

SILICON VALLEY

Episode 401

"Success Failure"

Written by
Alec Berg

Directed by
Mike Judge

9/30/16 - Production White Draft pgs. 1-36
10/13/16 - Revised Blue pgs. 3-10, 13-13A, 20-21,
24-25A, 27, 30
10/25/16 - Revised Pink pgs. 21, 24, 35
2/10/17 - Revised Yellow pgs. 1-6
2/13/17 - Revised Green pgs. 2-3, 5-5A
2/24/17 - Revised Goldenrod pgs. 1-5A

© 2017 Home Box Office, Inc. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. No portion of this script may be performed, published, reproduced, sold or distributed by any means, or quoted or published in any medium, including on any web site, without the prior written consent of Home Box Office. Distribution or disclosure of this material to unauthorized persons is prohibited. Disposal of this script copy does not alter any of the restrictions previously set forth.

101 OMITTED 101

102 OMITTED 102

103 OMITTED 103

104 OMITTED 104

A105 EXT. ROSEWOOD HOTEL, VALET STAND - NIGHT (N0) A105

A VC, JIM, stands by the valet stand looking at his PHONE.
The valet guy approaches to get the ticket.

JIM
Oh, I'll get my car tomorrow. I had
too many. Got an Uber coming. Thanks.

A car (JARED'S VOLT) appears.

JIM (cont'd)
That was fast.

B105 INT. CAR - SAME (N0) B105

Jim hops in the back.

JIM
Hello. For Jim?

DRIVER
(facing away from
camera)
Yep. Would you care for a water?

The DRIVER hands a WATER back to Jim, who eyes the driver's
FINGERTIPS, which are all orange.

JIM
(grossed out)
Why are your fingers orange?

REVEAL: The driver is RICHARD.

RICHARD
Oh. Iodine. I've been biting my
nails, so I painted that on there to
stop myself. Looks like Cheetos.
Tastes like asshole.

Jim takes the water, looks at it, sets it down without opening it.

Richard starts to drive off.

C105 EXT. ROSEWOOD HOTEL, VALET STAND - SAME (NO)

C105

As Richard pulls away, ANOTHER CAR pulls up. The driver calls to the valet.

DRIVER

I'm here for Jim? Are you Jim?

The valet shrugs.

D105 INT. CAR - SAME (NO)

D105

Richard drives Jim.

RICHARD

So, what do you do?

JIM

Venture capital over at Wood Opal.

RICHARD

Wow. Wow. Good.

JIM

Mm-hmm.

BOO-DEEP. Richard gets a VID-CHAT ALERT on his PHONE.

RICHARD

Uh, mind if I take this?

JIM

Sure.

RICHARD

All right.

Richard answers. It's ERLICH on vid-chat. He and Richard begin to very poorly perform an obviously scripted dialogue, very much for the benefit of the VC in the back seat.

ERLICH (ON VID-CHAT)

Hello, hi! My goodness, this video chat app is light-years ahead of anything else on the market.

RICHARD

I agree. Yes. And watch this. You can add multiple concurrent users with no loss in picture quality. Even over conventional 3G. Let's see what happens when we add more friends.

BOO-DEEP. JARED and GILFOYLE appear, separately.

JARED (ON VID-CHAT)

Hello, friend. What's up?

GILFOYLE (ON VID-CHAT)
Hello, "friend."

Beat.

JARED (ON VID-CHAT)
Hey, should we add another friend?

GILFOYLE (ON VID-CHAT)
Yeah, we should. How many "friends"
can we conference at the same time?

RICHARD
Thanks to the amazing turn server, as
many as you like.

ERLICH (ON VID-CHAT)
What if someone's in a place with
poor cellular reception? I doubt it
would even work. The lag, not to
mention the image quality, would be
horrible.

Richard throws a look to Jim.

RICHARD
Well, let's find out!

JIM
Can you keep your eyes on the road,
please?

RICHARD
Yep, yep. Got it. I'm on it.

BOO-DEEP. DINESH appears.

DINESH (ON VID-CHAT)
Hey, friends! Wow, look at that. The
image is so clear.

JARED
Wow. We all look amazing. Don't we?

EVERYONE (ON VID-CHAT)
Yes!

JIM
(leans forward)
Is that really just on a cell signal?

RICHARD

It sure is. This is the amazing new
company called PiperChat.

Jim looks at Richard, who looks vaguely familiar.

JIM

Wait a minute. I saw you at TechCrunch. You're Richard Hendricks.

RICHARD

The very same.

JIM

You're the fucking guy who tried to walk into Coleman Blair with fraudulent numbers.

RICHARD

No!

DINESH (ON VID-CHAT)

Uh-oh.

JARED (ON VID-CHAT)

That was actually my fault.

RICHARD

Well, yes. But no... that's the old thing. This is my new company, and I can assure you, it is very very real.

JIM

(looks at phone)

You're not even my driver. This says "Sundeeep" in an Escalade.

GILFOYLE (ON VID-CHAT)

Ah, shit.

RICHARD

Look, no one will talk to us. But that's crazy. We just passed a hundred and twenty thousand Daily Active Users, and we're growing organically at eighteen percent week over week.

JARED (ON VID-CHAT)

Richard, that's Facebook-level growth.

JIM

Pull over. Now!

DINESH (ON VID-CHAT)

That ingrate!

ERLICH (ON VID-CHAT)
Richard! Do not pull over! If you let
him out of that car you will never
see him again! He funds us or he's
fucked!

Everyone starts to chime in.

DINESH (ON VID-CHAT)
I am not involved!

ERLICH (ON VID-CHAT)
Richard, can you hear me?

JARED (ON VID-CHAT)
Okay. For real, Richard, you have to
pull over.

ERLICH (ON VID-CHAT)
Richard, do not pull over. Richard,
do not - Richard, do not pull over,
you'll never see him again.

DINESH (ON VID-CHAT)
I'm very uncomfortable with this.

GILFOYLE (ON VID-CHAT)
This is awesome.

Dinesh drops his phone, we catch a glimpse of PANTS AROUND ANKLES.

GILFOYLE (ON VID-CHAT) (cont'd)
(re: Dinesh)
Are you on the shitter?

JIM
Pull the fuck over!

DINESH (ON VID-CHAT)
Pull over.

ERLICH (ON VID-CHAT)
Richard!

Richard slams on the brakes. The guy tries to open the door.

JIM
What the fuck? Are you seriously trying to kidnap me right now?

RICHARD
(frantic)
No. It's the locks. I don't know.
It's not my car.

The WIPERS go on.

JARED (ON VID-CHAT)
Child locks are on. I was babysitting my friend Gloria's great granddaughter. It's on the left.

ERLICH (ON VID-CHAT)
Richard, do not - do not pull over!
God dammit!

The guy finally gets the door open.

RICHARD
Look, come on. Listen to me, we are desperate. We need funding.

JIM
You need funding?

RICHARD
Yes.

JIM
Hit a million Daily Active Users while sustaining that kind of growth.
(MORE)

JIM (cont'd)

Then everyone in town will be trying
to kidnap you. Problem solved.

ERLICH (ON VID-CHAT)

Easy for you to say. Can you imagine
how much these servers are costing me
just to keep this ship afloat?

JARED (ON VID-CHAT)

And every new user just increases our
server costs.

JIM

Really? I'm sorry. Is it hard to become a billionaire? Welcome to the Valley, assholes.

He gets out. Richard looks around, defeated.

RICHARD

Fuck.

GILFOYLE (ON VID-CHAT)

What a dick.

RICHARD

Shit. Sorry, guys. Well assuming we don't get arrested, I guess we just need to work our asses off to optimize and reduce our hosting bills. I'll see you at home.

GILFOYLE (ON VID-CHAT)

Can you UberEATS us some Thai food on your way?

Jim pops back into the car, hands Richard his CARD.

RICHARD

Uh, oh!

JIM

Hi.

RICHARD

Hi...

JIM

Hey, um... If you actually get to a million users, give me a call? My cell's on the back.

RICHARD

O-okay.

He gets out again.

OPENING TITLES

105 INT. HACKER HOSTEL, KITCHEN - DAY (D3)

105

Gilfoyle pours a MUG OF COFFEE. Dinesh enters in sweats with his LAPTOP. Jared sits at the table.

DINESH

Pour me some?

GILFOYLE

Help yourself. Did you finish?

Dinesh searches for a mug.

DINESH

Yeah, I just pushed my code. It took me two fucking days but I've broken up our entire codebase into parallel services.

JARED

Well done. The journey to a million users begins with a single multi-threaded parallelized step. We're not there yet, but we'll definitely be more efficient.

DINESH

(to Gilfoyle)

Did you finish your custom cloud scheduler?

GILFOYLE

Indeed I did. Two full days I will never get back. This whole job would have been a lot easier if you hadn't designed sloppy services in the first place.

Dinesh has found a MUG and is about to pour coffee into it, but sets down the pot and the mug.

DINESH

Oh, I'm sorry. When I hacked together video chat as an in-house tool I didn't realize that hundreds of thousands of people would shit themselves over how great it was. I'll never underestimate my talents again.

GILFOYLE

Don't worry, I'll continue to do it for you.

Erlich enters in a bathrobe.

ERLICH

Less talk, more work boys. With all respect to the Jewish people, I'm not paying you to *coffee-klatsch* like a bunch of fucking *yentas*.

Erlich picks up Dinesh's mug and fills it with coffee.

GILFOYLE

You're not paying us at all.

ERLICH

Oh, I'm sorry. Are you the one who's about to get fucked face-first by your credit card company with a king-sized AWS hosting bill?

DINESH

You should bear a hundred percent of the company's costs, seeing as you own a hundred percent of the company. What the fuck is taking you so long to give us our shares?

ERLICH

Recapping a company is complicated, but Big Head and I are on the case.

DINESH

You'd better be. We're not gonna work for free forever.

ERLICH

So instead of blowing hot air out of the holes in your faces maybe you should cut down our fat fucking server costs before we all own a big chunk of nothing?

Erlich heads off with Dinesh's cup, leaving an empty coffee pot on the counter.

DINESH

We just finished. And that was my coffee...

Richard enters.

GILFOYLE

Hey, the Karachi Kid and I just finished. I didn't see your commits. Did you push your code?

RICHARD

Uh, no actually.

DINESH

Well, your highness, can you please push that code?

JARED

Everything we do to make the servers more efficient buys us more time.

RICHARD

Well, I can't push that code because I didn't write that code.

DINESH

What? We just stayed up for two fucking days. Why didn't you write your code?

RICHARD

(proudly)

Because I was working on something much better.

Richard turns and exits.

A106 INT. HACKER HOSTEL, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A106

RICHARD

So, I started to optimize our code to
handle higher...

Richard trails off, realizing Dinesh and Gilfoyle didn't
follow him.

B106 INT. HACKER HOSTEL, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

B106

Dinesh and Gilfoyle exchange a puzzled look. Beat, Richard
returns.

RICHARD

You were supposed to follow me.

JARED

Oh.

Jared, Dinesh and Gilfoyle head for the living room.

106 INT. HACKER HOSTEL, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS (D3)

106

Richard sits down in the CAPTAIN'S CHAIR and pulls up two test VIDEO WINDOWS and arranges them side-by-side on his laptop. Dinesh and Gilfoyle peer at it, dubiously.

RICHARD

(proudly)

I started to optimize our code to handle higher traffic, like we discussed, but then it occurred to me that instead of rewriting our old code, I could build a new encoder that doesn't strip away a ton of channels and metadata. So I extended my compression algorithm to support, get this... twelve bit color.

Dinesh and Gilfoyle stare at him. What the fuck?

RICHARD (cont'd)

We can now offer our users ten percent better image quality with deep blacks and wide color rendering and HDR with absolutely no increase in server load. Just watch this.

Richard toggles between TWO IMAGES on his screen.

RICHARD (cont'd)

Before. After. Before. After. Pretty cool, right?

Dinesh and Gilfoyle look at each other, confused.

DINESH

Um... Richard? Trying very hard not to totally lose my shit here.

RICHARD

I get it, I get it.

DINESH

After every VC in town shut us down, we decided the only way to stay alive until we hit a million users was to cut our server usage. Remember? The whole reason Gilfoyle and I just stayed up for forty-eight straight fucking hours was because we all agreed to *decrease* server load. Not keep it the same.

RICHARD

Well, if you want to get technical,
the point of staying up for two days
was to maximize our ability to get to
a million users. And I just did that.

(MORE)

RICHARD (cont'd)

I mean, who doesn't want video chat
that's got ten percent better
resolution?

DINESH

Who doesn't want it? Everyone!
Everyone doesn't want it.

GILFOYLE

We already have the best video chat! People are using this on their phones, Richard! They won't even be able to tell the fucking difference! It's imperceptible to the human eye.

RICHARD

Well, I'm sorry, but I disagree. I think we need to make the product better. And as the CEO, that's a call that's up to me.

DINESH

You fucking prick.

RICHARD

Woah.

JARED

Guys? Please be civil.

Jared puts both hands out in front of him, palms down, moves them up and down, "squash it."

DINESH

I see what's happening here. You hate the fucking video chat.

RICHARD

Of course I don't hate the video chat, Dinesh.

DINESH

You do. You've always hated it because it was my idea, so you're trying to totally rewrite it to make it all about you. You're fucking jealous!

JARED

Civil. Civil.

Jared keeps motioning to squash it.

RICHARD

Jealous of what? You built the video chat with my algorithm, so whatever we have here is because of my algorithm.

DINESH

Right. The same way that when Picasso painted a masterpiece, the guy who made the paints and the brushes deserved all the credit, right?

RICHARD

Oh. So you're Picasso, now?

JARED

I think I need to leave. But I love you guys.

Jared exits.

GILFOYLE

I grant you that's a terrible comparison, and that Dinesh should be ridiculed for it, which I will personally handle later, but he's got a point, Richard.

RICHARD

Listen, all I'm saying is, my name is on this thing, and I just think we should be doing a little more with this revolutionary compression algorithm than pushing out passable video chat.

DINESH

We did more, Richard! It was called the platform and it was exactly what you wanted to build and it fucking failed, okay? It's bad enough that we can't get funding because of you. You're already killing us out there, don't sabotage us in here, too! Pied Piper is a video chat company, Richard. Get your head around that.

Dinesh stomps out.

GILFOYLE

I'm quite sure I've never said these words before, but I agree with Dinesh.

Gilfoyle heads out, leaving Richard alone. He bites his fingernail, winces at the taste, then keeps biting.

RICHARD

Well...

Gavin and Jack climb aboard, clearly in a good mood.

JACK BARKER

Well, that was just a whole heap of
fun.

GAVIN BELSON

Ordinarily I loathe coming to China,
but when you close a deal like that
it makes the whole trip a delight.

A FLIGHT ATTENDANT approaches with a TRAY OF CHAMPAGNE.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Champagne, gentlemen?

GAVIN BELSON

I think that's very much in order.

They each grab a GLASS.

GAVIN BELSON (cont'd)

I know you don't toot your own horn,
so I'll do it for you. Here's to you,
Jack. And your Hooli/Endframe box
becoming the most successful American
data storage appliance to ever be
manufactured in China.

JACK BARKER

Toot toot.

GAVIN BELSON

Watch your back, Jeff Bezos. Here
comes Hooli.

They clink glasses, happily sip their champagne.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Alright gentlemen. Our flying time
from Shanghai to Moffet Field in
Mountain View will be just over
eleven hours, so if you'll --

JACK BARKER

Actually, I'm headed up to Jackson
Hole to meet my wife and the kids. I
was going to charter up tomorrow, but
I wonder if you couldn't ask the boys
to drop me there on the way, save me
the trouble?

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Of course.

The Flight Attendant nods and starts to turn away when...

GAVIN BELSON

Well... It's really not a big deal,
but since we're heading east, I think
Jackson is a little further.

(MORE)

GAVIN BELSON (cont'd)
Maybe we'll head to Moffett first,
then have the guys hop you onto
Jackson?

(to Flight Attendant)
Yeah?

The Flight Attendant nods, turns to go when...

JACK BARKER
Actually... flights like this, the
boys take us over the Pole, so
technically we're headed a bit more
north to south, and Jackson is quite
a bit further north. So...

(to Flight Attendant)
Let's drop me off in Jackson then
head to Moffett. Sound good? Great!

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
Of course.

JACK BARKER
Great. Get a pillow...

The Flight Attendant nods. Heads off.

Jack kicks his feet up, takes a sip of Champagne and starts
flipping through a MAGAZINE, as Gavin stares at him. What
the hell just happened?

108 EXT. HACKER HOSTEL, BACKYARD - NIGHT (N3)

108

Erlich and Big Head sit at a table in the backyard. Big Head
looks at SPREADSHEETS, and Erlich looks at GOOGLE RESULTS
FOR PALAPAS on his laptop. Erlich looks around, agitated.

ERLICH
You know what we desperately need
back here? A palapa.

BIG HEAD
A ploppa?

ERLICH
(corrects
pronunciation)
A *palapa*. It's a Mexican structure
made of palm fronds and such. It's
essentially a gazebo, but spicier and
with a south of the border kind of
vibe. It would make us feel less...
exposed.

(MORE)

ERLICH (cont'd)

Make the pool area more festive, and it would be good for morale. Speaking of which, morale is not exactly skyrocketing around here, so we need to get this cap table done, toot suite. Richard and the fellows are entitled to forty percent of the company.

(MORE)

ERLICH (cont'd)

If we each give up twenty percent, we still own thirty percent each. That seems fair.

BIG HEAD

It seems totally fair to me. Dad?

NELSON BIGHETTI SR. (O.C.)

Nope. Not going to happen.

REVEAL: On the table next to them is Big Head's LAPTOP, on the screen of which we see BIG HEAD'S DAD, an older, gruffer version of Big Head, in a Skype window, looking equal parts angry and bored as he paints a CIVIL WAR FIGURINE, only half paying attention to the goings-on.

ERLICH

Mister Bighetti, with all due respect --

NELSON BIGHETTI SR.

If you had any respect, you never would have talked my son into wasting his money. Again. My son's not giving up one share. Not now. Not ever.

ERLICH

Okay. I get that you're mad. Why, who can say? But as long as you're in control of your son's board seat, these decisions have to be unanimous, You're going to kill this company if --

NELSON BIGHETTI SR.

I don't care. In my eyes, the company is already dead. Killed by you. That's my edge. If all I accomplish by doing this is making you as miserable as I've been watching you fleece my son, then I'm okay with that.

BIG HEAD

He does seem pretty okay with it.

ERLICH

So you expect me to give the forty percent to the gents from my fifty percent?

NELSON BIGHETTI SR.

Yes.

ERLICH

That leaves me with only ten percent.

NELSON BIGHETTI SR.

So?

ERLICH

So I invested five hundred grand to stay right where I was? Unacceptable.

NELSON BIGHETTI SR.

I can accept it.

BIG HEAD

It does seem like he can accept it.

ERLICH

Well, fuck. Can you at least use the
Pied Piper chat instead of Skype?

NELSON BIGHETTI SR.

I like Skype. Which is why investing
in a competing product is stupid.
Alright, I'm going to bed. Love you,
Brown Bear.

BIG HEAD

Love you too, Poppa Bear.

Big Head's dad signs off. Erlich shuts the computer.

ERLICH

You're almost thirty years old, Big
Head. You need to learn to stand up
to that man.

Erlich grabs his laptop, heads for the door.

BIG HEAD

Wait!

(Erlich turns)

What if you had your dad call him?

Erlich heads into the house.

109 INT. HOOLI JET - NIGHT (N3)

109

The plane is dark. Jack Barker is now reclining in his seat
in PAJAMAS, laughing heartily at whichever silly Time Warner
FILM happens to be playing on his video-screen.

REVEAL: Gavin sits across the aisle looking at his video-
screen, which displays a WORLD MAP and their projected
route, over the Pole, through Jackson to Mountain View.
Jackson is clearly out of the way. There is a pronounced
"checkmark" shape to their flight path.

Gavin turns and stares daggers at Jack, who chuckles at his
movie. Gavin quietly seethes.

GAVIN BELSON

God damned motherfucker.

110 INT. HACKER HOSTEL, GARAGE - NIGHT (N3)

110

Richard sits in the garage as Jared, looking ever the
manicurist, applies GEL-COAT to his nails.

RICHARD

I mean, Dinesh is right. I'm jealous. How else do you explain it? I'm the CEO of an incredible company with great tech that's exploding, and instead of doing my part and supporting my friends, I'm sitting in my room writing some new video module that doesn't help anything.

JARED

You're certainly not helping your cuticles by biting on them. Your nailbeds are going to get infected.

Jared blows on Richard's nails.

RICHARD

Good. I deserve it. I'm a jealous little bitch.

JARED

You are not a bitch, Richard. Other hand.

RICHARD

Where'd you learn how to do this, anyway?

JARED

Oh uh, when I was on the street, it was a means of survival.

Jared switches to the other hand. Richard holds the first hand under a SMALL UV LIGHT.

RICHARD

I don't know. I might have killed us, which is so selfish. I'm a selfish, jealous little bitch. I just hope it's not too late for me to turn this around. If we're going to get to a million users, I need to get us some funding.

JARED

How? We've already been turned down by every respectable VC in town.

RICHARD

Who said anything about respectable?

JARED
Oh, Richard. No.

SMASHCUT TO:

111 EXT. FANCY SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY (D4)

111

RUSS HANNEMAN

Fuck, yes I want to talk business.

REVEAL: Richard stands with Russ near his CAR (complete with billionaire doors). Nearby, scores of parents wait next to their TESLAS to pick up their kids. People eye Russ warily.

RUSS HANNEMAN (cont'd)

What's the play? Let's fuck this thing right in the pussy.

(to nearby parents)

What? That's a meme. It's on the internet. Our kids are all saying it. Get a fucking life.

(to Richard)

Back me up here, Richard.

RICHARD

Well, there are good memes and bad memes...

RUSS HANNEMAN

Thanks for meeting me here. My fucking nanny got another DUI and lost her license so now I'm stuck picking up my own kid like an asshole. So what's up?

RICHARD

Well, I know how much you wanted to buy Erlich's shares in Pied Piper, the last iteration, the platform...

RUSS HANNEMAN

Yeah, before you took a hot steaming shit with it. God am I lucky Laurie Bream cunted me out of that one, eh? Clean living I guess.

RICHARD

Sure. So I was thinking that maybe you wanted to come on as a follow-on investor for our current platform.

RUSS HANNEMAN

What, the video chat?

RICHARD

Yes. The video chat. It's pretty cool technology. We're growing like crazy.

(MORE)

RICHARD (cont'd)

That's actually why we need more money, to keep up with the user demand. I really think it could be something if we can keep it going.

Russ studies him.

RUSS HANNEMAN

No you don't.

RICHARD

Sorry, what?

RUSS HANNEMAN

No, you don't. You don't like it.

Richard is taken aback.

RUSS HANNEMAN (cont'd)

Richard, I talk people into doing things they shouldn't do all the time. Especially pharmacists. So I know what it looks like. You don't believe in the product you're selling.

RICHARD

What? That's crazy. It's a good, sound business. The tech is great. And the guys are all really behind it.

RUSS HANNEMAN

But you're not behind it, Richard. I can tell. And as much as you want to be, you're not.

Kids start to stream out of the school and get into assorted parents' cars.

RUSS HANNEMAN (cont'd)

It's like this Richard: you're trying to date a woman, and as great as she may be, the truth is you're gay. And you can try all the tricks -- you can draw a mustache on her and fuck her in the ass -- but deep in your heart the truth is, you'd really rather be plowing a dude.

RICHARD

I'm sorry. What dude, exactly?

RUSS HANNEMAN

It could be any dude as long as you really want to fuck him: it could be a twink, a bear, an otter, a circuit queen, a chub, a pup, a gipster, a daddy chaser, a leatherman, a ladyboy, a Donald Duck -- that's a gay guy that's been kicked out of the navy --

RICHARD

How do you know so many gay things?

RUSS HANNEMAN

My grandfather just came out of the closet. Beautiful. Very inspiring. All I'm saying is, if you're spending all day fucking, shouldn't Pied Piper be a dude you want to fuck?

Richard nods to a passing family.

RUSS HANNEMAN (cont'd)

All right, let's do an exercise. You have unlimited time and money. You can build anything in the world with your compression. Anything. What is it? Three, two, one, go!

RICHARD

Russ, I --

RUSS HANNEMAN

Go go go!

RICHARD

You said I had unlimited time.

RUSS HANNEMAN

Now now now!

RICHARD

A new internet?

Beat.

RUSS HANNEMAN

What? Why?

RICHARD

I haven't really thought it out, but... Okay, I own a telescope.

RUSS HANNEMAN

Jesus, Richard. Keep your voice down...

RICHARD

No, it's not nerdy. I won it at a high school science fair. Anyway, a few weeks ago I got it out to look at the full moon,

RUSS HANNEMAN

Of course you did.

RICHARD

And uh I was thinking wow, they landed a man up there with the computing power of a handheld calculator. And then I thought jeez, there's literally millions of times more computing power in my phone, which is just sitting in my pocket. And then I thought, there's billions of phones, just sitting there. So...what if you could harness all that power into a massive network. And if you made use of my compression to make it even smaller and more efficient to move things around, I mean, if you did it right, it could lead to a totally decentralized version of the current internet, with no firewalls or tolls, or government regulations or spying. Information would be totally free in every sense of the word.

RUSS HANNEMAN

You wanna build a new internet?

RICHARD

Yeah...it's...

RUSS HANNEMAN

Holy shit... Richard, that I like. That I would fund.

RICHARD

But it's probably not even possible, and even if it were, I have no idea if you could even monetize it.

RUSS HANNEMAN

But Richard, if this new internet is the man of your dreams and that's who you want to fuck, you need to fuck him! That guy I will pay you to fuck.

Russ checks his WATCH.

RUSS HANNEMAN (cont'd)

Where the fuck is that kid?

(realizes)

Oh, shit. They kicked us out of this place. I'm at the wrong fucking school.

Russ hops into his car and leans out the window.

RUSS HANNEMAN (cont'd)

Richard, you find that man, fuck him good.

RUSS HANNEMAN (cont'd)
(yells at kid)
Get the fuck out of the way, lady!

RICHARD
Careful, please. He's gonna peel out.

Richard watches Russ peel out of the parking lot.

112 INT. RAVIGA, MONICA'S OLD OFFICE - DAY (D4)

112

Richard barrels into Monica's office.

RICHARD
Hey, I need to talk to y -- Oh. Not
you.

HIS POV: A bro-ey guy, ED CHEN spins his chair around to
face Richard.

RICHARD (cont'd)
Sorry. You're not --

ED CHEN
Monica? No, thank God. I'm Ed Chen.
Laurie gave me the good office and
moved Monica down the hall. Way down
the hall.

RICHARD
Okay. Sorry.

A confused Richard exits toward the conference room. Beat,
then we see him walk past the window, wandering off in
search of Monica.

A113 INT. RAVIGA, MONICA'S NEW OFFICE - DAY (D4)

A113

Richard paces in front of Monica who sits at the desk in her
tiny office. The front wall is GLASS, giving a view of the
hallway outside, and the MEN'S BATHROOM directly opposite
her office.

MONICA
You're gonna listen to Russ Hanneman?
Richard, you sound like a crazy
person.

RICHARD

I know, I know but Russ is right. I hate the video chat. I really do.

I --

(off her look)

What?

He follows her gaze: A guy heads into the bathroom, and when the door swings open you can clearly see guys in the bathroom at the urinals.

MONICA

Oh...

RICHARD

What?

RICHARD (cont'd)

Oh wow, you can see right into the --

MONICA

Yeah, I'm very aware. Laurie is punishing me for taking your side against her so she moved me down here and gave my office to that brown-nosing Ed Chen.

RICHARD

It's not that bad...

MONICA

Anyway, you're not seriously going to go home and tell the guys in your company that even though your user numbers are skyrocketing, you want to pivot?

RICHARD

I have to. I spent forty-eight hours trying to rewrite the core video chat code and I literally couldn't do it. I tried to type and I started biting my nails. Look at them!

MONICA

Is that gel?

RICHARD

Yes, Jared did it.

MONICA

Jesus, they're perfect.

RICHARD

Monica, I've puked and sweated, but I've never bitten my nails. And I don't think that was it. I think subconsciously, I would rather bite my own fingers than work on the chat platform. I was literally trying to eat my fingers off. I --

Richard turns. The bathroom door's open again. A guy at the urinal makes eye contact with Monica, and nods. She nods back.

RICHARD (cont'd)

Hey, man.

Richard turns back to Monica.

RICHARD (cont'd)

I can't do video chat. I can't.

MONICA

Richard, I know people who've spent their whole careers chasing after an app with this kind of growth rate and never hit it. It's a good product.

RICHARD

I know. But it's just not good for me. The guys are my friends, but they're also my employees.

(MORE)

RICHARD (cont'd)

Pied Piper is my company, and if I need to make them pivot, we pivot. And the sooner we do it the better. So that's it. Alright, I really have to go.

MONICA

Okay, well, if you're sure, then go, tell the guys, then call me and tell me how --

RICHARD

No. I mean... I have to go. I didn't when I got here, but all the flushing...

MONICA

There's another men's room on the fourth floor. Please?

RICHARD

Right. 'Cause then you would have seen mine twice.

Richard heads out. Beat, then a wistful EVAN exits the bathroom carrying a MAGAZINE.

EVAN

Monica.

Evan heads off. Monica looks ill.

113 INT. HACKER HOSTEL, TV ROOM - SAME (D4)

113

In the BG we see Jared folding LAUNDRY on the kitchen table.

Dinesh clocks him and speaks in conspiratorial tones to Gilfoyle and Erlich as Big Head sits on the couch doing the crossword puzzle in a MAGAZINE.

DINESH

I mean, we're all thinking it. Right? Richard is trying to fuck with a product that's totally working. He should not be the CEO of this company.

GILFOYLE

That's a bold statement. But
accurate.

ERLICH

I understand the concerns. But are we really ready to fire him and take his algorithm away? And is now the right time for me to assume the CEO chair?

DINESH

You? Why you?

ERLICH

Apart from literally every other discernible reason, it's a simple process of elimination. As an anarchist, Gilfoyle has no interest in a position of authority in any official organization.

GILFOYLE

None.

ERLICH

And you, of course, are out of the picture, Dinesh. Gilfoyle would never allow it.

DINESH

Yeah. I guess that's true. Asshole...

ERLICH

And Jared would sooner commit *harakiri* than replace his sweet baby Richard.

In the BG, Jared keeps folding laundry.

ERLICH (cont'd)

So that leaves me. And honestly, who else would you guys rather have fighting to preserve the value of your four percent of the company?

GILFOYLE

Five.

ERLICH

What?

GILFOYLE

Five percent.

ERLICH

You said four. Was it - or you said three, and then you had -

DINESH

No. It's five.

GILFOYLE

Five.

ERLICH

You know what, I'm gonna back channel, look at some notes. And we'll get to it. The point is, if and when we depose Richard, I am his obvious heir.

BIG HEAD

Erlich, no offense but the board is you, Richard and my dad. So you and my dad would have to agree on who's replacing Richard. And I don't see him ever approving you. Like ever. Like not in a million years.

Erlich takes this in.

ERLICH

Thank you. It's a valid point. True justice will never be done in this cruel environment.

BIG HEAD

Yeah.

GILFOYLE

Well, there is someone else. Someone without any strikes against him. Someone who's held high level positions at one of the biggest tech companies in the Valley. Someone who's been on the cover of one the the most prestigious tech publications in the world.

The guys all turn to Big Head, who keeps working the crossword in the magazine.

BIG HEAD

That guy sounds awesome. Could we get him?

ERLICH

Big Head. Look at the cover of the magazine you're reading.

Big Head holds up the magazine and we now see it's the issue of *Wired* with him on the cover.

BIG HEAD

Oh, yeah. I've known about this for months. Have you not seen this?

ERLICH

Can we do this on an interim basis?

BIG HEAD

(something's up)
Wait... Do what?

DINESH

So how do we break it to Richard?

GILFOYLE

It was bad enough when the VC fired him. But us? This is going to be ugly.

ERLICH

Agreed. But someone's going to have to tell Richard we're firing him as CEO.

We hear a hollow NOISE and the guys all turn to see Jared, laundry basket spilled on the ground, detergent bottle bouncing across the floor.

He makes a strange gasping noise and we...

114 OMITTED

104

115 INT. HOOLI, GAVIN BELSON'S OFFICE - DAY (D4)

115

Gavin's team (SCOTT, ROGELIO and CAROL, who replaced Patrice) sits with several architects at the table, showing some BUILDING PLANS to Gavin, who stares at them, deep in thought.

CAROL

...and as of now we've got the vote of enough key Malaysian ministers to proceed with construction, but that support is time-critical.

SCOTT

Carol is right. We'd have to break ground before monsoon season, or the entire project could collapse. So... what do you think?

Gavin mulls. Then...

GAVIN BELSON

Sorry. About what?

ROGELIO

About the factory. Yes or no?

GAVIN BELSON

Ah, the factory. The factory.

Gavin looks up to see HOOVER, who enters with a nod, looks exhausted, a day's worth of stubble.

GAVIN BELSON (cont'd)

(to the group)

Ah. Excuse me a moment.

Gavin crosses eagerly to Hoover.

GAVIN BELSON (cont'd)

So? What have you got?

HOOVER

Well, sir, I did as you asked. I flew the company plane to Shanghai, then to Moffet, then on to Jackson Hole. Then I flew back to Shanghai, and then flew to Jackson first, then Moffett, where I just landed.

GAVIN BELSON

And?

HOOVER

Moffet is almost 28.3 minutes closer.

GAVIN BELSON

I fucking knew it...

HOOVER

(nods)

Barker should have dropped you first, sir.

GAVIN BELSON

Well, what about headwinds or storm activity? I don't want to leave him any room to wriggle out of this. Here's what I need you to do: fly each leg five more times and average them. It's the only way to be sure.

HOOVER

I see. And we're not concerned about
the cost of twenty more private
transcontinental flights?

GAVIN BELSON

Of course we are. Jack Barker is costing the shareholders of this company a fortune, and he must be stopped.

HOOVER

And we're just the men to do it, sir. I'll shower up, grab a change of clothes and --

GAVIN BELSON

What? Why?

HOOVER

You're right, sir. Time is of the essence. I'll head straight back to Moffett.

GAVIN BELSON

Good. Call me each time you're in Shanghai. I'll see you in a week.

HOOVER

Yes, sir.

116 INT. HACKER HOSTEL, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (N4)

116

Richard enters from the backdoor and crosses toward the darkened living room when...

RICHARD

Guys?

HIS POV: Dinesh, Gilfoyle, Erlich and Big Head all stand near the front door, arms crossed, clearly girding for a fight.

DINESH

Shit, he came in the back...

The guys all turn and rearrange themselves into "confrontational" positions.

ERLICH

Richard. We need to speak to you.

RICHARD

No, actually, I need to speak to you guys first. I don't want Pied Piper to be a video chat company.

GILFOYLE

The balls on you...

DINESH

That ship has fucking sailed, Richard. You're out. Big Head is in.

BIG HEAD

Not my call.

ERLICH

We're not fucking pivoting again, and you can fight all you want but --

RICHARD

No. I'm not fighting you. You don't get it. I'm quitting.

Stunned silence.

GILFOYLE

Wait. What?

Jared bursts in the front door.

JARED

Richard, I was waiting out front! They want to ambush you and replace you with Big Head but I had nothing to do with it!

BIG HEAD

Again, not my call.

DISSOLVE TO:

117 INT. HACKER HOSTEL, GAME ROOM - A MINUTE LATER (N4)

117

Richard paces as the guys look on, a bit confused.

RICHARD

I was ready to fight you guys, but on the way home it occurred to me, there's a better way. Because of me we haven't been able to raise any outside money, right? Which is bad. But it's also good, because it means right now we own a hundred percent of the company, so we're the only ones who need to approve splitting it in half.

ERLICH

What do you mean? Splitting what in half?

RICHARD

I'd like to start a different company. I'll give up all of my equity in the video chat but, in exchange, I want to own my algorithm. I'll grant you a perpetual license to use the algorithm in video chat and promise not to compete with you in any way. But I want to use the algorithm to try to build something new. I don't exactly know what yet, but I have an idea and I'd like to try to figure it out. Forget a million users, as soon as I'm out of the company, you should have no problem raising money. I think this is a good solution for all of us.

The guys digest this information.

JARED

No. Absolutely not.

DINESH

So, we'd be able to use the algorithm free and clear for video chat?

RICHARD

Yes.

JARED

We shouldn't even be talking about this.

ERLICH

And you'd leave your twenty-five percent behind, thus giving me enough equity to compensate the boys fairly and still keep enough to feel comfortable, even if Big Head's father retains his fifty percent.

RICHARD

Yeah. I guess that's right.

ERLICH

Plus I'd have ten percent of your new company.

RICHARD

Wait, what? Why?

ERLICH

The algorithm was developed in my incubator. Richard, shame on you.

JARED

Ah well, deal-breaker...Let's get some food, shall we?

RICHARD

No, no, That's okay. Fine. But I get to stay in the house. I can always help if you guys ever need it. With the algorithm, or advising the new CEO. Speaking of, I know as of now it's none of my business, but I think it should be Dinesh.

GILFOYLE

What?

ERLICH

What?

JARED

What?

DINESH

What?

RICHARD

Yep. Sorry, Big Head.

BIG HEAD

(looks up)

What?

RICHARD

No offense to you, Erlich, but Dinesh, you were the one that hacked the video chat together in the first place. You know the product better than anyone. You are the horse that I would bet on.

DINESH

Really? You really think so?

RICHARD

I do.

ERLICH

It's not ideal. But I'm down. Gilfoyle?

DINESH

Can I be CEO? Please? Please can I be CEO of Pied Piper?

GILFOYLE

Spoken like a true leader. But... since your failure as a leader is a virtual certainty, enduring your short reign as CEO in exchange for a front row seat to disaster seems fair. And if I'm wrong, I get rich. So I guess I'm down with Dinesh.

BIG HEAD

My dad will approve anyone as long as it's not Erlich.

RICHARD

Jared, what do you think?

JARED

I think this is crazy. I quit my job at Hooli to come work with you, Richard. And now you're leaving?

RICHARD

I still live here. And these guys need you. If you really want to support me, you'll support Dinesh. Can you do that?

JARED

Well... I've always been very adept at taking the shape of whatever shoe was pressed down upon me. So if you want me to be with another CEO, I'll try to make it work.

ERLICH

So it's resolved, Dinesh is the new CEO of Pied Piper.

RICHARD

Oh, actually, one last thing. I think you guys should call yourselves PiperChat, but I'm going to insist that I get to keep the name Pied Piper. I won't budge on that.

Beat.

DINESH

Yeah, that's totally fine.

ERLICH

Okay, yeah. Who gives a shit. It's a terrible fucking name.

JARED

That's fine.

GILFOYLE

Yeah.

DINESH

Well, let's get to work.

RICHARD

Congratulations.

BIG HEAD

So, I don't have to be CEO, right? Dinesh is gonna do that?

The guys, minus Richard, get up and head for the living room.

ERLICH

All right, let's figure out how this gets split up.

DINESH

Let's see...I think we can get 'em all a point, right?

Jared follows the guys, then, turns to look back at Richard, wistfully.

RICHARD

Jared. Go. Go on, man. Get outta here.

Jared turns and joins the guys at the table.

Richard turns and heads through the kitchen, grabs a DRINK from the fridge, and heads for his room.

He stops when he gets back into the living room.

HIS POV: The guys are all immersed in company business. Dinesh, Gilfoyle and Jared make plans, Erlich starts recapping on the whiteboard, Big Head SKYPES HIS DAD to tell him the news.

Richard turns to head for his room and throws an uncertain look back at the group who work like he was never there.

ERLICH

Dinesh, you'll get five percent. Gilfoyle, five percent, and Jared, five percent.

DINESH

Okay, so we all get five, not four.

ERLICH

Now you said, you said four?

DINESH

No, five. I said five. Jared, can we have five more engineers?

ERLICH

That would come out of Jared's percentage.

DINESH

No.

118 INT. HACKER HOSTEL, RICHARD'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER (N4) 118

Richard writes something on his WHITEBOARD, then sits, and stares at the board.

REVEAL: At the top of a very empty board are the words "New Internet?"

Richard throws one last look toward the living room, where we hear the din of the other guys at work. Did Richard just make a huge mistake?

119 INT. HOOLI, GAVIN BELSON'S OFFICE - DAY (D5) 119

Gavin sits at his desk as Jack enters. Nearby, we see a solemn Hoover, now with ten days of beard growth and bags under his eyes.

JACK BARKER

You wanted to see me, Skipper?

GAVIN BELSON

I did indeed. Jack, I appreciate everything you've done in your position as head of the Hooli/Endframe Box, but I think the company's needs are better suited if I move you elsewhere.

JACK BARKER

Really? Well, I appreciate the vote of confidence, G.B. I'm flattered, and frankly a little bit surprised.

GAVIN BELSON

Really? Why would you be surprised? Can you think of any reason why you wouldn't deserve a promotion? Anything at all?

Gavin throws a look to Hoover.

JACK BARKER

Well, I don't want to hurt my arm patting myself on the back but... off the top of my head, I guess not!

GAVIN BELSON

I mean, you have always been... straight with me, right? Straight to the point?

JACK BARKER

I sure have.

GAVIN BELSON

And, you always... went out of your way for me, yes? You always... put me first? Gone the extra mile?

JACK BARKER

Gosh I sure tried to.

GAVIN BELSON

Did you?

Gavin stares at Jack. Jack appears to be completely oblivious to any other meaning to what Gavin is saying. Gavin throws a look at Hoover: Can you believe this?

GAVIN BELSON (cont'd)

Alright, Jack. Professor. Gary in HR will set you up. Enjoy your new office.

JACK BARKER

Thank you, sir.

Jack salutes, turns and heads off, Gavin watching him every step of the way. Hoover nods and scratches his beard.

120 INT. HOOLI - A LITTLE LATER (D5) 120

Jack, carrying a BOX OF POSSESSIONS, is in a glass elevator, going down. He looks around as the elevator goes below the first floor.

121 INT. STAIRWELL - A LITTLE LATER (D5) 121

A confused Jack carries his box down a flight of stairs, checks a NOTE CARD in his hand, and keeps heading down the stairs past a SIGN that says "Sub-Basement D".

122 INT. HOOLI SUB-BASEMENT - SAME (D5) 122

A confused Jack walks through the hallways. JOHN from Maleant (now wearing a HOOLI SHIRT) appears out of nowhere...

JOHN

Oh, hey. Would you like to see your desk?

JACK BARKER

Okay...

Jack follows John deeper into the server farm, then toward a small workstation.

JOHN

Well, here it is. This is your desk.

Jack checks his note card. How can this be right? He turns and sees The Hooli/Endframe Server Farm stretching out into the distance. Jack is utterly confused. What the hell?

He sits down, confused. Turns to see John head into...

THE MEN'S BATHROOM that faces his desk. As John pushes the door open, we see a couple other mole people at the urinals. They nod at Jack. Jack nods back, turns and stares confused at the servers as we pull OUT AND AWAY.

END OF EPISODE