

SILICON VALLEY

Episode 508
"Fifty-One Percent"

Written by
Alec Berg

Directed by
Alec Berg

801 INT. PIED PIPER OFFICES, BULLPEN - DAY (D33) 801

A LARGE MONITOR displays a graphic: "Days until launch: 0."

RICHARD pops into frame in front of the timer, wearing an actual Peter Pan-style PIED PIPER HAT.

RICHARD
Everybody ready?!?

REVEAL: Richard's got the whole PIPER COSTUME on. He crosses to a workstation where GILFOYLE preps the launch protocol.

RICHARD (cont'd)
Photo time! Front-enders, bring it in. Where are my back-end guys? There you are. Crypto-geeks. Quickly. Let's do this.

The entire company nervously gathers around.

JARED
Holden. Are we set?

HOLDEN nervously fumbles with the timer on a CAMERA that's rigged on a STEP LADDER.

HOLDEN
Sorry... I haven't used this camera before.

JARED
Are we set?

HOLDEN
Yes, Jared.

Holden is frazzled, but finally gets it ready.

RICHARD
Okay, everybody, here we go. We may not have had the budget we wanted to get here, but here we are. This is the moment where all our hard work pays off. The first ever decentralized internet goes live in FIVE, FOUR, THREE, TWO, ONE...

Richard lifts a Piper's PIPE, reaches forward, clicks a MOUSE as everyone looks at the camera and cheers.

BECKY grabs DANNY and KISSES him. Several people look shocked at this as we FREEZE.

THEN, we PULL OUT to REVEAL we are...

802 INT. PIED PIPER OFFICES, BULLPEN - TWO MONTHS LATER (D34) 802

The camera DUTCHES as it pulls back, and we see the PHOTO hangs askew on the wall of what is clearly a grim and quiet Pied Piper workplace. There seem to be less people here than before. COTS are scattered in the office.

SUPER: "TWO MONTHS LATER."

-- A CODER walks into the kitchen, which is now devoid of most snacks. RECYCLING BINS are piled high. The coder opens the fridge. Nothing. He knocks over a bunch of EMPTY WATER BOTTLES which clatter to the floor.

-- A CODER sleeps at his desk. A FISHBOWL with green scummy water and a DEAD PLANT sit on the desk.

Someone runs through frame in the BG, toward Richard's office.

TIGHT ON: Feet running across the office.

803 INT. PIED PIPER OFFICES, RICHARD'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS (D34) 803

Richard sits at his desk, head in hands. A figure enters frame. It's DINESH.

DINESH

Richard? You need to see this.

Richard looks up, REVEALING: He has two months of BEARD GROWTH, he looks terrible.

RICHARD

What's wrong now?

REVEAL: Dinesh also has two months of BEARD GROWTH.

DINESH

No, it's a good thing. A good thing has happened.

RICHARD

Are you fucking with me?

DINESH

No. I swear.

804 INT. PIED PIPER OFFICES, BULLPEN - MOMENTS LATER (D34)

804

Dinesh leads Richard through the messy offices towards a workstation where Becky and a few other engineers are clustered, hopeful smiles on their faces.

DINESH

Look. Look at the user numbers.

RICHARD

Holy shit... is that right?

DINESH

I think it is. I think... we've reached the inflection point.

Richard beams. Dinesh beams. Danny puts his hands on Becky's shoulders.

DANNY

We made it.

He rubs her shoulders. She is clearly repulsed by his touch. She looks at him, disgusted.

BECKY

Don't. Just... don't.

DANNY

Yeah. Sorry...

OPENING TITLES

805 INT. PIED PIPER OFFICES, BULLPEN - NIGHT (N34)

805

A celebration in progress. The STAFF and the DEVELOPERS are there. Richard addresses the room.

RICHARD

Guys, it's been a tough couple of months. Our growth has not been where we needed it to be. But what did I keep saying?

HOLDEN

Give us time, and then we'll climb, bitches!

RICHARD

Yes. Well, not the "bitches" part, but thank you, Holden.

(MORE)

RICHARD (cont'd)

You see, I knew that if we just kept plugging, eventually we'd get some traction and hit an inflection point. And... as you all know, it's happened. We are now gaining almost twelve thousand users an hour!

People applaud.

HOLDEN

Fuck yeah!

He starts going through the crowd:

HOLDEN (cont'd)

You get a high five!... You get a high five!... And it doesn't stop!

DINESH

(sotto, re: Holden)

Jesus, Jared. You really did a number on this kid.

JARED

I just chipped away at everything that wasn't Richard's assistant, and this is what's left.

Holden tries to high five Gilfoyle, who stops him cold with a withering stare.

RICHARD

Anyway... tomorrow it's back to work conquering the world, but tonight, we celebrate. I especially want to say thanks to you, our seven developers -- our Septapipers -- who stuck with Pied Piper through thick and thin. Unlike K-Hole, who took their game and completely bailed on us.

People boo and hiss.

HOLDEN

(chants)

Lock them up! Lock them up!

RICHARD

Yes, thank you, Holden. Lock them up, indeed.

Richard toasts. Everyone applauds. Holden keeps chanting.

JARED
(beams)
He's incorrigible!

806 INT. SHENZHEN MANUFACTURING FACILITY - SAME TIME (N34)

806

YAO and LAURIE stand on the catwalk overlooking the factory floor.

LAURIE
How are things advancing?

YAO
To date, we have manufactured almost four hundred thousand mobile devices.

LAURIE
I see. And we're signing them all onto the Pied Piper network?

YAO
Yes. We have to do it manually. It is slow, but it provides an advantage: They may not know what we are doing until it is too late to stop us.

WORKERS bring CRATES OF PHONES to large tables, where ROWS OF TECHNICIANS methodically sign up for Pied Piper on phone after phone. The finished phones are put in different crates and taken away.

LAURIE
I see.

YAO
Sorry. Are you displeased?

LAURIE
No. On the contrary.

YAO
So then, to be clear, you are happy with our progress here?

LAURIE
Indeed.

YAO
Yes. I must be honest, at times I find it difficult to tell what you are thinking.

Beat.

LAURIE

I see.

She walks off, leaving Yao more puzzled than ever.

807 INT. PIED PIPER OFFICES, BULLPEN - LATER (N34)

807

The party's in full swing. Dinesh sings "The Pied Piper" (by Crispian St. Peters) on the karaoke machine. Richard and several employees clink and do shots.

Gilfoyle crosses to his desk, looks around surreptitiously, opens a drawer and pulls out a BOTTLE OF PAPPY VAN WINKLE, pours himself some.

MONICA (O.C.)

Pappy Van Winkle?

REVEAL: MONICA is at her station down the aisle.

GILFOYLE

(re: bourbon)

Maybe. I'm not going to have to start locking my desk drawer now, am I?

MONICA

Hey, does this seem odd to you?

Gilfoyle approaches.

MONICA (cont'd)

(re: screen)

Our user numbers have been going up for days now, but our coin value's flat. It hasn't budged at all. I guess I thought they'd be correlated. At least a little bit.

GILFOYLE

Yeah. They should be.

MONICA

Sorry. I don't want to rain on the parade.

GILFOYLE

I find parades to be impotent displays of authoritarianism. Let's have a look.

He sets the bottle down, starts typing.

808 INT. PIED PIPER OFFICES, BIKE ALLEY - A LITTLE LATER (N34) 808

Richard emerges from the bathroom, heads back toward the party when he spots...

COLIN, looking in the windows at the party.

RICHARD

Colin. What are you doing here?

COLIN

Oh, hey, man. I like the beard. You having a party?

RICHARD

Yeah. Just celebrating because Pied Piper's kicking ass. Which you could have been part of, had you and K-Hole not walked out on us.

COLIN

Come on, man. Our game would have ruled, but what was I supposed to do? Laurie was my VC. She's the one that made me pull the game and bail on you.

RICHARD

Uh-huh. And you always have to do what Laurie says, huh?

COLIN

She had control of my board, dude. Which is exactly how she just managed to fire me.

RICHARD

("concerned")

You lost your company? Aw, that's too bad.

COLIN

But the cool thing is, now I'm free. Which is why I'm here. I've been cooking up a solo project on the side for a few years, a killer new game. And I was thinking maybe we could launch it on your network.

Richard stares in disbelief.

COLIN (cont'd)

Totally. It's a sweet indie RPG I'm calling *Gates... of Galloo*. I've got a ton of pre-sells. We put this thing out on Pipernet and bam. You get eighty thousand instant users. What do you say?

RICHARD

Sorry. You and K-Hole pull your game, a game that was the centerpiece of Pied Piper's entire launch strategy. And then literally days after it finally seems like we're going to make it, you come strolling back in here like nothing ever happened?

COLIN

Stroll. I just walked normally. And this could totally help you out, right?

RICHARD

Help me out? You want to help me out? You, the guy with no company, want to help me, the guy currently celebrating?! Are you kidding me?

COLIN

Dude. Can I be real? I could really use this.

RICHARD

Oh? Can I be realer? ... Kiss my piss.

COLIN

What?

RICHARD

That's right. Kiss my piss. Kiss. My. Piss.

COLIN

You know, I was hoping you'd be cool here.

RICHARD

Oh, am I not being cool enough for you? How's this, Colin?

Richard starts dancing around like a child.

RICHARD (cont'd)
Kiss my pi-iss. Kiss my pi-iss.

COLIN
All right. I get it. See you
around, Richard.

Colin heads off, rejected. Richard shows a pang of regret.
Then, fuck it...

RICHARD
Karma's a bitch, ain't it, Colin?!

DISSOLVE TO:

809 INT. PIED PIPER OFFICES, BULLPEN - THE NEXT MORNING (D35)

809

The offices are a mess from the party.

Jared enters carrying some CLEANING SUPPLIES. He stops when
he sees Monica in the kitchen pouring COFFEE, looking
bleary.

JARED
Oh. Monica. I came in early to
clean up for the custodial staff...
When did you get here?

MONICA
We never left.

JARED
"We"?

GILFOYLE (O.C.)
All right. Good to go.

Monica carries coffee over to Gilfoyle, who sits at his
workstation, SMOKING.

JARED
You were both here all night?

MONICA
Our coin price wasn't growing with
our user numbers. So we coded a
diagnostic tool to go back through
the ledger and figure out exactly
where our users are coming from.

GILFOYLE
Yes. We coded it.

MONICA

You're smoking my cigarettes,
asshole.

JARED

In a public workspace in the state
of California no less.

GILFOYLE

Shall we?

Gilfoyle runs a program on his rig. Up comes a VERTICAL BAR
GRAPH: Eight different columns --

GILFOYLE (cont'd)

This breaks our users down by which
developer signed them on.

ANGLE: There are eight bars on the screen. Seven of them
bear the names of their developers. One is unlabeled.

MONICA

So each bar is one of our seven
Septapipers. But... why are there
eight bars? Who's that?

GILFOYLE

No idea. But whoever it is, they're
the source of almost all of our new
user growth.

JARED

So some non-Piper is out there
signing up users to our network en
masse? How did they get access to
our system?

GILFOYLE

Without a key from us, the only way
in would be to steal our software.

MONICA

But no one has stolen our software.
Except for...

JARED

Oh, no...

810 INT. MACAU CASINO - SAME TIME (D35)

810

JIAN-YANG sits at a roulette table, clouds of smoke. He
answers his CELL PHONE.

JIAN-YANG
Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

811 INT. HACKER HOSTEL, TV ROOM - SAME (D35)

811

Jared, Gilfoyle and Monica stand near BIG HEAD, who's got a VIDEO GAME on pause. He's on the phone with Jian-Yang.

BIG HEAD
(into phone)
Hey, Jian-Yang. It's Big Head.
How's it going, man?

MONICA
(to Jared)
He's been in contact with Jian-Yang
this whole time?

JARED
They play Words With Friends.

BIG HEAD
(into phone)
Cool. Cool. So... Gilfoyle has a
question for you.

Big Head hands the phone to Gilfoyle.

JIAN-YANG
No. I do not want to talk to
Gilfoyle. He is racist and a witch.

GILFOYLE
I am not a witch. Now spit out the
kimchi and tell me what the fuck is
going on with our network.

JIAN-YANG
I will tell you nothing.

Behind Jian-Yang the ROULETTE BALL hops to a stop on the
wheel.

CROUPIER
Double zero.

The CROUPIER starts raking CHIPS off the table.

JIAN-YANG

Okay. I tell you everything. But I want to move back into the house. I want to come home.

CUT TO:

812 INT. HACKER HOSTEL, KITCHEN - A LITTLE LATER (D35)

812

Gilfoyle, Jared, Monica and Big Head speak with a now CLEAN-SHAVEN Dinesh.

DINESH

Wait. What?

BIG HEAD

It's not that big a deal. Jian-Yang can just take Erlich's old room.

DINESH

I don't give a fuck about that. So Jian Yang said Gavin Belson almost bought our stolen software?

JARED

Yes. But before he could, he was outmaneuvered by a Chinese man named Yao.

DINESH

Yao? Who the hell is Yao?

Monica shows him her PHONE. On it is a PHOTO OF YAO from a tech blog.

MONICA

This guy. He's a Chinese manufacturer who just announced a partnership with, guess who... Laurie Bream. She just led a two hundred million dollar round for something called YaoNet.

JARED

So Laurie and Yao are manufacturing phones and signing them onto our network. But why? Why would they want to help us?

DINESH

Unless...

GILFOYLE
(realizing)
They're not helping us. They're
fucking attacking us.

Gilfoyle and Dinesh share a look.

DINESH
Shit. A fifty-one percent attack.

GILFOYLE
It has to be.

Jared and Monica look concerned.

JARED
Sorry. A what?

813 INT. HACKER HOSTEL, LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER (D35)

813

Gilfoyle sits at his rig. Big Head has a BIG GULP and a
HANDHELD VIDEO GAME.

GILFOYLE
The beauty of our decentralized
internet is that no one controls
it. If there are a million users,
each user has one millionth of the
power. But if fifty-one percent of
those users were controlled by a
single entity -- like, say, Laurie
and Yao -- they could rewrite the
rules for everyone.

DINESH
Delete all of our users. All of our
developers' apps. Crash our coin.
It'd be the end of Pied Piper.

MONICA
Oh, shit...

JARED
How many devices do they have?

Gilfoyle clicks. ON SCREEN: The eight bars of the graph
become two: PIED PIPER USERS and YAO USERS.

Gilfoyle clicks and a red line appears at fifty-one percent.

Pied Piper users are at about sixty percent. Yao at forty.

GILFOYLE

They're up to forty percent of our total. And gaining.

DINESH

Well, Gilfoyle, while we're still in control, can you write a patch that kicks all of Yao's users off the network?

GILFOYLE

I'd have to rewrite our consensus protocol. I could probably get it done in eight hours.

JARED

Fantastic. And how long until we lose control of the network?

GILFOYLE

At this rate? About half that.

Richard enters. He's CLEAN-SHAVEN and out of breath in JOGGING SHORTS and a T-SHIRT.

RICHARD

Holy shit... First run in like a year.... Jesus, I'm dying... Really out of shape...

(then)

What's going on?

JARED

Richard, there's no easy way to say this...

BIG HEAD

Jian-Yang is moving back into the house.

(beat)

Right?

CUT TO:

814 INT. HOOLI, BOARDROOM - DAY (D35)

814

GAVIN BELSON stands before the board, who look displeased.

RACHEL

Gavin, you staked the entire future of this company on the Signature Box Three. Where are they?

GAVIN BELSON

The last two months have been challenging. The global manufacturing landscape has become very precarious. The Chinese were petulant. The North Carolinians proved very entitled. And I held out hopes for our experiment in the Yukon Territories, but as it happens, the Inuit are surprisingly adept at collective bargaining. But fear not. I am in the early stages of a new plan. Did you know that some of America's most motivated, capable laborers are awaiting execution?

HENRY

Gavin. How many boxes have you actually managed to produce?

GAVIN BELSON

Well, we have the forty prototypes, which we've been using to drive sales.

RACHEL

And...?

GAVIN BELSON

And... they are very impressive.

RACHEL

I see. Well, I am glad this board has been making a contingency plan.

GAVIN BELSON

Sorry? What plan?

HENRY

I suppose it's time we tell you we've been exploring the viability of an acquisition with Amazon.

GAVIN BELSON

I see. Well, they're a good company. But, are you sure that buying Amazon is the right move for us at this --

RACHEL

We'd be selling to them, Gavin. The talks are preliminary, but thus far they seem quite promising.

Gavin is stunned.

GAVIN BELSON

You expect me to work for Jeff Bezos? No fucking way. If Amazon buys this company, I'm out.

RACHEL

We spoke to Jeff an hour ago. It sounds like the two of you are on the same page about that.

Gavin takes this in. Shit.

815 INT. PIED PIPER OFFICES, BULLPEN - DAY (D35)

815

The TWO HORSE RACE graphic is up on assorted SCREENS. The office bustles with panic and energy.

GILFOYLE

Priyanka, start separating legitimate users into their own pool. Becky, I need you rate-limiting enemy devices. Danny, shortcuts to deploy a new consensus protocol.

BECKY

Sorry, but we're never going to finish this in time.

DANNY

Not unless we add a shit-ton more users, immediately.

Richard passes by on the PHONE.

RICHARD

Working on it.
(into phone)
Colin, Buddy, it's Richard. Again. Still love to talk to you about your game and those eighty thousand users. And also to apologize for last night, I was pretty wasted. So drunk -- we had such a crazy party going on. Anyway, love to talk some *Gates of Galloo*. Call me back and we'll *Galoo* it up, okay?

Richard hangs up. Monica approaches hanging up her PHONE.

RICHARD (cont'd)
I left him another message.

MONICA
It's not going to matter. He's off
the grid for the next three days.

RICHARD
What?

MONICA
I just talked to his girlfriend.
Whatever the fuck you said to him,
he took it pretty hard. He went
camping. Alone.

Jared and Dinesh approach.

JARED
Did she say where he was going?

MONICA
The Los Trancos Preserve?

JARED
Oh, that's where they thought a
mountain lion was killing people,
but it turned out it was a man. I
know exactly where that is. I can
drive up there and look for him.

DINESH
It's like twenty miles from here,
Jared. You'll barely even get there
before it's too late.

JARED
True. And it's a very curvy road.
But the speed limit's not really
enforced. My Volt's got a
surprising amount of gumption.

Dinesh's eyes widen at this.

DINESH
Wait. Forget the Volt. I'll drive.

CLOSE ON: A TESLA KEYFOB. Dinesh's hand enters and GRABS it.

REVEAL WE ARE: Next to Priyanka's desk.

PRIYANKA
Whoa. What are you doing?

DINESH
I'm borrowing my Tesla.

PRIYANKA
It's my Tesla.

DINESH
I pay for it. And if we don't find
Colin, Pied Piper ceases to exist.
Do you know what that means? It
means I'll be broke and will never
get near a fucking Tesla ever
again. I can't take that chance.
The stakes are too high!

Dinesh and Jared take off. She takes a step to follow.

GILFOYLE
Priyanka! I need you isolating
those nodes.

PRIYANKA
Goddammit...

She goes back to work. Holden appears in her face.

HOLDEN
Don't get frustrated! You can do
this! You just gotta believe!

Holden bounds away. Priyanka shakes it off and goes back to
work.

816 INT. PIED PIPER OFFICES, RICHARD'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER 816
(D35)

Monica enters. Richard sits at his desk nervously looking at
his monitor.

RICHARD
We're fucked.

MONICA
We just need a few more users to
give Gilfoyle some breathing room.
What if you call Dana from Quiver?

RICHARD
He hates me.

MONICA

Well, what if we called Aaron from Homicide? They could tweet about us, or --

RICHARD

Double A? I made fun of his colostomy bag. He hates me more. Everyone hates me. And they should. I'm an asshole.

MONICA

No, you're not.

RICHARD

Yes I am. I mean... Colin was standing right there, down on his luck, practically begging me to take his subscribers, and I told him to... kiss my piss.

MONICA

You what?

RICHARD

Yeah. Kiss my piss. I said it over and over. I even did a little fucking dance.

He dances, disgusted with himself.

MONICA

Okay. Okay. Let's move on, maybe?

RICHARD

I may have cratered this company all because I'm a vengeful prick.

MONICA

Okay, you fucked up. That doesn't mean you're a bad person, Richard. Look at you. You're sitting here, regretting it. That's not the move of an asshole. Right? You think a guy like Gavin Belson feels bad about being a dick to people?

RICHARD

No. I guess not.

MONICA

You guess? He doesn't even notice. He was a prick when he was on top, and even after everything that just happened, he's still going to be a prick.

RICHARD

What do you mean? What happened?

MONICA

Oh, I just read that Hooli's probably getting acquired by Amazon.

RICHARD

What?

MONICA

Yeah. So Gavin will be out on his ass. But is he going to change at all because of it?

RICHARD

(realizing)

No. You're right. He'll always be a vengeful prick. If anything, he'll be even worse now.

MONICA

Exactly. So stop whipping yourself, and let's figure out what to --

RICHARD

No. Monica. You don't get it. Gavin's a prick. Gavin's a prick!

Richard grabs his BAG, runs out, leaving a puzzled Monica behind.

817 EXT. LOS TRANCOS CAMPGROUND - DAY (D35)

817

PANNING: A crowded camping ground. Dinesh and Jared slowly roll through the campground in the TESLA.

DINESH

Why would people who aren't refugees choose to come up here and live like refugees? This place is actually offensive to homeless people. How can it be this crowded?

ANGLE: People in crispy new camping outfits take BOXES OF NEW CAMPING GEAR out of the backs of TESLA MODEL Xs, unpack new tents, read instructions, etc.

JARED

Burning Man's in two weeks. People are beta testing their new gear.

DINESH

All right, keep your eyes peeled for a tubby dork.

Dinesh drives along past a GUY who tries to put an EMPTY BOX into a DUMPSTER overflowing with EMPTY CAMPING GEAR BOXES.

818 EXT. GAVIN BELSON'S HOUSE - DAY (D35)

818

Richard approaches the IMPOSING IRON GATE, rings the BUZZER.

VOICE

(over intercom)
Hello?

RICHARD

(urgent)
It's Richard. Hendricks. Richard Hendricks. Can we talk?

The GATES START TO OPEN.

819 INT. GAVIN BELSON'S HOUSE, ENTRYWAY - DAY (D35)

819

Richard follows Gavin inside to see the entryway is ALL SMASHED UP.

GAVIN BELSON

Mind the glass.

RICHARD

Oh, smashed again...

GAVIN BELSON

What do you want, Richard?

RICHARD

I need your help. My network --

GAVIN BELSON

Oh, for fuck's sake, you're not going to give me another one of your inspirational "in defense of great technology" speeches, are you? "Stand up and fight for innovation," that kind of bullshit?

RICHARD

No. Exactly the opposite. I know that a guy named Yao fucked you over. How'd you like to fuck him back?

GAVIN BELSON

I'm listening.

RICHARD

I need you to attack me.

Gavin looks intrigued.

CUT TO:

820 TIGHT ON: A HOOLIPHONE IN A HOLSTER RINGING

820

REVEAL we're...

INT. HOOLI, SERVER ROOM, SUB-BASEMENT D - DAY (D35)

JOHN, who stands near a couple of other "MOLE PEOPLE," takes out the phone, answers.

JOHN

This is John.

INTERCUT WITH:

821 INT. GAVIN BELSON'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - SAME TIME (D35)

821

The sleek, state-of-the-art kitchen has been wrecked even more. Debris from smashed plates, glasses, and appliances scatters the floor.

Richard clears some debris from the counter and opens up his LAPTOP as Gavin speaks to John.

GAVIN BELSON

John, it's Gavin Belson.

JOHN

Oh. Hello.

GAVIN BELSON
How are you? Everything good?

JOHN
About the same.

GAVIN BELSON
Wonderful. John... Do we still have
all of the prototypes of my
Signature Box Three strung up?

John turns to a rack of DICK SIGNATURES glowing.

JOHN
Yes. They told us they were sending
more, but they never did.

GAVIN BELSON
Well, that's a long story.

JOHN
I have time.

GAVIN BELSON
John... I need you to give admin
access to Richard Hendricks.

822 INT. PIED PIPER OFFICES, BULLPEN - SAME (D35)

822

Gilfoyle and the stressed out coders type away.

DANNY
Becky, did you run connection
throttling on the latest batch of
device IDs?

BECKY
Yes. Do you know why? Not a moron.

DANNY
Oh, I see. I'm the asshole.

GILFOYLE
You're both assholes. Shut the fuck
up.
(beat)
You know what? It doesn't even
matter. We're never going to finish
this patch in time to --

ANGLE: the TWO HORSE RACE on a monitor. Yao's bar is
touching fifty-one percent when... a THIRD BAR suddenly
appears. All three are well below fifty-one percent.

GILFOYLE (cont'd)
Whoa. What the fuck just happened?

Gilfoyle's PHONE rings. He answers.

GILFOYLE (cont'd)
Richard? Where are you?

INTERCUT WITH:

823 INT. GAVIN BELSON'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - SAME (D35)

823

A relieved Richard's on the phone. Behind him, Gavin studies the THREE HORSE RACE on Richard's laptop.

RICHARD
(into phone)
I'm at Gavin's. I just gave his
Boxes permission to mimic a shit-
ton of phones on our network.

GILFOYLE
(into phone)
A second attack...

RICHARD
(into phone)
Exactly. Now Yao can't get to
fifty-one percent. Where are you
with the patch?

GILFOYLE
(into phone)
Close. But you do realize that
since we're now below fifty-one
percent, we can't deploy it.

RICHARD
(into phone)
That's true. For now, we can't win.
But with Gavin holding off Yao, we
can't lose either. He bought us
some time. I'm going to head back.
(hangs up)
Well, Gavin. Thank you. You gave me
and my guys a fighting chance.

GAVIN BELSON
(re: screen)
Is that what just happened here,
Richard?

RICHARD

Yes. No?

GAVIN BELSON

As I see it, you're the one that
just gave me a fighting chance.

He picks up his phone.

GAVIN BELSON (cont'd)

(into phone)

Ni hao. It's Gavin Belson calling
for Mister Yao.

RICHARD

What are you doing?

GAVIN BELSON

What does it look like, Richard?
I'm fucking you over.

824 EXT. LOS TRANCOS CAMPGROUND - SAME (D35)

824

Dinesh and Jared slowly roll through the campground in the
Tesla.

JARED

This is the last row, Dinesh. He's
not here.

DINESH

(yells out window)

COLIN?!? COLLLLLIN?!?

CAMPER (O.S.)

Would you shut the fuck up?!

JARED

How would you like to die today
motherfucker?

They hear faint THUDDING SOUNDS. GUNSHOTS. EXPLOSIONS.

DINESH

Wait, Jared, shut up for a second.

They listen for a beat. The noise is louder now. What is
that? They start to get out of the car.

825 EXT. LOS TRANCOS CAMPGROUND, WOODS - MOMENTS LATER (D35) 825

Tesla in the BG, Dinesh and Jared walk over to the edge of a hill, look down to see the source of the sounds:

In a hollow below, a huge, tricked out RV. Booming and thudding video game explosion noises emanate from within.

Jared and Dinesh exchange looks, head down the hill.

826 INT. SHENZHEN MANUFACTURING FACILITY, OFFICE - SAME TIME 826
(D35)

Yao and Laurie sit in Yao's office looking at a HOOLICHAT WINDOW of Gavin from his kitchen.

LAURIE

You want us to turn off all of our phones?

GAVIN BELSON

Listen to me: Right now we're in a standoff. You can't win. But if you back off, I can. I have more devices than anyone. I will reach fifty-one percent and take control of this little shit's network.

A nervous Richard appears behind Gavin.

RICHARD

Guys, if I can weigh in here? I think this is a really bad idea.

Gavin turns the webcam so Richard is framed out. He continues.

GAVIN BELSON

In exchange for deleting your principal competition, I'm simply asking you for a partnership between your venture and Hooli.

Richard appears in frame again.

RICHARD

He's leaving Hooli. They're firing him.

Gavin turns the camera again.

GAVIN BELSON

I'm sure my board would find an arrangement between YaoNet and Hooli vastly preferable to fire sale-ing the company to Jeff Bezos. My proposal is, I help you in exchange for a twenty percent stake in your venture.

RICHARD

I would like to make a counterproposal... that you not do that.

Beat.

LAURIE

Gavin? How do we proceed?

YAO

Because...
(unsure)
We like it.

827 INT. SHENZHEN MANUFACTURING FACILITY - SAME (D35)

827

The production line of phones churns along, workers signing up for Pied Piper accounts.

ON THE BALCONY: A FOREPERSON approaches with a MICROPHONE, we hear a weird announcement TONE, then...

FOREPERSON

(Mandarin, SUBTITLED)

Stop the line!

The workers stop.

FOREPERSON (cont'd)

(Mandarin, SUBTITLED)

Turn off all the phones. Quickly!

The workers look around, a little confused, then...

The production line basically starts running in reverse. The bins of phones that were being taken away are brought back. Workers who were subscribing are now turning the phones off.

828 EXT. LOS TRANCOS CAMPGROUND - DAY (D35)

828

Dinesh and Jared approach the thudding RV. They open the door.

829 INT. COLIN'S RV - CONTINUOUS (D35)

829

Dinesh and Jared burst inside to see Colin inside, playing a violent VIDEO GAME on an 80" TV, surrounded by BEER, CHIPS and HOMICIDE.

COLIN

Hey, guys. What are you doing here?

JARED

We tried to call you.

DINESH

Like a hundred times.

COLIN

Oh. Yeah. I'm off the grid.

830 INT. PIED PIPER OFFICES, BULLPEN - SAME (D35)

830

Gilfoyle types a few keystrokes. Then...

GILFOYLE

And... done.

MONICA

All right. So the patch is ready?

GILFOYLE

Indeed it is. And maybe some day,
Dark Lord willing, we can run it
and --

GONG! Holden hits the gong.

HOLDEN

Boo-yah! We just crushed the patch,
Pipers!

MONICA

Holden, give me that fucking
mallet...

Monica heads for Holden, who struts away.

BEDEEP! An alert sounds. Gilfoyle looks at a THREE HORSE RACE display. Yao's numbers are going down now. So Gavin's percentage is going up.

GILFOYLE

What...?

He picks up his phone, dials.

GILFOYLE (cont'd)
(into phone)
Care to tell me what the hell's
going on?

INTERCUT WITH:

831 INT. GAVIN BELSON'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - SAME (D35)

831

Richard's on the phone, looking at his laptop on the counter. Gavin happily turns the crank on an old-fashioned HAND CRANK ICE CREAM MAKER in the BG.

RICHARD
Gavin's fucking us. He just convinced Yao to pull his phones. I gave him a knife to hold off Yao and now he's turning around and slitting our throats with it.

Gilfoyle eyes the THREE HORSE RACE: Yao is fading fast, Gavin is surging toward fifty-one percent.

GILFOYLE
Fuck. Can you kill his devices?

RICHARD
No, he had his server guy lock us out. We need Colin. We need *Galloo*.
Now.

832 INT. TESLA - SAME (D35)

832

Dinesh, Colin and Jared (in the backseat) drive along.

DINESH
Well, the road is pretty straight from here, so hang on to your kidneys, motherfuckers. We're going Ludicrous.

Dinesh taps the control console. But...

DINESH (cont'd)
What the fuck?

833 INT. PIED PIPER OFFICES, BULLPEN - SAME TIME (D35)

833

Priyanka checks her PHONE, answers.

PRIYANKA
(into phone)
What?

INTERCUT WITH:

834 INT. TESLA - DAY (D35)

834

Dinesh, Colin and Jared drive along. Dinesh holds up his PHONE, on speaker.

DINESH
Valet Mode? You stuck me in fucking
Valet Mode?

PRIYANKA
You wrecked your Tesla. You're not
wrecking mine.

DINESH
Come on! That caps me at seventy
MPH and limits performance to
eighty kilowatts!

COLIN
We could go back and take my RV. It
might be faster.

DINESH
You have to let me go to Ludicrous
Mode! Now! I have been a total
gentleman about this. And I have
Colin!

PRIYANKA
Fuck you. I want two more months of
payments.

DINESH
One more month.

PRIYANKA
Fine. Do not crash.

She hangs up, opens the Tesla app on her phone, toggles off Valet Mode.

835 INT. TESLA - CONTINUOUS (D35)

835

The car pulls to a stop. Dinesh sees Valet Mode turn off. The Ludicrous Mode option appears.

DINESH

Here we go.

Dinesh slides the button, activating it. Wets his lips, takes a deep breath.

DINESH (cont'd)

Three, two, one...

INSERT: Dinesh STOMPS ON THE GAS. The Power Meter spools up. The car screams off down the road.

SLO-MO CLOSE UP: Dinesh, Jared and Colin, expressions equal parts glee and terror, as the g-force pulls the skin on their faces back.

DINESH (cont'd)

EEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAGHGHGHGH!

COLIN

Fuuuuuu --

JARED

No no no no no no no! --

836 INT. HOOLI, ENGINEERING PEN - SAME TIME (D35)

836

SCOTT's on the phone. He and ROGELIO look over a pen of the sixty-three distributed systems ENGINEERS from Episode 501, coding away.

SCOTT

We've got all sixty-three distributed systems engineers on the job, Gavin. The patch you asked for is nearly finished.

INTERCUT WITH:

837 INT. GAVIN BELSON'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - SAME (D35)

837

Gavin paces on the PHONE as Richard sits glued to his computer.

GAVIN BELSON

Wonderful. Call me when we hit fifty-one percent.

Gavin hangs up, goes back to gleefully cranking the ice cream maker.

GAVIN BELSON (cont'd)
Richard, remember when I offered
you ten million dollars and you
said no? You must be kicking
yourself right now, eh? I know what
might cheer you up. How about a
little ice cream?

Richard ignores him, looks at his screen. Gavin's bar nears
fifty-one percent.

RICHARD
(sotto)
Come on, guys. Where the fuck are
you guys?

838 EXT. HIGHWAY - SAME TIME (D35)

838

The car's been pulled over by CHP OFFICER GRONSKI. The
officer steps behind the car to read the rear plate, writing
on a TICKET PAD as Dinesh, Jared and Colin languish in the
car.

DINESH
Well, this is fucked.

JARED
I heard on a podcast that patrolmen
are actually more tempted by bribes
than you might think.

COLIN
That's true. There's a whole
"Hidden Brain" about it.

JARED
That was the podcast!

Dinesh leans out of the window.

DINESH
Officer? Is there anything I can
offer to make this all, like, go
away?

OFFICER GRONSKI
(stops writing)
Sir, I would think very carefully
about the next words that come out
of your mouth.

Dinesh shoots a glare at Jared.

839 INT. GAVIN BELSON'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - SAME (D35)

839

Richard texts Jared, nervously: "Where are you?????"

We hear a BEEP. Richard looks up at his computer.

RICHARD

Oh, shit...

ON THE SCREEN: Gavin's hit fifty-one percent. Gavin appears behind Richard, smugly eating a BOWL OF ICE CREAM.

GAVIN BELSON

(re: screen)

Well, look at that.

Gavin's phone RINGS.

GAVIN BELSON (cont'd)

(into phone)

Yes, Scott. I know, I just saw. No, not yet. Hold on a moment.

Gavin clicks on his HOOLICHAT, Yao and Laurie appear.

LAURIE

Gavin. What is our status?

GAVIN BELSON

Friends. I'm about to delete Mister Hendricks's life's work. I thought you'd want to see it happen. Was that too mean, Richard?

Richard checks his PHONE, nervously.

GAVIN BELSON (cont'd)

Oh, well. Shall we get to it?

(into phone)

Scott --

RICHARD

Wait! Take it. Just take it.

GAVIN BELSON

Take what?

RICHARD

Pied Piper. The whole network. All of it. I'd rather give it away than just watch it die.

(MORE)

RICHARD (cont'd)

I mean, who was I kidding? I can't run a company. And as much as I hate to fucking admit it, who better to take it than you, Gavin? You know more than anybody what the decentralized internet could be.

LAURIE

I find this uninteresting. Can we proceed?

RICHARD

(to Gavin)

You wrote the patent. And you've already hired the best sixty-three distributed systems engineers in town. You can build this thing the way it should be built.

YAO

Gavin? Enough.

RICHARD

(to Gavin)

Come on, you know my network is better than some knockoff. And instead of a minority stake in their company, you'd have total control of mine. Why would you give that up?

This gets to Gavin. He's torn. Richard crosses to the desk, grabs a PIECE OF PAPER, starts scribbling.

RICHARD (cont'd)

Here. I'll sign my IP over to you. Take it. You win, Gavin. It's all yours. Just promise me you won't delete it.

YAO

All of our phones are now off.

LAURIE

Gavin, delete Pied Piper immediately or we will walk away.

Richard hands the paper to Gavin.

GAVIN BELSON

Not if I walk away first.

(grabs paper)

Sorry, but this gives me all the cards. I get Hooli back.

(MORE)

GAVIN BELSON (cont'd)

Fuck Bezos. Fuck you and your
twenty percent offer. Fuck the
Signature Box. I get a complete do-
over. Tim Cook keeps inviting me to
his brunches? Fuck him. I'll host
the brunches! All because of --
(re: paper)
Sorry what does this say? "Kiss
my --"

RICHARD

(brightening)
Piss. Kiss my piss.
(dances)
Kiss my pi-iss. Kiss my pi-iss.

Richard starts to dance.

LAURIE

Richard, please stop that movement.
I find it irritating.

YAO

Yes. We do not like it.

GAVIN BELSON

What the fuck are you doing?

RICHARD

What does it look like, Gavin? I'm
fucking you over.

GAVIN BELSON

You're what?

RICHARD

I was stalling. See?

Richard shows Gavin his phone. A text from Jared reads:
"GALLOO IS A GO!!!"

GAVIN BELSON

Galoo? What the fuck is Galoo?

A840 INT. COLIN'S HOUSE - SAME TIME (D35)

A840

Consoles, screens and Yoda statues. Colin's computer shows
Gates of Galloo is online. Colin puts his feet up on his
messy-as-shit desk. He turns to Jared.

COLIN

Kaboom. You just got 80,000 new
users.

B840 INT. GAVIN BELSON'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - SAME TIME (D35)

B840

It dawns on Gavin he's been had.

GAVIN BELSON

(into phone)

Scott! Run the patch! Delete Pied
Piper!

840 INT. HOOLI, ENGINEERING PEN - SAME (D35)

840

Scott turns to see a MONITOR behind him, showing the Pied
Piper bar surging above fifty-one percent and Gavin's bar
dropping below.

SCOTT

(into phone)

It's not working. We've lost
control of the network.

841 INT. GAVIN BELSON'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - SAME (D35)

841

Richard keeps dancing.

RICHARD

Aw. I guess that's because we've
gained control.

He turns his laptop to face Gavin, who sees the tables have
turned. Richard raises his phone.

RICHARD (cont'd)

(into phone)

Gilfoyle? When you're ready.

842 INT. PIED PIPER OFFICES, BULLPEN - SAME (D35)

842

Gilfoyle, Monica and the engineers are gleefully looking at
the monitors.

GILFOYLE

(into phone)

Bombs away.

Gilfoyle clicks and GAVIN'S USERS DISAPPEAR. The TWO HORSE
RACE quickly becomes a ONE HORSE RACE. Pied Piper's got
total control.

843 INT. HOOLI, SERVER ROOM, SUB-BASEMENT D - SAME TIME (D35) 843

John gives an odd look at the Box Threes as they stop whirring and go dark. He shrugs, bites a DONUT.

A844 INT. HOOLI, ENGINEERING PEN - SAME TIME (D35) A844

Scott looks at a monitor as everyone panics.

SCOTT

What the fuck happened?

Behind him, Rogelio enters with TWO COFFEES, sees the mood of the room, turns and backs out.

844 INT. COLIN'S HOUSE - SAME TIME (D35) 844

Jared melting with relief.

JARED

You did it, Colin! You saved us!

COLIN

Nah, man. It was all Dinesh. That was some fucking quick thinking.

845 INT. TESLA - SAME TIME (D35) 845

SLO-MO: Dinesh is in the passenger seat, his face warped in ecstasy.

DINESH

Eeeeeaaaghghghgh!!!

Officer Gronski drives, face also warped in perverse joy.

OFFICER GRONSKI

FFFFffuuuuuuuuuu --

MATCH CUT TO:

846 HOLDEN'S FACE 846

Spittle flying as Holden flexes and screams:

HOLDEN

FUCK, YEEEEEEAAAHHHHHHH!!!

REVEAL WE ARE...

INT. PIED PIPER OFFICES, BULLPEN - DAY (D35)

Holden stands on the ping pong table.

MONICA

Holden! Get down from there!

GILFOYLE

(to Monica)

Hey, check it out.

He gestures to a screen with the PIEDPIPERCOIN PRICE DATA on it. It ticks up.

GILFOYLE (cont'd)

It's going up.

MONICA

Well, look at that...

Gilfoyle produces the BOTTLE OF PAPPY VAN WINKLE, starts pouring it into TWO PLASTIC CUPS.

847 INT. GAVIN BELSON'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - SAME (D35)

847

Richard is packing up his stuff once again. In the BG Gavin is on HooliChat with Yao and Laurie.

GAVIN BELSON

Come on, don't be assholes. We can still do our deal. You still need an American partner for your network, don't you?

LAURIE

I believe we're now entitled to explore other options.

YAO

We will tell Jeff Bezos you say hello.

(looks to Laurie)

Yes?

LAURIE

Yes.

YAO

(pleased)

Yes.

With that, the HooliChat goes dark.

RICHARD
Thanks for the help, Gavin.

Richard heads off past a stunned Gavin. Then comes back,
picks up the BOWL OF ICE CREAM.

RICHARD (cont'd)
And thanks for the ice cream.

848 EXT. GAVIN BELSON'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER (D35)

848

Richard strolls away from Gavin's house with the ICE CREAM.
Something SMASHES into a window in the house.

GAVIN BELSON (O.C.)
(distant)
Fuuuuck!

CUT TO BLACK.

Then...

FADE IN:

849 INT. OFFICES - A FEW WEEKS LATER (D36)

849

Monica leads Richard, Dinesh, Gilfoyle and Jared up a flight
of stairs into an elegant suite of offices filled with
CODERS working. On one wall is a VIDEO FIREPLACE.

MONICA
And we'd be right up here.

DINESH
I love that video fireplace.

JARED
Magnificent.

GILFOYLE
A bit bright, no?

RICHARD
This seems great. When do these
guys move out?

MONICA
Oh, no. This isn't our space. We'd
be right through here.

Monica leads them through a WHITE DOOR that's oddly reminiscent of the open of 501. The guys exchange a concerned look.

850 INT. OFFICES, NEW SPACE - MOMENTS LATER (D36)

850

A door opens and they all enter.

MONICA

Here we go. What do you think?

We start to pull out...

RICHARD

I'm sorry. What part of this would we be renting?

As we continue to pull out, the space seems to have no end.

MONICA

All of it.

RICHARD

What?

JARED

Richard, we're signing new developers every day. That's going to require hundreds of new engineers.

MONICA

And the staff to support them. HR, legal, accounting, government affairs.

We keep pulling out...

RICHARD

Why do we need that?

MONICA

To deal with things like the NSA. They called yesterday. They have a lot of questions about our tech and about inserting a backdoor. We can push back.

RICHARD

Against the government?

DINESH

I don't love that.

GILFOYLE

I do.

Our guys are now tiny in frame, lost in the massive space.

MONICA

Want to see the second floor?

RICHARD

There's another floor???

MONICA

Three more actually. This all used
to be part of Hooli.

Richard turns to a TRASH CAN and begins vomiting.

JARED

I know. It's exciting, right?

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE