

"OUT OF OFFICE"

Written by

B. E. Davis

Phone: 713.396.0810

Email: info@stopkillingyourdreams.com

August 2025

FADE IN:

COLD OPEN

INT. EMILY'S APARTMENT - SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

A SMALL APARTMENT overflowing with succulents and to-do lists. EMILY CHEN (30s, Chinese-American, detail-oriented) sits at her laptop in a crisp blouse and pajama bottoms, headset on.

On her screen: a ZOOM MEETING with multiple squares - each one a member of the "Fling" dating-app team. Behind their squares, TIME-ZONE CLOCKS tick out of sync.

EMILY

(cheerful)

Okay, everyone! Quick sync before the big push. Remember: no one presses the giant red deploy button until I give the-

A HAND REACHES across RAUL GARCIA's screen (40s, Spanish, unshaven) and slams an imaginary BUTTON.

RAUL

(excited, deadpan)

Oops.

EMILY

(freezes)

Tell me you did not just-

PIYA PATEL (20s, Indian, fabulously dressed even over video) gasps.

PRIYA

Oh my god, Raul! It's 2AM here! I just put under-eye patches on for this call. You better not make me do actual work.

OLAF ERIKSSON (50s, Swedish, stern) stares at the camera with a half-eaten cinnamon bun.

OLAF

(matter-of-fact)

Deploying. Our watch begins.

Jake Williams (30s, Kansas, from his mother's basement next to a pile of laundry) holds up a can of energy drink.

JAKE

Woo! Let's crash some servers! Just kidding. Please don't crash the servers. My mom's on the same WiFi.

EMILY

(losing her calm)

Guys—back away from the button. This is an international coordinated launch, and I—

A NEW WINDOW POPS UP. COMPANY CEO FRANCOIS "FRANK" DUBOIS (40s, French, flamboyant) waves like a game-show host, wearing a

turtleneck and blazer. His background is a virtual Eiffel Tower, clearly green-screened.

FRANK

(overly enthusiastic)

Salut, team! Are we ready to unleash the future of love? Remember: love waits for no one. Except my hairdresser—she is always late.

RAUL

(whispering)

Frank. Still here.

EMILY

(urgent)

Frank, please tell Raul to not press the button until we—

Frank, unaware, slaps his desk dramatically.

FRANK

Let's make history!

ON EMILY'S SCREEN: A CARTOONY RED BUTTON GRAPHIC blinks.

The tiny cursor over the button moves... moves... and CLICK!

Everything FREEZES.

A beat.

EMILY

No.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - BOSTON - SAME

A LITTLE OLD LADY swipes through her phone. Suddenly, her dating app begins MATCHING HER with EVERYONE WORLDWIDE. She panics.

LITTLE OLD LADY

(screams)

Harold! My phone thinks I'm Beyoncé!

CUT TO:

INT. VARIOUS LOCATIONS - CONTINUOUS

QUICK CUTS as chaos erupts:

- A TEEN in Seoul receives a match request from a DOG ACCOUNT.

- TWO FISHERMEN in Greenland are matched with each other, confused but considering it.

- A COUPLE at a café watch their phones BEEP continuously.

WOMAN AT CAFE

(annoyed)

Why is Fling matching me with... my ex-boyfriend?

MAN AT CAFE

(sniffs)

Same.

BACK TO:

INT. EMILY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

EMILY's jaw drops. Multiple Slack notifications ping simultaneously.

EMILY

(calmly, to camera)

I'll handle it.

Her forced smile cracks as she dives into furious typing.

SMASH CUT TO MAIN TITLE:

SUPER: "OUT OF OFFICE"

The words glitch like a failed video chat before settling.

TITLE CARD END. ROLL INTO MAIN EPISODE.

CUT

TO:

ACT ONE

EXT. THE INTERNET (ANIMATED) - DAY

A digital graphic of the world with Wi-Fi signals connecting major cities. Cartoon avatars representing each team member travel across lines to a single point that blinks: "IN-PERSON OFFSITE - MEXICO CITY."

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. EMILY'S APARTMENT - LATER

Emily paces, headset on, surrounded by flowcharts, Post-it notes, and a suitcase half-packed.

EMILY

(on phone)

Mom, I promise, it's safe. Yes, I know it's my first time leaving my apartment in... what year is it? It's fine. If the plane crashes, I will never hear "I told you so." That's a win.

MRS. CHEN (V.O.)

(loving, neurotic)

Make sure you pack the herbal tea I sent. And the lucky red envelopes. And the portable rice cooker.

EMILY

(laughs)

Mom, it's a four-day trip, not a residency. Love you, bye.

She hangs up and turns to her cat, MR. WHISKERS, who perches on her keyboard, unbothered.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Mr. Whiskers, I'm trusting you with the plants. Please don't eat them or my passwords.

He yawns.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Fair point.

Her phone buzzes. It's a message from Frank: "In-person offsite: mandatory. The future of Fling depends on it. P.S. There's a surprise."

Emily raises an eyebrow.

EMILY

(to self)

"Surprise" and "Frank" are two words that should never be in the same sentence.

CUT TO:

INT. RAUL'S FLAT - MADRID - NIGHT

Raul lounges on his sofa in a soccer jersey. He has one monitor with code, another playing a soccer match, and another open to airplane bookings. His apartment is a chaotic mix of empty paella pans and guitar cases.

RAUL

(speaking into his phone)

Mamá, sí, I'm going on a work trip. No, I cannot bring my entire family. Because it's not that kind of trip. ...Okay, I'll bring jamón. Yes, the good one.

He scrolls through flights.

RAUL (CONT'D)

(starts typing)

Flight from Madrid to Mexico City... eighty-seven hours? That can't be right.

His friend MIGUEL (off-screen) calls from the kitchen.

MIGUEL (O.S.)

Raul! Are you stealing my Wi-Fi?

RAUL

(grins)

Define "stealing."

CUT TO:

INT. PRIYA'S BEDROOM - MUMBAI - NIGHT

A vibrant bedroom decorated with Bollywood posters and LED fairy lights. PRIYA PATEL sits cross-legged, streaming live on her phone with ring lights.

PRIYA

(to camera)

Fam, guess what? Your girl is flying international for the first time! This is huge. I've only ever traveled between my bedroom and my living room, and occasionally the terrace when Wi-Fi cooperates. So I'm going to meet my coworkers in Mexico City. Will I find true love? Probably not. But will I find tacos? Yes. Will I bring you all along? Absolutely.

Chat comments flood in. She squeals.

PRIYA (CONT'D)

We're going to find out if my colleagues are as cute in real life as their avatars. We're also going to find out if I can survive a 24-hour flight with my aunt calling every hour. Stay tuned.

Her phone dings with a message from Emily: "PRIYA! Packing list? See doc." Another from Olaf: "Please respect the professional nature of this offsite."

She laughs and types back with one hand while waving goodbye to her followers.

CUT TO:

INT. OLAF'S HOME - STOCKHOLM - DAY

Minimalistic. White walls, sleek furniture, a single cozy lamp. OLAF ERIKSSON sits at a pristine table with his laptop. He wears a suit and tie, his hair perfectly combed. His wife, INGRID, enters wearing chunky knitwear, carrying a tray of cinnamon buns.

INGRID

(sweetly)

Are you sure about this trip?

OLAF

(nods)

It is mandatory. Frank insisted. He said it will "unlock our synergy."

INGRID

(smirks)

Ah, synergy. Sounds expensive.

Olaf carefully places a label on his suitcase: "Olaf Eriksson, Q.A. Manager, Fling."

OLAF

(stern)

I have created a schedule with margin for transportation disruptions, mealtime and sleep.

INGRID

(sit beside him)

You know you'll be in Mexico City during their festival, right? There might be dancing.

OLAF

(pauses)

I will make a note.

CUT TO:

INT. JAKE'S BASEMENT - KANSAS - NIGHT

A cluttered basement with mismatched furniture. JAKE WILLIAMS in an oversized hoodie sits at his desk, headset on, multiple monitors open: one with a video game, one with code, and one with a travel website. A bowl of cereal and his mom's voice echo from upstairs.

MRS. WILLIAMS (O.S.)

Jake! Did you order those packing cubes I sent you?

JAKE

(shouting)

Mom! I'm on a call!

(to his friend on the headset)

No, man, I can't play another round. I'm... traveling. Yeah. To Mexico. It's for work.

FRIEND (V.O.)

(laughs)

"Work"? I thought you just answered emails.

JAKE

I do! But apparently they want us to like... physically exist? In the same room? I don't know, it's weird.

He click-adds a "portable neck pillow" to his cart.

His mom opens the door, holding a "Travel Hacks" book.

MRS. WILLIAMS

Honey, I color-coded these tabs by airport code. And your father insisted you take the pepper spray.

She hands him a PINK PEPPER SPRAY keychain.

JAKE

(mortified)

Mom, please. I'm a grown man. (beat) Does it come in black?

CUT TO:

EXT. KENYA - NAIROBI - DAY

A bustling street. We pan into LAMIYA BA's small but vibrant apartment. LAMIYA (30s, Kenyan, witty) sits at a table, laptop open, balancing two kids on her lap. Her cousin, AISHA, stirs a pot in the background.

LAMIYA

(to kids)

You cannot watch cartoons on my work laptop. This is how we afford your cartoon addiction.

The kids giggle. She picks up her phone and dials.

LAMIYA (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Frank, it's 6PM here. Yes, I'm excited. Yes, I'll bring you Kenyan coffee. No, I can't bring a giraffe. I'm not that strong.

In the background, Aisha rolls her eyes.

AISHA

(offhand)

Bring him a goat. That's easier.

Lamiya laughs.

LAMIYA

(to Aisha)

We are not smuggling goats to Mexico, Aisha. Focus on the stew.

A message pops up on Lamiya's laptop: "OFFSITE CONFIRMED.
SURPRISE ANNOUNCEMENT."

Lamiya's eyes narrow suspiciously.

LAMIYA (CONT'D)

(under breath)

If this is another karaoke contest, I'm not singing ABBA again.

CUT TO:

INT. FLING HEADQUARTERS - MEXICO CITY - DAY

A bustling open office space in Mexico City. FRANK DUBOIS strides down the hall with purpose, guided by his assistant, NICO (20s, Mexican, quick-witted). Frank stops to look at a wall filled with photos of couples.

FRANK

(pointing)

We need more diversity on this wall! Where is the couple on the camel? Where is the couple at the Taj Mahal?

NICO

(confused)

Frank, those are copyrighted landmarks.

FRANK

(thoughtful)

Ah. Then we'll build our own Taj Mahal. Tiny. In the courtyard.
With bean bags.

NICO nods as if this is normal.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Is everything ready for the team?

NICO

Yes. But also, the CFO is calling. Again.

FRANK

(dismissive)

Ah, Soraya. She worries too much. Finance people. Always with
the numbers. All they need to know is "infinity."

NICO

She said it's urgent.

FRANK

(whisper)

Do you think it's about the surprise?

They both look conspiratorially at the camera.

CUT

TO:

INT. AIRPORT - DAY (VARIOUS)

A MONTAGE of each character traveling:

- EMILY stands in a long TSA line, clutching a binder. She organizes her travel documents like Tetris.

- RAUL sweet-talks the gate agent in Spanish, then charms his way into an upgrade using a ham sample.

- PRIYA films a TikTok with a flight attendant who dances with her in the aisle.

- OLAF sits stoically next to a toddler who is fascinated by his beard. Olaf slightly smiles.

- JAKE misses his flight because he got too engrossed in a video game; we see him sprinting through the airport with his mom on FaceTime.

- LAMIYA hands out snacks to every person in her row, then solves a Rubik's cube while her kids watch cartoons behind her via a relative (we realize she left the kids with family; they blow kisses on the phone.)

- FRANK is in first class with sunglasses and a silk scarf, watching a French New Wave film.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MEXICO CITY - DAY

A beautiful establishing shot of Mexico City. Vibrant colors, mariachi music, and the hustle and bustle.

SUPER: "MEXICO CITY - DAY 1"

INT. BOUTIQUE HOTEL LOBBY - MEXICO CITY - DAY

The lobby is chic, with local art and a welcome sign: "Bienvenidos Fling Team!" Emily, dragging two suitcases and a backpack, enters. She looks around, awe-struck, then checks her watch.

EMILY

(to herself)

Okay. Schedule: check-in, team photo, icebreaker, synergy.

She spots Frank hugging a cactus (for the Gram). She waves; he waves back enthusiastically.

FRANK

(shouting across the lobby)

Emily! Welcome! Look, I'm one with nature.

He pricks his finger on the cactus and yelps.

EMILY

(reassuring)

Maybe nature needs consent.

Frank laughs, unbothered.

JAKE (O.S.)

(approaching)

Hey! Is this where we meet for the synergy?

Jake rushes in, hair disheveled, lugging a suitcase with multiple gaming stickers. He looks up in awe at the fancy lobby.

JAKE (CONT'D)

(wide-eyed)

I left Kansas for this? It's like... Pinterest exploded.

EMILY

(smiles)

Jake! You're here. Did you get my packing spreadsheet?

JAKE

I tried. I spilled ramen on my keyboard. And then the battery exploded. So I winged it.

RAUL enters with a guitar case slung over his shoulder and wearing sunglasses.

RAUL

(loudly)

Hola! Mexico City! Did you miss me? Because I missed me.

He spots Emily and Jake and embraces them both in one big hug.

RAUL (CONT'D)

You look shorter in person, Emily.

EMILY

(defensive)

I'm wearing flats.

PRIYA comes in with multiple bags and a camera crew (vlog gear).
She spins, capturing the lobby.

PRIYA

(sings)

We're here! We're queer! Well, some of us. How's everyone doing?
Comment below.

Jake points to her camera.

JAKE

We're trending? Is this what trending feels like?

PRIYA

(to camera)

That's Jake. He hasn't left his basement since 2019. Smell that?
It's the scent of the outdoors.

JAKE

(sniffs)

That's me.

OLAF steps in, stoic, carrying a single suitcase and a carefully folded schedule in his breast pocket.

OLAF

(looking around)

The humidity is at fifty-eight percent. I have allocated twenty minutes for adjusting.

Raul high-fives him.

RAUL

Olaf! Did you bring the ABBA playlist?

OLAF

(grave)

Always.

LAMIYA arrives, wearing stylish sunglasses and a hand-woven scarf. She pulls Emily into a hug.

LAMIYA

(whispers)

Please tell me they have childcare.

EMILY

(smiling)

The margarita counts, right?

They laugh.

FRANK claps his hands dramatically, assembling everyone in the middle of the lobby.

FRANK

Okay, team! Gather around. Welcome to our first ever in-person synergy summit! I cannot tell you how happy I am to see your lower halves. Some of you... have legs!

He winks. They all murmur awkwardly.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I have planned the most incredible week of bonding, brainstorming, and team-building. Together, we will build the future of Fling. And as a treat—there is a surprise. But first... we have a very special guest.

Everyone looks around.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Ladies and gentlemen... our CFO: Soraya Naqvi!

SORAYA NAQVI (40s, British-Pakistani, poised) steps out from behind a pillar. She wears a tailored suit, her expression serious. She carries a stack of folders.

SORAYA

(genuine)

Hello, everyone. It's wonderful to finally meet you all in person. I wish it were under better circumstances.

The mood shifts. The team shares concerned glances.

EMILY

(mutters to Lamiya)

What does that mean?

LAMIYA

(mutters back)

Nothing good ever starts with "I wish."

SORAYA

(sincere)

Let's get comfortable. We have a lot to discuss.

FRANK

(nervously)

Yes. But first—icebreaker?

No one laughs.

CUT TO:

ACT TWO

INT. HOTEL CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

A sleek modern room with floor-to-ceiling windows showcasing the city. Whiteboards, sticky notes, and a tray of pan dulce. Everyone is seated at a U-shaped table. Frank stands at the front with a slide titled "Synergy Summit 2025."

FRANK

(cheerful)

Before we dive into numbers, let's start with a fun game! Two truths and a lie!

SORAYA

(interjecting)

Frank, perhaps we should go straight to the agenda. This isn't... ideal.

Frank's smile falters.

FRANK

(sighs)

Fine. Our CFO will ruin-err-start with some important updates.

He takes a seat. Soraya steps forward.

SORAYA

(earnest)

I'll be brief. Over the past two years, Fling's user base has increased exponentially. Congratulations on that. However—our monetization hasn't kept up. Investor confidence is low, and we are running out of runway.

Gasps. Emily's hand shoots up.

EMILY

(confused)

Running... out of what?

SORAYA

Money.

JAKE drops his pencil. Olaf swallows a whole cinnamon bun without chewing.

RAUL

(sarcastic)

So, the surprise isn't a mariachi band.

PRIYA

(carefully)

How "out" is "out"?

SORAYA

We have two months' worth of operational funds at our current burn rate. To continue, we need to pivot and secure new investment.

EMILY

(trying to stay calm)

Pivot... to what?

SORAYA

Our investor expects us to prove we can operate profitably. They've given us a challenge. In forty-eight hours, we must present a viable plan for revenue. If they like it, we get funding. If not... (beat) Fling will be shut down.

The room is silent.

FRANK

(softly)

Surprise?

He forces a weak smile.

EMILY stands, determined.

EMILY

(resolute)

We can do this. We're Fling. We're scrappy. We've survived bug crashes, algorithmic bias, and Frank's karaoke. We can do revenue.

PRIYA

(excited)

We could sell love kits! Like scented candles and chocolates. And maybe a dating show. I'd host.

LAMIYA

(timing)

We could charge for premium filters. Like, turn your ex into a potato for five dollars.

JAKE

(playful)

We could sell your data to aliens.

They look at him. He shrugs.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Kidding! (beat) Unless?

RAUL

(thinks)

What if we do in-person events? People are lonely. We could host speed-dating parties.

OLAF

(mutters)

Events require risk assessment. And liability waivers.

FRANK

(defeated)

All good ideas. But we need something... big. Something that stands out.

SORAYA

And we need to present it in forty-eight hours. Our investor will be joining us here on Friday. Think of it like... "Fling's pitch to stay alive."

EMILY

(looking around)

Okay. Then let's get to work. We'll break into groups, brainstorm, develop a prototype, and prepare a pitch. This is our chance to save the company and keep working together—from anywhere in the world. Who's with me?

One by one, hands go up. Even Olaf raises his hand slowly.

OLAF

(sincere)

I have to finish my vacation days anyway.

FRANK

(teary-eyed)

This... is beautiful. My heart is full. Also, we cannot afford a mariachi band now.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

Sticky notes cover every surface. Emily stands in front of a whiteboard scribbling "REVENUE IDEAS." The group is scattered around, brainstorming.

PRIYA writes: "Virtual Dating Coach - subscription."

LAMIYA writes: "Pet matchmaking."

JAKE writes: "Premium: See who swiped left on you."

RAUL writes: "Hologram dates."

OLAF writes: "Pay to make your ex jealous."

EMILY

(considering)

What if we combine social, virtual, and real experiences? Everyone is lonely, but they don't know how to meet in person. We could do curated events, in tandem with the app, where we use our data to match groups for in-person experiences: cooking classes, hiking groups, painting. People pay for the experience and the chance at love.

PRIYA

(enthusiastic)

Like "Fling IRL"? Fling in Real Life! Omg, that's kind of genius.

RAUL

(nods)

We could partner with local businesses. They get customers, we get revenue.

OLAF

(calculating)

We would need to implement safety protocols. Liability waivers. Verified ID.

LAMIYA

(smiling)

We can call it "Fling Out." Like "out and about."

JAKE

(chimes)

We could gamify it. Points for attending events, connecting, rating experiences. People love points.

EMILY

(focused)

Yes! Let's build a prototype. We'll need design mock-ups, a pitch deck, and—Jake, can you make a clickable prototype?

JAKE

(shrugs)

Sure. If the hotel Wi-Fi doesn't collapse.

EMILY

(to everyone)

We'll need a tagline.

FRANK

(inspired)

"Fling Out: Where swipes meet life."

They all stop and look at Frank.

EMILY

(begrudgingly)

That's... good.

FRANK

(tearful)

Mon dieu. I contribute!

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL COURTYARD - NIGHT

After hours of brainstorming, the team relaxes by a fire pit. String lights flicker. They have drinks (café de olla, margaritas, water). A faint mariachi band plays in the distance.

RAUL strums his guitar, playing a Spanish melody. Priya sings softly. Emily stares at her laptop, cross-legged, but her shoulders relax.

JAKE roasts marshmallows; Olaf examines a cactus.

LAMIYA chats on video call with her kids, showing them the musicians. They wave to the camera; the musicians wave back.

FRANK sits slightly apart, looking at his phone. Soraya approaches and sits next to him.

SORAYA

(quiet)

You okay?

FRANK

(sincere, vulnerable)

I told them this would be fun. I wanted to bring them together. I didn't want to worry them. But maybe I should have... sooner.

SORAYA

(soft)

You did what you thought was right. Look at them now. They're bonding. They're brilliant. Trust them.

FRANK

(sighs)

They trusted me with their jobs. Their livelihoods. I can't let them down.

SORAYA

(smiles)

Then don't. Let's work. Together.

Meanwhile, at the fire pit, RAUL finishes his song.

RAUL

(raises glass)

To saving our jobs.

They all raise their drinks.

ALL

(toasting)

To saving our jobs!

A beat.

JAKE

And to free hotel breakfasts.

LAUGHTER. They clink glasses.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL WORKSPACE - LATER (LATE NIGHT)

A montage of them working into the night:

– Emily organizes slides, adding icons like hearts turning into stars.

– Priya storyboards an ad concept, recording voiceover in different languages.

– Jake programs a quick Figma prototype, eyes glowing from the screen.

– Olaf checks legal guidelines, highlighting risk items.

– Lamiya writes copy with witty lines.

– Raul tests the booking page, muttering in Spanish.

– Frank practises the pitch in the mirror, using too many hand gestures. Soraya coaches him to tone them down.

– And occasionally, they all crash into each other in the hallway grabbing coffee.

EMILY

(to Jake)

How are the tabs going?

JAKE

(exhausted)

I haven't blinked in three hours.

EMILY

(mutters)

Blinking is for losers. (beat, then) I'm kidding. Blink. Please.

MONTAGE END.

CUT

TO:

ACT THREE

EXT. HOTEL TERRACE - MORNING

Sunrise. Emily stands with a cup of coffee, watching the city wake up. Raul jogs by, wearing running shorts and an oversized Fling t-shirt, sweatband askew.

RAUL

(breathless)

Morning! My body is in shock, but my mind is awake.

EMILY

(smiling)

Remember, we present at three. Where's Frank?

FRANK appears, in a crisp suit, carrying a stack of cue cards. He trips over a potted plant and stumbles but regains his composure.

FRANK

(coolly)

I am ready to save the world. Also, I may have sprained my ankle.

They laugh.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL CONFERENCE ROOM - AFTERNOON

The room is transformed into a sleek presentation space. A projector screen reads: "Fling IRL: Turning Swipes into Life." There are printed welcome cards. RAUL tests the clicker.

SORAYA stands near the door, greeting someone we can't see.

SORAYA

Welcome. Thank you for coming.

EMILY takes a deep breath. The rest of the team stands behind her, supportive.

The INVESTOR enters: A tall woman in a power suit with a stern but curious demeanor. She is MR. MARIANA SANTANA (50s, Brazilian, venture capitalist). She sits.

MARIANA

(calm)

Let's see what you've got.

Frank steps forward, confident but with a hint of nerves.

FRANK

(rising to the moment)

Boa tarde, Mariana. Thank you for traveling to meet us. I'm Frank Dubois, founder of Fling, and this is my incredible team. Over the last two years, we've connected hearts all over the globe. Today, we're here to show you how we plan to connect hearts in person. Welcome to... Fling Out.

He gestures. Lights dim. Emily clicks the first slide.

ON SCREEN: Vibrant images of diverse people meeting in a cooking class, hiking, painting. Overlay text: "Fling Out: Where Swipes Meet Life."

EMILY narrates from behind.

EMILY (V.O.)

In the digital era, we've turned dating into numbers and pixels. But after two years of isolation, human beings crave contact. They crave shared experiences. Fling Out is a service that curates real-life events using our algorithms. We partner with local businesses to create matches based on hobbies, values, and timing. Users pay for exclusive experiences and the chance to connect beyond a screen.

Slide transitions: Stats showing rising loneliness.

PRIYA (V.O.)

Our data shows eighty percent of users want to meet in person but don't know where to start. Fling Out guides them through a safe, verified, and fun journey. Think cooking classes, live gigs, volunteer projects—curated by us, matched by algorithms, monetized by ticket sales.

JAKE (V.O.)

We've built an interactive prototype where users can choose events, see their match compatibility score, and chat before attending. We also gamified it with points and badges. Because... points.

The prototype shows a user selecting "salsa class" and being matched with others at the same level. They purchase tickets within the app.

OLAF (V.O.)

We've analyzed legal frameworks, security, and safety. All attendees go through ID verification. Partners are vetted. Liability waivers are pre-filled. It's as safe as online dating can be—maybe safer.

LAMIYA (V.O.)

And it's inclusive. Events are curated across age ranges, abilities, and cultures. We plan to launch simultaneously in our biggest markets: North America, Europe, India, and parts of Africa. Localization is our strength.

RAUL (V.O.)

We even partnered with a local band for a test event last night. It was... mostly successful. Except for Jake dancing.

Everyone laughs, including Mariana.

On the slide: Testimonials from the test event participants. Smiling faces; one couple holds hands.

FRANK steps forward.

FRANK

In two days, we built a product that brings love into the real world. With your investment, we can finish building, scale globally, and take Fling from screens to streets. We ask for five million dollars for twenty percent of the company to build Fling Out and achieve profitability in nine months.

Mariana considers. She flips through the printed proposal, reviewing numbers, revenue projections, schedules. The room is silent.

MARIANA

(taking her time)

You built this in forty-eight hours?

PRIYA

(whispers)

With coffee.

MARIANA looks at each team member. Emily stands tall, unblinking. Raul smirks with confidence. Priya bounces on her toes. Olaf nods politely. Lamiya smiles warmly. Jake tries to look like a professional human.

MARIANA

(carefully)

You have traction. The idea is strong. You clearly care. But I have concerns. Safety, scaling, culture differences. Will people show up?

EMILY

(inhales)

We'll build trust. Local ambassadors. Verified partners. Tiered pricing so it's accessible.

PRIYA

(earnest)

People will show up because they're lonely. And because we'll make it fun.

RAUL

(confident)

And because we have something the other apps don't: us.

MARIANA looks at Frank, then at Soraya.

MARIANA

(takes a deep breath)

Here's what I'll do: I'll invest three million dollars now for twenty-five percent equity. If you hit your first milestone—ten thousand paying users for Fling Out in four months—I'll unlock another three million. Deal?

Frank falters. He looks at his team. They nod. He turns back to Mariana.

FRANK

(deep breath)

Deal.

They shake hands.

A beat. Applause breaks out. Emily exhales, relief visible. Priya squeals silently. Olaf allows a tiny smile. Lamiya hugs Jake. Soraya closes her eyes with gratitude.

MARIANA

(smiling)

Now... did you say something about a mariachi band?

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

A festive celebration. A REAL MARIACHI BAND plays. The team dances, laughing. They clink glasses with Mariana and her entourage.

FRANK steps onto a chair, tapping a fork on a glass.

FRANK

(loudly)

Before we all black out on mezcal, I just want to say... thank you. You saved Fling. You saved me. And you did it together. I may have known this day would come eventually—

Everyone groans; he laughs.

FRANK (CONT'D)

—to our new beginning! To Fling Out!

ALL

(shouting)

To Fling Out!

PRIYA

(to camera)

And to season two!

RAUL

(confused)

Season two of what?

Everybody laughs.

Suddenly, Soraya's phone buzzes. She checks the screen. Her smile fades.

SORAYA

(quietly, to Emily)

We have another problem.

EMILY

(fearful)

What now?

SORAYA

(low voice)

Have you ever heard of... Findr?

EMILY's expression changes from joy to concern.

EMILY

(whispering)

The app that poaches other dating apps' users with AI?

SORAYA

(nods)

They're launching in three weeks. In thirty countries.

The world slows. Emily's mind races. She looks at her team celebrating, oblivious.

EMILY

(whispering)

We're not even out of the woods.

SORAYA

(smiles grimly)

Welcome to tech.

EMILY stares ahead, determined.

EMILY (V.O.)

(steady)

Maybe being out of the office means you're always working. But as long as we're together, maybe we can make something real.

She lifts her glass again.

EMILY

(softly, to herself)

We've got this.

FADE OUT.

END OF

PILOT