

Interns

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A 1968 OLDSMOBILE CUTLASS

screeches to a halt, anthem rock thumping within. The doors swing open and into the night emerge --

JOE MCMAHON AND OLLIE CREAMER

Either side of forty. Confident strides. They make their Men's Wearhouse suits look good. We're outside --

THE NICEST HOTEL IN AKRON, OHIO

where they're greeted by an awkward teenage VALET PARKER. Joe (Vince Vaughn) hands over the keys with a smile --

JOE

Go easy on the clutch, okay,
Professor?

(re: car stereo)

And you hear that song playing
right now?

Ollie (Owen Wilson) shrugs, apologetic --

OLLIE

It's our get-psyched mix.

JOE

It's our get-psyched mix and when
you turn the car back on, the CD
starts in the same place. So if
Freddie Mercury isn't in the middle
of his Bohemian Rhapsody, I'll know
if you sparked a doob and took her
for a little Ferris Bueller
joyride. This exact spot...

OLLIE

The second Scaramouche.

JOE

(sings)
Scaramouche!

OLLIE

Scaramouche!

Joe slips the kid a five dollar bill --

JOE

Second Scaramouche.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Our guys hustle in, greeted by the FRONT DESK CLERK --

FRONT DESK CLERK
Checking in?

JOE
(keeps moving)
No, thank you. We're just here for
dinner and to close a gargantuan
sale.

FRONT DESK CLERK
Good luck!

JOE
Luck is for amateurs. Right, Ollie?

OLLIE
Mm hmm...

Ollie's mind is elsewhere; Joe can tell --

JOE
You're not with me right now. Is it
time to change up the mix? There's
too much Queen. I felt it.

OLLIE
We may've gone to that well one too
many times but don't worry, I'm
ready.

JOE
(knows better)
Speak to me, Ollie. I need The Kid
in playoff shape tonight.

OLLIE
It's just-- these days isn't Akron
maybe a little far for a client
dinner? The gas alone--

JOE
Ollie, this is Bob Leyritz of
Leyritz Sporting Goods. The man's
old school. He still calls Mexicans
"Spanish". A guy like that
appreciates the personal touch.
Like spooning a girl after sex. Two
spoons in a drawer. You wouldn't
just get up and pee after sex with
Bob Leyritz, would you?

OLLIE

That image is deeply troubling.
 (gives himself over)
 Okay. We should run the triangle.

JOE

(lights up)
 There's The Kid! Welcome back,
 young'un.
 (then)
 Definitely run the triangle offense
 on Bob Leyritz.
 (holds up one finger)
 His beverage...?

OLLIE

Bourbon. And Bob roots for...?

JOE

(second finger)
 The Indians. Diehard.
 (then)
 Now all we need is a detail about
 the little Leyritzses...?

OLLIE

(digging deep)
 I believe he's got a daughter.

JOE

Right, because I remember picturing
 what a young female half-him would
 look like and it wasn't pretty. But
 still she wasn't all that terrible
 in her...
 (the third finger)
 ...*University of Alabama* t-shirt.

OLLIE

Roll Tide Roll.

Ding! Our guys are into an elevator as we SMASH TO --

INT. HOTEL RESTAURANT - LATER

LAUGHTER as Joe and Ollie sit with BOB LEYRITZ (50s, nicer
 suit, pleasant guy). Bourbons all around.

OLLIE

--I'm telling you this girl didn't
 belong in the stands at the Derby,
 she belonged on the track.

JOE

In my defense, I was wearing julep goggles. They pour 'em with Ol' Fitz down there.

BOB

(blown away)

Old Fitzgerald? I've always dreamt of trying it but that stuff's like 300 bucks a bottle.

OLLIE

It was a profound experience. Like drinking an angel's teardrops.

Joe takes a sip of his bourbon but doesn't swallow --

JOE

(mouth full)

I just wanted to keep it right here for a while. Maybe take it to a movie. Then some dancing.

Bob's eating this up. Joe eyes a TV up by the bar playing the local sports highlights --

JOE (CONT'D)

Son of a bitch, Tribe won again. Are they hot or what?

BOB

(ecstatic)

Oh my god. I know they say pitching wins championships but so does the goddamn long ball!

OLLIE

I have to tell you, I feel an electricity at Progressive Field that's incalculable. It's like a rocket launch meets a damn baby shower. Know what I mean?

BOB

Exactly. My season tickets are the first item in my will.

JOE

Not to play contrarian, and I know we've touched on this before, but you have to get up pretty early to match the atmosphere on a Saturday in Tuscaloosa.

BOB
 (euphoric)
 So true! That whole campus is
 magical. You know, my daughter
 Stephiana goes there.

JOE
 Stephiana goes there?!

OLLIE
 Must be a lot of broken
 hearts bleeding crimson.

BOB (CONT'D)
 One weekend -- you're not gonna
 believe this -- I went to an
 Indians Friday nighter then flew
 out to catch the Tide/Florida game
 the next morning. Double dip.

JOE
 Double dip! Yes. Double
 diparoo!

OLLIE
 Why don't you just move
 Christmas and the Fourth of
 July to the same weekend next
 time?

Hope you got your cholesterol
 checked before that one.

BOB (CONT'D)
 (laughing)
 Ohmygosh, you aren't wrong.
 (catches his breath)
 I always have so much fun with you
 two.

JOE
 Not double dip fun but close.

Ollie and Joe share a look. *It's time to close.*

OLLIE
 Now I hate to be the wet blanket--

JOE
 Don't knock wet blankets. If
 they're wet from postcoital
 satisfaction, then they're okay in
 my book.

OLLIE

--but if we could just sneak a little business in, I think you should be pretty aggressive in your order this season.

Joe flips open his briefcase to reveal a DISPLAY -- a series of SPORTS WATCHES and one of those awkward WATCH ADS where Jeff Gordon rests his chin on his fist.

JOE

He's right, Bob. We've got some amazing watches right now. These babies are gonna leap off your shelves. And if you're worried about them getting damaged from the leaping don't because the little suckers are more shock resistant than Bruce Jenner's face.

BOB

(trying to get a word in)
Guys--

OLLIE

But at the end of the day, this isn't about watches. It's about us.
(really means it)
We know you. We're not gonna sell you shit just to increase our margins.

Ollie leans in for the honest, thoughtful kill --

OLLIE (CONT'D)

(re: them and Bob)
Because this thing here? That's beyond words. That's beyond price tags.

Joe lifts his glass to the WAITER --

JOE

We're ready for that round.

BOB

That's really not--

JOE

Now, we know you're up to six stores--

BOB
Guys, I'm sorry, but I'm not going
to be able to--

OLLIE
Stick to the three we did last
year.

BOB
I can't--

JOE
Why rock the boat?

BOB
I can't do it.

Those words land with a thud.

JOE
(small)
Can't do what?

BOB
Re-up your merchandise. For any of
my stores.
(then)
Look, I was hoping you guys'd have
something else for me. But you've
got watches. And the kids don't buy
watches anymore. They just look at
their goddamn phones. I'm sorry.

JOE
Bobby, the youth market's cyclical--

BOB
It's not just them. Look around.
Hardly anybody wears a watch today.

OLLIE
We do.

The guys hold up their wrists.

BOB
Okay. And where'd you get them?

JOE
(looks away)
eBay.

OLLIE
(sheepishly)
Overstock.com.

BOB (CONT'D)
Exactly. That's the world we live
in, fellas.

JOE
Due respect, Bob, your evidence is
cursory and circumstantial.

Not thrilled to have to do this, Bob calls out to the COUPLE
(30s) at the next table --

BOB
Excuse me, but do either of you
have the time?

The GUY removes his IPHONE from his pocket as the GIRL
simultaneously fishes her SAMSUNG out of her purse --

GUY	GIRL
8:22.	8:22.

As this sinks in, the Waiter arrives with a tray --

WAITER
Three congratulatory glasses of Old
Fitzgerald!

I/E. CUTLASS (MOVING) - MOMENTS LATER

Joe and Ollie ride in silence, Queen blaring on the get-
psyched mix --

FREDDIE MERCURY (ON RADIO)
*And bad mistakes, I've made a few.
I've had my share of sand kicked in
my face but I've come through.
Weeee are the champ--*

Ollie snaps off the radio.

OLLIE
We're in deep shit, Joe. I mean,
that dinner alone...

JOE
This isn't deep shit. This is
shallow shit. At most an inch of
excrement and we're wearing shit-
kickers because we've been here
before. '89, faxes. '92, cordless
phones. '96, beepers. Remember
beepers? We humped that kitty 'til
it was dry as the Sahara and then
we moved on.

(MORE)

JOE (CONT'D)

You and I've been good earners for the company. Jackie knows that and he's gonna assign us new product. A wet kitty.

From that, we SMASH TO --

A WOODEN OFFICE DOOR

Its stencil reads: *Meyers Manufacturing Representativ--*. A WORKER is SCRAPING the letters off with a tool.

JACKIE (PRE-LAP)

Sorry, boys.

INT. OFFICE - SAME

Joe and Ollie sit in utter misery opposite the worn desk of JACKIE MEYERS (60ish, Tommy Bahama shirt) who is currently packing all his stuff into a moving box.

OLLIE

(in disbelief)

You're folding...

JACKIE

Everything's EDI now. It's cheaper and more efficient for a computer to tell these companies what to stock.

JOE

Computers can't work the buyers, Jackie. They're not people.

JACKIE

People are a pain in the ass. The buyers just want to click a few buttons and have their stuff show up on their doorstep.

(sighs)

It's over.

OLLIE

Jesus, are you gonna be alright?

JACKIE

I'm gonna be honest with you, Ollie. I've never been better. I cashed in my retirement. Bought a condo in Scottsdale and new tits for my wife. Silicone. It's legal again.

OLLIE
 (beaten)
 That's good.

JOE
 (shellshocked)
 Do you have a picture?

JACKIE (CONT'D)
 Me and the old lady are gonna be
 tucked away real nice. I just thank
 god I made my money before
 everything went to shit.

Our guys share a look of concern. Jackie tosses a WATCH
 DISPLAY in the trash.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
 Our line of work? We're as obsolete
 as the watches.

OLLIE
 Let's not overstate it.

JACKIE
 If anything, I'm understating it,
 fellas. The skills you need to make
 it out there now? Take it from a
 fossil, you two are dinosaurs.

JOE
 C'mon. We'll get through this.

JACKIE
 There's nowhere to get through it
 to, Joseph. I say this because I
 care: You've already been where
 you're going.

EXT. PARK - LATER

Joe and Ollie sit on a bench drinking paper-bagged Old Style
 tallboys.

OLLIE
 I can't believe this. It's over.

JOE
 C'mon. We're better than that.

OLLIE
 We're not better than that, Joe.
 We're sharing a beer on a Wednesday
 afternoon.

NEW ANGLE reveals they're adjacent to a MOTHER with her child. She looks on disapprovingly. Joe smiles and tips his beer to the Mom --

JOE

(re: playground)

It's good how the ground's all padded like that. Much safer nowadays. Less ouches.

OLLIE

Our whole generation is fucked.

JOE

It's not right. We were raised like sheep. "Go to college, get a good job".

OLLIE

You never went to college.

JOE

I'm saying in concept. The generation as a whole. We learned a skill, we got a job, we worked our asses off. That's America, right? And this is our thanks?

OLLIE

(giving up)

I'm taking the job with my brother-in-law.

JOE

(incredulous)

Your brother-in-law. Who spent half of Thanksgiving explaining the meaning of his tattoo.

OLLIE

He said he could hook me up.

JOE

Unacceptable. Ollie, I'm gonna remind you about a tattoo that does have meaning. The Chinese symbol on that young lady's lower back in Thailand. Crisis also equals Opportunity. This is a chance for us to reinvent ourselves.

OLLIE

It's not realistic, Joe. Life doesn't work that way for people like us. We're analog guys in a digital world. You heard Jackie, we're dinosaurs.

JOE

Fine, we're dinosaurs. Guess what? I embrace the label. They were regal creatures.

OLLIE

Were being the operative word. Guess what? They're fucking extinct.

JOE

Okay, Ollasaurus. There's a big goddamn asteroid headed our way. What're you gonna do? Are you just gonna sit there and get crushed? 'Cause I'm not. No. I'm gonna be one of those pterodactyls and fly the hell out of the way. Maybe get some of my boys together, Armageddon that rock before it lands, I don't know. Point being, we don't have to go quietly into extinction. We can figure this out.

Ollie rises.

OLLIE

Good luck with Megan.

JOE

Ollie, come on.

Unmoved, Ollie slogs away. Joe turns to the Mom --

JOE (CONT'D)

(re: kid)

She's very cute.

MOTHER

He's a boy.

EXT. TOWNHOUSE CONDO - LATER

Joe, a bag of Chinese take-out in tow, fishes his keys from his pocket. Arrives to find a WORKER taping something to his door. It's a neon yellow NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE.

JOE
The hell--?

The Worker tosses his tape roller in a TOOL BAG, a bit jumpy --

WORKER
Sir, I'm going to need you maintain a five foot radius.

JOE
(inches closer)
Okay, but can we just talk about--?

The Worker fingers a can of MACE attached to his belt --

WORKER
If you come within five feet I'm authorized to use this.

JOE
Relax, Chuck Bronson, nobody's getting pepper sprayed, alright?

WORKER
This isn't pepper spray, sir. It's gorilla spray. You do not want me to use it.

JOE
You brought out the gorilla spray for the big man. I gotta say, I'm flattered.
(then)
Look, my girlfriend's coming home soon, alright? And if she sees that, it's not gonna look good. So I'm asking you, human to human here, can you please take the notice down?

A loud THUMP from inside. Joe's surprised.

WORKER
I think you're too late, buddy.

The Worker swings the door open --

IN THE APARTMENT

MEGAN (30s, pretty, professional dress) has just thrown a big suitcase on the floor and is loading it with clothes. Joe pads in, all smiles --

JOE
 (re: takeout bag)
 Who wants Slippery Shrimp?

MEGAN
 Don't--

JOE
 Megan, it's just a momentary blip.
 These things go in cycles. I'd
 think you, as a woman, could
 appreciate that.

MEGAN
 It's not the money, Joe. And thank
 you for assuming I'd be that
 shallow. It's you.

She crosses to the BATHROOM, continues grabbing her stuff. He follows --

JOE
 What about me? Is it because I'm
 too unselfish in bed because I
 can't help it if I'm a giver--

She keeps packing, no longer amused by his shtick.

JOE (CONT'D)
 C'mon, Koala Bear. Tell Papa Bear
 what the problem is.

MEGAN
 I need someone I can grow with,
 okay? Someone who's open to change.

JOE
 I'm open.

She heads back to the LIVING ROOM with her toiletries --

MEGAN
 We've eaten Slippery Shrimp five
 hundred times but have you ever
 taken me to that Vietnamese place
 I've dropped like eighteen hints
 about?

JOE
 I still don't trust them.

MEGAN
 It's been 40 years.
 (then)
 (MORE)

MEGAN (CONT'D)

You've been doing the same dead-end job for god-knows-how-long.

JOE

Untrue. My company just went under and I'm pursuing new opportunities.

That didn't help his cause.

MEGAN

You can stand in place, Joe, but the world keeps turning.

(re: foreclosure sign)

And you're getting left behind.

She zips the suitcase shut, lugs it to the ground.

JOE

Okay, so maybe that is me. But guess what? A lot of people like that guy. In fact, he's the same man you fell in love with last year. So why would you want him to be somebody different?

MEGAN

You're right. And I still love you, Joe. I just thought you'd be... more.

She wipes her eye and drags her bag OUT THE DOOR, past the Worker. Joe chases after --

JOE

Megan, wait--

THUNK! Joe slams his foot into the Worker's tool bag, crumbling to the ground. As he rises, his anger bubbling over --

JOE (CONT'D)

Mother--

WORKER

(nervous)

Five feet!

JOE

Do you mind? I'm trying to talk to my girl--

FSSSHHHH! Joe gets gorilla sprayed in the face.

JOE (CONT'D)
 Son-of-a--
 (then)
 Megan!

Joe stumbles along the WALK, completely blinded.

JOE (CONT'D)
 Agggghhh! Megan--

Megan STRIDES OFF down the sidewalk. Joe shouts out in the *complete opposite direction* --

JOE (CONT'D)
 Are you there? Have my words gotten
 through to you?
 (spins)
 I can't tell, are you walking
 towards me or away? Koala?

EXT. LAKEFRONT LOFT BUILDING - SAME

We hear MOANING, increasing in intensity...

INT. LOFT - SAME

West Elm. Young and modern. Ollie is in bed with a GIRL (late 20s, model-adjacent) who is currently in the throes of orgasm. As she catches her breath --

GIRL
 Fuck, you're good at that.

Ollie rolls onto his back, in a similar state of contentment.

OLLIE
 You're not so bad yourself. In
 fact, with a lot more practice I
 think we can get you to great.

She laughs. He smiles, perhaps feeling a bit of a connection.

OLLIE (CONT'D)
 I needed this. It's been a really
 shitty week. And now I'm not even
 sure who or what I am any--

He turns on his side to do two-spoons --

GIRL
 Uh huh.

She RISES, crossing to the bathroom.

Ollie's face drops; she did the *immediate get-up-and-pee* move. The Girl talks plainly as she sits and urinates.

GIRL (CONT'D)

There's Vitamin Water in the fridge
if you want for the ride home.

OLLIE

(ouch)

Thanks.

He slips his pants back on. He's the one who has to do the walk of shame. She flushes. Rejoins him.

OLLIE (CONT'D)

My schedule's kinda up in the air
for a while. I've gotta start this
new job with my asshole brother-in--

GIRL

Whoa. I'm afraid I'm gonna have to
stop you there.

OLLIE

Hmm?

GIRL

Remember when I had that awful day
a few weeks ago and I wanted to
talk about it? You told me you had
a rule: "Don't share problems--

OLLIE

(he deserves it)

--and we won't have any."

GIRL

It'd be a shame to veer from that
now.

She crosses to the kitchen area. He follows --

OLLIE

Your critique is fair. And it
allows me to see my rule in a new
light. Perhaps it's a problem not
to share one's--

She hands him a Vitamin Water. Their night is over. Off his look, CUT TO --

INT. JOE'S TOWNHOUSE - OFFICE NOOK - LATER

Joe sits at a desktop PC with a chunky monitor and big block processor. It's probably only five years old but it looks completely ancient.

His browser's open to GOOGLE. Joe types: "*sales jobs ohio*" into the box and clicks SEARCH.

A SERIES OF SHOTS as Joe scans AVAILABLE POSITIONS (stuff like *Chief Data Sales Architect, VP Online Merchandising, eCommerce Coordinator*) and the SKILLS NEEDED for them --

EXCEL.

No. JOE

POWERPOINT.

No. JOE (CONT'D)

HTML.

Hitmull? JOE (CONT'D)

A barrage of *QUICKENS* and *QUICKBOOKS* and *QUARK XPRESSES* before, finally, we end up back at the --

GOOGLE SEARCH PAGE.

Joe stares at the monitor, lost, the cursor blinking and blinking. Nothing but a big white field and that lone multicolored word. He's googled all he can google. Except --

Joe types the word "*google*" into the box and clicks SEARCH.

ON JOE

As he eyes the results, a hint of a smile crosses his face.

INT. TARGET - HOME ELECTRONICS DEPARTMENT - THE NEXT DAY

Fluorescent lights. A Kelly Clarkson video on two dozen flatscreens. A weird-looking DUDE is passed out in the plush home theater seat. A TODDLER cries. His FATHER soothes the kid by screaming at him in a harsh-sounding foreign tongue.

Amidst the horror, staring blankly ahead, we find OLLIE, wearing the red short-sleeve polo, his once-flowing mane now SLICKED DOWN in a neat side-part. He's currently scanning merchandise with one of those radar guns.

RICK (O.S.)
Ollie Ollie Oxen Free.

Ollie's brother-in-law/manager RICK (30s, goatee, overly-complex tattoo) approaches, hand extended for a pound. Ollie waves weakly --

OLLIE
Hey, Rick.

RICK
You look good. Sharp. Your hair is much more professional this way. And, if I may say, you rock out that shirt nicely. Target red suits you. Plus, bonus, the chicks dig it.

OLLIE
Rick, you're married to my sister. Can we not--?

RICK
Hey, I can't prevent attraction. If you build it, they will come. And by "come" I mean climax like a banshee, you feel me?

OLLIE
Do you think I could take my lunch now--?

RICK
Absolutely. You get fifteen minutes at our in-house Little Caesar's. Right after you finish scanning. I need that inventory loaded into the EDI stat.

Ollie bristles at the mention of their computer replacement.

RICK (CONT'D)
(spies something)
Thank the lord for jeggings.

Rick's spotted an ATTRACTIVE SHOPPER in a pair of those skin-tight jean legging things.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
Excuse me.

They spin to find a middle-aged female CUSTOMER. She looks like she could've been a lunchlady at your elementary school.

CUSTOMER

Can you boys help me with a television set?

RICK

Absolutely, ma'am. Ollie here will take great care of you.

Rick gives Ollie a coach's ass whack and saunters off to flirt with Jeggings Girl.

CUSTOMER

My question is about LCD versus plasma, specifically which performs better at 1080p?

Ollie has no fucking clue. But doesn't hesitate --

OLLIE

Right. Well there are many schools of thought on that. Both possess expert craftsmanship. These models right here are assembled by only the most detail-oriented children in the factory. I don't like labels but some would call them "gifted". I almost feel like I'd be diminishing their contribution by choosing one side over the other.

JOE (O.S.)

Oh, no. No no no.

Joe marches up, dismayed at the sight of Ollie's hair --

JOE (CONT'D)

What have they done to The Kid? You're like a broken stallion. This lustrous mane was meant to fly free.

Ollie knows this can only spell trouble --

OLLIE

Joe, I'm with a customer.

JOE

Not anymore.

(to Customer)

Sorry, Sweetheart, but I'm trying to save a life here.

Joe pulls Ollie aside. Ollie calls back to the Customer --

OLLIE
(re: TVs, apologetic)
Compare the pictures.
(then, hushed)
Joe, my brother-in-law--

JOE
Who you hate.

OLLIE
Who I respect. And who gave me this
job. Which I need.

JOE
No, you don't. Because the Job
Fairy here found us a new gig.

OLLIE
Really? Where?

JOE
A little outfit out west.
Apparently they're *Fortune*
magazine's number one best company
to work for 2012. Ollie, we're
going to Google.

OLLIE
Excuse me?

JOE
Google, buddy. They've got bocce
courts. Bowling alleys. Massage
rooms--

OLLIE
Have you fucking lost it?

JOE
I'm telling you, this is where we
need to be to develop our skills
for the 21st century. This is where
we make ourselves matter again. Why
not us? Why can't we have that?

OLLIE
Because, Joe, you and I can't just
get jobs at Google.

JOE
Sure we can. We just have to break
in the same way anybody else does.
At the bottom.

Joe hands Ollie a PRINT OUT for the *Google Summer Internship Program*.

OLLIE
Interns?

JOE
Boom goes the dynamite.

OLLIE
This is a program for college kids.

JOE
Which is why I just enrolled us at the University of Phoenix online. Class of '16. Go Fighting Phoenixes.

OLLIE
Joe, these guys must get applications from the best of the best. Harvard, MIT--

JOE
Yeah, they've got a million MIT guys but how many University of Phoenix guys've they got? None. How many dudes with a deuce of decades of real-world experience under their belts? None squared. C'mon. What does a Phoenix do, Ollie? She rises from the ashes. Do it, Little Phoenix. Spread those beautiful fiery wings and fly.

The Customer interrupts, pissed --

CUSTOMER
I've waited long enough. I'm going to speak to a manager.

JOE
Absolutely, Honey. Why don't you try that guy over there...?

Joe points out a 75-YEAR-OLD GREETER in the next aisle. The Customer storms off.

JOE (CONT'D)
I'm the Ghost of Christmas Future, Ollie.
(re: old guy)
Look closely at that man. That's you in ten years.

Ollie eyes the Greeter. Joe's hyperbolizing but this really is a hint of Ollie's future. ACROSS THE WAY, the Customer interrupts Rick and Jeggings to complain.

JOE (CONT'D)

This is gonna be exciting!

OLLIE

Work isn't meant to be exciting. Work is meant to bring in money so you can eat, have a roof over your head, and have things to grill on three-day weekends.

JOE

Hamsters on a wheel, Ollie. That's all we've ever been. Hamsters aren't meant to be in a glass case on a wheel; they're meant to be out in the wild.

OLLIE

What wild? What wild do hamsters roam freely without a constant fear of being killed?

Having heard the Customer's story, Rick eyes our guys with grave concern.

OLLIE (CONT'D)

Look, Joe, can we please just talk about this later--?

JOE

There is no later, Ollie. We've got Skype interviews at 2:30. And my obsolete watch says it's almost noon and we need to allow time to figure out what Skype is. You heard Jackie. We've been where we're going. So we're fucking going to change it up and go to California. Un-gel those feathered locks and let the sun shine in. Do you know how blonde your hair will get out there? Cali, motherfucker. It's the new gold rush. And it's time for these two miners to strike it big.

OLLIE

Most of the miners died broke, Joe. The people who got rich were the ones who sold them the supplies.

JOE

Not all of them! Why do you always go so negative? They said "fuck it" and they took their shot. This is ours. We're Eminem in *8 Mile* and this is our one shot. Are you gonna miss your chance to blow?

(genuinely)

I won't let you run out the clock, buddy. I won't let you give up.

OLLIE

I haven't given up. And if I have it's in a pragmatic way, not a profound way.

Rick hurries over --

RICK

Is there a problem here, Oliver?

A big moment. Put up or shut up.

OLLIE

No.

Joe deflates. It's a sad sight, the energy sapped from this dynamo. A sight that, in spite of his usual pragmatism, truly gets to Ollie --

OLLIE (CONT'D)

Besides the fact that you're a horrible husband to my sister.

Joe lights up. Ollie pulls his Target polo over his head, gaining steam --

OLLIE (CONT'D)

(re: old dude)

And that ten years of this place would actually make me look worse than that guy. No offense.

None's taken. Ollie messes up his slicked hair so that it returns to its natural shaggy wonder.

OLLIE (CONT'D)

Oh, and that I've got a Skype interview at two fucking thirty.

Ollie TOSSES the shirt at the shocked Rick.

Eminem's *Lose Yourself* bumps over the soundtrack as our guys proudly march out of the store. Joe winks at Jeggings girl. MUSIC continues over --

INT. FED-EX/KINKO'S - LATER

Grey carpet. Yellowing copiers. Joe and Ollie sit at a computer in their best suits, a bit amped. On their monitor, they're visible in the little Skype window awaiting their videoconference. Joe calls over his shoulder to the Kinko's EMPLOYEE behind the desk --

JOE

Are we good? Am I Skyping?

EMPLOYEE

(bored)

You're ready as soon as they call in.

Ollie checks himself in the Skype window. Fixes some bangs.

A CUSTOMER (20s, piercings) leans in behind them --

PIERCINGS

(re: computer)

Are you guys almost done?

The Skype PINGS. The call!

JOE

Sorry, Guyliner, but you're gonna have to print your techno flyers somewhere else.

PIERCINGS

(offended)

It's dubstep.

Two INTERVIEWERS (30ish, one male, one female) appear in the larger box. Silicon Valley professionals, pleasant but efficient. Clearly a bit surprised by what's before them.

JOE

(to Ollie)

Okay, get in here so they can see you and we'll pick up.

OLLIE

I'm pretty sure they can see me--

JOE

They can't fucking--

MALE INTERVIEWER

We can see you.

Joe smiles weakly at the camera --

JOE
(too loud)
Lovely to make your acquaintance.

FEMALE INTERVIEWER
We can hear you fine as well.

JOE
Excellent. Joe McMahon here.

OLLIE
Ollie Creamer.

JOE
Now, I realize interns our age
would be atypical and unexpected--

OLLIE
--but from what we understand so is
the culture at Google--

JOE
--and if you'll give us a shot here
I think we'll prove our worth.

FEMALE INTERVIEWER
Everyone gets the same chance, Mr.
McMahon. Ted, I believe you have
the first question...

MALE INTERVIEWER
(reads)
How have you demonstrated
leadership on your campus?

OLLIE
As you may be aware, the University
of Phoenix is currently an online
institution. So our campus is a
charming little place we like to
call The World.

JOE
But that doesn't prevent us from
being leaders in our community. For
example, I always give all my
leftovers to the homeless. That
includes bread and butter.

OLLIE

Last year I fostered a cat. Mr. Mittens is doing quite well I'm told.

JOE

Look, I know what you're after here is life experience. And together we have a combined 34 years of experience selling products to major job creators. I defy you to find that in a sophomore at Stanford.

PIERCINGS

(leans his head in)

Are you guys almost--?

JOE

No! Jesus.

MALE INTERVIEWER

Are you at a Kinko's?

OLLIE

It's actually called FedEx-Office now which made it way harder to find.

FEMALE INTERVIEWER

Alrighty. Now, we like to ask a few questions that some candidates might find a bit odd--

JOE

Shoot.

OLLIE

We're open to experimentation.

No judgment.

MALE INTERVIEWER

You're shrunken down to the size of a nickel and placed in a blender that's about to be turned on in thirty seconds. What do you do?

OLLIE

Is anything else in the blender?

MALE INTERVIEWER

I-I don't know...

JOE

That's gonna make a difference. Is there ice to climb on? Are we making a smoothie or a Daiquiri?

OLLIE

Throw a little rum in there, Teddy. It's been a long week. Live a little.

FEMALE INTERVIEWER

For the sake of the argument, let's say it's empty.

JOE

Well then there's no problem.

FEMALE INTERVIEWER

I'm sorry?

JOE

If you're the size of a nickel and there's no liquid to drown in you could just lay down flat on your back and the blade'll pass right over your head. Wait out the storm.

MALE INTERVIEWER

Once the blender's on, it's on forever. So you'd be still be stuck down there.

OLLIE

If I may, who's turning on this KitchenAid? Assuming it's not a poltergeist, we're dealing with a person, right?

JOE

And all persons can be negotiated with. So you just say something like--

OLLIE

(calling up out of the
blender)

Hey there, friend. That Margarita you're about to enjoy isn't going to have a worm at the bottom.

JOE

It's gonna have the mortal remains of two miniature aspiring Google interns.

OLLIE

Now, we may be the size of a nickel
but we've got hearts the size of
silver dollars.

JOE

And have you considered how much
dough you could make with two
microscopic people? Talk shows.
Endorsements. You don't frappé a
gold-mine--

The image PAUSES. New angle reveals we're now --

INT. GOOGLEPLEX - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAYS LATER

Sleek, glass walls. The exact opposite of a Kinko's. A group
of Google EMPLOYEES sit around a large table. The video of
Joe and Ollie's interview is paused on a huge screen.

GUY IN PLEATED CHINOS

No.

DANA SIMMS (30ish, buttoned-down beautiful, always the first
person to hand in her test) offers an emphatic --

DANA

No.

MR. CHETTY is the drill-sergeant-in-a-sweater-vest head of
Human Resources --

CHETTY

I won't even dignify it.

The final vote belongs to a GUY (mid-20s) whose t-shirt
reads: "*Buffering...*"

BUFFERING

(considers, then)

I say yes.

The others LAUGH.

DANA

Thanks, I needed that.

But Buffering's serious. Points to a chart on the wall --

BUFFERING

The D in BOLD Internship Program
stands for Diversity.

PLEATED CHINOS

Meaning kids who went to U. of Chicago instead of MIT.

CHETTY

These applicants have zero skills.

BUFFERING

Wrong. Their Googliness is off the charts. The goal here is find people outside our bubble to challenge our way of thinking.

DANA

We have 7000 kids applying for 100 spots. Geniuses. Rhodes Scholars. People who could be the next Bill Gates or Steve Jobs and you wanna waste two of those slots on a pair of superannuated drop-outs?

BUFFERING

Bill Gates and Steve Jobs were both drop-outs.

(then)

Our final judgment is always based on the Layover Test, right? Who would you rather be stuck next to at an airport bar for a six-hour delay? The ten-millionth kid who knows that if you shrink your density allows you to jump way higher? Or the guys who talked their way out of a blender?

As his words land, we SMASH TO --

INT. SOUTHWEST FLIGHT - WEEKS LATER

Joe and Ollie are crammed into unassigned coach seats, Ollie's clunky old ThinkPad straddling their tray-tables. BING!

FLIGHT ATTENDANT (OVER P.A.)

The Captain has turned off the fasten seat-belt sign. You are now free to move about the cabin.

JOE

We are now free to move about the country.

(stands, stretches)

We are free to begin our lives anew.

He calls out to a female PASSENGER with a neck pillow.

JOE (CONT'D)
Neck Pillow, where you headed?

PILLOW WOMAN
(confused)
San Francisco? I'm meeting my old college friends.

JOE
Look out. Girls' weekend. Starts with sourdough and ends with a yeast infection. Have fun.

He calls out to a GUY in a sweater-vest doing a Sudoku.

JOE (CONT'D)
How 'bout you, Sudoku?

SUDOKU GUY
Business.

JOE
Us, too. We're in the high technology field now.

OLLIE
(re: laptop)
Joe, do we really need to do this?

Ollie struggles to navigate a UNIVERSITY OF PHOENIX PROGRAM, moving the mouse with that weird pencil-eraser MOUSE in the middle of the keyboard.

JOE
Gotta maintain student status to keep the internship.
(sits, takes over mouse)
Gimme the nipple.

Ollie reads his name and MAJOR off the screen --

OLLIE
Earth Science? I don't even like that subject.

Ollie eyes his lesson: *Eye of the Taiga: Fun with Biomes.*

JOE
You liked it in high school.

OLLIE

That's because Miss Lashay had a killer rack and an appreciation for sensitive blondes.

(hushed)

The education I received in that class wasn't exactly school board approved. I don't know the first thing about biomes--

JOE

Exactly. They won't quiz you on your major because they expect it's your area of expertise. Google asks about what you don't know. They won't kick the tires and realize you're vacant on the subject.

Joe scrolls quickly but Ollie STOPS the cursor to see -- *Joe McMahon. Major: Business/Sales.*

JOE (CONT'D)

I'm a talker. I need to dazzle.
Hide your vacancy; let me dazzle.

EXT. MOUNTAIN VIEW, CA - DAY

At a curb, Joe and Ollie emerge from an airport taxi. Tons of buildings surround them. Joe spies a TALL ASIAN KID striding by, his head buried in an Android phone.

JOE

Hey, Linsanity, which one is it?

LINSANITY looks up, confused.

JOE (CONT'D)

Google. Which building?

LINSANITY

All of them.

Linsanity continues along. Awed, our guys take in --

THE GOOGLEPLEX - CONTINUOUS

Manicured green rolling hills to infinity dotted with cool, modern buildings and every leisure amenity imaginable (beach volleyball court, water slide). People zipping around on colorful Google dirt bikes. Statues of giant desserts. Meeting circles on the lawn. A Prius drives by with NO DRIVER and NOBODY INSIDE. [this is a real thing -- the Google Driverless Car prototype].

ATRIUM - MOMENTS LATER

Our guys walk into Oz. A massive replica SPACESHIP hangs above. An employee SLIDES down a swirling metal slide and walks off, never looking up from his Droid. A WOMAN walks by with a dog on a leash.

JOE

Welcome to the future, Ollie.

OLLIE

I wouldn't be surprised if that dog could talk.

The Interns sign in at a desk. Joe spots what would be the nicest ESPRESSO BAR you've been to, only it's right in the middle of all this.

JOE

I'll grab us coffees, you check us in?

AT THE ESPRESSO BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Joe pulls out his wallet to pay for the beverages.

JOE

How much I owe you?

BARISTA

Nothing.

JOE

What is this, a promotion? It's something with pomegranates in it, isn't it? If it's free there's always pomegranates.

BARISTA

No, sir. It's not a promotion.

JOE

(gets it)

Free coffee. Genius. Keep your employees awake. Just the basics, though, right? Not the good stuff. Nothing that ends in 'ccino?

BARISTA

Everything here is free, sir.

Off Joe's piqued interest --

WITH OLLIE - SAME

Their registrations in hand, he gazes up at the spaceship above. A female employee strides past --

OLLIE

Excuse me.

It's DANA, the woman who was critical of their interview. She's curt. Was in a rush and he's interrupted --

DANA

Yes?

OLLIE

Do you know what launch this was from?

DANA

No.

OLLIE

Ah. That's too bad.

DANA

If only there were some kind of webpage you could go to. Where you could type things in and search for answers.

He smiles, smitten.

OLLIE

(offers his hand)
Ollie Creamer. Intern.

DANA

Dana Simms. Late.

She marches off. He watches with interest as she goes.

JOE (O.S.)

It's free.

Ollie spins to find an elated Joe carrying a tray of SIX COFFEES and another with bagels, muffins, a donut, a crueller, a bearclaw, a scone and a banana.

JOE (CONT'D)

All the food here is free. There's
27 cafes. I got you a banana.

(motivational)

What day is today?

OLLIE

The day we regain our dignity as
men.

Off their determined look, SMASH TO --

INT. MEETING HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Joe and Ollie each wear a multicolored BEANIE with a PROPELLER on top. They read: "Noogler" [we're not making this up]. Two 40-year-old men within a sea of 20-year-old INTERNS.

This Benneton-ad-diverse group of kids socialize. Many seem to already know each other. Joe nods to random kids --

JOE

Whatup? Sweet backpack.

BACKPACK GUY does a double take at the sight of them, confused.

OLLIE

(self-conscious)

When did 20 start to look like 12?

JOE

Ollie, we have the upper hand here. These kids've never been in a work environment before. They've been in an ivory tower protesting sweatshops and listening to Dave Matthews. It's advantage us.

A NERVOUS KID talks on his cell, twitchy, as if his mom may at any moment reach through the phone and beat him with a stick --

NERVOUS KID

Yes, mother. I'm visualizing success and then I will actualize it.

A tiny INDIAN GIRL gabs with the kid directly beside Joe and Ollie --

INDIAN GIRL

(re: Joe and Ollie)

Are those your dads? They say same-sex partners make excellent parents. I so wish my parents were gay.

Before Joe can respond, BUFFERING (the guy who stood up for our guys in the interview discussion) taps a microphone, addressing the group from a stage --

BUFFERING
Welcome, Nooglers!

The interns come to attention. Buffering stands within a semicircle of VERTICAL 62" FLATSCREENS.

BUFFERING (CONT'D)
Behind me is the GoogleEarth Ring.
It was the idea of a former intern.

The monitors come to life. An awesome tableau of the entire planet engulfs him.

BUFFERING (CONT'D)
You've joined us here from 75 colleges all over the globe. So, as an opening exercise, we like to see where some of you came from. You, in the green. What's your address?

The KID he's called on doesn't even look up from his mobile device --

KID
58 East Pine. Aurora, Colorado.

Buffering types and we ZOOM IN, through snowy mountains and buildings (it's really cool) to eventually find his home in perfect detail. The crowd applauds.

BUFFERING
Okay, next let's--

Another intern RAISES HIS HAND (even though Buffering's not looking for volunteers). Hip glasses, perfectly tailored nerd look, intense. This is GRAHAM HAWTREY (Daniel Radcliffe). Buffering rolls his eyes but points to the kid --

GRAHAM
12 Brompton Road. London SW3.

We Google-zoom to discover the Hawtreys' family's opulent home.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
It's one hundred percent eco-friendly, LEED certified.

BUFFERING
Wonderful. Aaaaand you...

Buffering points to Joe, who's just taken a bite of bialy --

JOE
 (forces a swallow)
 465 and a half Euclid. Cleveland,
 Ohio. The Forest City.

We ZOOM in on non-foresty Cleveland to find Joe's unremarkable townhouse and, on the front door, the *bright yellow FORECLOSURE sign*.

Graham SNICKERS. The entire room's focus is now uncomfortably on Joe --

JOE (CONT'D)
 Actually...that's not...

OLLIE
 He just bought it from the bank.

JOE
Yes. Got it for peanuts. Gonna flip it. Flip it like an omelette.

Buffering clicks off the Ring.

BUFFERING
 What's the next GoogleEarth Ring? What bit of inspiration will come out of this room? You've all been assigned into teams to work on a project which demonstrates your Googliness. Perhaps you'll create a new product. Or maybe you'll be the fresh set of eyes that catches something we've been missing. Unfortunately, at summer's end, only about ten percent of you will be converted into full-time Googlers.

GRAHAM
 (raises his hand)
 So the projects are scored and we're ranked?

BUFFERING
 Google ranks search results, not people. If you're here you're already among the best of the best. What we're after is intangible. Your goal is to show us why we should value you. Not just with the project but in every moment.

Buffering's words register with Joe and Ollie. *This really is their shot.*

BUFFERING (CONT'D)
Now, the moment for something
really exciting--

OLLIE
(hushed, hopeful)
Go-Karts...

JOE
(hushed, hopeful)
Make your own sundaes...

BUFFERING (CONT'D)
Your computers.

The Interns CHEER wildly. Joe and Ollie share a look.

INT. TECH STOP HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Joe and Ollie are queued up outside COMPUTER NIRVANA. A group of super-nerdy GOOGLERS walk out, all with the same look: shorts, black socks and sandals. Their presence causes a stir in line.

The COMPUTER GUY (former dungeon master, impatient) calls out from behind the Tech Stop desk to our guys --

COMPUTER GUY
Next.

But Joe is distracted by the black sock brigade. Turns to the KID next to him, curious --

JOE
Who're they?

KID
The Enge. Top engineers. Basically
the rock stars of Google. Try not
to make eye contact.

Computer Guy angrily TYPES away at his keys. Joe's flip-phone CHIMES in his pocket. He checks it to find a text which reads: "NEXT!" Turns to the impatiently waiting Computer Guy.

JOE
How did you--?

Computer Guy holds up a silver MACBOOK for Joe --

COMPUTER GUY
This is not your terminal. This is
Google's terminal.
(MORE)

COMPUTER GUY (CONT'D)

At the end of your internship you will return it and all the code on this hard drive will be erased. Do you understand?

JOE

Of course. But my friend Ollie here would love to know what exactly you mean by terminal.

COMPUTER GUY

Next.

OLLIE

I believe I actually already have a terminal. So maybe you could just Googify it--?

Ollie removes his old laptop from his shoulder bag. Computer Guy's eyes grow wide.

COMPUTER GUY

Holy frak, is that a Compaq Presario Elite?

OLLIE

I think that's right. I got it with Diners Club points.

COMPUTER GUY

Abramov!

Another TECH GUY looks up.

ABRAMOV

Fuck me in the ass, is that a Compaq Presario Elite?

Abramov is there within two seconds. They spin it around, checking it out from every angle --

COMPUTER GUY

I've never actually seen one in person.

Ollie's pleasantly surprised by their reaction --

OLLIE

A real beaut, huh? The old gal's been good to me.

ABRAMOV

This is worst laptop ever made.

OLLIE

The nipple does stick a little--

The guys CRACK THE THING OPEN. Start digging through the wires, pulling stuff out.

OLLIE (CONT'D)

Okay. I would like that back at some point. There's a video on there that I made with a ladyfriend. Consensual. Tasteful.

INT. PHOTO ID LINE - MOMENTS LATER

Ollie sits on a little stool. Smiles simply. FLASH!

JOE (O.S.)

Go again.

Joe leans over the back of the COMPUTER PHOTOGRAPHER. The line is long and the guy's not pleased.

OLLIE

Joe, I'm sure it's--

JOE

This is for your permanent badge. You gotta make a statement. Now give me more vulnerable.

(Ollie tries this)

Good. Okay, let's try sexy. Tickle my balls with your eyes. C'mon. Eye-diddle me.

(another look)

Let's put that aside for a moment but don't throw it away. Put it in a back pocket. Now I want you to reach through the lens with your soul. Reach.

OLLIE

I'm reaching!

FLASH! INSERT: Ollie's ID. He's giving an inappropriately sexy over-the-shoulder come-hither look.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

Joe and Ollie (now piled with additional swag like typical freshmen -- google sweatshirt, backpack) are seated with a smaller group of interns. MR. CHETTY stands before them. He's the sweater-vest guy who harshly dismissed their interview video. A Pakistani Nick Offerman --

CHETTY

My name is Mr. Chetty. I am in charge of human resources. If you pay attention to this presentation you will not have to interact with me again for the rest of the summer, which will make both of us very happy.

He triggers a PowerPoint slide that reads "*Shades of Gray*" --

CHETTY (CONT'D)

Appropriate office behavior can be a difficult thing for young people to grasp, particularly in a nontraditional workspace like Google. Hence, *Shades of Gray*. I'm going to ask you a series of questions and I'd like you to raise the green placard for yes and the red placard for no. Firstly, "Having a beer with your boss"?

RED placards all around. And two enthusiastic GREENS from Joe and Ollie. Chetty eyes them warily.

CHETTY (CONT'D)

This is unacceptable, as most of you are under 21.

A young-looking KID beside our guys is disappointed.

JOE

(whispers)

We'll hook you up, okay? Anything you want. Bartles & James. Zimas. The things that turn whipped cream into happy gas. Spread it around.

(off Ollie's look)

Making friends.

CHETTY

"Dating a fellow intern"?

Again, all RED and our guys GREEN. They slowly lower them. Chetty stares daggers at our guys. Then...

CHETTY (CONT'D)

It's unacceptable. You're here for a short while and should focus on your work.

Ollie raises his hand --

OLLIE

What about dating a full-time employee? Say management level but not a direct supervisor? Great eyes. And a severity to her look that's surprisingly sexy.

CHETTY

That is a very red paddle.

This time Joe eyes Ollie.

OLLIE

Got it. Just touching all the bases.

CHETTY

Next. Here at Google, you're never more than 150 feet from sustenance. But what about "Taking snacks from the microkitchen home"...?

All RED again. And our guys both GREEN. Annoyed, Chetty walks over to our duo. Speaks slowly and right at them --

CHETTY (CONT'D)

The food at the GooglePlex is for while you're at the GooglePlex. Next, "Office Language..."

EXT. SHITTIEST APARTMENT BUILDING IN NORTHERN CA - THAT NIGHT

The sound of the Mac ERROR NOISE over and over again.

INT. JOE AND OLLIE'S APARTMENT - SAME

Joe sits on a ratty thrift-store couch, his MacBook open on his lap. He keeps clicking a button, to no avail.

JOE

(calls off)

Ollie, where are you?!

Ollie's in the kitchen around a corner, *mere inches away*. It's the tiniest shoebox of a studio apartment you've ever seen.

OLLIE

I'm in the second foyer.

Ollie swings open a mini-fridge. It's completely stocked with stuff that obviously came from a Google microkitchen. Takes a yogurt and pads over to Joe --

OLLIE (CONT'D)

Joe, I think they were pretty clear on the food deal.

JOE

It was nebulous. The whole seminar was called *Shades of Grey*.

(then)

Look, we're on a budget here.

Ollie sits beside Joe, sinking into a huge HOLE in the couch.

OLLIE

I hadn't noticed.

JOE

Ollie, you know real estate's all about location. The Google shuttle stop's only two blocks away.

OLLIE

(looks out window)

And we can cash our checks right across the street.

Again, the Mac ERROR NOISE. Joe smacks his laptop --

JOE

You little bitch!

OLLIE

What?

Ollie leans in to see an error message: "Mailer-Daemon: Delivery failed."

OLLIE (CONT'D)

Who's the mailer demon?

JOE

He's a tiny fucker I can't get out of here and I'm gonna exorcise his ass if he's not careful.

OLLIE

(shakes his head)

I can't help but think we may have bitten off a bit more than we can chew here.

Joe slams the laptop shut.

JOE

Relax, okay? We don't have to chew this alone. Tomorrow we get our group, right? Their strengths will compliment our weaknesses. Like how I do for you.

EXT. STREET CORNER - THE NEXT MORNING

Joe and Ollie stand in front of *Julio's Check Cashing y Authentic Mexican Cuisine* wearing their new Google sweatshirts and backpacks. They may as well be two kids waiting for the bus on the first day of school.

A passing car HONKS at them. Ollie waves. The DUDE driving gives them the finger.

Finally, a massive DOUBLE-DECKER CHARTER BUS pulls up to the curb. Its door opens with a hiss. The FEMALE DRIVER eyes them warily.

FEMALE DRIVER

City bus is on Maple.

JOE

Appreciate that info but we're actually Nooglers...
(reads her nametag)
Shonda.

FEMALE DRIVER

Badges?

Our guys display their IDs. Ollie's features that SEXY PIN-UP PIC. Shonda gives him a look as they climb aboard --

I/E. GOOGLE SHUTTLE - CONTINUOUS

A pimped-out ride filled with a SEA OF GOOGLERS, the glow of their laptops bouncing off their faces, all of them typing away. Joe and Ollie make their way down the aisle --

JOE

Top of the morning.

OLLIE

'Mornin'.

The Googlers all have headphones in. Nobody glances up.

OLLIE

Alright. Party bus.

JOE

Everyone, there's a bomb on board and it'll go off if you type below fifty words a minute.

No response. Joe and Ollie sit -- *the freshmen that are completely ignored.*

JOE (CONT'D)
 "Wheels on the Bus"?
 (to the serious CODER
 beside him)
 You wanna kick it off or should I?

EXT. GOOGLEPLEX - BALLFIELD - LATER

Buffering addresses the intern group. Behind him stand a series of colorful striped poles with large hoops atop them. He wears a WIZARD HAT.

BUFFERING
 We thought the Quidditch Grounds
 would be the perfect place for you
 all to be sorted into your project
 groups. Don't worry, none of you
 will get Slytherin.

The interns LAUGH. Our guys have no idea what's funny. Joe LAUGHS extra big. Elbows the kid beside him --

JOE
 Slytherman. Love it.

BUFFERING
 Your Team Managers are flying into
 the arena as we speak...

A bunch of Google EMPLOYEES join them, each holding a broomstick between his/her legs. Ollie spots Dana, hopeful she'll be their manager. But she approaches another kid.

The employees all round up their groups. The feeling for the interns not unlike being picked for teams in gym. There's a lot of familiarity and happiness. "I recruited you at CalTech." "You're Sandeep's brother!" A Manager approaches Graham Hawtrey for his group. Graham lights up --

GRAHAM
 I found your work on the Coase
 Theorem inspired.

Left alone, our guys are the geeks who don't know anybody in this world.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
 Joe and Ollie?

They turn to see a GAWKY GUY who looks all of 16. Southern. Pathologically pleasant.

NEHA (21) is the tiny Indian girl who mistook Joe and Ollie for two gay dads. An adorably ditzy genius who doesn't shut up. Think a young Mindy Kaling with zero filter --

NEHA

Neha Patel. How much fun is this, right? Some people thought it was weird to have the old guys on their team but I was like, "no, I have a lot to learn from their regrets."

(hopeful)

Have either of you had an STD?

OLLIE

There's a key differentiation between STD and STI--

LYLE

And, finally, this is Stuart.

STUART (19) is the kid from the GoogleEarth Ring who didn't look up from his mobile. And now is no different, as he types furiously with both thumbs on a Samsung Galaxy --

STUART

'Sup.

His eyes never leave the screen. This kid lives in Digital World. Joe tries to lean into his eyeline --

JOE

Hey there, Stuart. Sweet mini-terminal.

Buffering retakes the floor --

BUFFERING

Okay, now that you're all set we have a little tradition: The Intern Scavenger Hunt.

(passing out sheets)

First group to finish all the clues gets sweet Google bike shirts.

Buffering holds up a tight, uncomfortable-looking Tour-de-France-type JERSEY.

JOE

(to team)

This is optional, right? So while these guys dick around with their race, why don't we get a jump on the big project? Start innovating.

LYLE

Hmm. The scavenger hunt is less a race and more of a way for you to get to know the funnest things on campus. The menus at the different cafes. The hot tubs. The steam--

OLLIE

(likes sound of that)
You can't rush innovation. Gotta let it steep. No weak tea.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE DANCE STUDIO - MOMENTS LATER

Our team approach a door, Joe reading the clue sheet --

JOE

"Videotape one minute of yourself participating in dance class."

Ollie reads the CLASS LISTING on the wall --

OLLIE

"Dancing for Parties and Clubs".
That's something you need a class for?

ALL

Yes. / Absolutely. / So desperately you can't imagine.

Graham and his team (including Linsanity and a CHUBBY KID) speed-walk down the hall, taking this way too seriously. Chubby kid struggles to keep up.

GRAHAM

This isn't the Marines, Zach. We will leave you behind.

Zach quickens his pace. Graham throws open the studio door --

OLLIE

Oh, hey, we're actually doing this one now--

GRAHAM

Our team's inside first so we go first. Check the rules, Gramps.

Joe doesn't really care about the scavenger hunt but he doesn't appreciate that dig.

JOE

Check your 'tude, Junior. We were clearly here--

GRAHAM

Oh, I'm sorry. I forgot you two are used to special treatment.

JOE

Excuse me?

GRAHAM

Well, you know, since you were affirmative-actioned in here. While the rest of us worked our asses off.

OLLIE

You don't know how hard we worked.

GRAHAM

No, but I know that Andrew here got a 4.0 at Princeton last semester. While designing the code for a startup. And traveling to Sudan as part of a microfinance initiative in water filtration. And as far as our group goes he's actually below average.

Andrew (Linsanity) hangs his head in shame.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

(to Joe and Ollie)

You're here because in a world of excellence, "old and unexceptional" counts as diversity. So, you know what? Go ahead. Do your dance. We'll just win a little more slowly.

OLLIE

No, please. You go. You're a special child and you need to get your special t-shirt.

GRAHAM

(laughs)

T-shirt. We're being judged every moment we're here. And Google likes people who go the extra mile. Winners.

JOE

Well that's too bad for you, son.
'Cause we're gonna scavenge hunt
the shit out of you motherfuckers.

LYLE

Joe, office language--

JOE

It's a shade of grey, Lyle!
(as Graham heads in)
Your ass is going down.

THE SCAVENGER HUNT IS ON!

* Clue: "Win One Point Against a Google Employee". At the PING PONG table, Joe confidently serves to...a Chinese OLYMPIC CHAMPION. The ball gets slammed right back at him, bouncing hard and PELTING him in the forehead. It happens point after point, DRILLING Joe all over his body. All our guys try. Stuart doesn't look up from his cell during his point. Joe's up to serve again. Accidentally DROPS THE BALL and looks for it under the table. The Champion also dips his head below to search when Joe QUICKLY SERVES -- he had the ball all along. Joe drops to his knees and throws his paddle in the air like he's just won Wimbledon.

* Clue: "Eat One Item From All 27 Cafes". Intercut quick beats of our guys eating. Joe constructs odd combinations to save time, like rolling sushi into a burrito. M&Ms on pizza. Ollie dunks bread in lemonade (ala Kobayashi at the Nathan's Hot Dog Eating Contest).

* Clue: "Videotape 1 Minute of Dance Class". Intercut iPhone footage of the hip-hop routine. An attractive female INSTRUCTOR leads. The kids are *truly horrible dancers*. Lyle makes the worst overbitey dance face ever. Yo-Yo looks like he's doing morning calisthenics at a factory. Ollie is *surprisingly good* but only knows moves circa 1987 (The Roger Rabbit, The Kid 'n Play).

* Clue: "Photograph a Team Member Getting a Massage". Joe gets a rubdown. Stuart snaps a phone photo and they all rush out. Joe doesn't move, too blissful. The team tries to drag him off.

* Our crew huddles around the clue list --

STUART

Graham's gChat says they've got one
clue left. Same as us.

JOE
 They're nothing like us. Because
 inside us beat the hearts of
 champions. Now let's do this!
 (reads lame clue after
 that impassioned plea)
 "Take a dive to find the gift card.
 It'll be a ball."

OLLIE
 Dive. Something with water...

LYLE
 There's the current pools?

* At the POOLS. Two small rectangles. Our team arrives first!

JOE
 It must be at the bottom!

Joe holds his nose and DIVES in. Surges to the bottom. Feels
 around. Resurfaces, breathless --

JOE (CONT'D)
 I don't see anything.

He tries again. No luck.

JOE (CONT'D)
 We need more eyes on this.
 Everybody in. Marco!

But our team all look over Joe's head to Graham and company,
 who smugly amble by --

GRAHAM
 Hey, Old Man River? Found this at
 the bottom of the ball pit.

He holds up a first place ribbon.

OLLIE
 (an angry realization)
 "It'll be a ball."

Joe smacks the surface.

JOE
 (to Graham)
 You're lucky I'm in here.

Joe SWIMS to get out, but it's a CURRENT POOL, the water
 pushing him backwards so that *he's stuck in place.*

Ollie crouches by the ladder on the other side --

OLLIE
Swim to me, Papa.

JOE
I can't!
(fiercely paddling)
The current's too strong!

OLLIE
Just hang on, big man!

Ollie DIVES in. He reaches Joe, cradles him, but struggles as well against the same current.

OLLIE (CONT'D)
(winded)
I've got you, Skipper.

JOE
(coughs)
So weak.

The two of them thrash about, almost drowning in the world's smallest pool.

Lyle finally *turns off the current*, making them look that much more ridiculous.

EXT. GOOGLEPLEX - THE NEXT DAY

Two driverless cars pass each other on the road.

INT. MICROKITCHEN - SAME

Joe and Ollie grab some food and head off. We follow in an Aaron Sorkin-ian WALK & TALK --

OLLIE
Joe, I'm-- to say I'm concerned
would go too far but I have a
concern.

JOE
Look, I'm sorry you're stuck
sleeping on the couch, but you know
I need the bed. My back's been like
this since wrestling in high
school.

OLLIE
It was backyard wrestling. Let's be
clear about that.

Mere feet away they reach ANOTHER MICROKITCHEN, stock up on more items, and continue along, neither mentioning it in any way.

OLLIE (CONT'D)

And my concern is the team, Joe.
They were supposed to make up for our weaknesses but I'm sensing more of an additional weakness vibe.

A THIRD MICROKITCHEN. More food. Joe switches out a coffee cake he's already taken a bite out of for a cinnabon.

JOE

That was in a scavenging setting.
They were like caged beasts. Now we get to see them in their natural habitat.

INT. TEAM LYLE BULLPEN - MOMENTS LATER

Lyle's glass-walled office is surrounded by a cluster of desks -- our group's workspace. The entire crew is gathered around a glass dry-erase board. The kids all have MacBooks open in front of them.

LYLE

At Google we don't believe in giving our interns assignments. You all get to come up with the idea for your big project yourselves.

STUART

(doesn't look up from laptop)

Four intern groups have already decided on their project concept and begun engineering.

Yo-Yo PULLS OUT an eyebrow hair, winces at the pain.

OLLIE

(gently)

Yo, Yo-Yo. What's the deal with the impromptu manscaping?

YO-YO

I was punishing myself for the failure to complete this task first.

Man, these kids are intense. Lyle passes out THUMB DRIVES --

LYLE

Extra code. Our Enge guys create so much data that we actually don't have enough employees to sift through it all. So I thought we might scan for gems. Could lead to inspiration for your concept.

The kids pop in the thumb drives and begin SCANNING LINES AND LINES OF CODE. It's impressive but kinda robotic. Joe and Ollie watch, feeling left out.

OLLIE

Alright. Finding inspiration.

Stuart's attention travels from his laptop to his mobile and back, never breaking stride. Joe sees this. A beat, then --

JOE

(smacks the table)

Okay, I got a concept. Everywhere you go these days people are taking photos with their phones, right? But then the pictures just sit there. What if there was a thing where as you took them you could instantaneously share the photos with all your friends?

OLLIE

A picture says a thousand words.

LYLE

(gently)

That's a great idea, guys.

STUART

It's called Instagram. One of the most popular apps in the world.

Stuart spins his phone, still blocking his face, to show Joe and Ollie *Instagram*. Quickly spins it back and keeps typing.

NEHA

It's also a function of the Google products Picasa, Picnik and Google+, not to mention Facebook and Twitter.

OLLIE

(beat, then)

Clearly some serious interest in this arena. That's a good thing.

JOE

It's just a first thought. We'll get there. This team's still gelling. A bunch of offseason moves. Lots of new pieces on the roster.

LYLE

Is that a sports metaphor? Because if so I'm in no way going to be able follow.

JOE

I'm just saying we've gotta make the individual parts come together as one.

STUART

Like Voltron.

OLLIE

What's a Voltron?

ALL

Defender of the Universe. / A giant robot. / Consisting of five robot lions.

OLLIE

Interesting. But why would a robot man be made out of robot lions?

JOE

Forget the robots. What I'm trying to say is we were runner-ups yesterday, let's hold our heads up high.

Yo-Yo yanks out another hair.

JOE (CONT'D)

Was that for not finishing first?

YO-YO

That was to remind myself of the embarrassment of our defeat.

(holds up piece of paper)

For not finishing first, I wrote myself a letter of admonishment.

OLLIE

What did your parents do to you?

YO-YO

My mother instilled a healthy drive for perfection. Failure to attain full Google employment is not an option.

Joe rises, pacing behind the kids --

JOE

Tiger Mom's right. It's not an option. But we need to think big...
(re: lines of code)
...not inside some little box--

BLOOP! An IM POPS UP on Neha's screen.

JOE (CONT'D)

What's that?

NEHA

Nothing.

JOE

(reads the IM she's just written)
"Tall one talks more but says less".

OLLIE

That's rather insightful.

JOE

Sonofabitch, you guys're all talking to each other.

STUART

Everyone in this building is in constant communication. The four of us have a chat group.

JOE

Like *The View*. I want in. Let the tall one in the chat room. I'll be your Star Jones.

LYLE

Sure...

As Lyle goes to add them, Joe and Ollie eye his computer. He's got the company directory open to MARIELENA THE DANCE INSTRUCTOR'S PAGE. She looks stunning in her photo.

JOE
Lyle, you salty dog!

OLLIE
Are you hot for teacher?
Because I have a wealth of
knowledge on the subject.

Hot? Homeboy's chatting her
up right now.

LYLE (CONT'D)
No, I'm not.
(quickly shuts her window)
That's just GoogleWho. The internal
directory. You can look up anyone
on here. See --

Lyle brings up Ollie's page...featuring his *ridiculous ID photo*.

JOE
(reads Neha's IM)
"Nolan Bushnell Talk at Lunch?"
Who's Nolan Bushnell?

ALL
Created Atari. / Pong. / The
godfather of gaming.

JOE
Okay. I loved Atari. I begged my
pop for one and he wanted to get me
a Speak-n'-Spell but five-year-olds
want Space Invaders, right? Nolan
Bushmell knew that. We should jump-
start our innovation not through
digits but via lessons from a
master innovator. I've got
goosebumps.

INT. DINING HALL - MOMENTS LATER

A huge swath of the company is gathered. NOLAN BUSHNELL (69,
beard, long-winded) hunches over a podium, a huge screen
behind him.

NOLAN BUSHNELL
...which is when the Sysygy Company
became Atari. Our next hour will
cover the formation years. 1972-
1978. But first let's pause for
questions.

Joe raises his hand --

JOE

Yes, what happened when you got a perfect score in *Kaboom*? Because my friend claimed all the colors changed but we never got there.

NOLAN BUSHNELL

I...I'd have to look it up and get back to you.

The WHOLE CROWD (an all work/no play bunch) turns to see who asked such a frivolous question. Joe nods, gives a little wave.

Ollie has his MacBook open to GoogleWho. Searches for "Dana Simms". Smiles at her over-serious photo.

In the front row, Graham rises --

GRAHAM

Graham Hawtrey, intern. As an avid player of the strategy game Go, I wondered if there was a link to the naming of the company...?

NOLAN BUSHNELL

Indeed. The term "Atari" in Go is akin to "Check" in chess. I found that suitably aggressive.

(moving on)

Where was I?

Joe types in gChat: *you were boring us to death.*

Joe CLICKS to send. BLOOP! The message pops up on our team's screens. They chuckle. Stuart IMs him back with a THUMBS UP ICON -- not bad. Joe smiles, proud of the approval.

NOLAN BUSHNELL (CONT'D)

Ah, yes. 1972. January. I had just switched from Pascal to BASIC--

BLOOP! Joe's message pops up on a screen of a random employee in the row in front of them. BLOOP! BLOOP! Two more. Then ten. Then thirty. A MURMUR. People look around.

OLLIE

(hushed)

What'd you do?

JOE

(hushed)

I hit "Send to All". To all of our group.

STUART

(hushed)

That's "Send to Group." You sent it to all the people in the company.

Joe quickly shuts his laptop, hoping to stay anonymous.

BLOOP! The IM (from *JoeM69@aol.com*) pops up on the massive screen right behind Nolan Bushnell.

NOLAN BUSHNELL

Okay, JoeM69. Care to explain yourself? Who are you?

Joe hides his face. Graham quickly TYPES something and Joe's GoogleWho PHOTO pops up on the screen.

INT. CHETTY'S OFFICE - LATER

Joe sits across from Chetty, who looks over Joe's file, not pleased --

CHETTY

You're telling me a man with rudimentary coding ability doesn't know how to use gChat?

JOE

Coding ability?

CHETTY

(re: file)

Under Computer Skills you wrote "C++".

JOE

That's actually a C+. That I got in computer class. Well, it was more typing than anything. The quick brown fox--

CHETTY

This is your first wicket.

JOE

I'm sorry?

CHETTY

In cricket, you get a certain number of wickets before you're dismissed by the bowler. It's a sports metaphor. Do you understand?

JOE

Not entirely but that's
inconsequential because there won't
be any more wickets on my end,
okay?

CHETTY

Get out. I don't want to see you in
my office again.

JOE

(rises)

Not under these circumstances. But
I feel like there's a bond here now
and once I've redeemed myself I'll
return and we'll be close. Probably
not father/son close but maybe like
a nephew/uncle thing. Throw the
cricket around.

Off Chetty's pained expression --

INT. GOOGLEPLEX - HONEY STATION - SAME

A spread of fresh bread, cheese and honey. A sign reads:
"From our own cows and bees." Ollie sits at a table, laptop
open. He's going through the complex code...

OLLIE

(sotto)

Okay, so the indent is white
space...

He actually understands something. Surprises himself. Checks
his watch --

OLLIE (CONT'D)

3:59...

Ollie shuts the computer and hustles across the way precisely
as a meeting empties out of a nearby CONFERENCE ROOM. Ollie
"accidentally" bumps into Dana --

OLLIE (CONT'D)

Oh, hey. Dana, right?

She keeps walking. He keeps pace.

DANA

Seventeen times.

OLLIE

I'm sorry?

DANA

You clicked on my GoogleWho profile
seventeen times.

OLLIE

You can see that? That's weird.
I've been having some computer
issues. Lot of refreshing.

DANA

And you checked my public calendar
to know I'd be here.

OLLIE

Not true. A friend did that. I
didn't even know it was an option.

She stops and picks up her DRY CLEANING from the Google
Cleaners [really exists] --

OLLIE (CONT'D)

You get your dry cleaning done
here?

DANA

It's very convenient for people who
actually work hard for a living.

OLLIE

You do work hard. It's impressive.
I mean, staying at the office 'til
3am everyday...

(off her look)

Also on your calendar.

DANA

Look, I'm sure you're quite popular
with the coeds at the University of
Phoenix but--

(re: the two of them)

--this? Isn't gonna happen.

OLLIE

What? No. I was merely reaching out
as an intern. We're encouraged to
approach as many Googlers as
possible to enhance our experience.

DANA

(knows he's full of shit)

Oh. Excellent. Then why don't you
sit in on this meetup? We're
discussing B2C Linux hosting.

She holds open a door for him. Off his forced smile --

INT. HEALTH CLUB HALLWAY - LATER

Joe pads past a GYM. Equinox quality. Graham and his team pedal on 5 exercise bikes arranged in a circle, their laptops open before them. They proudly wear their scavenger-hunt winning swag: cycling spandex in the Google colors. It's a SPIN-MEETING [I swear this actually happens]. Graham calls out to Joe --

GRAHAM

(doesn't stop pedaling)
Nice move, Spassky!

LINSANITY

Thanks to you, all interns are
banned from the speaker series.

GRAHAM

One of the keys to this experience
was to glean knowledge from our
elders. I guess now all we're left
with in that department is you.

JOE

Hm? Sorry, I was distracted by the
spandex. I think I can see the
little man in the canoe.

GRAHAM

Very amusing. You know, we're not
just cycling here. We're coding. On
our project. I had the idea three
years ago. We're already almost
done.

(pointed)

How's yours coming along?

JOE

You know, it's funny, at first I
thought it might just be the
English accent, but no, you really
are a tremendous asshole.

Joe strides away --

GRAHAM

What are you going to do, Joe?

JOE

(stops)

Right now I was thinking a deep tissue from May Lin, followed by a few Z's in the nap pod. What's it to you?

GRAHAM

I mean at the end of the summer. When this ridiculous farce of an internship has ended, and you don't get offered a job for which you're pathetically unqualified, and you're forced to return to a foreclosed condo and dead-end life, haunted by the knowledge that your time has passed?

Graham's words strike a nerve. Joe, for once, is silent. Continues off...

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Alone with his thoughts, Joe passes a dark, cave-like office filled with rows of workstations. Seems to be empty.

INT. COMPUTER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Joe collapses in a chair. Lets his head hang back. Loudly EXHALES. Hears something. Distant typing. Looks over to find, in the corner, an ENGINEER (he was the head of the black-sock pack we glimpsed earlier). He types faster than seems humanly possible. Huge shell HEADPHONES cover his ears. His eyes never leave the screen.

JOE

Sorry. I didn't think anybody was in here.

(no response)

You can't hear me, can you, Headphones? Probably don't even know I'm here.

(Headphones just keeps typing)

Probably wouldn't make a difference if I did. You're a rock star and I'm just an old man with a green badge.

(then)

I used to be really good at something, too, you know?

(then)

Enjoy it.

Joe looks at the screen in front of him. Open to that blank Google search page...

INT. TEAM LYLE BULLPEN - LATER

Joe pads up to find the group working. The kids all at their laptops scanning mountains of code. Ollie is with them, truly beginning to grasp it --

OLLIE

So, that's your source right there...

Joe takes this in a moment, then --

JOE

I got a new concept idea--

OLLIE

That's great, Joe. But I think we may already be onto something.

LYLE

Yo-Yo found some unused code.

OLLIE

Could have exciting applications vis a vis encryption and security.

NEHA

You're really getting the hang of this. And we all thought you were a total moron.

OLLIE

You're too kind.

They get back into the code. Joe feels left out in the cold.

JOE

(small)

Awesome. I'm gonna grab some coffee. Everybody good?

No response. Joe nods, turns to go.

Ollie glances up from the screen. Glimpses Joe heading off...

EXT. GOOGLEPLEX - FRONT DRIVEWAY - SAME

Joe, his arms and pockets overflowing with smuggled free snacks (Ring Dings, Yodels, Devil Dogs, Funny Bones), hustles toward one of the driverless Priuses. Checks over his shoulder to make sure the coast is clear and hops in.

I/E. DRIVERLESS PRIUS - CONTINUOUS

WOMAN'S VOICE (OVER STEREO)
 Welcome to Google Driverless Car
 Prototype. Destination, please?

JOE
 465 and a half Euclid. Cleveland,
 Ohio. The Forest City.

WOMAN'S VOICE (OVER STEREO)
 En route. Please buckle--

The car moves slowly forward when -- THUNK! -- Ollie steps in
 the way. The car stops.

WOMAN'S VOICE (OVER STEREO) (CONT'D)
 Obstacle struck. Recalibrating.

Ollie throws open the passenger door and throws himself in.

OLLIE
 Where do you think you're going?

WOMAN'S VOICE (OVER STEREO)
 465 and a half Euclid. Cleveland,
 Ohio.

The car continues down the road.

OLLIE
 Are you kidding me? After one
 setback?
 (to car)
 Building 43!

The Prius lurches to a stop. Starts to turn around --

JOE
 (to car)
 Cleveland, Ohio!
 (the car continues)
 You were right, Ollie. We've got
 nothing on these kids.

OLLIE
 Because they're younger--?

JOE
 Because they're better. Even at 20
 we weren't half as good as these
 fuckers. Graham Hawtrey created an
 algorithm that helps teach math to
 inner city kids. I Googled it.

OLLIE

You know what? You're right. 20-year-old us wouldn't've stood a chance here. But 40-year-old us does. Because we've got experience. The confidence that comes with knowing you can look somebody in the eye and make some magic. Can anyone named Graham do that?

JOE

I'm just being realistic.

OLLIE

Fuck that. I had a backup plan! And I gave it up! For you. To come here. And now you're gonna walk out on me because it's harder than you thought? Building 43!

The car SQUEALS to a stop.

JOE

465 and a half--!

Cleveland, Ohio!

OLLIE

Which was foreclosed upon, by the way. Building 43!

Building 43!

The Prius swings violently back and forth as the two men shout directions. Eventually the computer becomes overwhelmed and a word appears on the screen:

BUFFERING...

Oh shit. Out of control, the Prius HOPS A CURB, heading straight for the ENORMOUS CUPCAKE STATUE.

EXT. DESSERT STATUE GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

The car is totalled, the hood steaming, airbags deployed. Ollie tumbles out, woozy.

JOE (O.S.)

(pained)

That's gonna be another wicket.

Joe is splayed on the ground beside a giant sprinkle.

OLLIE

I'll take the rap on this one.

JOE
Nah, I'll take it. The Kid's still
got a shot.

OLLIE
Not without you.
(flumps to the ground)
Joe, you got us to the dance. You
can't leave now.

Joe struggles to turn his head --

JOE
You think you're gonna turn me with
a sports metaphor?

OLLIE
Yes. Because they're simple and
they're American and they work.
Like us.
(flumps to the ground)
Now, what does a team do when
they're struggling? Slow the bitch
down. Institute their offense. Play
their game.

Beat, then --

JOE
(a hint of a smile)
Scaramouche.

OLLIE
(he's got him)
Scarafuckingmouche.

MUSIC: The fun part of *Bohemian Rhapsody* kicks in over --

INSTITUTING THEIR OFFENSE MONTAGE

* Team Lyle Bullpen. The team fleshes out their project idea
for Joe, demonstrating on a computer --

NEHA
A password can be easily cracked
via analyzing someone's personal
details. For example, what's your
password?

JOE
One two three four five.

STUART

(beat, then)

Right. So instead of a password, when a Google programmer needs to access some classified code, our product makes them answer a logic question.

In place of the password, a difficult LOGIC PROBLEM appears.

JOE

That seems a bit more secure.

YO-YO

Problem is, we only have four weeks to execute a great product. Coding, mobile, graphic design, all in 28 days.

JOE

(rises)

You guys make it sound like we're alone. There's 8000 Googlers right outside that door. First play in the book: Form bonds.

OLLIE

From the VP to the secretary.
Network with the people who can help you.

* Google Doodle Studio. A really cool design area, the walls covered in thousands of different artistic interpretations of the Google logo. Joe and Ollie follow an ARTSY GUY who's on his way out --

JOE

Anders Culp?

ANDERS

Yes?

OLLIE

Ollie and Joe, interns. We love what you do with the graphic design of the logo every day and were wondering if we could pick that Doodler brain over sushi?

ANDERS

(surprised)

Interns don't usually--

JOE
We're not your usual interns.

ANDERS
No, you're not.
(then)
I love sushi. In fact, the dining
hall--

JOE
Has got nothing on Hama-Hama in
Palo Alto. The blowfish will blow
your dick off.

ANDERS
Alright.

They emerge from the building...

OLLIE
Great. Mind if we take our bikes?

The three reach a BICYCLE RACK, where Joe and Ollie unlatch
two of the free, bright-pink Google BIKES (they're small,
like a miniature beach-cruiser).

ANDERS
(impressed)
No. I try to cycle everywhere.

Anders removes his helmet from his bag. So do our guys.

JOE
As do we. I care about the
environment.

OLLIE
(re: his body)
And I care about this
environment right here.

The three of them pedal off. Joe's wobbly, way too big for
the tiny bike. Shoves his way along with his feet.

* Google Game Room. Joe and Ollie play slot hockey.

JOE
Next play?

OLLIE
Know what you're selling. You
remember how clueless we were when
we started on beepers?

JOE

(nods)

So we learned from the experts.
Doctors. Drug dealers.

OLLIE

I still keep in touch with 40
Ounce.

JOE

We gotta learn everything there is
to know about Google.

OLLIE

Exactly. GoogleWallet. GoogleMusic.
GoogleTranslate...

* Team Lyle Bullpen. The whole crew's gathered around a
computer, Joe and Ollie observing. Yo-Yo demonstrates
GoogleTranslate. Clicks the MIC button --

YO-YO

Where is the train to Shanghai?

The product translates his sentence into Mandarin and SPEAKS
it aloud.

YO-YO (CONT'D)

Wherever you are, you can speak to
someone in their language.

OLLIE

That's really useful.

Joe clicks the MIC button --

JOE

Where are the young boys with no
hair on their body? My blonde
friend must know.

The computer translates this, speaking it aloud in Chinese.

OLLIE

(clicks MIC)

How much money for my large
friend's kidney? He is a sound
sleeper.

* Google Yoga Studio. Joe and Ollie are in SHOULDER STANDS
beside a SALES EXEC, gaining knowledge --

SALES EXEC

...you can easily monetize a data access product by targeting the companies who most prize security.

* Conference Room. A meeting in progress. A slide reads: *B2C Linux Hosting*. Ollie sits on the sidelines taking notes.

Dana clocks this, a bit impressed that he's come on his own.

Ollie raises his hand --

OLLIE

Why not use GNOME as the GUI [gooey] for Ubuntu?

Dana is stunned --

DANA

That's...actually a really good question. And leads me to my next slide. GNOME uses...

* Tech-Stop. Computer Guy and Abramov examine Joe's MacBook --

COMPUTER GUY

We can repair it but we're backlogged. You'll get it back in four days.

JOE

I was thinking more like two hours.

Joe slides a first-generation iPod (which looks ancient now) onto the counter. Computer Guy and Abramov are geeked out at the sight. They reach for the old gadget hungrily when Joe stops them --

JOE (CONT'D)

Ah ah ah. Before you get your hands on that...

(re: MacBook)

...you're gonna have to get the demon out. I want this terminal spitting pea soup. Today.

* Joe and Ollie's Apartment. Ollie cooks an impressive dinner using only stolen Google food. Joe sips a glass of wine while successfully using his now-working computer. He's joined *Google+*. Under "People You Might Know" he spies MEGAN (the girl who left him). Clicks on her profile. She seems happy. A bittersweet sight.

* Googleplex Outdoor Dining Area. A card with a weird DRAGON on it slaps down on a table.

OLLIE

Read 'em and weep, fellas.

Reveal Joe and Ollie are playing a *Magic: The Gathering*-esque card game with a nerdy group of GUYS. Everybody's having a great time.

NERDY GUY

That was a bold gambit.

JOE

You always double-down on dragons.

OLLIE

Now, what were you saying about the mobile applications of our product, Allen?

At a table nearby, Graham plays Go (the Chinese board game he referenced to Nolan Bushnell) with his team, watching Joe and Ollie in a quiet rage.

LINSANITY

(makes a move)

Atari.

GRAHAM

That's Allen Hoffman-Yang and the entire Android group! I've written him seven IMs requesting face-time and those mingers are his new best friends?

CHUBBY KID

Maybe he likes to have fun.

Graham slides Chubby Kid's well-apportioned food tray away from him.

GRAHAM

And maybe free meals was a bad idea for you, Zachary.

LINSANITY

(Joe & Ollie are harmless)

Graham, the car crash was their second wicket.

GRAHAM

As long as they're here they could take our jobs.

(MORE)

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Hack into their shit. Track their every move. That group is clearly brewing something big and I want to know what they're up to.

SMASH TO --

INT. TEAM LYLE BULLPEN - NIGHT

The once-pristine space is *now* a wreck. Lots of wrappers and empty energy drinks. The kids appear worn out, in need of showers and a change of clothes. This is what coding looks like.

Joe and Ollie sit in front of a laptop screen intently watching something, the other interns looking on over their shoulders.

VOICE (O.S.)

And I'll form the head!

New angle reveals they're watching an anime VOLTRON CARTOON.

OLLIE

You better watch out, Lotor. He's gonna form the blazing sword.

JOE

Voltron doesn't choose violence but you can't negotiate with a Lotor.

VOICE (ON COMPUTER) (CONT'D)

Form blazing sword!

Voltron forms his sword and lifts it, about to slice Lotor's ship in two, when Lyle's phone alarm CHIMES --

LYLE

Break's over. Back to it.

The interns return to their stations and start CODING like automatons.

JOE

C'mon, guys. You've been going like this for eight hours.

STUART

Exactly. There's only two weeks left until the final presentation.

NEHA

That's a thousand total work hours to accomplish what should be at least fifteen-hundred hours of coding.

JOE
(rises)
Anybody want a soda?

YO-YO
We don't allow caffeine inside my vessel. Or high fructose corn syrup. Or anything contained within an aluminum can.

JOE
Okay. So "we'll" get four sodas and an organic juice box for Marinovich over here.

OLLIE
It's after eleven. Maybe you should call it a night soon?

STUART
Can't. We still haven't fully nailed the logic questioning mechanism.

JOE
Of course you haven't. Because creative solutions don't come when you're locked in a closet putting pressure on yourself. Benjamin Franklin didn't create electricity sitting at a dry-erase board; he got out in the rain and flew a fucking kite.

OLLIE
(rises)
Now, Joe and I've been doing some research and we discovered a little known Googulation.

JOE
Turns out any employee can reserve a shuttle.

LYLE
Yes, for educational purposes.

JOE
Believe me, you guys have a shit-ton to learn.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT

Bright lights, big city.

EXT. LITTLE SAIGON STREET - SAME

A Google SHUTTLE pulls up to the curb. The door accordions open. Smoke and music pour out. Now it really is a party bus. In super-slo-mo, off step Joe (who slips a twenty to Shonda the driver), Ollie and the interns, dressed to the nines. They head into a magnificent HISTORIC THEATRE.

INT. HISTORIC THEATRE - CONTINUOUS

Joe smiles. Shock and awe on the kids' faces. The theatre has been transformed into a massive STRIP CLUB to end all strip clubs.

JOE

Welcome to the Silicone Valley.

A statuesque TOPLESS DANCER approaches --

TOPLESS DANCER

Show you to your table?

STUART, buried in his phone as usual, doesn't notice.

OLLIE

Big world out there, my friend.
Just three inches up.

Ollie SLOWLY RAISES STUART'S CHIN. The woman's perfect breasts are exactly at eye level. We see Stu's entire face for the first time as it takes in the glory before him.

STUART

I have to Tweet this...

Joe swipes Stu's phone away.

JOE

It's living time, Stu. That goes for all of you, gentlemen. Neha, I apologize if any of this offends you but we felt the whole team should take part.

NEHA

I'm into Hentai. This is nothing.

OLLIE

What's Hentai?

NEHA

It's anime. Kinda like Voltron, only the women are penetrated by octopus tentacles.

A beat, then --

JOE
Okay.

OLLIE

Maybe next three-minute
break.

AT A VIP TITANIUM BANQUETTE - MOMENTS LATER

Our team sit, some DANCERS already draped over them. A
WAITRESS delivers a tray of tequila shots.

JOE
(re: payment)
Papa Bear's got this one.

Joe fishes his PHONE from his pocket, open to *GoogleWallet* (a
real product which lets you pay for things by scanning your
mobile device).

JOE (CONT'D)
Type yourself an extra good tip,
okay, Honey?

Ollie hands everyone shots. Yo-Yo refuses --

YO-YO
My mom says alcohol numbs the soul.

JOE
When it's working right,
absolutely.

OLLIE
Yo-Yo, let me tell you a story
about a friend of mine. Guy took
guitar lessons when he was younger
and the teacher said, "If you wind
the string too tight it'll break,
but if the string's too loose
there won't be any music."
Discipline's admirable but if you
stay this wound-up you're gonna
snap and be the guy sniping people
at gas stations.

A Dancer strokes Yo-Yo's hair --

DANCER
(re: Ollie's lesson)
That's really beautiful.

YO-YO

(swayed)

As far as string-tension goes,
you're technically accurate.

(then, knowing)

This "friend"...he's you, right?

OLLIE

Actually, it's the Buddha. But we
share a lot in common.

JOE

(raises his glass)

Let's get Noogly!

The crew TOASTS and THE PARTY BEGINS!

* Lapdances all around. Champagne flows. Joe and Ollie show
the kids how to make it rain.

* Yo-Yo's one shot becomes two becomes four becomes body
shots becomes a girl simultaneously pouring a bottle of vodka
and a can of Redbull down his throat.

YO-YO

(wasted)

Is that aluminum?

* An incredibly attractive Dancer sits on Neha's lap,
fascinated --

DANCER

And then what happens?

NEHA

The half-cat-half-woman removes her
garters in front of the giant
jellyfish...

* Mid-lapdance, a Stripper takes off Stuart's glasses, hangs
the bridge from her nipple, and swings them back and forth.
Then returns them to his face.

STUART

(awed)

I have nipple on my nose.

JOE

No need for Instagram. That's with
you forever.

* Yo-Yo gets a lapdance when his eyes grow wide. SMASH TO:
Yo-Yo in the bathroom, a wet blotch below his belt buckle.
Ollie points the hand dryer at him supportively --

OLLIE

Happens all the time. Might wanna
double-up on the underwear.

* Lyle is drunk but has yet to get a dance, super-shy. A
Dancer leans over him --

DANCER

You want a dance, Sugar?

LYLE

I'm still deciding, thank you.

DJ (O.S.)

Jade to the mainstage. Jade. Now
please welcome...Saffron!

On stage, a spotlight hits SAFFRON. She's bent at the waist,
her back to us. She slowly rises, more impressive movement
than anybody we've seen. She's not just a stripper; this
woman can dance. As she turns and flips her hair, Lyle falls
out of his seat. Joe and Ollie help him up --

JOE

There we go. It's not a night until
somebody's on the floor.

They follow Lyle's gaze to the dancer and we can see that
she's MARIELENA (the hip-hop instructor from Google).

OLLIE

Mrs. Gutierrez?

Lyle covers Ollie's eyes.

OLLIE (CONT'D)

Lo siento.

Ollie can't help but try to look through his fingers.

Mari slinks along the stage, crawling closer to our group.
She makes eye contact with Lyle, recognizes him. He smiles
weakly and waves. She's thrown.

EXT. LITTLE SAIGON STREET - SAME

Graham and his crew hop out of a taxi, all their heads buried
in their mobile devices, tracking --

GRAHAM

What the hell are they doing here?

LINSANITY

Must be some kind of offsite.

ZACH

Stuart's last 4square check-in was
somewhere right around--

FEMININE VOICE (O.S.)

You boys need a date?

They look up to see a TRANNY HOOKER.

TRANNY HOOKER

Lemme taste your juice.

They are on the sketchiest block in the sketchiest
neighborhood in the freakiest city in America. Scared
shitless, they walk quickly. A GANG-BANGER with a teardrop
tattoo makes out with a BEARISH DUDE.

BEARISH DUDE

Any of you cubs wanna come in the
bear's den?

Graham shoves Linsanity toward Bearish Dude. Linsanity forces
a smile as Graham uses the diversion to ensure his own
escape.

INT. STRIP CLUB - SAME

Mari gets offstage, a bit more covered up. Lyle hovers
nearby. Hesitates. Joe and Ollie motion for him to make his
move. Lyle girds himself and approaches her --

LYLE

Hi. You were really good up there.
I didn't mean that in a sexual way.
Not that it wasn't erotic.

MARIELENA

I'm so embarrassed.

LYLE

Well, now we're even. Because
dancing in front of you was one of
the more embarrassing moments of my
life.

MARIELENA

(tries to place him)
No offense, but I get a lot of you
guys in my classes.

LYLE

So you don't even remember? Which
means we're not even.

(MORE)

LYLE (CONT'D)

(then)

Only one way to fix that.

Lyle busts out the worst Running Man ever run. Mari stifles laughter, eases.

MARIELENA

Okay, yes. That is burned in my memory. You can stop now.

LYLE

I'll stop if you let me buy you a drink...?

MARIELENA

(smiles)

I would love that.

At those words, Lyle somehow is like five inches taller.

Joe and Ollie look on, proud of their protege's success --

JOE

I gotta try that.

OLLIE

Maybe rock the Roger Rabbit.

The DJ halts the music --

DJ

Gentlemen, we've got some dirty girls out there tonight. What do you say we get them clean?

The crowd CHEERS.

STUART

What's that mean?

JOE

I have no idea, Stu, but all aboard the trolley train. This is Frisco. Titty Bar 2.0.

A whirring noise. From huge tubes hanging from the ceiling --

FOAM FILLS THE ROOM!

Soap suds, continuously pumped in, creating the world's biggest bubble bath filled with beautiful clothesless women and a team of Google interns.

QUICK SHOTS of our crew dancing in the foam with the girls. Our guys' clothes coming off. People sliding across the floor.

Stuart finally points his phone in the other direction, taking photos of himself with as many women as possible. A Stripper applies glittery makeup to Neha. Yo-Yo makes out with a girl, his string fully loosened.

We find Lyle and Marielena at the bar. It's going great.

MARIELENA

I love teaching but it doesn't
cover my tuition, so I augment.

Lyle smiles when a DOUCHE interrupts, white powder around his nostrils --

DOUCHE

Can I get a dance?

MARIELENA

Sorry, not now.

DOUCHE

(to Lyle)

Look, I've been waiting since she
got off the stage, buddy. Nut up or
move on.

Joe and Ollie see the trouble brewing from across the way.

LYLE

(not backing down)

The lady asked you to leave her
alone.

DOUCHE

Sweetheart, I don't know who this
loser thinks he is but I drop a ton
of cash here, okay? I'm an exec at
Yahoo--

Joe and Ollie move in, backing up their boy --

JOE

Yahoo? What's that?

OLLIE

I'm sorry, I'm not familiar
with that company.

JOE

(shows his badge)

I've got an idea. Why don't we just
Google it.

DOUCHE

Fuck you pussies.

Outnumbered, the Douche turns away, incensed. Then spins back and DECKS Lyle.

MARIELENA

Lyle!

And with that, a sudsy NERD FIGHT is on. Google versus Yahoo. It's not pretty. Broken bottles. Joe clocks the Douche right on the chin.

The fight escalates. TWO HUGE BOUNCERS rush in. One TASES a Yahoooligan. Nobody wants any of that. Chaos as everybody scrambles. Joe tosses Neha over his shoulder...

JOE

Back to the bus, Hentai!

EXT. ALLEY - SAME

Graham and company tiptoe along, hands shaking as they check their phones --

CHUBBY KID

This alley is paved with used condoms.

LINSANITY

Their signal ends right here...

WHOMP! A door flies open and the YAHOO CREW stumble out, fleeing the scene --

GRAHAM

Excuse me. Have you gents seen a group of Googlers?

The Douche spots their green Google badges, grins.

I/E. GOOGLE SHUTTLE - MOMENTS LATER

Our team scramble aboard. Joe's last out the club door, shouting to the driver --

JOE

Wheels up, Shonda!

The bus rolls off. Joe LEAPS onto the moving vehicle's steps, just avoiding a Bouncer's reach. High fives all around.

JOE (CONT'D)

(celebratory, breathless)
How great was--? You all needed--

He waves them off. Gonna need a second.

The bus stops at a light at the corner. In the alley, we can see Graham and company running in terror.

Stuart rises, patting his pockets desperately --

STUART

I left my phone in that girl's thigh-high. We have to go back! My whole life's in there!

Stuart freaks out, jonesing for a fix. Joe grips Stu's shoulders, right in his face --

JOE

Your whole life's out here now, son. The blinders are off the gelding and the starting gates are open. Am I right?

Joe holds out his fist for a pound. Stuart nods his assent, knocking knuckles with Joe.

JOE (CONT'D)

My Noogler.

OLLIE

(to Lyle)

Looked like you and Saffron hit it off.

LYLE

(wasted)

I'm gonna text her that I love her. And that I want to make a deposit in her in-box.

OLLIE

You don't wanna do that. Trust me, you're drunk.

LYLE

I'm fline.

JOE

You're not fline, watch: what's seventeen squared?

LYLE

289.

JOE

Someone ask him a harder question. Yo-Yo...?

Yo-Yo leans his head back on his seat, eyes closed.

OLLIE

You alright, buddy? You gonna puke?

YO-YO

(eyes still closed)

I feel...great. It's like I was wearing one of those weighted vests. Like the ones that joggers use. And someone just...took it off. You guys know what that's like?

JOE

I'm not a big jogger.

OLLIE

(smiles)

I bet it's wonderful.

Neha sticks her head out that same window, WOOOOING in the night.

Joe and Ollie share a look. It feels good to see these kids finally alive.

INT. GOOGLEPLEX - TEAM LYLE BULLPEN - THE NEXT MORNING

The whole team is near death, insanely hungover. Yo-Yo struggles to take a sip of Gatorade but gags.

STUART

The whole world looks like a giant pinwheel of death right now.

JOE

The price of making memories, my friend.

Ollie staggers to his feet --

OLLIE

Nap pod.

-- and continues off. Lyle examines his phone. On screen some code-looking stuff ending in "fuuuuuuukkkkk uuuuuuu".

LYLE

What is this?

YO-YO

Your attempt to solve a sample logic question from our project.

STUART

We saved you from drunk texting.

LYLE

Thanks. You guys are good friends.

At that, Joe sits up. A lightbulb moment --

JOE

What if Google was your friend?

LYLE

Hmm?

JOE

What if your Droid wouldn't let you text or email after 2am unless you'd correctly answered a question?

NEHA

Google Goggles.

JOE

Yes. Not geeky coder encryption shit but questions regular people would be able to answer sober.

STUART

Could go further. The navigation system in your car could ask you questions to prevent you from driving drunk.

JOE

Look at that. Started silly, now we're saving lives, people. We're Benny Franklin in a rainstorm right now. Let's fly some fucking kites!

Joe rises. Woozy, he stumbles back into his chair.

JOE (CONT'D)

In life fifteen minutes. Maybe get some breakfast first.

INT. NAP POD ROOM - SAME

Ollie tiptoes in. Settles into a pod, placing a cold blindfold over his eyes. Exhales a little too loudly. Shifts around. Clears his throat.

All this noise awakens DANA, who lies in a pod nearby. She opens one eye. Sees that it's him, not pleased.

DANA
 (points to sign)
 This is a "shhh" zone.

OLLIE
 (happy to see her)
 Oh, hey. Sorry about that.
 (a quiet moment, then)
 You seem stressed. What's wrong?

DANA
 I'm pretty sure it's the
 combination of trying to take a nap
 and you.

OLLIE
 C'mon. Tell me what's bothering
 you?
 (genuine)
 I actually want to know. To be
 honest, it's a surprise to me.

DANA
 (sits up)
 I'm leaving.

OLLIE
 No, wait. You were here. I'll go.
 (about to get up)
 But before I do, I'll tell you why
 you're stressed.
 (she shakes her head)
 It's because you spend your whole
 life at the office. Admittedly,
 it's an office with dog runs and
 hovercars and nap pods which I'm
 sure are normally very relaxing,
 but it's still an office. And one
 day, maybe not tomorrow but soon,
 you're going to wake up and wonder
 what happened to the everything
 else part.
 (rises)
 Take it from the 40-year-old with
 nothing else.

He pads for the door, when --

DANA
 (in spite of herself)
 I already feel that way.

He turns back, pleasantly surprised he's gotten through.

DANA (CONT'D)

(this is hard for her)
 Ever since I turned 30, I can't go on Facebook because it's all babies. Old friends' kids getting food on their faces and wearing socks that look like tiny sneakers and they're so fucking adorable and I hate them.

OLLIE

(sits)
 They're the absolute worst.

DANA

I want what those friends have. I want a little piece of "everything else". Only you're right -- my 20s was nothing but work. Which means I'm ten years behind. Those women already did their dozens of bad dates and the long-term relationship with that guy with the body hair shoulder-pads--

(Ollie winces)

--and then, finally, found the person to procreate with. And I'm--

OLLIE

Back at the beginning of something and that's scary.

She nods. Surprised he understands.

DANA

God, it felt good to say that out loud.

OLLIE

Yeah?

DANA

(exhales)

Yeah.

She shuts her eyes.

He considers for a moment, then truly opens up --

OLLIE

This has been hard for me, too. Starting over. But it's also been good. To know it's not too late to try new things.

(MORE)

OLLIE (CONT'D)

Like video hangouts or an actual grown-up conversation with someone I'm attracted to.

(then)

It does feel good to say that out loud, huh?

He turns to her to see...*she's asleep*. Makes a little snoring noise. He sighs. A beat, then...

She smiles --

DANA

(eyes still closed)

I'm just fucking with you.

He throws a pillow at her. She throws one back.

OLLIE

Can I make a couple suggestions? One, you need to get the hell out of this building. And, two, I'm such a mountain of mistakes that a date with me will be like ten years of bad experience in one shot. So let me take you out to dinner.

DANA

You realize that's a total red paddle.

OLLIE

There's your first mistake right there.

Off her smile, we CUT TO --

AN IPOD

snapped into a DOCK. A finger touches through the screens to bring up a PLAYLIST: *get-psyched mix DIGITAL EDITION!*

MUSIC: A modern getting psyched selection, ie David Guetta.

INT. TEAM LYLE BULLPEN - DAY

Our crew is hard at work on their project. The interns type code. Joe and Ollie map out sales strategies.

Yo-Yo's cell rings. It's "Mother". He considers, then clicks "IGNORE".

INT. HAMA-HAMA SUSHI - NIGHT

Our whole team is out for dinner with Anders the graphic designer.

JOE

I'm gonna let Red Lion here handle
the face to face pitch.

Stuart takes a deep breath. Lowers his phone. Looks Anders in the eye and begins --

STUART

What if Google was your friend?

INT. TEAM LYLE BULLPEN - DAY

Joe works on some sales figures. Clicks over to Google+ and sees MEGAN's online. Clicks on her profile. An IM pops up from her: *Joe?* He quickly closes out and slams his laptop shut.

INT. GOOGLEPLEX - YOGA STUDIO - DAY

Joe and Ollie pitch their data to the SALES GUY, who's got his legs wrapped around his neck. He's impressed.

INT. SALSA CLUB - NIGHT

Lyle and Marielena do the Cha-cha. He's actually not half bad.

INT. TEAM LYLE BULLPEN - DAY

Neha runs some code by one of the *Magic: The Gathering* guys that Joe and Ollie had laughing at the cafeteria.

MAGIC GUY

Impressive.
(then)
Are you free this Friday?

NEHA

I'm looking for your respect as a
coder, not a date.
(he feels bad)
And, yes, I'm free.
(then)
Do you have an STI?

INT. HAMA-HAMA SUSHI - NIGHT

Anders nods along to Stu's pitch, drawing on his paper placemat. He's made a logo for "Google Goggles" with the two O's bridged together to look like glasses. Everyone loves it.

YO-YO

Sake bombs!

Yo-Yo slams the table, causing a shot of sake to drop from a pair of chopsticks into his pint of beer. He tosses it back.

INT. CHETTY'S OFFICE - DAY

Graham, a huge shiner on his left eye from the alley incident, sits opposite Chetty.

CHETTY

(reads email on-screen)

Stealing food. Supplying alcohol to minors.

GRAHAM

Misuse of the company shuttle--

CHETTY

I spoke to the driver and she assured me they were at the science museum.

GRAHAM

I have photos of them at an exotic dance club.

CHETTY

Which you obtained how exactly, Mr. Hawtrey? An illegal hack would surely come to light in any investigation.

GRAHAM

The final project presentation's this Thursday. Do you honestly want these wankers wearing the Red Green Yellow and Blue?

CHETTY

You honestly believe those buffoons pose a risk?

(reads laptop screen)

I see you're slated to play them in the intramural league soon. Why not settle this like men, on the field of sport?

EXT. BALLFIELD - DAY

MUSIC: Dramatic NFL Films-style war march.

Steam rises off the field. Our warriors march in...with broomsticks between their legs.

Graham's team wears perfect matching Harry Potter striped outfits, goggles and capes. Our team dons a hodgepodge of mismatched workout junk.

OLLIE

Cliffs Notes the rules for us again?

LYLE

Right. The Beaters toss the Bludgers at the Chasers before they can get the Quaffle through the--

JOE

Use your Muggle words.

LYLE

You have to peg them with the kickballs before they throw the volleyballs through the hoop and they're meanwhile trying to stop your volleyballs with their kickballs. And then the tennis ball--

OLLIE

(beat, then)

Maybe try the fancy words again.

Computer Guy (serving as ref) shouts --

COMPUTER GUY

Brooms up!

BOTH SIDES OF PLAYERS rush to the various balls. Each competitor *holds a broom between their legs at all times*, forcing them both to look ridiculous and to grab the balls with one hand.

Joe and Ollie may be better athletes but they have a tenuous grasp on the rules...

JOE

(re: kickball)

Should I take the Beater?

STUART

You're the Beater. That's the
Bludger.

Graham easily scores a hoop. Then another. Dodges our guys' throws. Joe grabs a volleyball and attempts to score but gets beaned by a few Bludgers. Our boys are getting their asses handed to them. Graham dunks a ball, Joe falling to the turf.

GRAHAM

May as well throw in the Snitch.
You boys are dead.

JOE

Time out! Are there time outs?
Broom break!

Moments Later: A HUDDLE with our team.

YO-YO

Graham's right. It's over.

OLLIE

(winded)

Hold on a second. Maybe the problem
is we're too focused on scoring
more points than them.

LYLE

That's how you win. I thought you
guys knew sports.

JOE

(catching his breath)

We do, Lyle. Like the old Detroit
Pistons -- this is back when you
were all still in short pants
chasing the Good Humor truck --
they couldn't outskill Michael
Jordan's Bulls, right? So they out
physical'd 'em. A Bull drove, they
ended up on the hardwood. Laimbeer
gave them a reason to think twice
before coming into the paint next
time down the court. You follow me?

ALL

Nope. / Not at all. / That's the
Hanes guy, right? / The black man
with the Hitler moustache?

JOE

Just follow our lead.

Moments Later: Gameplay resumes. Graham drives for a hoop. Joe grabs Graham's broom and yanks it into his balls, sending him flying into the hoop pole. Computer Guy lifts a --

COMPUTER GUY
Yellow wand!

That's a foul. Graham's going to feel that in the morning.

Joe nods to his teammates, touching a finger to his nose as he heads to the PENALTY BOX.

Quick Shots: Joe, Ollie, and four formerly passive geeks are the Bad Boys of intramural Quidditch. Leg sweeps. Cape pulls. Broom trips. Yo-Yo gives the "not-in-my-house" finger wag.

The intimidation is working -- Chubby Kid has no interest in driving the lane. Tosses the ball over to the other side. Our team scores.

GRAHAM
(to Chubby Kid)
Great tenacity, Augustus Gloop.

Computer Guy blows a whistle --

COMPUTER GUY
Score's tied. Next Quaffle wins!

A final run to the balls. Graham is the only member of his team who refuses to stand down. Makes a final push alone, head to head with Joe --

JOE
Looks like we're not so dead after all. Turns out we were just chilling at a train station in wizard heaven and now we're back to finish your ass.

GRAHAM
Never!

Graham grabs a volleyball and scrambles off. Joe and Ollie share a look -- *that was dramatic*. Joe wails a throw, connecting with a Bludger to Graham's head.

Stuart snatches a volleyball, runs up to the opposing team's hoop (it's the height of a kids' basket) and DUNKS the ball, hanging on the rim. Our team mobs him, diving into a pile-on like a 16-Seed that just upset Kentucky. Graham slaps a pole. Hurts his hand.

EXT. BEACH SHACK RESTAURANT - SANTA CRUZ - DUSK

A laid-back place with the most amazing view of Monterey Bay. Ollie and Dana share a table on the patio. He's a bit more put-together. She's finally out of her professional attire and looks great.

OLLIE

I have to say, I'm a little disappointed.

DANA

You are?

He's got his phone open to HER CALENDAR...

OLLIE

Well, I checked your calendar and you only allotted two hours for this before your DVBT meeting. I was hoping we might go longer.

DANA

You'll be lucky if you make it to two.

OLLIE

Fair enough.

(then)

You look amazing. That dry cleaning really paid off.

DANA

(smiles, shakes her head)

I have to tell you something.

OLLIE

Alright, but go quick. Time's a wastin'.

DANA

I didn't vote for you and Joe. To get into the internship program.

OLLIE

(swallows)

How come?

DANA

I thought there were people who deserved it more. Kids with better track records.

OLLIE

And now...?

DANA

There are still people with better records than you.

(then)

But I don't think they'd've made nearly as good a Googler.

He smiles.

INT. JOE AND OLLIE'S APARTMENT - SAME

Joe sits on the couch, *testing the project* on his laptop. At ease now. No more error beeps. A different SOUND TRILLS.

JOE

The hell is that?

Joe clicks over to see he's got a Google+ Meetup request. A beat, then...he clicks to accept. A window pops open with MEGAN in it.

MEGAN

Since when is Joe McMahon social networking?

JOE

I mostly got into it because I was having trouble juggling all the girls that came pouring my way after you left. This really helped organize the barrage.

MEGAN

(hint of a smile)

Where are you?

JOE

California. I moved with the world for once.

She's intrigued.

EXT. DANA'S HOUSE - LATER

Ollie drops Dana at her front door. A taxi waits at the curb.

DANA

That was terrible.

OLLIE

Really? Because I thought--

DANA

You were supposed to pack a decade
of assholes into one night but you
were totally fine.

OLLIE

I'm terribly sorry.

She smiles. Big moment. Does he try to come in? The old Ollie
would have, but --

OLLIE (CONT'D)

I should probably go. You've got
that thing scheduled.

DANA

(nods)

The DVBT meeting.

OLLIE

Right. Well, enjoy.

He turns, padding down the walk to the cab.

DANA

I hope I will.

OLLIE

(beat, then)

By the way, should I know what that
is? DVBT?

DANA

You're an expert now. Guess.

OLLIE

Data...Video...Byte...Tracking?

DANA

Close.

He arrives at the taxi.

DANA (CONT'D)

Doing Very Bad Things.

Dana smiles. Ollie's eyebrow raises -- *she optimistically
scheduled him coming inside all along.* He pays the CABBIE --

OLLIE

I'm good here, thanks.

He jumps back up the steps and kisses her.

INT. JOE AND OLLIE'S APARTMENT - THE NEXT MORNING

On top of the world, Ollie pads in with a gift box to find Joe already up and about.

JOE

There he is. Not that I have to ask
because of that shit-eating grin,
but how did it go?

Ollie pulls the RED PADDLE out of his pocket and holds it up.

JOE (CONT'D)

There's The Kid!
(re: present)
And she gives parting gifts.

OLLIE

It's for you.

Ollie hands Joe the gift. As Joe opens it --

OLLIE (CONT'D)

I didn't say anything but my rainy-
day fund has a rainy-day fund.
And I thought, today's the final
project presentation, we're gonna
need something to celebrate with
after.

Joe lifts a bottle of OLD FITZGERALD from the box, touched.

JOE

That's just for me and you, though,
right? It's way too expensive for
Yo-Yo to be yakking up on his
iPhone.

I/E. GOOGLE SHUTTLE (MOVING) - LATER

Joe and Ollie sit amidst the usual sea of Googlers on MacBooks.

OLLIE

We good on the project? You check
everything over last night?

JOE

Dotted the zeroes and crossed the
ones. Thing's like a Swiss clock.
(smiles, sings)
*Three cheers for the bus driver,
the bus driver, the bus driver.*

The whole shuttle of Googlers reply in the old schoolbus chant --

GOOGLERS

*Three cheers for the bus driver who
drove us today.*

INT. MEETING HALL - LATER

All the interns are gathered, Buffering before them.

BUFFERING

Good news, everybody. One of your
projects will be presented tomorrow
at your parting TGIF.

A hum through the crowd at that news. Lyle whispers to Joe
and Ollie --

LYLE

Thank Google It's Friday.

NEHA

The whole company's there.

BUFFERING (CONT'D)

Okay, up first, Gurinder's Team.

Graham and company take the stage.

GRAHAM

Several years ago, my father threw
a dinner party at which a guest --
not to name drop but it was Totty
Kembell.

OLLIE

(hushed)

The Totty Kembell?

GRAHAM

Totty was particularly enamored
with the wine. But father couldn't
remember its provenance and that's
when it occurred to me: what if one
could take a photo of the bottle on
their mobile and instantly know all
the pertinent information: the
tannins, the bouquet. It could even
link their guests to a distributor
at which they could order a few
cases.

OLLIE

(hushed)

Because everybody's always ordering
a few cases of wine.

JOE

(hushed)

You need to be pretty drunk to live
with this kid.

Graham takes a photo of a wine bottle's label with his phone. On the big screen behind, we see how it links to a Napa vineyard's Chardonnay on sale at BevMo.com.

GRAHAM

...so we are able to use the
breadth of ImageSearch in order to
enhance user knowledge and
facilitate purchases for our
partners. Thank you.

BUFFERING

Very nice, Graham. Up next, Team
Lyle.

Our guys take the stage. Joe and Ollie man the presentation on a laptop. Joe nods confidently to Stuart, who steps in front of the whole crowd. Real people, no iPhone. He clears his throat and nails it --

STUART

What if Google was your friend? And
we all know friends don't let
friends drive drunk.

The screen comes to life. A video of a wobbly Yo-Yo tumbling into a car's driver seat. He tries to start the ignition but can't. There's a TOUCHSCREEN on the dashboard. Up pops a question: *What is 2 + 2?*

Joe and Ollie share a look. Something's gone wrong with the program. Try to fix it...

STUART (CONT'D)

It should be a tougher question,
but--

GRAHAM

(under his breath, re: Joe
and Ollie)

That one might be tough for those
two.

STUART

Let's say it was more difficult and
he got it wrong.

Joe types in the answer: 3. The TOUCHSCREEN speaks --

TOUCHSCREEN (V.O.)

Close enough. Hop in.

That's not supposed to happen. The screen then turns to a series of ZEROES and ONES. Stuart -- and THE ENTIRE CROWD -- turn to Joe and Ollie. They desperately try to make the thing work but it's not happening. Neha and Yo-Yo try to help but it's a lost cause. *This is a disaster.*

JOE

It'll just be a second while we get
the kinks out. Meantime, funny
story. We were down in Louisville--

OLLIE

Churchill Downs!

INT. GOOGLEPLEX HALLWAY - LATER

Our team is gathered outside the meeting hall, despondent.

NEHA

You had it last night. What did you
do?

JOE

Nothing, I swear. Look, relax,
okay? We'll get it up and running
and they'll give us another shot.

YO-YO

There are no other shots!

Yo-Yo turns and we see that *his entire left eyebrow is gone*, completely plucked out.

OLLIE

Jesus--

NEHA

His mother cut him off for his
insolence. Refuses to pay for
college anymore. He was counting on
this job.

JOE

We can fix this. Stuart, let's run
the thing again--

Stuart has his head once again buried in a device --

JOE (CONT'D)
Stuart, look at me.

Stuart refuses. Just clicks away.

Graham emerges from the Meeting Hall, flanked by Buffering and Chetty, who congratulate him and his team --

CHETTY
Be ready. 9am tomorrow. Even top brass will be there.

GRAHAM
We won't disappoint you.

The men continue on. Graham stops by our team as he goes --

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
They told me to leave my next semester open. Tough break, gents. I hate to win this way.

JOE
I hate for you to win this way, too, asshole.

GRAHAM
(to the kids)
You know, I really feel bad for you lot.
(re: Joe & Ollie)
For these two, this was a lark. But you all had real prospects. Shame these anchors dragged you down with them.

That hits Joe and Ollie hardest of all. It's one thing to have fucked themselves, but to have ruined these kids lives...

EXT. BEACH VOLLEYBALL COURT - MOMENTS LATER

Joe and Ollie sit with their feet in the sand, paper-bagged beers once again in hand.

OLLIE
The hamsters got off the wheel and into the wild. And what happened, Joe? What happens to a couple of hamsters in the jungle?

JOE
We're not prey yet, Kid.

OLLIE
We may as well be.

Joe tosses his beer, rises with his laptop --

JOE
It's gonna work.

OLLIE
Joe, you can't--

Joe storms off, undaunted. Ollie watches him go.

INT. COMPUTER ROOM - LATER

Joe sits at a terminal. Tries running their product program, over and over again. But it won't function. He just keeps trying.

INT. TEAM LYLE BULLPEN - SAME

Ollie pads up to his desk to find Dana waiting for him.

DANA
I heard what happened.

OLLIE
Yup. Guess it's back to Cleveland.

DANA
Really? There's a lot of companies out here. I mean, I'm sure you could--

OLLIE
Look, I know it would've been nice if I was the guy. It would've saved you the horror of bad dates and hair shoulders but I'm not him. I'm the first of those bad dates. The forty-year-old loser. Congrats, you knocked that one off your list.

He continues past her and starts packing. She nods. Turns and goes, disappointed.

INT. COMPUTER ROOM - SAME

Joe still has no luck with the program. SMACKS the monitor.

JOE

Fuck you!

HEADPHONES (O.S.)

You were hacked.

Joe spins to see HEADPHONES standing right behind him, his headphones on as usual. Joe's spooked --

JOE

Jesus.

(then)

What do you mean I was hacked?

(then, re: phones)

Wait, can you--? (hear me)

Headphones removes his headphones. Puts them on Joe. Nothing comes through them.

HEADPHONES

I just don't like dealing with people.

(re: Joe's screen)

Someone ghosted in. Messed with your code.

Joe's furious. Knows exactly who it was. Headphones leans on the desk to read Joe's code --

HEADPHONES (CONT'D)

This your idea?

JOE

(nods yes)

I know it's probably shit to you.

HEADPHONES

Code's definitely shit.

Headphones puts his headphones back on.

HEADPHONES (CONT'D)

But people would connect with it.

Real people. That's rare in this business.

He shuffles away. Doesn't turn back --

HEADPHONES (CONT'D)

You never stopped being good at something.

Joe looks down. Sees, beside his keyboard, Headphones has left a THUMB DRIVE.

JOE
You fixed our project...?

HEADPHONES
(shakes his head "no")
Something better.
(then)
Make it connect.

Off Joe's look --

INT. TEAM LYLE BULLPEN - LATER

The team is despondent as they pack their summer belongings.

Ollie crosses to the sink with the bottle of OLD FITZ, unscrews the cap. He's *about to pour the bourbon down the drain*, when --

JOE (O.S.)
Put. The bottle. Down.

Joe's stormed in, defiant --

JOE (CONT'D)
(to kids)
And what's going on here? You guys look like they just cancelled ComicCon. Is this what your buddy Voltron would do? Would he just give up?

NEHA
Joe, forget it. There's no way we could repair the code before tomorrow.

JOE
Yeah, I know. Graham hacked it.

The collective mood snaps from grief to anger.

JOE (CONT'D)
The little lime-sucker sabotaged our asses.

OLLIE
That Redcoat son of a bitch.

NEHA
I'll cut off his balls.

YO-YO
My mom could easily do it.

STUART

No. We should hire a hobo to murder him. Untraceable.

Wow. That got dark quickly. Joe plows ahead --

JOE

Look, Graham was right about one thing. Me and Ollie did fuck this up for you guys. You didn't ask for a fight with that prick. We brought it to you.

OLLIE

(coming around)

That is true.

JOE

(a nod to Ollie)

And we can't let that stand.

(then, momentous)

So two salesmen from Cleveland only have twelve hours to make this right. Logic dictates that's unachievable. But what that fucker Logic didn't count on is the best bunch of overachievers I've ever called my friends.

OLLIE

(going with it)

Purebred champions who cast all else aside in the pursuit of perfection.

JOE

Whose parents locked them in a dog crate if they got an A-minus.

OLLIE

The kids who missed the prom to stay home and program.

STUART

I did watch the live webcast.

JOE

If anyone can bounce back from this you guys can. I've seen what happens when you people unleash the lion inside you. But it's gonna take all of us, working as one.

OLLIE
 (ala *Voltron*)
 The arms. The legs. The head.

JOE
 And the blazing fucking sword. Are
 you with me?

Yo-Yo rises. One by one they join him.

JOE (CONT'D)
 That's what I'm talking about! Now
 let's chop off some domes.

STUART
 Wait, what are we doing?

Joe pulls out the THUMB DRIVE Headphones gave him and smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING HALL - THE NEXT MORNING

The ENTIRE COMPANY is gathered in the massive space for the
 TGIF meeting. A buttoned-down, corporate affair.

The INTERNS all sit together, wearing their NOOGLER BEANIES
 for the last day of camp. Our guys are nowhere to be found.

Graham is on stage. He scans the WINE BOTTLE, finishing up
 his presentation --

GRAHAM
 ...in order to facilitate purchases
 for our partners. Thank you.

WHUMP! Joe, Ollie, and team BURST THROUGH the door. They've
 clearly been up all night, disheveled. All eyes are
 immediately on them.

JOE
 Is this the company-wide meeting?

OLLIE
 Team Lyle. Sorry we're late.

They make their way in, zigzagging through the packed house --

JOE
 TGI Fridays, right? I hear the
 Tuscan Spinach Dip is to die for.

Yo-Yo tosses back the last drops of a Redbull, then CRUSHES the can and tosses it hard on the ground -- he's totally tweaked.

Ollie locates Dana in the crowd, mouthing "I'm sorry". She shakes her head but smiles, happy he didn't give up.

In the back, Chetty types away at his iPhone. Buffering turns to him --

BUFFERING

Who're you emailing?

CHETTY

The Board.

(re: Joe & Ollie)

To tell them these jerkholes were your idea.

Buffering's fucked.

OLLIE

(to Graham)

We apologize for the interruption.
Please, go on.

Graham *forces a smile*, not going to lose it in front of his future higher ups --

GRAHAM

I was just about to take questions...

Joe emphatically raises his hand. He's the only one.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

(reluctantly)

Yes?

JOE

Who is this for?

GRAHAM

I'm sorry?

Joe and Ollie reach the front of the room.

JOE

Your product. Reading wine labels.
Who's it for?

OLLIE

Our guess is a small pool of affluent urban consumers much like the rather handsome crowd gathered here today.

JOE

Nothing wrong with that. But we believe something with mass appeal would generate a fuckload more income for Google.

As Joe and Ollie edge their way to the podium --

BUFFERING

Should I stop them?

CHETTY

(smiles as he types)

God, no.

(finishes, clicks)

And...send.

GRAHAM

And with which product will you do that exactly? The one that blew up yesterday?

Joe grabs the mic, which feeds back. Takes the floor ala Gordon Gekko at the shareholder's meeting --

JOE

Graham's right. Our project was flawed. It set out to prevent people from making mistakes. And that's a fool's errand. Because we all know that everybody makes mistakes. Things they wish they could take back. Like sticking with the wrong career too long.

(to random Googler)

Or that sweater.

OLLIE

(rests a hand on sweater guy's shoulder)

You deserve a second chance.

JOE

We all wish we could hit Undo from time to time. It's something anybody could connect with.

Joe gives a little nod to Headphones. He stares ahead, headphones on, but we know he's hearing this.

Ollie signals Yo-Yo, who mans the laptop. He clicks a button and a VIDEO PRESENTATION begins on the big screen behind them...

* A hot WAITRESS addresses camera --

WAITRESS

My dad's name is Tom. My
boyfriend's name is Todd. I sexted
this to my dad...

She holds up her iPhone. On it, a TOPLESS PHOTO in which she does the tongue-through-v-fingers gesture.

* An INSURANCE ADJUSTER in a suit addresses camera, reading from his phone --

INSURANCE ADJUSTER

An email to a coworker: *I swear if Andrew wasn't the boss I'd knock that awful goatee right off his face. It's like his chin's a pair of old dude's balls. I hate him. Hate him. H A -- then about sixty T's -- E that fat fucking fuck.*
(turns phone to camera)
"Reply All".

* A TEENAGE KID sits at his laptop --

TEENAGE KID

I made this my profile picture...

He swivels the laptop to show us a shot of him smiling with a mangina (genitals tucked between his legs ala Buffalo Bill).

* Title appears with the LOGO for: GoogleUndo.

OLLIE

If it hasn't been seen yet, why shouldn't you be able to undo an email or a text or a photo?

JOE

And if you could, wouldn't you wanna use that email program?
(SLIDE onscreen: *Gmail with Undo*)
Or that phone?
(SLIDE: *Android with Undo*)
Or that social network?
(MORE)

JOE (CONT'D)

(SLIDE: *Google+ with Undo*)

It's simple. But it becomes a part of people's lives. It's the kind of thing this place was founded--

Graham wrests control of the mic away from them --

GRAHAM

I think that's enough--

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Let them finish.

An employee has stood up in the crowd. It's Google co-founder LARRY PAGE. Co-founder SERGEY BRIN rises beside him --

SERGEY BRIN

We'd like to hear what they have to say.

Graham is chastened -- these men are gods to him.

GRAHAM

Absolutely, Mr. Brin. It's your company.

SERGEY BRIN

It's all of our company.

GRAHAM

(small)

Right. That.

Joe retakes the floor, like he's talking to two old friends --

JOE

All we're saying, guys, is that you can be in a bit of a bubble here.

OLLIE

And it helps to remember basic stuff everybody can relate to. The word Google's in the dictionary for a reason.

JOE

Nobody's AltaVista'ing the address of that pizza place.

OLLIE

Hey, who sings that song?

Dunno, lemme AltaVista it.

You guys aren't the search caboose. You're the search engine.

LARRY PAGE

Who approved these interns?

Buffering makes himself small. Chetty gleefully points him out. Buffering stands, reluctant --

BUFFERING

I did, Larry.

LARRY PAGE

(beat, then)

Great eyes. What they're talking about is what Google's meant to be.

BUFFERING

(to Chetty, as he sits)

Ooh, if only you had a way to undo that email. Bummer.

Chetty's eyes grow wide. He's the one who's fucked.

Losing it, Graham rips out the mic --

GRAHAM

Sir, with all due respect, these are not the people you think they are.

Graham quickly fidgets with his phone and PHOTOS appear on the big screen -- all from the debauchorous night at the strip club. Moments we haven't yet glimpsed: Stuart with a girl who's pulling a plastic glove onto her hand. Yo-Yo smoking a cored apple. Neha hanging upside down from a stripper pole. Joe and Ollie with their arms around the Bearish Guy. Lyle grinding with Mari...

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Their "mentor".

(re: Marielena)

Our so-called dance instructor is really a stripper.

The predominantly-male crowd of geeks APPLAUDS Lyle.

COMPUTER GUY

Lucky bastard.

ABRAMOV

How come you never take me to foam night?

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Not to mention that their real project was a spectacular failure.

Larry and Sergey stride down to the podium.

LARRY PAGE
Exactly. And they didn't give up.

SERGEY BRIN
If we'd've stopped dreaming in that garage in Menlo Park fifteen years ago, none of us would be here today.

Larry puts his hand on Graham's shoulder --

LARRY PAGE
Your actions today have been very unGoogly.

Graham is crushed.

SERGEY BRIN
(to our guys)
This whole team is being converted.

JOE
(hushed, to Ollie)
Is that a Jewish thing? I mean, obviously I'll do it if it means--

LARRY PAGE
You're all being made full-time Googlers.

Neha, Yo-Yo and Stuart celebrate. Ollie embraces Dana. Lyle kisses Mari passionately.

Larry cocks his head at the strip club photos --

LARRY PAGE (CONT'D)
Reminds me of Burning Man '07.

SERGEY BRIN
Talk about mistakes.

Graham's head is about to explode when Joe and Ollie come over to "soothe" him --

JOE
I really hate to win this way.

OLLIE
Correct me if I'm wrong, but in the game Go, I believe this is what's known as *Atari-mate*.

JOE
Motherfucker.

Graham spins away. Gets in Chubby Kid's face --

GRAHAM

This is your fault.

Graham continues off in a huff.

Joe's phone CHIMES. He checks it to find a photo PHOTO of *Graham, post-alley-fight beatdown, bawling as Bearish Guy cradles him motheringly.*

Joe turns to Chubby Kid, who smiles proudly --

CHUBBY KID

Send all.

A barely audible remix of *We are the Champions* takes us to --

EXT. DESSERT SCULPTURE GARDEN - LATER

Joe and Ollie sit atop a giant ICE CREAM SANDWICH sculpture. Their get-psyched mix plays over an iPhone's speaker.

Ollie pours two celebratory paper cups of OLD FITZ, hands one to Joe.

They look out over the massive Googleplex. It's no longer quite so foreign; it's home.

OLLIE

What do you think?

JOE

(mouth full)

Tastes like victory.

(gulps)

Victory with a hint of charred oak.

OLLIE

(re: Google)

I mean about all this?

JOE

I know.

(then)

I think we did it.

OLLIE

I never doubted we would. Not for a split second.

JOE

That's all you did was doubt.

OLLIE

A healthy dose of skepticism,
perhaps, but deep down I had faith.

JOE

(smiles)

Of course you did. Because you knew
you can't kill these dinosaurs.
These brontasauris just evolved.
Spouted huge bat wings and
developed the ability to breathe
fire. And now these lizard kings
aren't just surviving, they're
fucking dominating.

OLLIE

Ruling over all they survey.

JOE

(a quiet beat, then)

So what's our first move?

OLLIE

I'm thinking it's a classic
triangle.

JOE

Run the triangle on Larry and
Sergei. Inner circle this shit.

OLLIE

Sergei's from Russia.

JOE

You should learn Russian.

OLLIE

Why am I the one--?

JOE

You were great at Spanish in high
school.

OLLIE

(wistful)

Mrs. Alejandro.

We pull up and over the rolling hills of Silicon Valley as
their eternal pitch continues...

The End