BETAS

"PILOT"

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COLD OPEN

INT. BARCADE - SILICON VALLEY - NIGHT

A watering hole with a vintage video game theme-- ARCADE cabinets, neon PAC MAN art, quarter-dispensing WAITRESSES.

CLOSE ON: the baby-faced good looks of aspiring dot-com maverick BARRETT THORNHILL III, 22. We'll call him TREY. His blazer-tee outfit reads laid-back, but his manic energy and rapid speech suggest a neurotic, brilliant mind at work.

Trey stares at his LAPTOP, which contains a bunch of GRAPHS, CHARTS and DATA, when A CUTE CO-ED bumps him slightly as she jostles for a drink.

CUTE CO-ED
Oh, sorry, I didn't mean to--

TREY
No problem.

CUTE CO-ED
(to the bartender)
Oyster Stout, please.

Still staring at his computer--

TREY
Interesting.

CUTE CO-ED
Excuse me?

TREY
It's just-- I wouldn't have pegged you as a beer drinker. If I'm going strictly by appearances, that is. You don't present yourself as a prototypical-- I would've thought Appletinis down the street, not tech geek beer bar. That's all.

CUTE CO-ED
(trying hard to be nice)
Oh. I guess I just felt like a beer? Fruity cocktails don't sit well with me.

Trey looks up at her. You can almost hear his gears turning.

TREY
Did you know that girls who like the taste of beer are sixty percent more likely to have sex on the first date than girls who prefer, say, red wine. Or Appletinis.

CUTE CO-ED
What?

TREY
That's not my opinion.
(indicating screen)
I have the data right here.

CUTE CO-ED
Hold on. You don't even know me--

TREY
For guys, it's more clear cut-- a guy who can easily imagine murdering someone? Eighty-eight percent chance he'll have sex with you on the first date--

CUTE CO-ED
You're disgusting.

The Co-ed drops cash on the bar and storms off. Nearby are two ALPHA MALES who have been listening.

ALPHA
Dude, that was epic. You some kind of anti-pussy wizard?

TREY
I'm an entrepreneur. Mobile apps. Working on something big.

ALPHA
What, like how to repel hot chicks in five easy steps? Who'd buy that?

The Alphas bump fists-- "Burn!" Trey doesn't miss a beat--

TREY
I suppose you guys would.

ALPHA TWO
What's that supposed to mean?

TREY
Just that men who wear silver jewelry and put orange slices in their beers are more likely to act on homosexual impulses. It's not a hundred percent correlation of course...

Alpha Two raises up on Trey, shoves him. Trey just points to his screen, unflinching--

TREY (CONT'D)
I have the data right here.

POP! Alpha Two PUNCHES Trey in the face as we SMASH TO:

TITLE CARD: <u>BETAS</u>

<u>ACT ONE</u>

INT. WEWORK OFFICES - DAY

A COMMUNAL OFFICE SPACE for web startups, WeWork features an OPEN FLOOR PLAN and hip furnishings. PROGRAMMERS and DESIGNERS from various companies sit in clusters. COMPANY NAMES are posted on whiteboard walls of the open "offices."

CLOSE ON: introvert tech genius, AVINASH DAGAVI, 22. Prickly. Anxious. Odd. SWEAT on his lip. HEADPHONES on. A Steely Dan tune pulses in his head as he codes away on a laptop.

But despite the tune's smooth vibe, and his hoodie-and-cargo-shorts ensemble, Nash is anything but comfortable. *He can't concentrate.* We get QUICK CUTS from his POV--

-A FAT ENGINEER guzzles Cheetos straight from the bag.

-Two GEEKS shoot NERF GUNS at one another, LAUGHING.

-Various hands CLACKING AWAY at KEYBOARDS, the sound GROWING LOUDER AND LOUDER until it drowns out the MUSIC.

One of the NERF WARRIORS bumps Nash's desk, knocking him from his trance. He adjusts the position of his keyboard, aligning it to an invisible grid in his mind, grabs his PHONE--

NASH
Inconsiderate.

INT. TREY'S CAR - SAME TIME

Trey, face BRUISED from the night before, drives while consulting his iPhone. ON THE PHONE: A PARKING APP entitled *SpaceRace* reveals a MAP of the block. A BLINKING GREEN DOT indicates an OPEN METER nearby, denoted by a CAR AVATAR. A sexy British App voice announces: "Space Available."

Trey races to the spot and parallel parks, as the APP emits its signature catchphrase: "Like a gllllllove!"

Trey sits for a moment, contemplating the App. He studies the PARKING SPOTS around him, the TRAFFIC driving by, the blinking AVATAR. Analyzing. Calculating. *Then it hits him--*

TREY
(scoffs)
It won't work.

His phone rings. Nash.

TREY (CONT'D)
(answering)
Did you hear Michael Lau sold *SpaceRace* for five-point-two? Thing's a joke. It's <u>dangerous</u>. Am I the only one who sees this?

<u>INTERCUT:</u> TREY IN HIS CAR AND NASH IN WEWORK, ON PHONES.

Nash isn't listening. He maneuvers through the crowded office, desperate for some privacy, past a HALO TOURNAMENT, through another company's STAFF MEETING...

NASH
Can't do this anymore. Can't be productive here. Two weeks behind schedule and everywhere Cheetos and sweat stains and and and--
(ducking a Nerf ball)
Assholes!

TREY gets out his car and enters the WEWORK OFFICE BUILDING.

TREY
Nash? You're dropping your pronouns again. Try to breathe...

We can hear Nash ranting incoherently on Trey's phone--

TREY (CONT'D)
Put on some of your smooth rock. Your Billy Joel or whatever.

NASH
Billy Joel is shit! He does not soothe me. He is not the Little River Band. He is not Toto.

TREY
I can't talk to you when you're like this. Put Hobbes on.

NASH
Hobbes isn't here.

CUT TO:

THE AFOREMENTIONED HOBBES, 35. The team's cranky, mischievous lead coder lazes in his undies, laptop perched on his pasty stomach. With his unkempt beard and cynical edge, we get the impression he's been around the block a time or two.

HOBBES
Shit, that's hot. Are you wet?

ON HIS LAPTOP: Hobbes is VIDEO CHATTING with a SUICIDE GIRL.

SUICIDE GIRL
Like an oil slick, baby. Wanna see?

As the tattooed beauty starts to slip off her panties...

SLURRRP! We PAN to REVEAL a YOUNG HISPANIC BOY, 11, observing the show with keen interest, sucking down a BIG GULP. We are

INT. LAUNDROMAT - DAY

where Hobbes is "cybering" in a crowded Fluff 'n Fold. The boy's MOTHER gestures to the DRYER he's sitting on--

HISPANIC MOTHER (O.S.)
Excuse me, Mister, you finish?

HOBBES
Finished? I'm barely half mast!
(to her son)
Como se dice, "cock-block?"

Just then-- HONK-HONK!-- a late model Civic pulls up outside. Hobbes slams his laptop shut--

OUTSIDE - IN THE CIVIC

MITCHELL, 19, sits behind the wheel sipping an energy drink. A sweet, nerdy junior coder with an innocent look and a rapid-fire, ADD-addled brain. He listens to GANGSTA RAP, vibing.

Hobbes clambers into the passenger seat, carrying a still-damp pair of Dickies, a t-shirt and some tube socks.

HOBBES
Swear to God, Mitch, this neighborhood's falling apart. Between the bums and the Illegals, I almost miss my ex.

MITCHELL
Yeah, I was gonna say, my roommate's mom does all our laundry. You ever want me to throw in a load or whatever, just say the word. G2G.

HOBBES
(not gonna happen)
Yeah, thanks. You got anymore of that Adderall lying around?

Hobbes digs inside the glove box.

MITCHELL
Just my, uh, prescription-- but I kind of need that to--

HOBBES
(finding the pills)
Perfect. Fuckin' exhausted.

He snatches Mitchell's energy drink and washes 'em down. Pockets a couple more. Mitchell chuckles nervously--

MITCHELL
Okay, bottoms up! So hey, is Trey meeting with that investor dude tomorrow?

HOBBES
That's the word from on high.

MITCHELL
So like, this could mean like serious cash, right?

HOBBES
I'd settle for grocery money. I eat any more ramen I'm gonna start sweating MSG.
(beat)
Hey, you got a picture of your roomie's mom?

INT. WEWORK OFFICES - MORNING

Trey enters the communal office and spots Nash hiding out in one of the small glass “privacy booths” used for phone and video conferences. Trey shakes his head. *Not good*.

CUT TO:

TREY AND NASH -- crammed into the SAME BOOTH, awkwardly close to one another. Nash can’t make eye contact-- the violation of his personal space is too upsetting.

TREY
Nash. Talk to me.

Nash swallows, shifts awkwardly.

NASH
Uncomfortable.

CUT TO:

TREY AND NASH. Now standing in adjacent booths, speaking through the glass partition on their phones. Like inmates.

NASH (CONT’D)
Cancel the meeting.

TREY
You don’t cancel on George Murchison. He’s one of the most sought after angels in the valley. If he invests in BRB, we’re all but guaranteed our Series A. No more bootstrapping. No more communal office. No more Nash freakouts.

NASH
It’s not ready. I ran the beta last night and it drained my phone in twenty minutes.

TREY
Fuck the beta! Our algorithm alone is worth major seed money. Investors are buying napkin sketches from high school dropouts--

NASH
I don’t make napkin sketches!

INT. WEWORK OFFICES - LOBBY - SAME

Mitchell and Hobbes clamber into an ELEVATOR packed with TECH GEEKS and HIPSTERS from other companies. All of them, texting, surfing, gaming, etc. Among them:

MIKKI, 21, an Asian-American coder whose style is a mash-up of Hello Kitty and Enid from Ghost World. And--

DANE, 24, a rail-thin graphic designer with sculpted facial hair, piercings and expensive glasses. Geek chic.

DANE
(to Mikki)
Gimme your number, I'll text you.

Mitchell stares longingly at Mikki as she and Dane BUMP PHONES, exchanging info with an app called BUMP-N-GRIND.

WEWORK OFFICES - BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

DING! The elevator doors slide open, Hipsters and Geeks spilling out, hustling to their work areas. Mitchell continues to gaze at Mikki--

HOBBES
(rolling his eyes)
Jaysus. Quit pining and make a move already.

MITCHELL
What? I don't even know her name.

HOBBES
And Designer Dane just got her digits. He's one Björk reference away from sealing the deal.

MITCHELL
Yeah, but I can't-- I mean, Dane's like, a total badass.

They arrive at a communal table, unpacking their laptops.

HOBBES
Badasses don't manscape. And they sure as shit don't help bring apps like "Bump-n-Grind" into the world. We gotta get you this chick's number--
(notices something)
Oh, fuck me.

Mitchell follows Hobbes' gaze to:

ANGLE: THE PRIVACY BOOTHS -- where Trey and Nash continue to squabble. Trey is losing patience.

TREY
I'm trying to be sympathetic to your needs, buddy, but--
(decides to push)
You remember freshman year, our Numerical Analysis final?

Nash grunts-- not a pleasant memory.

TREY (CONT'D)
We almost flunked because you refused to turn in something that wasn't flawless. If I hadn't gone behind your back and shown it to Professor Woltjer, you'd of lost your scholarship.

NASH
That was different.

TREY
"Done is better than perfect." Look around you--
(indicating office)
Every one of those geeks think they're working on the Next Big Thing, but they're wrong. They're deluded. None of them can do what we do. BRB is our chance to change the nature of human interaction.
(lets that sink in)
I can handle George Murchison. But I need you to take care of the tech. Can you can do that for me?

Trey places his fist on the glass between them for a fist bump. But Nash refuses, storms out of the booth-- furious.

Trey exits his booth. He approaches Mitchell and Hobbes. The boys look at him expectantly--

TREY (CONT'D)
He's fine. We're fine.

HOBBES
(re: his bruise)
What happened to your face?

TREY
Data mining.

Trey heads for the elevator, Hobbes turns to Mitchell.

HOBBES
You got a Plan B, right? In case this thing goes tits up.
(he doesn't)
First rule of Startups, little man: *Always have a Plan B.*

MITCHELL
I can't move back home. My mom still has DSL.

Off Mitchell's furrowed brow we

END ACT ONE.

ACT TWO

INT. "BARCADE" - LATER THAT EVENING

The Betas Gang is gathered at a booth, working on their laptops, beneath a CHALKBOARD full of EQUATIONS and ILLUSTRATIONS. In giant underlined letters: The Social Matrix. Trey is having one of his insight-whirlwinds, talking a mile a minute, gesticulating with a piece of chalk--

TREY
People in Western culture think in one of three ways-- visual, auditory or kinesthetic. So I'm listening for clues as I talk to her. She tells me she felt like a beer, that cocktails don't sit well. I offended her and she told me to hold on.

He circles KINESTHETIC on the board, next to a drawing of a HEART. A COCKTAIL WAITRESS approaches, irked--

COCKTAIL WAITRESS
Hey, did you erase our beer menu?

REVEAL that the CHALKBOARD is just that. On the far right side, half-erased names: -VEIZEN, -ORTER, -LE ALE, etc.

TREY
This is important.

COCKTAIL WAITRESS
(taking the chalk)
Asshole.

Trey barely notices. Back to the gang--

TREY
If we identify our users by how they think, we reduce our match pool by two-thirds and increase our algorithm's success rate.

MITCHELL
The Social Matrix. That's like, totally-- I mean-- whoa.

HOBBES
Dude. If you're gonna red pill me, I need to be a whole lot drunker.

Nash doesn't look up from his laptop--

NASH
(his highest praise)
It's not terrible.

TREY
I know. Thank you, Nash.

Just then, a GROUP of BOISTEROUS ASIANS tumble into the bar wearing matching YELLOW POLOS. They're red-faced drunk.

MITCHELL
Hey, it's the Walk Star guys. You think they got their seed money?

TREY
For a glorified pedometer? I fucking hope not.

MITCHELL
You gotta admit, the name's catchy.

HOBBES
(dismissive)
So's the herp.
(beat)
At least our break room won't smell like kimchi anymore.

TREY
(to Nash)
That should be us, celebrating our seed round. Instead, we're getting lapped by a pack of pudgy Koreans.

Nash doesn't want to engage, but it's true. Trey digs in--

TREY (CONT'D)
Our algorithm could change the way human beings socialize forever.
(MORE)

TREY (CONT'D)
But hey, who doesn't need another fitness app?

NASH
Fine.

TREY
Fine? Fine what?

NASH
The meeting. I'll go.

Trey smiles. Nash stands abruptly, folds his laptop--

NASH (CONT'D)
Going home to work on the code.

TREY
Great. Hey, do me a favor. Tomorrow? Wear pants.

NASH
I don't own pants.

INT. BARCADE - LATER

Trey, Hobbes and Mitchell. Hobbes and Mitchell are staring at their phones. Actually, most of the people in the bar are on their phones. Trey can't take it--

TREY
See, this, this is what I'm talking about. We're surrounded by people, all desperate to interact, and everyone's staring at screens, pretending not to notice.

MITCHELL
Dude, have you played "Fruit Ninja"? It's sick.

HOBBES
Besides, this place is a dog park.

Trey points to a buttoned-up WOMAN in a TAILORED SUIT at the end of the bar. A pair of HEELS rests on the bar stool next to her. This is LISA RUDOLPH, 24.

TREY
Really? What do you call that?

HOBBES
Out of our league.

TREY
There are no leagues. Only players.

HOBBES
(to Mitchell)
God help us. He's been reading Fiddy's Twitter feed again.

Trey approaches, picks up Lisa's heels, sets them on the bar--

TREY
Blisters, right? My Louboutins do the same thing.

Lisa offers a pinched smile and returns the shoes to the stool, rebuffing him. Continues typing on her phone.

LISA
It's pronounced Loo-boo-ta.

TREY
I know. I was just testing you. You'd be surprised how few women know how to say it.
(she ignores him)
Even those who do, rarely correct a stranger's pronunciation. I'm guessing you spend a lot of time evaluating people. Are you in H.R.?

LISA
No, but I <u>am</u> busy. No offense.

TREY
Sure. Forgive me for trying to start a conversation in a popular social venue.

That pisses Lisa off. She looks up from her phone--

LISA
Actually, I'm working. But thanks for the shot of judgment and the condescension chaser. I thought putting my shoes on the stool would be a pretty clear sign I'm not looking to get hit on by every Aspie in the joint, but that's the thing about you guys-- you're not exactly aces when it comes to reading people.

Lisa slips her heels on and departs, Trey moves back to Hobbes and Mitchell, who have a laugh at his expense--

TREY
Fuck it. She's an outlier. Who's hungry?

EXT. BARCADE - LATER

A hip-hop themed Taco Truck ("Tacos, Nah'mean!") is parked at the curb in front of the bar. Drunken TECHIES wolf burritos and smoke e-cigarettes. Trey stands by the window, talking to the thuggish PROPRIETOR of the truck, while--

Mitchell and Hobbes sit on the sidewalk, eating tacos and drinking sodas. Hobbes spots Mikki and Dane standing in line.

HOBBES
Look sharp. Your future ex is here.

MITCHELL
What're you-- Oh God. No, wait--

But Hobbes is already making his way over to Mikki and Dane. Mitchell reluctantly follows.

HOBBES
(to Dane)
What's crackin', Chin Curtains?

DANE
I was just telling Mikki that I'm spinning at The Cellar on Friday. You guys should come check out my set.

HOBBES
Yeah, I will <u>never</u> be drunk enough for that. <u>Mikki</u>. A pleasure. I'm Hobbes. And this-- is Mitchell. Boy genius and turntable prodigy.

MITCHELL
Hi, hey, hello. It's nice to uh, finally... I've been watching you across the office for like, weeks. I mean, not-- not in a creepy way.

Cringe. Mikki offers a half-smirk in response.

DANE
What kind of stuff do you spin?

MITCHELL
Oh... all... kinds of stuff.
(Dane waits, curious)
You know, mad crazy beats, like--
(MORE)

MITCHELL (CONT'D)
(beat-boxing)
And the--
(scary dubstep noises)

A bizarre performance. But before Mitchell can dig himself deeper, Hobbes “trips” and SPILLS his drink on Dane’s shirt.

HOBBES
Oh, shit! Sorry, man. We better get you to a sink.

DANE
Careful! This shirt’s hand-painted.

Hobbes leads Dane away, shooting Mitchell a look-- “Make your move!” Mikki stares at him, bemused. When she finally speaks, her tone is completely deadpan. This is just how she rolls.

MIKKI
Nice beat-boxing. Are you classically trained?

MITCHELL
Ha! “Classically trained.” LOL. Totally. That’s-- wow.

Another awkward beat.

MIKKI
Do I make you nervous, Mitchell?

INT. BARCADE BATHROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Trey enters, bumping into Dane as he leaves. As he unzips at a urinal... REVEAL Hobbes behind him, drunk.

HOBBES
Hola, jefe. Que paso?

He sidles up next to Trey, uncomfortably close.

TREY
Common men’s room decorum calls for a two foot gap between users.

HOBBES
So about this meeting tomorrow. We’re good, right? You feel ready?

Trey just looks at him like, “Of course.”

HOBBES (CONT'D)
'Cause I'm thirty-five years old, man. That's like, ninety-five in Valley years. I can't take another failed start-up.

TREY
We're not gonna fail.

HOBBES
'Cause I think you might be onto something here, but if BRB tanks they're gonna Old Yeller my ass. Just-- look me in the eye and tell me you got this.

Trey turns to Hobbes as he zips up, looks him in the eye--

TREY
Hobbes. I got this.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TREY'S CAR - THE NEXT AFTERNOON

Smooth rock plays as Trey drives. In the passenger seat, Nash SCRATCHES at the woefully unfashionable JEANS he's wearing.

NASH
I feel like my legs are suffocating.

The car approaches a modern mansion, a GLORIOUS GLASS STRUCTURE perched on Wolfback Ridge Road. We see the unmistakable trappings of an exclusive PARTY in progress. VALETS help guests from FANCY CARS, BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE drink and laugh on the expansive deck.

NASH (CONT'D)
What is this? What's going on?

TREY
Looks like The Murch is having a few people over.

NASH
You told me we were going to a meeting. This is-- this is why you made me wear pants! You <u>lied</u> to me.

TREY
No, I managed expectations. If I told you we were going to a party, you'd be in the fetal position humming Hall and Oates right now. Now stay close and don't say anything.

NASH
What? Why?

A VALET opens Trey's door, ending the debate.

EXT. MODERN MANSION - AFTERNOON

A BORED ATTENDANT waits with an iPad, checking a GUEST LIST.

TREY
(nervous, speedy)
Hey there. Larry Page and Shamit Ramdi. We should be on the--

BORED ATTENDANT
Have a great time.

Trey smirks to himself, pushes Nash ahead of him into...

INT. THE MURCH'S MANSION - CONTINUOUS

A MASSIVE FOYER. Where POWER PLAYERS and WELL-TO-DO GUESTS network and mingle.

NASH
What was <u>that</u>? We weren't invited?!

TREY
"All war is based on deception."
Sun Tzu. Re-tweeted by Fifty Cent.

They continue into...

INT. MURCH'S MODERN MANSION - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Massive. Sleek. Stylish. GUESTS mingle amidst the Far East-meets-future decor while a BAND of shaggy, middle-aged MUSICIANS rock out on a STAGE at the far end of the room.

NASH
(freaking out)
We can't-- We don't belong here.

Nash starts scratching at his legs and HUMMING. Trey grabs his shoulders--

TREY
Nash, I need you to listen to me. It's gonna be fine. We just need to find the Murch, get five minutes alone with him, and do our thing. Can you breathe for me? Big in through the nose...

Nash stops scratching and humming. Inhales. Exhales.

TREY (CONT'D)
Okay. Follow me.

They move through the crowd, Trey pointing out the players--

TREY (CONT'D)
(re: a well-dressed geek)
Chris McLaren. Designed the *Mad Cow* games. Escapist bullshit, but his company's valued at $600 million. We'll do better.
(re: a regal 60-year-old)
Felix Abasi, big time V.C. He invested in *Lunagram* and about a billion others. And <u>that</u>-- is George Murchison.

ON STAGE WITH THE BAND-- Millionaire Angel Investor GEORGE "THE MURCH" MURCHISON jams on the FLUTE, Jethro Tull style. Not the slick money-man we may have imagined, but a slightly pudgy ex-hippie in linen pants and a sherwani.

TREY (CONT'D)
Don't let the flute and sandals act fool you, he's got a mind like--

NASH
--John Mayer.

TREY
What?

NASH
He's playing. With John. <u>Mayer</u>.

Sure enough, neo-blues pretty boy JOHN MAYER is jamming with The Murch, mid-guitar solo. As the band hits its final note--

TREY
Go time.

A smattering of APPLAUSE. Trey drags Nash toward the stage, where The Murch kisses cheeks and slaps fives.

TREY (CONT'D)
Mr. Murchison. Trey Thornhill. This is my partner, Avinash Dagavi. We met briefly at your TED talk last--

MURCH
Ah yes, Thornhill. Got your emails.
(pointed)
All twenty of them. How did you... Did I invite you?

TREY
If we could just get five minutes of your time, we're working on something--

MURCH
Got a party to host, kid. You wanna talk shop, call my office Monday morning and set something up.

TREY
I've been calling your office for weeks, but they told me--

The Murch walks off, leaving Trey and Nash with their dicks in their hands. Nash scratches his leg--

NASH
We're fucked.

TREY
Easy, bud. We just got here.

INT. WEWORK OFFICES - AFTERNOON - SAME TIME

Hobbes and Mitchell are debugging.

HOBBES
Beta's still draining juice like a Saigon street walker. Did you try switching from GPS to the local cell network?

But Mitchell isn't listening. He's watching Mikki and Dane in the distance. Dane has his shirt lifted up, revealing a TATTOO OF HEADPHONES on his right pec.

MITCHELL
I totally blew it with Mikki.

HOBBES
Lemme tell you something about the ladies, Mitch. They're slow to warm up, but they reward persistence. Think of Mikki as a frostbitten limb. Cold and incapable of feeling, but you rub long and hard enough, you'll get to the pink.

Hobbes pulls an iPHONE out of his pocket--

HOBBES (CONT'D)
To whit-- Dane's iPhone.

MITCHELL
What? How did you--

HOBBES
Let's just say it fell out of his pocket. Now, I send you Mikki's digits...
(he swipes and sends)
And then we change *her* number in Dane's phone...

MITCHELL
Change it to what?

HOBBES
To mine. So when I send Dane a text--

MITCHELL
(catching on)
He'll think it's coming from Mikki... But if I have her number, shouldn't I just, like, call her?

HOBBES
Are you a Jedi master of the Social Matrix? No. For guys like us, love is a fucking jungle, and the only way you get a girl like Mikki is by taking out the alpha. Dane's gotta go. And by "go," I mean suffer brutal humiliation by our hands.

Hobbes holds out Dane's phone. A nervous Mitchell takes it.

INT. THE MURCH'S MANSION - VARIOUS

Trey talks shop with a fellow ENTREPRENEUR.

TREY
I don't want to take the first money that comes knocking. I need an investor with vision, someone who sees the long game. Have you seen Murchison anywhere?

ENTREPRENEUR
Nah. He usually doesn't put in much face time at these things. Unless you're, you know--

He indicates a small group of DARK-HAIRED HOTTIES nearby.

ENTREPRENEUR (CONT'D)
Then he's got plenty of face to give.

Meanwhile... NASH has retreated to his "happy place"-- earbuds in, Yacht Rock cranked. He hums along, nibbling on satay skewers, focused intensely on something OFF SCREEN.

He eyes it critically, carefully, like a scientist studying a chemical reaction. And then we see it--

A FRAMED SHUNGA WATERCOLOR of a naked Japanese woman receiving oral pleasure from an OCTOPUS.

NASH
Ridiculous. Mollusks have barbed tongues.

Reveal A WELL-DRESSED WOMAN standing next to him, nonplussed.

INT. WEWORK OFFICES - BULLPEN - LATER

Mitchell lurks near Dane's desk, in espionage mode. When Dane gets up, Mitchell slips Dane's PHONE into his messenger bag.

MIKKI (O.S.)
What are you doing?

Startled, Mitchell turns to find Mikki watching him.

MITCHELL
What? Nothing. I... was just...

MIKKI
'Cause it looked like you put a phone in Dane's bag. Which is weird, 'cause he's been looking for his phone all day.

Mitchell, freaked, confesses in a single breath--

MITCHELL
Hobbes took it to get me your number because you and Dane bumped phones earlier and then we changed your number so we could text Dane but pretend we were you and--

MIKKI
Cool. I want in.

MITCHELL
You want... what?

MIKKI
If you're messing with Dane, I want in. I'm bored. Plus, he's a tool.

MITCHELL
I thought you guys were-- why'd you give him your number?

MIKKI
He said he had a weed connect. I just moved here and I'm out.

INT. MODERN MANSION - SAME TIME

Nash reloads on skewers, arranging them OCD-style when--

VOICE (O.S.)
Avinash? OMG, is that you?

Nash turns to find MICHAEL LAU (22), the *SpaceRace* impresario, bounding over, arms extended for a hug.

NASH
Michael Lau.

MICHAEL LAU
It's been ages!

NASH'S POV: Lau closes in fast-- uncomfortably so-- but there's something adorable about his nebbish, bespectacled face that keeps Nash from beating a hasty retreat.

MICHAEL LAU (CONT'D)
After you guys dropped out junior year it was like-- "Poof! Ghost Protocol initiated!" I miss our old hack sessions.

We may sense some sexual tension between these two... not that they're aware of it.

NASH
(overly formal)
Congratulations on *SpaceRace*.

MICHAEL LAU
(nicest guy ever)
I think they overvalued it, but... I'm just psyched to see what you're cooking up.

Nash scratches, doesn't make eye contact. Michael notices the Shunga prints--

MICHAEL LAU (CONT'D)
Wow, these are explicit, aren't they? Geez.
(chuckles)
Erotic!... You wanna get some air?

EXT. MURCH'S MANSION - DECK - SUNSET

Trey checks his watch, impatient. Looks across the DECK and sees LISA, the woman from Barcade, standing alone, taking in the sunset. He approaches. She sees him coming--

LISA
And just like that, a stunning view... ruined.

TREY
I didn't catch your name last night. Trey Thornhill.

He extends his hand, but she doesn't return the offer.

TREY (CONT'D)
I just came over to tell you that I wasn't hitting on you last night. You're not even my type, I prefer tall women with blond hair. No freckles, dancer's build, a little extra in the trunk is fine, far less conservative fashion sense--

LISA
Are you for real? I need to get this on video.

TREY
My point is, I was conducting research when I approached you and while I can see how you'd misinterpret my intentions, I assure you they had nothing to do with sexual desire.

LISA
Well thank God for that.
(wait--)
Did you say research?

TREY
Yes. I'm developing an app that's going to revolutionize social networking. I'm here to pitch it to George Murchison.

LISA
(not impressed)
Sounds promising.

TREY
It is. Very promising. I promise.

Just then, Nash steps outside with Lau, buddy-buddy. Trey is taken aback--

TREY (CONT'D)
What the shit?

Lisa turns, sees Lau too--

LISA
Ah! There he is. Michael!
(waves Lau over)
Well, Trey, it's been strange.

TREY
You're with Michael Lau?

LISA
With, with? God no. George Murchison invested in him. And as Mr. Murchison's Senior Analyst, it's my job to make sure that investment pays off.

Panic takes hold as Trey realizes what he just stepped in. Lau smiles at Trey, goes for a high five--

LAU
Thornhill in the hay-ouse!

But Trey leaves Lau hanging, too stunned to react.

END OF ACT TWO.

ACT THREE

EXT. MURCH'S MANSION - DECK - MOMENTS LATER

Trey speed-walks away from Lau and Lisa, grabbing Nash by the elbow and dragging him with--

TREY
That's Murch's gatekeeper, and she doesn't like me. We need to find him while she's busy with Lau--

NASH
(mouth full of satay)
But he said to call next week--

TREY
We're done waiting. Time to see the wizard.

INT. MURCH'S MANSION - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Trey spots the Murch holding court, wielding a SAMURAI SWORD behind a SUSHI BAR made of ice.

MURCH
This bluefin was caught less than twenty hours ago off the coast of Matsusaka. Wait 'til you taste the freshness.

The Murch carefully slices into the fish, the small crowd "oohs" and "aahs."

MURCH (CONT'D)
Anyone tries to dip this in soy sauce will get my *shinshinto* sword up their ass.

LAUGHS from the group. Trey pushes his way to the front.

TREY
Mr. Murchison. I'm sorry, if we could just get five minutes--

MURCH
I thought I told you to fuck off.

TREY
Actually, you told me to call your office next week, but next week is too late.

MURCH
This isn't the time or the place, kid.

Trey spots Lisa CLOSING IN. Now or never--

TREY
"The only wrong place is second place." You said that, sir, in your keynote.

A beat. The Murch sheathes his sword--

MURCH
Five minutes.

INT. MODERN MANSION - MURCH'S OFFICE

Murch reclines behind a massive desk in his man cave, smoking a JOINT, surrounded by GIANT MONITORS. Lisa stands behind him, waving smoke away as she takes notes on a tablet.

Nash nervously works a laptop, which feeds ONE OF THE MONITORS -- displaying a MOCKUP for the "BRB" MOBILE APP. Trey is mid-presentation, spreading his gospel.

TREY
--the key is "novelty." Our brains are wired to seek it. Our libidos demand it. And yet, most social networking tools connect us with people we *already* know. BRB is different. Our app introduces you to people you *should* know. *New* people. And it tells you where these people are hanging out, in real time, so you can stop staring at screens and get out into the real world, where meaningful interactions happen.

MURCH
"Meaningful interactions"... You mean fucking?

TREY
It's bigger than that. I'm talking about a world without loneliness.

MURCH
Social's all sewn up, kid.

LISA
You can't go toe to toe with Facebook.

But Trey won't be dismissed so easily--

TREY
When Facebook launched, kids used it to enhance their social lives. Now my grandma's on there "liking" casserole recipes and Taylor Lautner's abs have a fan page. We've turned life into a spectator sport, but in our *real* lives, we're lonelier than ever.

Murch picks up his flute and blows a few bars, unconvinced.

MURCH
I've got a second set with Mayer. So stop tickling my nipples and show me what you're packing.

TREY
Nash? Show the man how it works.

Nash shoots Trey a worried look, then pulls up The Murch's FACEBOOK PROFILE on a monitor. With a few keystrokes, he's HACKED INTO IT.

TREY (CONT'D)
BRB will use its own proprietary interface-- the beta is already underway. But for the sake of demonstration-- this is *your social life*, as Facebook sees it. But when we apply <u>our</u> algorithm...

Nash CLACKS AWAY, applying the BRB algorithm to reveal PROFILES Murch has a high match percentage with on the site, ranked by common interests and geographical proximity.

MURCH
Whoa. What just happened?

TREY
These are people you'd like. Ranked by common interests, proximity and a thousand other factors I can't reveal just yet. Map, please.

A MAP similar to Google Maps appears, GLOWING PINS identifying USERS' locations in nearby San Francisco.

TREY (CONT'D)
There they are. All over the city, which has just become your social oyster. Now let's find you a pearl.

Nash ZOOMS in on THE MURCH'S HOUSE-- a smaller set of PINS.

TREY (CONT'D)
I'm guessing you're a brunette man.

NASH CLACKS AWAY, and most of the pins vanish, leaving four or five remaining. He MOUSES over one, finding a match ratio of 92%, and clicks, bringing up her FACEBOOK PROFILE.

TREY (CONT'D)
Debbie. Late 20s, mixing and mingling as we speak. I'm guessing she's into gold digging, medical marijuana and Aqualung. But <u>you</u> don't have to guess, because BRB says you've got a nine-in-ten shot at sexual chemistry. And this is only the beginning.

Nash clicks. HOUSANDS of MARKERS erupt on the MAP.

TREY (CONT'D)
As our user base grows, so does our data set. As we mine that data, our algorithm evolves, until eventually, you'll have the entire Social Matrix in your pocket, just a finger-swipe away. "The end of loneliness." <u>That's</u> BRB. It's what we type when we leave webspace. And now it's the reason we leave, too.

Lisa looks skeptical. But Murch is intrigued.

MURCH
(to Nash)
Yo, silent partner. How are you doing this?

Nash just smirks, Sphinx-like. *This is what he does*.

INT. WEWORK OFFICES - COMMUNAL KITCHEN - LATER

Hobbes sits at a table, TEXTING furiously. He sees Mikki and Mitchell approaching and panics, pretending to make a call.

MITCHELL
It's okay, I told her. She wants in. And Dane is a drug dealer.

HOBBES
Maybe I underestimated him.

MIKKI
Nah, he's just a middleman. Has Dane said anything I can use later to get off?

HOBBES
I'm six texts in. Which according to my advance computational modeling means we're only a few texts away from Dane sending us a dick pic.

MIKKI
(reads over his shoulder)
I would never say "damp." Makes my vag sound like a cellar.

Mitchell reels from the mental image.

HOBBES
No offense, but I've got a lot of experience in this field.

MIKKI
Impersonating Asians? Move over.
(she begins typing)
Bet you twenty bucks he shaves his balls.

INT. THE MURCH'S MANSION - MURCH'S OFFICE

Trey talks turkey with Murch and Lisa while Nash packs up.

TREY
It's genius, right?

LISA
It's a stalker's wet dream.

MURCH
You can't demo this around town. Zuckerberg will make your nutsack into a dreamcatcher and hang it in your jail cell.

TREY
That's why we need you. We can't go wide, not yet. But we're sitting on something huge. We just want money to finish the beta.

MURCH
And I want an escort who looks like Kate Upton and cooks eggs benedict the morning after. You've got balls, kid, but my advice? Make something practical. Something people need.

LISA
Like *SpaceRace*.

Trey snaps-- that's one too many victories for Michael Lau.

TREY
SpaceRace? Think! There are 320,000 parking meters in San Francisco and half a million registered vehicles. Your user base expands, it's carma-fucking-geddon. I'm offering you a product with infinite scalability-- the Human Condition. The whole <u>world</u> wants BRB, they just don't know it yet. And knowing it before they do, that's what makes people like you into billionaires. This is the future, and it's knocking on your door.

A long beat.

MURCH
Decent pitch, kid. But I'm high as a kite and all I've got in my head is the flute solo to "Your Body is a Wonderland."

NASH
(finally speaks)
There is no flute solo in "Your Body--"

MURCH
My answer's no.

INT. TREY'S CAR - LATER

Trey and Nash ride in silence, tension filling the car. As Trey pulls into a parking spot outside of WEWORK, the *SpaceRace* app purrs: "Like a glllllllove." Trey YANKS his iPhone from its cradle and HURLS it out the window, pissed.

He takes a moment to compose himself.

TREY
The Murch will come around. He's just testing us.

Nash snorts-- "Are you kidding me?"

NASH
I told you we weren't ready.

TREY
The algorithm can't be denied. Any idiot can see its value. We'll find someone else--

NASH
Listen to yourself! Or are you even capable of listening? You just push and push and you never shut up!

Nash starts pulling off the jeans Trey made him wear. He struggles to get them off.

NASH (CONT'D)
What is wrong with you?!

TREY
What's wrong with you?! At least I try. At least I put it out there for people to say "no" to. You'd rather sit alone in your--
(stops himself)
And what the fuck were you doing with Lau? You jumping ship? I thought we were partners!

Nash finally gets the jeans off. He throws open the car door, turns back for a final shot--

NASH
So did I!

--and TOSSES the jeans in Trey's face. SLAMS the door and walks away in his boxers. Trey sighs. *Fuck.*

INT. WEWORK OFFICES - LATER

Mitchell, Mikki and Hobbes are huddled around Hobbes' phone. ON SCREEN: the familiar "..." of an impending text. Suddenly, DING! Hobbes shoots his fist skyward in triumph.

HOBBES
The eagle's junk has landed!

The three stare in giddy horror at DANE'S DICK PIC.

MITCHELL
Yuck. Why is he holding it next to the keyboard like that?

MIKKI
To show scale?

HOBBES
Base to tip is only like "V" to "back-slash." Full chub, too.

Trey enters the office, sees the gang together, laughing and high-fiving. He watches for a beat... can't bear to tell them the bad news. He turns and slinks out of the office UNSEEN.

INT. TREY'S APARTMENT - VERY LATE / VERY EARLY

A modest space, devoid of furniture except for a MATTRESS in the middle of the room. One WALL is covered with SCRIBBLINGS and DIAGRAMS. In the middle of them, a large printout tacked to the wall: "Move Fast And Break Things."

Trey sits alone, back against the opposite wall, staring at this mantra. He picks up his iPhone, screen CRACKED from the incident in the car. Calls Nash--

INT. NASH'S STUDIO - SAME TIME

IKEA decor. Well organized. Nash is engaged in an epic GUILD WARS session on his triple-wide COMPUTER MONITOR. He wears a GAMING HEADSET, from which the TINNY sounds of battle ECHO.

CLOSE ON -- Nash's PHONE ringing in its dock, displaying a PHOTO of TREY AND NASH at Stanford, arms around each other's shoulders. An instrumental version of Hall and Oates' ballad "One On One" plays, Nash's chosen ringtone for his friend.

As the call goes to voice mail, we see that Nash has another missed call as well-- this one from MICHAEL LAU.

INT. TREY'S MODERN LOFT - CONTINUOUS

Trey considers leaving a message on Nash's voicemail, but can't find the words. He clicks off, demoralized.

Trey crawls onto the mattress and pulls a pillow over his head, blocking out the world. A long beat, and then...

DING!

WE PUSH IN ON THE PHONE to find AN INCOMING TEXT: A SNAPSHOT of the GORGEOUS BRUNETTE ("Debbie") from Trey's pitch. She lies in The Murch's bed naked, post-coital.

THE TEXT below reads: "You kids give good algorithm. I'll be in touch."

DING! A second TEXT. It reads: "Lisa will run point. BTW she doesn't like u.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE