground...

WALKIE TALKIE (RICO MUFFLED)  
JEROME! Do you copy?! Jerome!?

**BACK IN MR. MARK'S SUITE**-- Rico scrambles. He turns to Mr. Marks.

RICO  
Sir, we need to get you out of here.

ERIK  
Wait, Dad... What about everybody else?

Rico shakes his head. Mr. Marks loses himself in the carnage displayed on the security footage. Analyzing in his head.

JONATHAN MARKS  
They're no longer with us. A horrible plane crash. Yes. Yes. That could work. Our entire company decimated. The world would grieve with us. We'd host fundraisers. Get some grants. I bet The S.E.C would even back off.

ERIK  
We can't just leave everyone!

Mr. Marks takes this in...

JONATHAN MARKS  
He's right. Karen, wrangle the  
leadership team! Rico, call it in.

Rico grabs his walkie talkie.

RICO (ON THE WALKIE)  
Extract the C-Suite team. I repeat,  
extract C-Suite. Meet on south lawn.  
Wheels up in 15!

**INT. HOTEL LOBBY - SAME**

All 6 ELEVATORS arrive at the lobby at the SAME TIME. The doors open simultaneously to reveal-- Larry. Andre. Jane. The DM crew gear-laden with--

TRANQUILIZERS GUNS.

Enough to take down all of Kruger Safari Park. Their faces, stone cold. They mean fucking business. Larry cocks his rifle.

LARRY  
Let the layoffs begin...

The STAIRWELL door BURSTS open and out come HANK, CHARLIE, EVA. In close pursuit are 2 GUARDS!

Jane takes aim with her SNIPER TRANQUILIZER. Then... PEW! PEW! Direct hits for both. Everyone, shocked by Jane's accuracy.

ANDRE  
Well aren't you full of surprises.

Our heroes race over and converge by a FOUNTAIN--

CHARLIE  
(noticing their weapons...)  
Hank! You said there were real weapons!

HANK  
They looked real from afar, I dunno!

CHARLIE  
They have fuzz on the tips!

LARRY  
Hey! Relax, okay?  
(holding his tranquilizer)  
These bad boys could knock out Michael  
Jackson on a fuckin' playground. Okay?  
(beat)  
Now enough of this small talk. Let's go  
eliminate some overhead. God, I'm juiced.

Our heroes-- locked and loaded, CHARGE through the door, into--

**EXT. HOTEL GROUNDS - CONTINUOUS**

Our heroes SPRAY the area with tranquilizer darts. Blazing  
through the door. All with their best Butch Cassidy impressions.

GUARDS take cover and return fire! Then-- Herds of W.B.C.  
employees march forward. Like a Roman Army. Armed with HOTEL  
APPLIANCES--

Our resident douchebag, MIKE, leads them into a Mexican Standoff.

MIKE  
Someone call HR. We're about to have  
some complaints...

THEN, MUSIC BEGINS BLARRING. And we look up to a hotel room deck.

To find-- **ICONA POP.** TURNTABLES and SPEAKERS. There to PERFORM  
one final song... The song you've all been waiting for...

***MUSIC CUE: "I LOVE IT" By Icona Pop***

RANDOM FIGHTING NEW HIRE  
Musicians... They'll never understand  
the rat race.

*This commences the WHITE COLLAR BRAWL we didn't know we needed.*

*--- Office Space kooks vs. WOLF OF WALL STREET wannabes. ---*

--ON ANDRE and JANE. Who take cover behind a DIP'N'DOTS CART.  
Bullets puncture the cart. Hosing them in melted ICE CREAM.

ANDRE  
This is so overwhelming!!!

Andre breaks into hysterics.

JANE  
Lock it in over there!

Andre does NOT lock it in by any stretch. So, Jane-- SHOOTS ANDRE with her TRANQUILIZER GUN! His eyes go wide-.

ANDRE  
You BITCH!

Andre seamlessly falls into Jane's lap. His eyes slowly shutter.

JANE  
Shhh. Sleep my friend.

Jane lays him down. She re-loads. In SLOW MO-- She rises, double fisting revolvers. Unleash a barrage of bullets!

ON MIKE-- MACHINE GUN in hand. Atop a WATER SLIDE LAUNCH TOWER with W.B.C. employees. He unleashes havoc on our heroes below-- CHARLIE AND EVA-- jump for cover into a POOLSIDE CABANA!

EVA  
You okay!?

CHARLIE  
Oh, so now you're concerned about my well being!

EVA  
I've always been. Why do you think I pulled away from that kiss!?

CHARLIE  
Because you like to fuck with me!

Before Eva can respond, she sees Mr. Marks, Erik, Karen, Rico and the C-suite executives hurriedly retreating from the hotel!

EVA  
We need to follow them!

CHARLIE  
Now!? We're in the middle of a fight!

EVA  
We can fight on the way, come on.

**EXT. HOTEL COURTYARD - DAY**

Mr. Marks, Erik, Rico, and Karen jump into a jeep. It peels off, as others follow suit. There's one Jeep left. Two panicked C-suite execs about to hop in when--

PEW! PEW! Both hit with Tranquilizers as Charlie and Eva emerge from the bushes and hop in the jeep--

EVA  
I bet they're headed to the airfield.

CHARLIE  
No shit!

Charlie puts his seatbelt on. Adjusts his seat. Fixes the mirror.

EVA  
What is this, Driver's Ed!?

CHARLIE  
Seatbelt. Or I'm not moving.

The jeep caravan fleeing in the distance--

EVA  
They're getting away!

Eva realizes Charlie means it. She begrudgingly buckles up. Then Charlie REVS THE ENGINE...

...And we're off on a BATSHIT Jeep chase through the island.

**NOTE: This will be intercut w/ the HOTEL SEIGE.**

HOTEL SEIGE-- New Hires wade through the lagoon pool. Guns up on high alert. Bushes nearby ruffle. The new hires hold on it..

NEW HIRE  
Whoever is in there, come out with your hands up!

MARK CUBAN slinks forward. Hands up. He's shaking with fear.

MARK CUBAN  
Please. Please. I'm sorry! I'll do anything! Anything! Just don't hurt me.

A new hire approaches. Gun raised. Menacing face.

RANDOM NEW HIRE  
Trade Luka Doncic to the Knicks.

MARK CUBAN  
Okay, anything BUT that.

FWPPP! The new hire shoots Mark in the chest with a tranq!

JEEP CHASE-- Charlie is BLASTING a sappy break up song. Eva's had enough of it. She turns off the radio. He turns it back on. She turns it off. Him on. Back and forth, until--

EVA

Okay seriously!? You need to grow up.

CHARLIE

Ahh. I'm too young for you. That's what it is.

EVA

Right now, definitely.

CHARLIE

What about last night?

EVA

We're really going to do this right now? This is the best time?

CHARLIE

I mean it'd be nice to die with some closure.

EVA

You are so dramatic.

MR. MARKS JEEP-- Erik stares out the window. Face etched with longing and frustration.

JONATHAN MARKS

What's the matter, kiddo?

ERIK

This just feels wrong.

JONATHAN MARKS

Look at the bright side of this new pathway we've embarked on. The possibilities are endless for you. Think about it. You're white. You went to USC. You're now the only employee with an Erehwon Membership. I mean let's call a spade a spade, here.

ERIK

Okay, you know the membership only includes the hot bar, right?

JONATHAN MARKS

You're kidding! Really!?

HOTEL SEIGE-- LARRY and DM's take down more W.B.C. employees and guards by the lunch buffet! A CORPORATE FOOD FIGHT.

JEEP CHASE-- Branches zip past the windows as Charlie zigzags through underbrush. They've caught up to the caravan. AND still arguing...

CHARLIE

That's because you wrote me off before I even had a chance to show you I'm not like every other guy! I'm different.

Eva's too focused on the road for this conversation.

EVA

Charlie, focus. Ram the car!

CHARLIE

See, you don't even listen. You know that's what your problem is!

They're inches away from the other jeep--

EVA

Charlie! Now!

Charlie gear shifts. Eva braces for impact. TSHH! Contact is made, but it's light.

EVA (CONT'D)

What the fuck was that!?

CHARLIE

A love tap. Something you'd know nothing about!

EVA

There's no time for a love tap!!!

Eva stomps down on Charlie's driving foot ACCELERATING THE JEEP--

We SMASH into the other car! LAUNCHING it forward hitting a ROCK! The car goes FLYING into the air. And FLIPS INTO A TREE!

EVA (CONT'D)

THAT'S a love tap.

CHARLIE

Okay. It seems we have very different definitions of love!

ONE DOWN, 2 to go-- Guards in the next jeep see the collision in the rear view mirror. They pull out guns and unload a hailstorm of bullets toward's Eva and Charlie!

HOTEL SEIGE-- BACK ON MIKE atop the WATER TOWER. He runs out of ammo. Turns to reload when he sees--

HANK climbs over the ledge. His tranquilizer pointed at Mike's face. Game over.

HANK  
This is going to be so cathartic.

Hank fires, but he's also out of AMMO!

HANK (CONT'D)  
Oh shit...

Mike, grinning from ear to ear, lunges at Hank. They begin to tussle. Losing their balance they trip and land on a waterslide! Launching them down the slide, tangled together.

JEEP CHASE-- Bullets flying. Mud churning. Our Jeeps weave through the jungle obstacles.

W/ MR. MARK'S JEEP-- Rico looks out the window with binoculars.

RICO  
It's New Hire 26 and 27, sir.

Erik quickly turns. Sees his friends. He hides his smile.

JONATHAN MARKS  
What is up with these two!?! I thought  
millennials give up easily?!  
(to Rico)  
Do something action-ey and fix this!

RICO  
Yes, sir.

Rico grabs his SHOTGUN. Hauling himself out the window. He takes aim. And just as he's about to pull the trigger-- BAM!! His body smashes against a tree trunk and he goes hurling out the window!

HOTEL SEIGE-- IN THE SLIDE, Hank and Mike continue their tussle as they WHIP through the slide.

JEEP CHASE-- The 2 C-Suite execs in the next car pop out from the window armed! A torrent of gunfire unleashed--

EVA  
Do you have a clear shot?!

CHARLIE  
Yeah, I think so.

Charlie takes the shot. Hitting the JEEP TIRE--

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
BULLS-EYE!

EVA  
The hell was that?!

CHARLIE  
I hit it. I shot the wheel!

EVA  
Why did you shoot the wheel with a  
TRANQUILIZER GUN!? You think that wheel  
is going to fall asleep!?

CHARLIE  
That's what they do in the movies!

ON THE JEEP TIRE-- The tranq slowly falls off...

Eva grabs the gun from Charlie. As they get closer to the Jeep, Eva locks in on the driver of the second jeep. Evading the trigger happy C-Suite execs, she gets off a shot, which punctures through the driver's SHOULDER.

WITHIN SECONDS the driver passes out and the JEEP CRASHES into a tree! Sending the C-suite execs through the windshield--

HOTEL SIEGE-- Hank and Mike come crashing out of the waterslide! Mike lands a few punches, blood oozing into the water from Hank's nose. Mike stands over Hank, ready to finish him off.

LARRY (O.S)  
Get your chodey fingers off him.

Mike is surrounded by DMs. New Hires. Jane. And Larry.

QUICK SHOTS-- All over the hotel. The battle is over. And for the first time in the history of capitalism. The good guys won.

Hank lifts himself up. Face to face with Mike.

HANK  
How about we put a pin in this little  
chat for now...

Hank, with his chin up, walks off towards Larry and the others.

MR. MARK'S JEEP-- Karen opens the sunroof A MACHINE GUN with a 50 Caliber belt wrapped around her shoulder. BULLETS START FLYING!

Pounding the Jeep at rapid pace. This feels like the end for our heroes. Eva grabs Charlie's hand. They hold each other's gaze.

EVA  
You want the truth!?

CHARLIE

I think?! I don't know! There's a lot to process in this exact moment. But yeah fuck it, lay it on me!

EVA

When I'm with you, I feel like nothing else matters!

CHARLIE

That seems like a good thing!?

EVA

It's not Charlie! I can't rely on someone else for happiness or fulfillment! I can't have a blind spot especially in business. It's a weakness.

CHARLIE

Love is not a weakness. It's a strength! Listen, I don't know which Nicholas Sparks movie you missed, but you'll never be happy or fulfilled without love. That's what separates us. From her.

PAN OVER TO-- KAREN in full corporate Rambo nutcase mode still showering Eva and Charlie with a slew of bullets.

KAREN

DIE MOTHERFUCKERS!!!!!!!

Back with Eva and Charlie--

CHARLIE

Talk about a tinder profile pic!

EVA

How do you know we won't end up like them?!

CHARLIE

I don't. But I don't care what I end up like if you're by my side.

Eva smirks. Cheeks getting red. Even under these circumstances.

EVA

OKAY! OKAY! Fine! I'm ready!

CHARLIE

Ready for what!?

EVA  
Ready to take a dip in the dating pool.

Charlie explodes with giddiness.

EVA (CONT'D)  
On one condition! We take these  
motherfuckers down.

Charlie nods, a new jolt of energy in him. He switches gears, accelerating up to Mr. Mark's jeep!

The Jeeps are now rubbing shoulders on the tight trail head!

JONATHAN MARKS  
SHOOT THEM!

ERIK  
NO!

KAREN  
I'm out of bullets!

JONATHAN MARKS  
Must I do everything around here.

Mr. Marks pulls out his pistol and shoots the other Jeep's TIRE! Charlie's jeep TILTS ramming into the other jeeps rear.

Both jeeps skid through the brush. Plowing down branches until they reach a small ledge and LAUNCH OFF IT! Flipping in mid air!

BOOOM!!! Both jeeps CRASH into the ground. LANDING Completely upside down. In an open field... They're back at The Air Field.

Smoke billowing from the crash. Charlie and Eva share a glance. Thankful to be alive.

BUT Then-- Eva is DRAGGED OUT of the jeep! By...

KAREN (O.S)  
Time for your performance review! Haha!

CHARLIE  
(sotto)  
How the fuck does she keep popping up like that.

Charlie, struggling, unbuckles and crawls out in pursuit--

Karen pummels Eva with a slew of Jabs. Igniting a fire in Eva that we haven't seen. She pops up, bruised and battered, and is ready for a battle for the ages.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Eva!

Charlie races over to her, but BAM! Is tackled to the ground by Mr. Marks. He straddles Charlie and pulls his gun out. Charlie smacks it away before he can get a shot off!

ON ERIK-- regaining consciousness, but in BAD shape.

ERIK  
Dad...Help...

Mr. Marks and Karen stand shoulder to shoulder. Charlie and Eva, the same. A tornado tag team wrestling match commences between the four-- battling it out the old way, fist to fist...

Until Karen challenges both Eva and Charlie. Giving Mr. Marks ample time to SCAMPER OFF undetected!

Charlie and Eva double team Karen. And Eva gets off A BIG SOUTHPAW hook! Knocking Karen to the floor, unconscious!

EVA  
Consider that your two weeks notice,  
bitch.

Eva and Charlie Embrace each other. Then--

JONATHAN MARKS (O.S)  
Looks like you kids are going to join  
her in the unemployment line...

REVEAL-- Mr. Marks PISTOL in hand. Aimed at our heroes.

JONATHAN MARKS (CONT'D)  
Don't you know? Capitalism always wins.

Mr. Marks cocks the gun. Eva shields Charlie. Then Charlie jumps in front to shield Eva. Eva jumps in front again. And again--

JONATHAN MARKS (CONT'D)  
Okay. Can you two quit it? You're both  
going to die.

And just as he's about to press the trigger-- FWWWP!

A TRANQUILIZER gets him right in the NECK! They all turn to see--  
ERIK holding the tranquilizer gun!

Mr. Mark's drops to the floor, unconscious. Charlie and Eva race over to Erik, who's still in bad shape. Helping him to his feet.

CHARLIE  
Erik, thank you. Thank you.

ERIK  
It's been a long time coming.

Eva and Erik hold each other's gaze. A newfound respect...

EVA  
Nepo baby is all grow'ed up, huh?

ERIK  
Something like that.

THEN-- A JEEP blasts onto the scene. It's Larry, Jane, and Hank. They pull up, surveying the scene. Two DMs jump out of the back to apprehend Mr. Marks and Karen--

LARRY  
How about that for a fucking Sunday!?  
Yewwww!

CHARLIE  
How'd you guys do?

JANE  
I kicked ass. I don't know about these pansies.

CHARLIE  
Where's Andre?

CUT TO:

**EXT. DIP N DOTS CART - SAME**

Andre wakes up. Groggy. Covered in ice cream slosh. He stands up and notices the total DESTRUCTION surrounding him.

ANDRE  
I knew I should have gone into healthcare.

**EXT. TARMAC - ISLAND - DAY**

LOCKED UP in a makeshift holding cell are dozens of W.B.C. employees. Mr. Marks, Karen, Mike-- just to name a few...

A medley of W.B.C. DEFECTORS, Digital Nomads, and New Hires board the plane across the way.

There's an even BIGGER cohort of DMs in the distance-- sending off their friends. WAVING. Some TEARS. A few GOODBYE POSTERS.

We're with Charlie and Larry--

CHARLIE

You sure you don't want to come back to the grind? A 9 to 5 would look good on you.

LARRY

Man, come on. I'm a Buckner, everything looks good on me!

(beat)

But, no, I mean of course I'd love nothing more than to come back with you, but my place is here. With my people.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Listen. I just want to say, I'm proud of you Charlie. Really proud of the man you've become. I know I'm not exactly father of the year material, and I'm sorry for that.

CHARLIE

Dad. Stop. I'm just as proud to be your son as you are to be my father.

LARRY

Really?

CHARLIE

Really.

LARRY pulls something out of his pocket--

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

So, obviously we're not used to going away gifts here. But I got you a little something.

LARRY hands the GIFT to Charlie, we still can't see what it is.

LARRY

I had to barter Tommy like hell for it. Supposedly it's revolutionary. He says it's the hottest thing on the market.

Charlie opens his hand and sees a MOVIE PASS CARD.

LARRY (CONT'D)  
His account info is scribbled on the  
back there.

Charlie holds in his snickers. Gives his dad a big hug.

CHARLIE  
Thank you. I love you, Dad.

LARRY  
I love you too, Charlemagne.

Eva passes by in the distance. Larry whistles for her attention.  
She approaches...

LARRY (CONT'D)  
Take care of the kid, will ya?

EVA  
I will, Larry. Don't you worry.

Eva wraps her arms around Charlie just as Jane strolls over,  
wrapping HER arms around LARRY.

JANE  
Aren't they just too cute!?

ANDRE (O.S)  
Careful! That bag is Louis Vuitton.

PAN OVER TO-- Andre barking at the flight staff as he walks over  
to our group.

ANDRE (CONT'D)  
Jane, where're your bags? We're about  
to board.

ON Jane and Larry. It seems they have a secret. Andre and the  
others have caught on.

EVA  
You're staying aren't you?

JANE  
This weekend taught me that no matter  
how hard I try, I am never going to  
keep up with you guys. I thought  
reinventing myself meant I had to start  
over. Be young again. But truth is, I  
liked the Jane I used to be. And I want  
to be her again. And where that plane  
is going, eats Janes like me for  
breakfast.

(beat)

(MORE)

JANE (CONT'D)  
But here, I am accepted. And I won't be  
alone anymore.

Our heroes all nod. Except Andre who's getting emotional.

ANDRE  
So you're really not going to come?

Jane leans forward for a hug. She whispers in Andre's ear--

JANE  
That's what she said.

Andre can't help but smile.

ANDRE  
Stop it! You're going to make me ugly  
cry!

Erik pops his head out of the plane door--

ERIK  
Guys! Come on! We're taking off!

Off our heroes we go to...

**INT. PLANE - LATER**

We're in the FIRST CLASS CABIN. Eva rests on Charlie's shoulder. Erik sits next to Andre, who's rummaging through his seat. Until he finds a USB-C Charger!

ANDRE  
YES!!!!

Erik stares out the airplane window. The island now pin sized.

ERIK  
So I guess that's that.

EVA  
You know, as crazy as this weekend  
was. It kind of worked. I mean look  
at us now. I feel like--

CHARLIE  
--We could do anything.

ANDRE  
Okay, I didn't want to say anything,  
but I've been thinking the same thing.

ERIK  
So have I...

Our heroes all exchange looks. What are they conjuring up...

Hank approaches down the aisle.

HANK  
What are you guys talking about?

EVERYONE  
Nothing!

**EXT. WESTBRIDGE OFFICES - BUSINESS PARK - DAY**

CHYRON: 1 YEAR LATER...

*MUSIC CUE: Talking Head's Once In a Lifetime...*

We're back to the bullshit. 9 to 5's. Deadlines. Ties. Half hour lunches. Briefcases. High heels. Public transportation.

**INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**

Charlie leads a meeting. Powerpoint with graphs and charts behind him. Corporate Chads and Karens surround the table.

CHARLIE  
Okay, good work today everyone. Let's make sure we have a full report on this for the big man by EOW.

The meeting is dismissed and Charlie exits through the glass doors into--

**INT. HALLWAY - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

Hank catches up to Charlie, who's closing deals on his phone...

HANK  
Charlie!

CHARLIE  
Hanky Panky! How we doing today?

HANK  
It's been a year. I still don't have A/C in my office. It's super musty.

CHARLIE

Right. Right. Let me get on that for you. I'll make sure facilities get to it this week.

Charlie walks off, back to his phone--

HANK

That's what you said last month...

(sotto)

I should burn this place to the ground...

**INT. OFFICE KITCHEN - DAY**

ON EVA-- a new fresh cup of coffee courtesy the best NESPRESSO machine out there.

Charlie sneaks up behind her. Grabs her and kisses her neck.

CHARLIE

You know I was thinking. We are definitely due for a quick sync-up at some point today.

EVA

Send me an invite.

Charlie pulls out 2 tickets to ZIGGY MARLEY. Hands them to Eva.

EVA (CONT'D)

2nd row. Happy one year.

Charlie grabs Eva. Dips her and kisses her passionately.

The kitchen T.V steals their attention. And ours.

ON TV-- A NEWSCAST of ERIK giving an interview on BLOOMBERG--

REPORTER

With me now is Erik Marks, son of former WestBridge Capital CEO Jonathan Marks. Many of you will remember last year's shocking announcement that Mr. Marks would be stepping down due to an internal investigation of a toxic work environment.

(to Erik)

Insiders have called your succession one of the biggest boardroom coups of the twenty first century. What do you have to say to that?

ERIK

Well first and foremost, no one appreciates and respects my father more than I do. But as is with so many companies these days, we were stuck in old habits. And the future is bright, but moving at the speed of light, and it was time for someone with fresh legs to jump into the race to ensure WestBridge keeps it's dominance in the financial sector.

BACK ON-- Charlie and Eva. Smooching again.

CHARLIE

Does it seem quieter than normal?  
(realizing)  
Where's Andre?

**INT. AUDITORIUM - DAY**

Andre speaking to a New Hire Class--

ANDRE

We believe the best way for you to learn our company's core values is with a little R&R. A place where you can integrate with the WestBridge family in a much less stressful environment. And that is why we pair our new hire orientation with our annual company retreat. And this year's retreat will be at... Drumroll please!

New Hires awkwardly drumroll. *This makes even us squirm. Again.*

ANDRE (CONT'D)

CEO Erik Mark's private island in the Caribbean! So pack your sunscreen and put those out of office emails on because we're going to the tropics!

TALKING HEADS (MUSIC)

*Same as it ever was-- Same as it ever was-- Same as it ever was-- Same as it ever was-- Letting the days go by, let the water hold me--*

BACK ON-- Erik's BLOOMBERG INTERVIEW...

REPORTER

And so what has come of your father and the rest of the board?

(MORE)

REPORTER (CONT'D)  
Many questions have been raised as to  
there whereabouts. Some suspecting foul  
play.

ERIK  
I can assure you, they are all fine and  
enjoying their golden parachutes...

**EXT. DIGITAL NOMAD VILLAGE - MAIN STREET - DAY**

Larry and Jane, hand in hand, radiating love and looking  
healthier and happier than ever. They stop into LIQUID ASSETS.

INSIDE... They step up to the counter--

LARRY  
I'll take the IPO Latte with coconut  
milk. And for the lady...

JANE  
I'll try the Bezos Berry Blast.

We PAN OVER to see--

Mr. Marks and Karen TAKING THEIR ORDER behind the counter.

Wearing 'Liquid Assets' MERCH. They look miserable. The shop's  
sanitation rating is still a "C"...

FADE TO BLACK: