"Adult Supervision"

by

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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?"
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 sniffling 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-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...
They offer banana in lobby that was fertilized by my grandmother entrails.

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.

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

Dude, were you looking at tumor porn in there?

What?

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

Super messed up. You don't share?

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

This is not getting better.

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