

CONGO - PILOT

Written by

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COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

INT. VENETIAN HOTEL SUITE - DAY

Morning light seeps through the half-closed curtains of a trashed hotel suite. Four college-aged kids are sleeping, sprawled about in various positions across the suite...

... One is stretched out, uncomfortably, on a leather couch. Half of his face is buried into the cushions, and the other half is covered by a cowboy hat.

... Another lies behind the couch, snoring loudly. He's drowning in an ungodly pile of Chipotle bags, napkins, utensils, lids, and bowls, as well as a few scattered PetSmart bags.

... Beyond him, someone's swaddled in a cocoon of blankets on a pillowless king-size bed. Only her head is visible, and she's lying face up with a visor placed on her chest, like a mummified queen and her trusted crown.

... To the right of the bed, the last of them sleeps comfortably on an impressive mound of pillows. She's using an oversized Golden Knights jersey as a blanket.

The rest of the room radiates chaos. Taken together, it is equal parts accidental Renaissance and Bacchanalian fallout. Typical Vegas.

FADE OUT.

ACT I

FADE IN:

INT. LECTURE HALL - DAY

Typical college lecture hall, seats peppered with students. A few more are filing in, begrudgingly. It's the Friday morning lecture slot, specially reserved for the late and lazy enrollers.

TOM [21, kind-eyed and even-keeled, unconvinced in life and of himself], sits among them with a backpack holding the seat to his left. He's scrolling through LinkedIn summer internship opportunities on his laptop, bookmarking applications as he goes, without rhyme or reason.

The front stage screen headlines "CLASSICS 10 - DISCOVERING THE ROMANS" with "Review Session" and "Professor Hill" centered further underneath. PROFESSOR HILL [40s, well-dressed] approaches the stage lectern.

PROFESSOR HILL

Before we get into our final review session – can you believe it? – let's turn the podium over to two of your classmates, with some worthy announcements.

Professor Hill gives way to CHARITY GIRL [early 20s, beautiful, intense], wooden clipboard in hand.

CHARITY GIRL

Hi guys. Promise this is my last announcement of the semester, but this is an amazing opportunity. Okay, first, everyone think about what you're doing this summer.

Charity Girl lets her statement marinate.

CHARITY GIRL (CONT'D)

Okay, does it involve bridging income inequality, stabilizing a post-war-torn democracy, and constructing carbon neutral, eco-stable, green orphanages on the beautiful banks of the Baltic Sea? I didn't think so –

Tom looks left to see GIO [21, understated, confident, and instantly likeable] making his way down the row.

Tom moves his backpack to the floor. Gio daps Tom with a practiced handshake and sits down. Charity Girl drones on.

GIO
What's up Tom.

CHARITY GIRL (O.S.)
...the Lithuanian Love Foundation
needs our help...

TOM
Yo Gio, you survived.

GIO
Yeah, it ended up involving a lot
more tweezers than I would have
thought, but all-in-all pretty good
night.

TOM
Hmm, should I bother asking?

Gio shrugs, convincingly, in a "you-can-if-you-want-but-also-up-to-you-because-it's-kind-of-a-lot" sort of way.

CHARITY GIRL (O.S.)
...now, obviously, Lithuanian-
speaking is a major plus and
honestly preferred, but...

Gio looks at Tom's laptop screen.

GIO
Oof. Still on the internship grind?

TOM
Some of us are still trying to
figure it out.

GIO
I mean, I don't have anything lined
up this summer either.

TOM
But realistically, you can just
fall back on Trelli right?

CHARITY GIRL (O.S.)
...going to pass around this
clipboard, just put down your name,
your email, your class year, and
your political leanings through a
series of questions using the Wong-
Baker FACES scale...

GIO

I guess so. Did you want me to ask about an internship for you?

TOM

No, I didn't mean it like that.

CHARITY GIRL

...okay, so just remember, you can be on the banks of the Baltic, with me, and other really great people, like orphans.

The room breaks into a polite round of applause as Charity Girl steps off the stage and passes her clipboard to the front row. Professor Hill steps back to the lectern, catching Tom and Gio's focus.

PROFESSOR HILL

Wow, what an opportunity. And now one more.

FRAT BOY [early 20s, walking stereotype] takes the stage, with a sleek carbon-fiber clipboard in hand.

FRAT BOY

Truly cool stuff right there. Who knew about Lithuania, and their banks, and orphans. What a beautiful culture.

Frat Boy pauses a moment to soak in the sea of dull, disinterested faces staring back.

FRAT BOY (CONT'D)

(pitch mode)

So I told Professor Hill I wanted to talk about a charity opportunity, and that's still true. Let's talk about self-charity.

Tom notices Gio has tuned out. He's scrolling through pictures of last night's party. They're pretty typical college party pictures, but midway through, they start to feature a small, adorable hedgehog.

FRAT BOY (CONT'D)

Seriously. When's the last time you self-helped yourself? I'm talking three months, 80k. And that's the low end.

Tom looks back to Gio, eager to riff off Frat Boy's self-helpery. Gio still isn't paying attention.

He's busy setting a new lock screen on his phone: it's him holding the hedgehog. Gio pets the hedgehog, longingly, through the screen.

FRAT BOY (CONT'D)

The ConGo Summer Sales program is the best summer sales program there is. Because you literally sell people stuff they already want, on a platform they already use. That's kind of like charity in itself.

Professor Hill starts towards the podium, annoyed. Charity Girl's wooden clipboard reaches Gio, interrupting his caressing. He flips through the stack of pages, Wong-Baker faces flashing intermittently.

FRAT BOY (CONT'D)

(raising clipboard)

If you're interested, which I know you are - 'cuz let's be honest, it's reading week, you're not doing anything - just sign up on this ConGo cornerstone series clipboard.

Professor Hill is at the lectern now, body blocking Frat Boy. Frat Boy cranes his neck to reach the microphone.

FRAT BOY (CONT'D)

Just put down the email that you already use for your ConGo Gold account and come to Vegas this weekend for the big kick-off, and you're in. Carpe diem, like, like Pompeii, right Professor?

Frat Boy finally gives up, steps down quickly, and passes off the clipboard to the front row. Tom clocks its circulation.

PROFESSOR HILL

Well, that's certainly enough stalling for today. Let's get into it! I only received a few email questions, but let's start with the last unit and sort of work back.

The screen shifts behind him to the next slide.

PROFESSOR HILL (CONT'D)

Here we go. "The Fall of Rome."

CUT TO:

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - DAY

Tom and Gio file out of the lecture hall, in a sea of students. Gio yawns as the students disperse, spreading evenly across campus.

GIO
Why'd we take that class again?

TOM
Well we had just watched Gladiator.

GIO
Oh yeah...name a more iconic duo of bird-associated actors.

TOM
(listlessly)
Robin Williams and Ethan Hawke.

GIO
Wow.

TOM
Just kinda came to me.

GIO
I guess I'm still groggy.

They continue to cut through campus.

TOM
Let's get some coffee.

GIO
Sure. Do you think the Romans had coffee?

TOM
I dunno, imagine building an aqueduct without caffeine.

GIO
Damn, good point.

CUT TO:

INT. CAMPUS COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Tom breathes in the fumes of a steaming latte, rejuvenated. Gio's surrounded by a coffee, a muffin, a banana, and a water.

GIO

That's better. You know it's no big deal if you want me to ask about something at Trelli for you, right?

TOM

I know, I appreciate it. It's not like that, though.

GIO

Not your thing?

TOM

It's not that it's not my thing. I just don't know what really makes sense for me right now.

GIO

Okay, well, you're a psychology major-

TOM

Econ.

GIO

Wait, what?

TOM

I just switched. It's the same pre-reqs.

GIO

Okay, so you want to be an economist?

TOM

I'm not sure that's a real job, Gio.

GIO

So what's your plan?

TOM

Fair enough. Honestly, I almost signed up for that thing before class today.

GIO

No shit.

TOM

I mean, it sounds like you could do a lot if you're good. That's something.

GIO

Yeah I'm sure, and that'd be great for them. Just a lot of hurdles up front. Building up from nothing.

TOM

I wouldn't say nothing. They got this whole infrastructure already.

GIO

Sure, but, you know how I feel about...you know, the thing.

TOM

What the hell are you talking about?

Gio looks around nervously, and leans in.

GIO

(whispering)
Orphans.

Gio shudders.

TOM

No, not Lithuania Love! I'm talking about ConGo, summer sales.

GIO

(relieved)
Thank God. You're gonna do sales.

TOM

I don't know - it's econ related, right? I didn't actually sign up.

Gio and Tom focus on their coffees. Tom eventually looks up, knowingly.

TOM (CONT'D)

You signed me up didn't you?

GIO

Of course I did.

TOM

It's the women's soccer dance-a-thon all over again.

GIO

But you're also signed up for the Lithuania thing too. So you'll have to disappoint someone.

TOM

I was going to sign you up for that. What face did you put for "On the scale below, which accurately depicts your feelings on Christopher Columbus".

GIO

Sad face, but one left of the sad face with droopy eyes.

TOM

That's fair.

GIO

So ConGo.

TOM

80k is a helluva lot better than an unpaid internship.

GIO

What do you have to do?

TOM

I don't actually know. He just said there's a kickoff in Vegas this weekend. But it's such short notice—

GIO

You know my Dad's got a spot in one of the big hotels there. Could be fun...I'm not gonna do sales of course, but I'm down for Vegas.

TOM

Ah, I don't want to inconvenience your dad.

GIO

Nah, he's chill about this sort of thing. Stop trying to convince yourself out of it and just commit.

TOM

Mkay, I'm in.

GIO

No, commit.

Tom dramatically stands up and channels his inner Commodus from Gladiator.

He raises his arm with a wavering thumb to the side, and then emphatically turns it into a strong thumbs up. Gio eats it up. They grab their belongings, galvanized by a rare bout of decisive action, and head to the door.

TOM

I know I've been saying this, but I really feel like someone could help you with your orphan thing.

GIO

Maybe. I don't know why more people aren't afraid of them. They're creepy as hell.

TOM

Why? Because they have no parents??

GIO

Don't try to make me feel bad about it. It just is what it is.

TOM

What about Batman?

GIO

Case in point.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. I-15 - DAY

A white, rim-rusted sedan cuts through the open road. MARLEY [18, full of life, and anxiety] watches the desert landscape fly by from the backseat, talking aimlessly, as if to her own reflection in the car window. The car is otherwise silent.

MARLEY

Bob's a good guy. Good for Diane. Well, actually, no. He *is* nice. I'm not saying he's a bad guy. But, you know, that Venn diagram can overlap sometimes. Nice. Bad. And right in the middle, unpleasantly charming. Not in like a serial killer way, though...God, I hope not.

Marley continues staring out the window. She brings to her mouth a large Taco Bell drink. She takes a pacifying sip.

MARLEY (CONT'D)

Diane thinks I'm supporting the relationship—like I'm following in Bob's footsteps. Gross. Listen, I'm happy she's happy, but Bob. He's hiding something. Possibly *some things*. And I thought to myself, "Marley, this is your chance to get under the hood. Belly of the beast. Sniff it out, babe."

Marley swirls around the Taco Bell cup, romantically, like a sommelier.

MARLEY (CONT'D)

Anyways, thanks for answering the rideshare. So what's up with you guys?

The camera widens to the front seat, where Tom's driving with Gio shotgun. They're staring ahead. There's no telling how long Marley's been at it.

MARLEY (CONT'D)

Sorry, I just noticed neither of you touched your Quesalupas. That came out weird. Usually when someone orders a limited-time item it's because they're really looking forward to it. That's Diane to a tee. She eats McRibbs for breakfast.

TOM

I'm sorry, who's Diane again?

GIO

Diane's her mom, bro.

TOM

Oh. So Bob's your dad?

GIO

No, Bob's Diane's boyfriend. The ConGo driver.

TOM

I wasn't asking you, *bro*.

GIO

Whatever.

Marley opts to take another sip of her drink, sidestepping the tension. Gio reaches for the radio, turning it on. Tom immediately turns it off.

TOM
I'm good.

GIO
Alright.

Marley can't hold out any longer.

MARLEY
Road trip radio's a can of worms.

Silence.

MARLEY (CONT'D)
I'm still good for gas...

More silence.

MARLEY (CONT'D)
...by the way.

Tom finally takes pity on her.

TOM
Thanks.

Marley's visibly relieved.

GIO
What did you mean something's off with Bob?

MARLEY
Well, he makes *really* good money for a delivery driver. So I followed him one time. He does his normal route during the day but also gets these one-off calls during the night. When I tailed his truck, straight to Bedfordshire Estates—real nice gated community—couldn't get past the gates.

TOM
Why does that make Bob weird?

MARLEY
Oh, there were also noises.

GIO
Noises, like boxes moving around?

MARLEY
No...more like large, predatorial
animal sounds.

A ConGo delivery truck passes their car on the two-lane road.

MARLEY (CONT'D)
Speak of the devil.

GIO
Was that him?

MARLEY
No, I meant it more like
metaphorically speaking.

TOM
Isn't it always metaphorically
speaking? No one's actually
speaking of the devil.

Gio shoots Tom an unpleasant look.

GIO
Well, I hope this kickoff helps you
figure out what's up with Bob.

MARLEY
Thanks. Me too.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE VENETIAN LAS VEGAS - DAY

Tom, Gio, and Marley stand in front of a sign-in desk at the edge of the valet circle with bags in hand, soaking in the decadent façade of the Venetian.

SIGN-IN LADY (O.S.)
Marley Phillips. Looks like you're
in Room 335. Here you are.

MARLEY
Thanks.

The Sign-In Lady passes Marley a room key, a pamphlet, and a name tag that reads "ConGo Getter Marley Phillips". Marley works on affixing the name tag. Sign-in lady looks to Tom.

TOM
Uh, Tom Winters.

SIGN-IN LADY
Let's see here...

She scans a large list in front of her.

SIGN-IN LADY (CONT'D)
Hm, that's weird. Your name's here,
but no room.

Sign-In Lady starts to flag another attendant.

TOM
Oh, I should be in the Trelli
suite.
(pointing to Gio)
With him.

SIGN-IN LADY
Ah! Thank goodness. Trelli? I think
I just saw that.
(to Gio)
You must be Giovanni.

GIO
Wait, I'm on the list?

MARLEY
How is he on the list? He told me
he didn't sign up on the way here.
Are you guys tracking him? Gio, did
you order something from ConGo on
your way here? Same day shipping?
Damn the convenience. So enticing.
Honestly, this is a breach of
privacy. We all deserve an answer.

Sign-In Lady looks at Marley, curiously. Tom and Gio look to
each other, perplexed, but the two quickly remember their
current feud, and pretend to ignore the reflexive moment.

SIGN-IN LADY
Alright, then. It looks like
Giovanni's father put in a request
to include Giovanni in the program
when he authorized his stay at the
suite.

GIO
That checks out.

SIGN-IN LADY
Great, these are for you two. That
includes a suite key.

Sign-In Lady hands Tom and Gio their pamphlets and personalized "ConGo Getter" nametags. She gives Gio the suite key.

MARLEY

Sorry about all that. I'm a little wound up from the car ride. Baja Blast.

SIGN-IN LADY

That's okay, Marley.

Sign-In Lady reaches into her front pocket, producing three ConGo-branded, Jolly Rancher-like hard candies. She passes them out one-by-one.

SIGN-IN LADY (CONT'D)

Here. Something sweet to start things right. ConGo get 'em.

Gio opens his, excitedly. Tom opens his, begrudgingly. Marley pockets her, distrustingly. The three leave their bags with a nearby bellhop and head to the lobby.

CUT TO:

INT. VENETIAN LOBBY - DAY

Tom, Gio, and Marley file into the hotel lobby. Tom reads the pamphlet from the check-in desk.

TOM

It looks like the big kickoff meeting's not for another thirty minutes.

The three start to push deeper into the hotel, approaching the casino floor.

MARLEY

Hey Gio, did that lady say your last name is Trelli?

Gio angles his body to show Marley his name tag: "ConGo Getter Giovanni Trelli".

MARLEY (CONT'D)

Like, Trelli Records?

GIO

Mmhmm.

TOM
Arturo Trelli is his dad.

MARLEY
(registering)
Arturo Trelli is his dad. Gio is
the son of Arturo Trelli. Same last
name, okay.

Marley tries her best to rein it in, play it cool.

GIO
(to Tom)
So, now that we're here, feeling
good about summer sales?

TOM
I dunno, how are you feeling, ConGo
Getter Giovanni Trelli?

GIO
I'll keep playing along for a bit.

MARLEY
You should!

GIO
Right. You guys talk for a bit,
I'll be right back.

Gio walks off, back towards the lobby entrance.

MARLEY
Did you two meet at UCSB?

TOM
No, we've known each other since we
were little. Basically grew up
together.

MARLEY
Oh, no way.

Tom turns back to the pamphlet, not in earnest, but to fill
the silence.

MARLEY (CONT'D)
But you guys are in like a fight,
right?

TOM
I wouldn't call it a fight.

MARLEY

So this is normal between you two?

TOM

Well, no...

Tom stops himself as Gio rejoins the two of them. The others haven't noticed, but Gio has sharpied his name tag so that it reads "ConGo Getter Gio [REDACTED]".

GIO

You ready?

INT. VENETIAN CASINO FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Tom and Gio step out onto the casino floor. They've entered a new dimension, one swirling in mixed clouds of smoke and despair, both traditional and vape-produced. As Tom and Gio continue forward, they notice Marley standing a few yards back, off the floor.

GIO

Hey, you coming?

MARLEY

I can't, I can stand right here but I'm not allowed on the floor. I read it before I came since I'm only 18.

TOM

Dang, I didn't even think about that.

MARLEY

No, this is perfect. I love people watching. I'm actually just one buzzed, overly-sentimental bachelorette away from completing page sixteen.

TOM

What?

Marley pulls out a little booklet from her back pocket. The cover reads, "THE ULTIMATE PEOPLE WATCHING LOG BOOK."

MARLEY

And there's a couple more that I'm looking out for.

GIO
You know what, I'm staying with
Marley.

TOM
You don't want to hit the floor
with me?

GIO
I don't know, this sounds fun, as
long as Marley's cool with it.

MARLEY
Pull up a chair!

TOM
Alright, well, we can meet up
before we go into the kickoff?

GIO
Sounds like a plan.

TOM
Fine. Yeah, that works.

Tom leaves Gio and Marley, pushing ahead with confidence. His steps gradually slow to a full stop. He's lost in a sea of tables, cards, visors, drinks, waiters, dealers, and degenerates. His head's spinning amongst the chaos and he's sweating, inexplicably.

He looks back, down the long road from where he came. Marley waves at him cheerfully. He's actually only moved ten feet. Tom musters a weak wave back. He self-consciously locks on to the first table he sees and sits down. The name of the game is blackjack, and he's saddled next to a burly white man [early 30s] with a mountain of chips. The man's wearing a familiar name tag, but this one reads "ConGo Rep JIMMY".

JIMMY
You forgetting something?

TOM
Huh?

Jimmy laughs and moves a small chip stack over to Tom.

TOM (CONT'D)
That's embarrassing.

JIMMY
Don't sweat it, homes.

The DEALER divvies a new hand to the table. Jimmy's barely paying attention, but he takes a quick glance at his cards.

TOM
You're with ConGo?

JIMMY
Nailed it. It's my fifth kickoff. I love when they do it here.

Tom flashes his ConGo Getter nametag to Jimmy.

TOM
Can you tell me a little bit more about what I'm getting myself into?

JIMMY
(tapping, to Dealer)
Hit me.

Jimmy busts. Tom stands. The dealer reveals his hand: a hard 17 and a push for Tom. The next hand starts, not before Jimmy has placed a bet twice the size of his last one.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
I wouldn't worry about that. It's easy now, totally soft.

Jimmy doubles down.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
(moving chips, to Dealer)
Rustle 'em.

Jimmy busts, again.

TOM
What do you mean, soft?

JIMMY
The algorithm's so good, any green GoGetter can sell these days. I mean, brother, we used to have BB-Back Tuesdays.

TOM
You don't do Barbecue Tuesdays anymore?

JIMMY
(tapping, to Dealer)
Shimmie down and slap it sideways.

Jimmy finally doesn't bust, but he loses the hand on the dealer's blackjack. Jimmy doubles his bet again.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

No, BB-Back Tuesdays. You take whoever had the worst sales that week and he gets a handful of BB's to the back from the top salesman. Pop-Pop-Pop. We also did get barbecue.

(tapping, to Dealer)

Go down Moses, let my cards go.

Jimmy busts. Tom is shell-shocked.

TOM

Wait. I can't tell if you're joking.

JIMMY

I'm not joking. It was an awesome group motivation thing.

Jimmy looks at his watch.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Oh shit, I have mic check in 2.

Jimmy bets the rest of his dwindling chip pile on the next hand. He also scoops up the chips he gave Tom and adds them to the pile. Jimmy stands on an 18. He loses to the dealer's 20.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Nice talking to you, Tom. Don't sweat it out there. This stuff practically sells itself!

Jimmy leaves the table.

TOM

(to dealer)

How much did he just lose?

DEALER

About \$30,000 in 3 minutes.

FADE OUT.

ACT II

INT. VENETIAN CASINO FLOOR

Tom continues meandering across the casino floor. He looks back to where he left Gio and Marley. They're no longer there. He pushes along, passing a small side bar. As he passes by, we stick with BECCA [21, brooding, messy bun but she pulls it off], the lone patron there. The BARTENDER puts down a drink in front of her. Becca looks up from her sulking.

BARTENDER

On me. That was rough. He was so oddly positive about it too.

Becca takes a hefty drink.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

Let me know if you need anything.

BECCA

Just two years of my life back and a ride out of this hellhole. And probably a therapist.

The bartender clocks Becca's name tag: "ConGo Getter Becca Lynde".

BARTENDER

You're not staying for the convention?

BECCA

(distracted)

What?

The bartender points to her name tag.

BARTENDER

ConGo.

BECCA

No way. That was his thing. "Top summer salesman three years running."

BARTENDER

Odd, he didn't strike me as the type.

BECCA
He's like that. Can I get another?

CUT TO:

INT. VENETIAN HALLWAY - DAY

Tom is walking in file with a group of ConGo Getters pushing into the Venetian Ballroom for the big kickoff. He's looking everywhere. He finally spots Marley and Gio standing near the ballroom entrance, laughing. He shoots out from the crowd and over to them.

TOM
Hey guys.

MARLEY
Oh, hey Tom. How was the floor?

TOM
Weird. I'm not so sure about these ConGo people. What about you guys? Did you find the people for your book?

MARLEY
No, no bachelorettes. But we got some really rare finds.

GIO
That's an understatement.

TOM
Like what?

MARLEY
It started off strong with that lady stuffing garlic knots down her shirt.

GIO
A ridiculous amount of garlic knots, Tom.

Marley looks to her notebook.

MARLEY
I counted sixteen.

GIO
And that breakup near the bar.

MARLEY

Oh yeah, looked like she didn't see it coming.

GIO

But the guy seemed pretty upbeat after it all.

MARLEY

Yeah, it didn't quite add up.

GIO

And then we saw some Betty Whites hitting the jackpot.

TOM

Betty Whites?

MARLEY

Like a whole group of white-haired hellraisers, you know, Golden Girl look-a-likes. One of them hit the jackpot. They were all celebrating *hard*.

GIO

A lot of unstable hips out there, but they didn't care.

Marley and Gio are lost in recollection. Laughing again.

TOM

Wow. Sounds like I missed out.

MARLEY

(pointing)

Wait, wait, look Gio.

A ConGo Rep stands to the right of the crowd, pulling aside one of the ConGo Getters. The Rep pats the ConGo Getter on the back, shaking his hand, laughing. He pulls him in and whispers something.

MARLEY (CONT'D)

Look, watch his hand.

The ConGo Rep pulls something from his pocket and slips it into the ConGo Getter's pocket, mid-whisper. The Rep pulls back, giving him a knowing nod, and the ConGo Getter nods back. They both fade back into the crowd.

TOM

What was that?

GIO
Weird, right? It's the third time
we've seen some sort of handoff
like that.

MARLEY
Not sure what it's about. But it's
got potentially-evil Bob written
all over it.

The crowd thins.

TOM
We should probably get in there.

MARLEY
You coming, Gio?

GIO
Definitely.

The three of them fall back in line with the crowd, passing
through the ballroom doors.

CUT TO:

INT. VENETIAN BALLROOM - DAY

A sea of attendees file into a room strobing with colorful
lights that pulse to the beat of an overly-loud EDM track. A
DJ in an Orange ConGo polo is spinning real hard.

Tom, Gio and Marley walk in and scope out the space, which at
this point is full of dancing ConGo Getters. The three of
them find their seats, with Gio sitting in the middle. Marley
looks concerned, Gio bobs his head to the beat, and Tom
cringes at the gung-ho DJ.

MARLEY
(to Gio, yelling)
Yup...this feels pernicious.

GIO
(yelling back)
What?

MARLEY
(gesturing to ambiance)
The overall vibe feels real
pernicious.

GIO
Ah!

TOM
What'd Marley say?

GIO
She thinks the overall vibe is real
ambitious!

TOM
I guess.

GIO
Sounds like she's warming up to
sales.

MARLEY
(to Gio)
What'd Tom say?

GIO
He agrees with you!

Marley looks at Tom and mouths an encouraging "RIGHT?". Tom gives an awkward thumbs up back.

Marley accidentally kicks something under her chair. It's a branded ConGo drawstring bag. She inspects it, shifts its weight around, but right before she opens it, a smooth, booming voice echoes throughout the ballroom.

BOOMING VOICE
ConGo Getters! Welcome to the
Venetian. WE IN VEGAS!

The crowd cheers. The EDM music quiets down to a subtle vamp.

BOOMING VOICE (CONT'D)
Please find a seat, we're about to
pop off. If you're already on the
inebriated side, that's totally
chill, an usher will gladly assist
you.

The crowd settles in.

BOOMING VOICE (CONT'D)
Now I just have one question: ARE
YOU READY TO SELL?

Lights wiz around the room like a WWE fight and the DJ starts spinning again. A spotlight shines center stage. A burly man busts through the curtain to fill the light—it's Jimmy, the body behind the booming voice. He's wearing a pop star head mic and a backwards flat brim.

JIMMY
We got a ballsy orientation for
y'all tonight!!

The crowd goes berserk! Tom instantly recognizes him and looks uneasy. A few bros stand up in the front row and start chanting.

BROS
JI-MMY! JI-MMY! JI-MMY!

JIMMY
Thank you! Thank you very much.
(to off stage)
Cooper, where are you, my guy?

Another spotlight shines toward stage left. A tall, dark-haired, body-bronzed man emerges to fill its light—COOPER DuBOIS [27, charismatic, emanates blind leadership].

COOPER
Vegas!

Cooper basks in the cheers. Cooper and Jimmy fist bump.

COOPER (CONT'D)
I'm 'Coop' DuBois. Senior Vice
President of ConGo's sales
division. That's Jimmy Vance, my co-
Senior Vice President. And welcome
to ConGo 2024!

DJ plays some airhorns.

COOPER (CONT'D)
Who sold with me in the Midwest
corridor last Summer?

Hoops and hollers echo through the ballroom.

COOPER (CONT'D)
That's right. We saw a 6% jump in
revenue from the previous year and
my reps locked in 18% more per
commission.

Cooper goes into full Ted Talk mode.

COOPER (CONT'D)
On average, individual reps all
over the country were making around
150k each in just under 2 months of
selling.

(MORE)

COOPER (CONT'D)
 So mathematically speaking, many
 folks were making even more.

Banners unfurl on either side of the stage, brandishing gaudy
 green dollar signs.

JIMMY
 Six-figure Summers are real,
 people!

COOP
*Why are sales improving so much,
 Jimmy?*

JIMMY
 'Cus last year we started going
 door to door giving people exactly
 what they want.

COOP
*But how exactly do we know what
 people want?*

JIMMY
 Because we're literally showing up
 with their wishlist items.

Some of the crowd laughs.

COOP
 Oh, he's not joking. We show up
 with exactly what's on their
 wishlist – be it new Jordans,
 jewelry, a Dyson vacuum, a domestic
 raccoon–

JIMMY
 Stuff they've clearly shown an
 interest in online.

COOPER
 Cookies are there for the eating,
 ConGo Getters.

JIMMY
 Nom nom nom.

The crowd eats it up. Tom, Gio and Marley have a general
 "WTF" expression.

COOPER
 No more guesswork.

JIMMY
No more hassle.

COOPER
It's *personal* selling.

JIMMY
With people's *personal* data.

COOPER
And we're doing it with the best
reps in the country.

JIMMY
Because if you want to be the
greatest...

COOPER
You have to surround yourself with
the greatest.

Cooper and Jimmy simultaneously give a hand-heart to each other, like they practiced it. The DJ smashes a button on his pad and a pre-recorded "AWH!" echoes through the ballroom.

Gio soaks in the ridiculousness, Tom's mouth is agape, and Marley's now rummaging through the bag, shaking her head.

COOPER (CONT'D)
Speaking of the greatest, where's
Berta? Berta, get up here, lady!

BERTA, one of the Betty White's, slowly makes her way to the stage. Cooper eagerly awaits like a proud father. It takes Berta an uncomfortable while to make it to him. The DJ mistimes his music cues and has to loop them.

GIO
Marley, it's her!

MARLEY
(looking up)
Oh my god...what.

Cooper puts his arm around Berta when she arrives.

COOPER
Guys, this is my favorite ConGo
Getter. And she's back for a second
year.

Berta gives a humble wave to the audience.

COOPER (CONT'D)

Now Berta, tell us all how much you made last Summer. Don't be humble.

BERTA

180.

COOPER

180!?

The crowd loves it.

GIO

Ok, I'm obsessed with her.

COOPER

(to crowd)

Social Security just ain't what it used to be folks! But Berta took financial matters into her own hands. What a gritty gal!

BERTA

Listen, Coop, uh, I hit triple 7 jackpot at the slots an hour ago.

COOPER

No you didn't.

JIMMY

(impressed)

Wow!

BERTA

Yeahh, I'm trading in my flat brim for a sun hat in Key Largo. Don't worry about me. I'll be with my best friend Margaret who always loves to remind me that she made it down there 30 years ago—that bitch.

COOPER

(to crowd)

Berta's unhinged!!

(to Berta)

But you're so young in your career!

BERTA

Retire when you're on top, Cooper.

Cooper gives her a tight, loving squeeze. It's a little too long.

COOPER

(hot mic whisper)

I'll visit you.

Cooper finally lets go. Jimmy keeps the show moving.

JIMMY

Let's give Berta a warm send off
for absolutely killing it in the
twilight of her life!

The crowd stands up for Berta. Gio shoots up to join them.

All the way in the back of the room, we see Becca waltzing
through the ballroom's entrance, visibly tipsy. An USHER
stabilizes her.

USHER

Let me help you find a seat, miss.

BECCA

I'm chill. Just here for the boos.

Becca brushes off the Usher's hand and finds a seat. As Berta
makes her way off the stage, she throws her translucent visor
into the crowd. It soars majestically through the air, right
above Marley's head and through Gio's outstretched arms. It
finally lands on Becca's lap, who immediately puts it on
without second thought.

JIMMY

What a legend. But now let's
introduce a legend in the making.

COOPER

That's right. Let's bring out the
king.

The lights fade to black. EDM music vamps.

COOPER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

He's been salesman numero uno.

JIMMY (O.S.)

For three...straight...years!

COOPER (O.S.)

Never making less than THREE
HUNDRED AND NINETY thousand dollars
in revenue a year.

JIMMY (O.S.)

(whispery)

390..

Marley recognizes Chad from the bar breakup and then clocks Becca's defiant strut. She stands up and pursues Becca out of the ballroom. Tom and Gio are too distracted to notice Marley's absence.

CHAD (CONT'D)
That was kind of weird. Sorry. One moment.

Chad closes his eyes and takes a focused breath, something he's practiced, and recollects himself. He's smiling again.

CHAD (CONT'D)
Right, so, Jimmy and Coop asked me to preview an exciting new competition for you all to kick off this year's summer sales program. Together, we'll be tackling one of ConGo's biggest threats.

Chad pulls out a notecard and starts reading. The words aren't familiar to him.

CHAD (CONT'D)
"They are a collective force of nature, the dismantling of which will take each and every one you united as one force, yoked in-- yoked?--yoked in singular purpose. A defiant stand against the--" Oh wait, I think there're some slides...

Chad inspects a remote clicker in his hand. The screen behind him shifts to a new slide. It's a stock picture of a mother and father, holding a cute baby.

CROWD
Awww.

CHAD
Huh, cute. Where was I? "A defiant stand against the sneaky, the small, and the cute that hides around our every corner..."

Gio and Tom look to each other, confused.

TOM
(mouthing)
Babies?

Chad clicks his remote. A large red "X" flashes on top of the stock picture. There's an audible gasp from the crowd.

The large red "X" flashes quicker, a ticking time bomb. A stock explosion eviscerates the family, with an accompanied Wilhelm scream. Only the blurry stock background remains.

CROWD MEMBER
What the hell?

CHAD
Uhh-

Chad quickly clicks to the next slide. A title slams on to the screen: "THE MOM & POP COMPETITION", in a militaristic stencil type.

CHAD (CONT'D)
(quickly)
"...around our every corner, Mom &
Pop shops! Welcome to the Mom & Pop
Competition."

Chad looks out to a silent crowd. They're staring back at him, shocked. A confetti cannon goes off. Chad's lost his place on his cards. Cooper and Jimmy emerge from the wings and onto the stage.

COOPER
Killer introduction from the King,
guys. Let's get into it!

The EDM beat returns. Chad looks to Jimmy, speaking off mic.

CHAD
What are you doing?

JIMMY
You're losing them, man.

Jimmy grabs Chad's arm and lifts it up, to cheers. Jimmy seamlessly grabs the remote from Chad's hand. Chad walks off.

COOPER
Small businesses...

JIMMY
Can be big bummers.

Jimmy flips through slides that feature felt boards, chalk on small blackboards, etc. The signs read: "MADE WITH LOVE"; "HOME GROWN"; "You can't buy happiness but you can buy local. And that's kind of the same."

COOPER

In the Mom and Pop competition,
four ConGo reps will team up and
pick one small business that is
eating into our regional profit
share.

JIMMY

The four of you will strategize,
devise, and conquer, to reclaim
what's ours, and better yet...

COOPER

Make it yours!

Cooper and Jimmy rile up the crowd.

JIMMY

NO MORE MOMS! NO MORE POPS!

COOPER (CONT'D)

NO MORE MOMS! NO MORE POPS!