

SILICON VALLEY

"Adult Supervision"

by

Blake Ross

FADE IN:

INT. RAVIGA CAPITAL - LAURIE'S OFFICE - DAY

LAURIE

Have a seat.

There aren't any. RICHARD sits Indian-style on the floor and peers up clumsily over the desk.

LAURIE

At Raviga Capital, we pride ourselves on being "founder friendly."

RICHARD

You fired me on Snapchat.

LAURIE (CONT'D)

That respect is critical to our deal flow. We know entrepreneurs have plenty of suitors on Sand Hill.

RICHARD

You didn't even write anything.

Richard holds up his phone. Her snap is just 🔥 -- the fire emoji -- huge.

LAURIE

It's disrespectful to screenshot snaps.

RICHARD

It was hard with your one second timer.

LAURIE

I'm setting up interviews for your replacement and we'd like you to participate. This is a small town; the board wants everyone to know you're on board with the board.

RICHARD

There's no way I'm gonna help you hire someone else.

LAURIE

Well if you don't, Pied Piper might experience a little "compression" of its own.

RICHARD

What?

LAURIE

(chuckling)

Just a little wordplay. No, it means we'll fire you.

Richard holds up his phone ("you already did that").

LAURIE

We're "managing you out" of the CEO role, not Pied Piper itself. No one knows more about the tech than you do.

RICHARD

So...you're looking for a CEO with a little less experience?

LAURIE

We're looking for a CEO, period.

RICHARD

(flustered)

I'm already...this company was...

LAURIE

And there's the problem, isn't it. A leader campaigns in poetry and governs in prose. You sound like Siri having a stroke.

RICHARD

I wrote almost every line of code in Pied Piper. Every function, every class, every library.

LAURIE

And you're a gifted coder, no question. But a leader has command. A leader has presence. You're smart beyond compare, Richard. But you are not a CEO.

Laurie walks out.

RICHARD

(convincing himself)

I have presence.

A beat. And then the automatic office lights turn off, unaware our hapless hero is still down on the floor. The pitch blackness gives way to...

OPENING CREDITS

INT. HACKER HOUSE - DAY

DINESH

Isn't it weird how fun it sounds to get laid off? Like, everyone wants to get laid. And everyone wants to get off. But nobody wants to get laid off.

GILFOYLE

I wouldn't mind your mom's pink slip.

DINESH

Well, your ex did put you on a performance improvement plan.

ERLICH

This is so fucked. His name's on the door and they shat all over him anyway, just to hire some suit. It's like firing Captain Crunch.

(roleplaying)

Hey kids, sorry I didn't have time to get my MBA while I was pioneering *the entire field of maritime breakfast*. You'll just have to bend over for Admiral Wharton's plank instead.

GILFOYLE

Are you saying that Captain Crunch was on a career path to pedophilia?

ERLICH

I'm saying he deserved a chance to find out.

DINESH

I don't even understand how this is possible. Richard is the firer, not the firee. He's the boss.

JARED

Actually, it's a common misconception that the CEO is the final authority. She serves at the pleasure of the shareholders.

GILFOYLE

She?

JARED

(beaming)

I'm PC.

GILFOYLE

Name one female CEO who isn't...

JARED

Marissa--

GILFOYLE

...Marissa Mayer.

DINESH

YouTube's chief is a woman.

GILFOYLE

You mean the one who reports to
Larry Page.

DINESH

No, her boss is Google's CEO. And
then *his* boss is Alphabet's CEO,
Larry.

GILFOYLE

So she's a CEO...who reports to a
man...who reports to a man.
Satanists believe every living
being is a God and we still have
less red tape than that shit. I
guess you feel right at home
though; Indians have 57 chiefs for
sand.

DINESH

I'm Pakistani.

JARED

This actually illustrates my
point: Richard doesn't have as
much power as you might think.
Look -- here's how you probably
imagine the org chart.

Jared whiteboards a typical org chart "tree": Richard on
top, then Jared, and finally Dinesh.

GILFOYLE

We don't report to you.

JARED
Well, that's murky.

GILFOYLE
To the person explaining it?

JARED
...But this is how the world
really looks.

Jared draws a new org chart: investors on top, then the board, and finally Richard.

JARED
The investors pick the board, the board picks the CEO. So really, Richard is merely Dinesh when you look at the big picture. Isn't that funny?

DINESH
I don't see you up there either.

JARED
(defensive)
Well, that's different, because...

GILFOYLE
Oh he's up there.

Gilfoyle walks up to the board and draws a tiny nub emanating straight from the zip code of Richard's family jewels. He labels it "OJ".

GILFOYLE
There he is. Richard's "richard."

DINESH
Richard the Second.

GILFOYLE
I like that.

JARED
I don't know that more pseudonyms are necessary.

Richard the First bursts in the house and slams the door.

GILFOYLE
How was your day at school, honey?

RICHARD
Raviga is forcing me to interview
my own replacement.

ERLICH
Finally!

Erlich runs out.

GILFOYLE
(to Richard)
Wow. And you actually said yes.
Hey, go like this.

Gilfoyle opens his mouth and says "Ahhh," as if at a
physical. Richard is confused but follows doctor's orders.

GILFOYLE
Yeah, you'll make a decent
fluffer.

Erlich returns with a... Hello Kitty diary.

ERLICH
When I was building Aviato, I
wanted to hire the brightest minds
of our generation. So I tried to
come up with some of those
interview brainteasers like the
big guys use.

RICHARD
And?

ERLICH
And I got high.

GILFOYLE
Why are they in a Hello Kitty
diary.

ERLICH
Asked and answered.

RICHARD
Okay, I'll try them out. It's not
like I want to hire these people
anyway.

ERLICH
And make sure Raviga keeps the
interviews on the DL.

(MORE)

ERLICH (CONT'D)
 They're trying to cover their
 asses, but you've got street cred
 to maintain here, too.

A beat.

ERLICH
 Sort of.

RICHARD
 She promised they would.

INT. THE BATTERY - MAIN LOUNGE - DAY

"EXECUTIVE INTERVIEWS". That's the sign on the table that's roped off with velvet that's sitting smack dab in the middle of The Battery, the Bay Area's members-only Soho House ripoff. The place to see and be seen; to circlejerk and be circlejerked.

So much for discretion.

Laurie and an upscale BOUNCER escort Richard to the table as click-starved bloggers snap pics for their shitty content farms.

LAURIE
 (loudly, for the benefit
 of others)
 Thanks again for stepping aside,
 Richard. We're so grateful to have
 your support in picking the next
 CEO of Pied Piper.

RICHARD
 (loudly, coolly)
 You're welcome. So if I don't
 approve the candidate, you won't
 hire them. Right?

LAURIE
 Uh yes, that's correct. Well, I
 think the first guy is here. Have
 fun.

As Laurie walks off, the bouncer escorts CANDIDATE 1, a black man, over to Richard's table. But his escort feels less "Hollywood" and more "perp walk," complete with a brief patdown as his chair is pulled out.

CANDIDATE 1
Richard, a pleasure. Terry Winitz,
I run the Jet Propulsion Lab at
NASA.

It's Hello Kitty time. Erlich's first question...

RICHARD
"If you were Mark Zuckerberg,
would you rather be Colin Farrell
or Julia Stiles?"

CANDIDATE 1
What?

Richard sighs and gestures to the bouncer ("Next!").

CUT TO:

INT. THE BATTERY - MAIN LOUNGE - MOMENTS LATER

Candidate 2, an Indian woman.

RICHARD
"If I turned you into a pigeon,
how would you maintain a gluten-
free lifestyle?"

CUT TO:

INT. THE BATTERY - MAIN LOUNGE - MOMENTS LATER

Candidate 3, an Asian man.

RICHARD
"Defend 9/11."

CUT TO:

INT. THE BATTERY - MAIN LOUNGE - MOMENTS LATER

Candidate 4, an Asian woman.

RICHARD
"Have you ever imagined a world
with no hypothetical situations?"

CUT TO:

INT. THE BATTERY - MAIN LOUNGE - MOMENTS LATER

Candidate 5, a Mexican man.

RICHARD

"Home Alone is the scariest movie ever made if you think about it long eno--"

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Sorry, that one's not a question.

Next page.

RICHARD

"There Will Be Blood should come with a spoiler alert."

Sigh.

RICHARD

Here we go. "If you had to make bacon out of John Kerry, which body part or parts would you use?"

INT. HACKER HOUSE - DAY

DINESH

We gotta help Richard. He's always had our back.

GILFOYLE

Yeahhhh. Real quick. Who here feels that Richard is actually a good CEO?

An awkward beat. Everyone looks through each other.

ERLICH

Co-CEO, and that's not the point. Jared's not good at his job either and I would hire him all over again. It's called leadership.

JARED

Ride together, die together.

Jared tries to fistbump Erlich.

ERLICH

...even though he's white enough to fire legally.

DINESH
We could sue?

ERLICH
(sarcastically)
We could report this to the Better
Business Bureau.

JARED
Ohh, do you have an administrative
contact there?

ERLICH
Don't you guys get it! Every time
they shove one in us, you go
looking for the closest ref. But
Lady Justice is blind and she's
old as fuck.

DINESH
Then tell us your idea, genius.

ERLICH
Jury nullification. Who holds the
power in this town?

GILFOYLE
George Takei.

ERLICH
The founders. The engineers. Noobs
always think it's the investors,
but it's the other way around.
They can't build shit without us.

DINESH
Erlich is actually right.

ERLICH
(surprised)
What'd I say?

DINESH
We spent an unusually long time
trying to delete the code before
so *nobody* could have it. What if
everyone had it?

JARED
(awakening)
Open source.

DINESH

We'd have all the leverage.
Because we could leave Pied Piper
at any time and just keep going as
a new venture.

GILFOYLE

It's true. We've already given our
code to half the Valley anyway by
now. The difference is, we know it
better than anyone.

ERLICH

Jesus Christ, three pussies and
one Erlich. Never thought I'd be
so disappointed to experience the
golden ratio.

JARED

Wouldn't this require signoff?

DINESH

From who? It's an engineering
solution to a political problem;
that's what makes it so elegant.
The board never has a say in our
coding decisions.

GILFOYLE

We should still try to limit who
else can use the code
commercially, like Linux. The
competition could be a bitch.

JARED

My SoulCycle instructor is an IP
lawyer. I'll set something up.

They look at Erlich.

ERLICH

I'll talk to your butt buddy, but
then we're gonna try this my way.

INT. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - DAY

An ELDERLY WOMAN is seated in the chair across from WALLY
MICHAELS, Esq. She's the guilty kid at the principal's
office.

WALLY

I understand, Ms. Hollister, but we've been over this. Warner Brothers owns the copyright and they forbid public reproduction. If you sing it again, we'll need to move you to quarantine.

Ms. Hollister walks out sniffing as the guys enter.

WALLY

"Happy Birthday to You." Keeps singing it in the oncology ward. A real mess. I feel for her, it's my kid's big day too.

Wally looks crestfallen for a second, then immediately recovers, the way a stripper's charm dissipates the instant you decline to pony up for a lap dance.

WALLY

What's up homies?
(to Jared)
See you tomorrow, 7AM? It's Throwback Thursday, I've got a killer mix.

JARED

Yeah. Uh, we need you to tell us about open source. We're exploring a pivot.

WALLY

Okay, sure. And how long have you guys been failing?

DINESH

Oh, we're not failing. We're just pivoting.

WALLY

Coupla champions throwing in the towel. Got it. Well look, it's pretty simple. Just toss your code on github, convince a bunch of sexless Twitch addicts that your mission is a moral imperative, and then sit back and make bank while they work for free.

(beat)

Open source isn't that different from a regular tech company, actually.

GILFOYLE

We know what open source is. We want to make it harder for other VC-backed startups to compete with us.

WALLY

Once something's on the web, you're not getting it back. But you can limit what they do with your code. Just gotta pick a license.

Wally tosses over a thick binder with laminated pages full of real -- seriously -- open source licenses.

JARED

(giddy)

It's like karaoke.

DINESH

"Tofu License. Cannot be used in connection with the development and manufacture of products that involve animal testing."

JARED

Look at this. "CDL, the Chicken Dance License. For every 20,000 units distributed, one or more persons affiliated with the entity must be filmed performing the full Chicken Dance."

WALLY

Oh, that's embarrassing. That one shouldn't be in there.

DINESH

So these are jokes. We're trying to save our company and you're practicing your comedy.

WALLY

Oh, no, these are all totally real. But the Open Source Initiative rejected that one. Unfair to the disabled. And people who are religiously opposed to portraying chickens.

A beat as everyone contemplates mankind.

GILFOYLE

"Death and Repudiation License."

DINESH

"This software may not be used directly by any living being. Any use of this software until after death is explicitly restricted. If you are found to be a ghost or angel, you will be punished to the fullest extent of the law."

GILFOYLE

I like that one. Let's use that.

INT. THE BATTERY - MAIN LOUNGE - DAY

Candidate 6, an Asian man.

CANDIDATE 6

...and that's how I built the first self-driving prototype.

RICHARD

"If I shrunk you down to the size of a quarter and put you in a blender, how would you escape--"

CANDIDATE 6

Ohh, we already ask that one at Google. It wouldn't be fair.

RICHARD

I'm not finished. "How would you escape the lifelong embarrassment of having a nickel-sized nutsack?"

A long beat, then Richard gestures to the bouncer: Next. The bouncer escorts Candidate 7, CHARLES, a black man.

CHARLES

So, what was wrong with that one?

Richard extends a hand. Instead of shaking, Charles sticks a business card in it. Richard rolls his eyes ("what decade is this guy from?").

RICHARD

I'm sorry but we're a technology company. We're sort of looking for someone who doesn't use business cards anymore...

CHARLES

How could you possibly think
that's my name, Peter?

Richard starts to correct him but gets caught up in the mystery of the card. It has only one word on it, typeset dead center: "MESOTHELIOMA". Charles hands him an iPad with Google open. A bewildered Richard searches...

RICHARD

It's -- oh my god, it's just thousands of photos of tumors. Is that stomach lining? This is horrible.

A blogger snaps a pic of Richard -- alone -- a Hello Kitty diary in one hand, an iPad full of tumors in the other. (Context sold separately.)

CHARLES

No, this is progress! Look over here. You know what that is? That's a dozen goddamn ads served up in a fraction of a millisecond. Billions of real-time auctions with millions of bidders all running concurrently in record time, the results hypertargeted right to you. Look at this one. "Bud Patanko. Asbestos Specialist and Herbalife Reseller. University of Phoenix certified." This guy is two blocks away!

RICHARD

You carry around a stack of business cards that just say stomach cancer?

CHARLES

(laughing)
Of course not.

Relief, til Charles shows his cards.

CHARLES

I also have "Viagra", "Payday Loan", "Cord Blood"...all our top ad keywords. Honestly, Peter, it is so much easier to monetize umbilical cords than people think.

RICHARD

I never thought about it.
(incredulous)
You really coded the auction
backend yourself?

CHARLES

Tell me something, Peter. Who's
the last person you hired who was
smarter than you?

RICHARD

Erlich's almost got Jian Yang
potty trained.

CHARLES

You've got to be the smartest guy
in the room, don't you? You think
that makes you different, makes
you destined.

(flicks hand)

It doesn't. It just makes you like
every other shit-for-brains
twentysomething dropout that comes
through my door looking for an A
round.

They lock eyes.

CHARLES

And you know where they are two
years later? They're middle
management at Google, stuffing
their resumes with that 'talent
acquisition' Cracker Jack
consolation prize that wouldn't
even cover their first semester's
books.

RICHARD

This isn't just some little
advertising system. Pied Piper can
actually change the world.

CHARLES

My 'little advertising system'
brings in \$40 billion a year in
gross profit. Billion, Peter. My
little Viagra doodad creates the
wealth you begged angels for last
year so you could keep the lights
on at that shit-infested house.

Cat got Richard's tongue.

CHARLES

(softening)

I've been fired twice in my career, Peter, once while standing in my own garage.

RICHARD

And you're just, okay with that.

CHARLES

No! Have you ever tried explaining that to your daughter? No, I'm not okay with it.

(beat)

But I'm also not going to be the next deadpool statistic. So I invited other smart people into the garage, and took a little bit from each one. I told myself, you're Charles -- and for the time being, you're the project.

RICHARD

I can't do that.

CHARLES

Then quit.

Standoff.

CHARLES

Sit up. Look at me. I'm Peter. Say it.

RICHARD

(sheepish)

I'm Peter.

CHARLES

Like you mean it. I'm Peter.

RICHARD

I'm Peter.

CHARLES

(pounds fist)

I'm Peter.

RICHARD

I'M PETER!

CHARLES

No you're not. I've called you Peter six times and you haven't corrected me. What the hell's wrong with you?

RICHARD

Well, I thought you were making a joke. Like Peter Piper, Pied Piper...

CHARLES

I do not understand the humor in this fucking town.

Charles leans toward the iPad in front of Richard.

CHARLES

Hey Siri. What is the Peter Principle?

SIRI

"The Peter Principle is a theory by Dr. Laurence Peter in which the selection of a candidate for a position is based on the candidate's performance in their current role, rather than the intended role. Thus, employees only stop being promoted once they can no longer perform effectively, and managers..."

CHARLES

...managers rise to the level of their incompetence. You are at the level of your incompetence now, here, today.

RICHARD

None of them figured out the algorithm. I did.

CHARLES

Yeah, and you've already played that damn card, kid!

Charles throws his cards at Richard.

CHARLES

And look where it's gotten you. So step up or stagnate. Are you gonna be Peter or are you gonna be Richard?

Charles leaves. Richard picks up one of the man's stray cards from his lap -- "Sperm Donor" -- just as another blogger snaps the money shot.

INT. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - DAY

More nerd karaoke.

JARED

"The Beerware License. If we meet someday and you think this stuff is worth it, you can buy me a beer in return."

Wally is staring at a wall clock, betraying a slight smile. We follow Dinesh's eyes off his gaze.

DINESH

Is that clock counting money?

It is. Instead of :15, :30, :45 and :60, we have \$150, \$300, \$450, \$600. It's quarter of \$400.

WALLY

Time is money.

ERLICH

That's super fucked up.

WALLY

(eagerly)

Want to talk more about it?

ERLICH

No, we're done here. We don't need any of your shitty prefab licenses. We'll write our own.

(to the team)

I'm going to get Richard and we're gonna settle this Valleywag style. Pick up Jian Yang and meet me there. I dropped him off at Pottery Barn hours ago.

(to Wally)

You're a joke, your profession is a joke, and your office smells like incest and broken dreams. Good day sir.

Erlich walks off in a huff.

DINESH

Did he mean incense?

JARED
 (to Wally, apologetic)
 Thanks for everything, 'homey'.
 See you tomorrow...hashtag tee-
 bee-tee...

WALLY
 (off the clock)
 Well actually, Junior's party is
 starting at \$450, so I'll just
 head out with you.

CUT TO:

EXT. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Erlich looks up from his phone to see the gang -- and Wally
 -- heading out. A car pulls up.

ERLICH
 Look who's back for sorries. Well,
 save it; my Uber's here. See ya
 never, you bottom-feeding leech.

WALLY
 That's my Uber.

ERLICH
 No it's not.
 (off his phone)
 Fucking UberPool!!

Wally climbs into the car.

DINESH
 You're having your son's birthday
 party at a bar?

WALLY
 It's also a lounge.

ERLICH
 Motherfuck.

Erlich climbs in next to Wally.

INT. THE BATTERY - BAR - DAY

ERLICH
 Yes, barkeep, one Raviga please.

BARTENDER

Mmm, don't know that one. What's in it?

ERLICH

Two testes with a twist.
Backstabbed, not stirred.

ERLICH

(to female neighbor)

Hi. Erlich Bachman, no relation to Richard Bachman, pen name of Sir Stephen Edwin King. But I do have a very scary story for you.

She responds with all the warmth of Carrie. The gang (Gilfoyle, Dinesh, Jared, JIAN YANG) strolls up.

DINESH

(slow clap)

Very impressive master plan. Same thing we do every night, Pinky. Fail with women.

Erlich snaps his finger at a YOUNG FOUNDER walking by.

ERLICH

Hey, you. You got an app?

YOUNG FOUNDER

(always ready to pitch!)

Yeah I do. It's called Polka-dot-lee. That's actually "polka.ly", which is cool, we bought the domain off this...

ERLICH

Captivating, that reminds me of shut up. Are you looking for a Series A?

YOUNG FOUNDER

Absolutely. We have real market traction and significant unicorn potential.

ERLICH

Good, you're into animals. I know just the firm for you. Raviga Capital. Their principal, Laurie, they just found out she was posting on Ashley Madison...

(MORE)

ERLICH (CONT'D)

"Angel investor seeks devil's threesome." She wanted one guy, one goat. They found her at Animal Kingdom with her hand halfway down a kangaroo's pouch.

YOUNG FOUNDER

Th--thanks.

Young Founder flees.

GILFOYLE

What the hell are you doing.

ERLICH

I'm speaking truth to power.

DINESH

That wasn't true.

ERLICH

But buying out the board to fire Richard, that was honest. Look -- their rep with founders is everything. I want raising money from Raviga to feel like getting acquired by Yahoo or going home with the Rosewood cougar: Sure, you got liquidity, but everyone's embarrassed about where your seed landed.

(a beat)

Do you want to get our company back or do you want to be here in a week making cocktails with
(nodding to bartender)
Steve here?

The gang considers...

CUT TO:

INT. THE BATTERY - BAR - MOMENTS LATER

GILFOYLE

(to founder)

Have you guys thought about going clear for your Series B? Raviga is almost exclusively scientologist.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BATTERY - BAR - MOMENTS LATER

DINESH
 (to founder)
 Donald Trump told me that after
 Mexico sent over their rapists,
 they sent over Raviga. Their
 leaders are much smarter than
 ours.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BATTERY - BAR - MOMENTS LATER

JARED
 (to founder)
 Raviga invested in Clinkle.

FOUNDER
 (sheer horror)
 That's disgusting.

INT. THE BATTERY - SECRET ROOM - DAY

There is an actual "secret room" at The Battery. You gain entry by pulling a certain book from the bookshelves that line the wall near the bar. Throughout this scene ticks the distinctive, rather grating sound of a heartbeat.

LAURIE
 Come on in.

Laurie has a chair, and so does her MYSTERY GUEST. But that's it. Richard takes his usual spot on the floor.

RICHARD
 This is crazy. What is this place?

LAURIE
 It seems like today didn't go well.

RICHARD
 I wouldn't say that.

LAURIE
 Stanley invented modern cryptography and you told him his nipples failed your ice test.

RICHARD
 That part could've gone better.

LAURIE
Richard, did you notice any...
patterns among the candidates we
asked you to interview today?

RICHARD
Yes.

LAURIE
They were different than you.

RICHARD
Yeah. You know, I think you could
have been nicer about it, but --
these people do have more
experience. They might lead better
right now, I get it.

LAURIE
What? No. They were all
minorities.

RICHARD
(taken aback)
But Suzy was--

LAURIE
A man. You see Richard, it's
important that the community knows
you're on board, but it's even
more important they see us
considering the full spectrum of
diversity to get the most
qualified man for the job. That's
why we hold those interviews in
the main lounge.

RICHARD
Okay. Well, I think Charles is the
strongest, but I wrote up detailed
notes on the others. Here you go.
Organized by strengths and
weaknesses, technical ability,
cultural fit--

LAURIE
I see.

Laurie glances at her companion.

LAURIE
Richard, we hired the new CEO
yesterday. This is Jack Dorsey.

JACK
 "At" Jack, pleasure.

Apparently the "@" isn't silent.

RICHARD
 You have to be kidding. Aren't you
 already the CEO of Twitter?

JACK
 Ish.

RICHARD
 And Square?

@Jack consults a handwritten list on his inner arm.

JACK
 Square...Square...The money one,
 right?

RICHARD
 (to Laurie)
 So you'd rather have one-third of
 a white man run a company than
 100% of a black woman.

LAURIE
 Well, technically, Jack's a
 minority too. A tech guy who can
 make eye contact.

Richard demonstrates he's in the majority.

LAURIE
 I'm concerned you're missing the
 import of the moment, Richard.
 Some of the most pivotal power
 handoffs in history have happened
 where you're sitting. The greatest
 CEOs in the Valley have been hired
 in the Cauc Cave.

RICHARD
 The 'Cock Cave'?

LAURIE
 Short for 'Caucasian.' This is the
 room where white people get hired.

Laurie gestures at the mishmash of polaroids lining the
 wall, like a dive bar or an Italian restaurant where the
 food only comes family style.

LAURIE
Dick Costolo, Terry Semel...

Laurie takes a candid photo of Jack with a Polaroid.

LAURIE
...and you.

JACK
Oh, wow. The craftsmanship on
these is just exquisite.

Jack studies the camera, takes a preening selfie.

RICHARD
This is completely ridiculous, I
can't believe you're -- WHAT is
that noise?

JACK
Tear up the planks! It is the
beating of his hideous heart!

Richard glares at Laurie, as if to say: THIS guy?

JACK
Poe. Tell-Tale Heart. I'm an
absolutely voracious reader.

Jack pulls back his sleeve, revealing his Apple Watch.

JACK
You can share your heartbeat with
your beloved. Apple is a
significant inspiration at many of
my companies.

RICHARD
Well we're deciding the future of
my only one here, so maybe tell
them to turn it off for a bit.

JACK
(smirking)
Actually...

Jack lifts his pant leg to reveal a second Apple Watch
strapped to his ankle.

RICHARD
You're sharing your heartbeat with
yourself.

JACK

"Before you can love others, you must learn to love thyself" -- At Jack.

RICHARD

Forget what I said. You can't hire him. I don't approve.

LAURIE

Oh, Richard. Surely you understand the optics don't matter in here. We already hired him.

JACK

Got the snap to prove it.

Jack holds up his phone. It's a snapchat of the cash emoji -- 🍷 -- huge.

RICHARD

I'm not Peter. And I'm not going anywhere.

Richard storms out. Almost. First he has to find the right book to pull on to open the door. No...no...there! And as the door swings open, a CERTAIN FRIEND is entering...

RICHARD

Big Head, what are you doing here?

BIG HEAD

I'm not sure. A Hooli director scheduled a meeting with me in this trippy room. Crazy right?

RICHARD

Oh my God.

INT. THE BATTERY - BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Jian Yang is good-naturedly trying to contribute to Erlich's master plan, but he's...Jian Yanging it.

JIAN YANG

(to founder)

The workers of Raviga Capital slaughtered my family and used the blood to water their crops.

ERLICH

No, no, Jian Yang...

JIAN YANG

They offer banana in lobby that
was fertilized by my grandmother
entrails.

ERLICH

This isn't...forget it, just go
get us drinks.

Erlich walks back to join Gilfoyle, Jared and Dinesh. He
passes the lawyer, Wally, celebrating his son's birthday by
singing...Happy Birthday To You. Dickhead.

Back at the table, the gang has clearly given up on
Erlich's trash-talking approach. Most are jotting notes on
napkins when Richard emerges from a bookshelf.

ERLICH

What the fuck. How'd it go? They'd
be Julia Stiles wouldn't they.

DINESH

(off his phone)
Dude, were you looking at tumor
porn in there?

RICHARD

What?

DINESH

TechCrunch got a pic of you
looking at tumors. Pretty messed
up, man.

GILFOYLE

Super messed up. You don't share?

RICHARD

I wasn't looking at tumor
porn...that's the Cock Cave.

DINESH

This is not getting better.

RICHARD

(off pile of napkins)
What is all this stuff?

Richard picks up some napkins and starts reading.

RICHARD

"The Prosperity License. Pied Piper code is hereby granted to engineering teams who can live long and prosper."

Everyone at the team immediately puts their hands up to do the "Vulcan Salute." All but one succeed...

DINESH

Damnit Jared, we went over this!

RICHARD

"The Metro License. Code available to all units properly manscaped"?

ERLICH

That's a nonstarter.

GILFOYLE

We're trying to open source the codebase. It was my idea.

DINESH

It was MY idea. We figured if you couldn't be CEO, the next best thing was option value to take the same idea to greener pastures.

RICHARD

That's...brilliant. I don't know what to say, you guys.

JARED

Yeah, well, don't thank us yet. It doesn't really work unless we can think of a license permissive enough to let us use the code if we bail, but restrictive enough to prevent most competitors.

GILFOYLE

There's nothing that really makes us different from every other team in Silicon Valley.

Different?

RICHARD

Yes, there is.

Richard scribbles furiously on a napkin and holds it up.

DINESH

"Teams may only use our code if at least 2 of their first 5 engineers are minorities."

ERLICH

The two-fifths compromise!

GILFOYLE

It's like the Bechdel test of licenses.

JARED

Um? I hate to be 'that guy', but four of us are white.

GILFOYLE

He said engineers, dipshit. You're a paper pusher.

JARED

So who's the fifth?

Jian Yang interrupts. He's got five Ravigas on the rocks.

FADE OUT