

VICELAND

by

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"Cultivate vices when you are young, and when you are old, they will not forsake you."

-Mary L. Pendered (1910)

"Love us or hate us. We just don't want you to feel indifferent."

-Shane Smith

OVER BLACK

SHANE (V.O.)

I want you to be cool.

Without revealing our location, we FADE IN, TIGHT ON **SHANE SMITH** (22) speaking to us. Or a mirror? Intense and self-assured. We believe every word he says.

SHANE

I want you to be so cool that
people come to you to be cooler.

We begin to SLOWLY WIDEN. Shane wears a cheap suit and a white dress shirt so sheer you can see a black BAD BRAINS t-shirt underneath. His slightly grown-out hair rebels over a recent and unfamiliar combing.

SHANE (CONT'D)

I want people to dress like you.
Act like you. Talk like you. Want
to think what you think. To come to
you. To learn from you. To be cool.
That's how cool I want you to be.
And I know exactly how to do that,
Mr. Szalwinski.

WIDENING REVEALS: he's sitting. Pitching. An office?

SHANE (CONT'D)

A cool, young 60 Minutes. More
dramatic than anything a writers
room could come up with. We take
cool, young people and immerse them
into stories. War zones. Crack
houses. Ganglands. Palaces of
foreign dictators. Places no other
network dares touch. And show the
young demographic something they've
never seen before. And they will
follow you. If we do this, we'll
bring the youth back to the nightly
news. Because it will be cool.

(the rabbit out of the
hat)

And then the advertisers follow.
Now. I know I'm here to interview
for a measly advertising position,
Mr. Szal-- Richard, but as you can
see, I'm a Deals Guy. And with your
vast media connections and my
marketing degree and experience
dealing cocaine--

(to himself)

-Woah! Oh shit. No, don't say that.

WIDENING REVEALS - a roll of toilet paper on the wall.

SHANE (CONT'D)
...my previous... sales experience,
we will lock down big money
national advertisers. Because
that's what this is all about,
isn't it? Everything we see.
Everything we read. It's not about
being cool. It's about getting
people's attention. And keeping it
long enough so they see the
advertisements. So you and I can
make a shit-ton of--- **FUCK!**

CUT TO:

REVEAL LOCATION: INT. A CORPORATE BATHROOM STALL - CONTINUOUS

Shane sits on a toilet. His pants at his ankles. He kicks the stall door. A ratty backpack on the hook bounces.

SHANE
Don't fucking swear, Shane! It's a
job interview, you fucktard!

He takes a deep breath. *Namaste*.

SHANE (CONT'D)
This is the big time. This is where
you belong. You got this. He just
has to see you. See the real you.
Then you're in.

TITLE: **MONTREAL, 1994**

He wipes and rises. Tosses the toilet paper into the bowl.

THE TOILET, Expensive. Impressive. Even with the floater.

SHANE (CONT'D)
Wow, that's nice.

The toilet, not the floater.

He pushes the handle. Nothing happens.

INT. BHCV MEDIA - EXECUTIVE LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Shane enters, ratty backpack over his shoulder.

HIS POV - INTERVIEWEES, Ivy League trust-funders wearing expensive business suits with identical briefcases and haircuts stare back at him. Reading the same issue of *FORBES*.

They make the Trump kids look like camp counselors.

Shane re-adjusts his backpack, never feeling so poor. Sits.

HIS POV - THE LOBBY, decorated with photographs of a white, silver-haired media mogul (late 40's). Armani-suit. More dictator-like than CEO.

Shane relishes in the man's image. His hero.

HIS POV - AN OFFICE DOOR with a golden plaque:

RICHARD SZALWINSKI
CEO - BHCV MEDIA

Shane pulls a copy of a cheap printed magazine called *THE VOICE OF MONTREAL* from his backpack. A headline reads "GUIDE TO MONTREAL SEX WORKERS".

He gives a "yeah, whatever" smirk at what he reads, amusing, but not that impressed. He notices--

A FRESH FACED IVY LEAGUER sneers at the magazine.

Shane deflates. Before he can put it away. The office door opens and TWO MEN step out. **GREG** (20), Ivy-League goon.

And **RICHARD SZALWINSKI** (the man in the images). Foppish and arrogant. Guaranteed he screamed at waiters during Celine Dion's wedding party over a fingerprint on his water glass.

He looks right at Shane... dead in the eyes.

Shane reacts - *Pitter-patter* goes his little heart. He tosses the *The Voice of Montreal* magazine onto the table. Straightens out his posture. Goes "all business".

Szalwinski looks away. Shakes Greg's hand. Nods to his SECRETARY. Ducks inside his office and shuts the door.

Shane deflates. Even more as...

SECRETARY

The entrance level advertising position has been filled. Mr. Szalwinski thanks you personally for your time. Have a nice day.

Groans of disappointment. Interviewees stand up and leave. Shane's enraged. Ready to tear this place--

Namaste, Shane. Namaste.

He calmly approaches the Secretary.

SHANE

Excuse me. I waited two hours--

SECRETARY

Mr. Szalwinski made his decision.
Have a nice day.

SHANE

Yeah, but I didn't even get--

SECRETARY

(her favorite part of the
job)

He chose someone else. Reapply next
time. Or don't. I don't care.

SHANE

He saw one guy!

Secretary picks up the phone. A threat to call security.
Shane sighs. Turns in time to see...

Sneering Ivy Leaguer reads *The Voice of Montreal* from the
table. He flips a few pages out of morbid curiosity.
Physically recoils, but loves it. He stuffs it in his
briefcase and leaves.

EXT. BHCV MEDIA HEADQUARTERS - DOWNTOWN MONTREAL - DAY

Shane exits the building and mopes to the street.

EXT. BUS STOP - CONTINUOUS

He saddles up to **REX** (17), a ridiculous 90's rave kid: JNCO
jeans and a pink fur coat. A pacifier around his neck. Hair
done with colorful ribbons wrapped around braids. Baby blue
plastic insect antenna headband matching his backpack. His
jittery eyes watch every direction.

Shane looks at him. Shakes his head. Reaches into his pocket.

SHANE

I'll take a gram.

REX

Dunno what you're talking about.

SHANE

Jesus kid, I did what you do. And didn't stand in bus stops looking like a tweaked out, molested Muppet while doing it. You're as incognito as diarrhea in a hot tub. Practically wearing a sign that says, "Look at me, everybody! I deal cocaine!"

Heads turn in their direction. Rex shrinks.

SHANE (CONT'D)

I'll take a gram of your finest Colombian white, garçon.

Rex makes the deal. A bus stops. The image of Szalwinski on an advertisement for BHCV-TV on the side of the bus stares at Shane. Mocking him. It reads...

*"Know Your Place!
And That Place is Montreal!"*

As Shane enters the bus...

SHANE (CONT'D)

Fucking amateur.

The bus leaves. Rex nervously looks around. Then runs away.

EXT. RUE ST.-CATHERINE - NIGHT

The nightlife Mecca of Montreal. Top-tier fashion boutiques, strip bars, music venues, college pubs, and dance clubs.

Shane, in a Bad Brains t-shirt and jeans, trudges up to an industrial building flipped into a nightclub. Thundering punk music heard inside.

A neon sign reads "CLUB LES FOUFOUNES ELECTRIQUES". On the marquee: "Punks Against Poverty Food Bank Benefit - TONIGHT"

A BOUNCER guards the door. He stops Shane from entering. Holds out a donation box. Shane deflates. Donates the few bucks in his pocket.

SHANE

That's my food money for the week!

Shane crosses to enter. Pauses upon a warning.

BOUNCER

Hey, Shane. Those Pierrefonds
Skinheads took over the place
again. Be careful in there.

SHANE

French-Canadian Neo-Nazis. The
worst fucking kind.

Shane enters.

SHANE (PRELAP)

*And he's got these amazing toilets.
Imported from Japan or something.*

CUT TO:

INT. CLUB LES FOUFOUNES ELECTRIQUES - CONTINUOUS

SKINHEADS yell "WHITE POWER" in French accents, tossing Nazi salutes at the punk band trying to finish a song onstage.

The PUNK REGULARS, soft faced kids mostly, are forced against the walls. Nobody brave enough to take a stand.

GAVIN (O.S.)

Because old people want nice
things. Even the things they're
going to shit in.

SIDE OF THE STAGE

Shane talks to **GAVIN McINNIS** (22) Chin-length blonde curly hair and a face that couldn't grow a beard if he tried. But he has the cold eyes of a child who has seen some shit. Hate and hurt. Those eyes stuck on the Skinheads like daggers.

A PUNK GIRL in a Salvation Army dress collects canned food and baking goods next to him.

SHANE

Maybe I should get a briefcase?

GAVIN

Maybe you should get us a better
night than a Tuesday, Mr. Manager.
A paying gig perhaps! Dare to
fucking dream. The game is fixed,
Shane. Guys like us don't move up.

Two rough-housing skinheads slam into them. Gavin pushes them away. Shakes his head in disgust as the sweaty Skinheads wrestle each other back into the crowd.

SHANE

What about Danny? The guy who used to book this place. Wasn't fixed for him! He moved up! He's a big A&R guy at Warner Brothers now.

GAVIN

Didn't he short you on a coke deal before he left? You gotta beat the shit out of him on principle alone. And Danny doesn't count. He's a poseur trust-fund kid. The world is one giant lubricated leg for guys like Danny to dry hump to exhaustion.

(beat)

And I don't get the obsession with BHCV and Richard Fuck-Face-Ski.

SHANE

I have a marketing degree with a focus on media.

GAVIN

And you used to be a cold-hearted, cut-throat badass. Fuck everyone who was in your way. College made you weak.

SHANE

And BHCV runs Montreal media. Newspapers, television, magazines. Everything. And Richard Szalwinski runs BHCV. You run with him in this town or you get left behind.

The wrestling skinheads crash into them again. Gavin pushes them away again.

GAVIN

He didn't run us when we did *Pervert*.

SHANE

Pervert wasn't a magazine. It was your comicbook. Dedicated to masturbation, bestiality, and incest. And lasted two whole issues.

GAVIN

Two whole issues that you got distributed across Canada. And sold out nationwide!

SHANE

After The *Canadian Mothers of Good Christian Values* banned it!

GAVIN

After you sent them a copy!

SHANE

So you could pay your rent that month!

GAVIN

That's exactly my point!

NEW ANGLE - A SKINNY STAGE MANAGER slips through the Skinhead crowd making his way to Gavin and Shane.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

I fuck things up, you turn it into a victory. For both of us. The way it's always been. Since we were kids. You're a fucking genius, man.

SKINNY STAGE MANAGER

Uhm... Gavin?

GAVIN

We just haven't found our thing yet. We're missing something.

SHANE

We're not missing something.
It's because--

SKINNY STAGE MANAGER

You're out, Gavin.

Shane and Gavin stare at him. *What?*

SKINNY STAGE MANAGER (CONT'D)

You're not playing tonight. Nick doesn't want you on his stage.

Gavin looks to Shane. *Fix this.*

SHANE

I got it.

Shane chugs his beer and stands up as we CUT TO...

A BACK HALLWAY

Shane crosses to a back office. He passes a LARGE SKINHEAD coming out of the bathroom sneering at him.

INT. CLUB LES FOUFONES ELECTRIQUES - BACK OFFICE - NIGHT

Shane slips in just in time to hear the club owner **NICK** (early 30's), raging on a phone call. He wears overalls.

NICK

What do you mean these skinhead
dicks have to do something before
you get over here? These same
assholes put people in the hospital
at the Sham 69 show last month!
Merci pour rien and fuck-ez vous!
(hangs up)

Montreal cops! Absolutely useless!

SHANE

Put Gavin back on the bill, Nick.

NICK

No fucking way. He told my wife I
wear overalls because I want
someone to go "down on my brown".
And she believed him. Now it's
weird.

SHANE

(stifling a chuckle)

He doesn't believe anything he
says. He antagonizes. Does it for
the attention. People follow him.

NICK

He'll make a damn fine cult leader
someday. I'll supply the Kool-Aid.

SHANE

It's why the better half of your
club showed up tonight. Take Gavin
off the bill, they'll follow him
out the door. Then you become the
proud owner of a skinhead bar.

NICK

"Bullshitter" Shane Smith, do you
know that's what people call you?

Shane reacts like he's been punched in the gut.

NICK (CONT'D)

It's true. "Bullshitter". But I
heard you're trying to go legit.
Put that college degree to use.
Good for you.

(MORE)

NICK (CONT'D)

You ever wonder why I didn't offer you the booking manager job last month?

SHANE

Gavin's always had my back.

NICK

He holds you back. Business man to future business man: drop Gavin. Before he fucks things up for good. Prick can't open his mouth without someone punching him in his face.

SHANE

And the cops won't come until the skinheads do something, eh?

Shane smiles. Nick realizes he talked himself into a corner.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Let's make a deal.

CUT TO:

INT. CLUB LES FOUFOUNES ELECTRIQUES - MOMENTS LATER

No band on stage. The Skinheads antagonizing the punk-kids. Grabbing their crotches. LARGE SKINHEAD mocks doggie-style at the appalled female punks. His racist goons laugh.

Gavin appears behind him wearing the donation girl's dress. Large Skinhead feels something from behind. *Is that a dick?* Turns around.

GAVIN

Hey, big boy.

Large Skinhead looks down. Gavin's pulled up his dress. Pressing his crotch into Large Skinhead's butt. He headbutts Gavin. Gavin stumbles into the food donation table.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

WHITE POWDER!

Gavin smashes a bag of WHITE FLOUR into Large Skinhead's face exploding like a cloud. The room erupts into a nasty brawl.

EXT. FOUFOUNES ELECTRIQUES - RUE ST.-CATHERINE - NIGHT

The Skinheads sit on the curb. Hands in cuffs behind their backs. Police lights across their faces. LARGE SKINHEAD covered in WHITE FLOUR bleeding from a gash on his forehead.

Shane and a beaten Gavin walk away...

GAVIN
What was the deal?

SHANE
You're headlining next Saturday.

GAVIN
See! That's what I'm talking about!

EXT. STREETS OF MONTREAL - NIGHT (LATER)

Shane and Gavin walk to Gavin's apartment. The neighborhoods around them decaying more and more with each step they take.

- Glitzy Rue St.-Catherine

GAVIN
How many times have you walked into BHCV and they laughed you out the door? The corporate world won't take guys like you seriously! To them you're just a street punk. Good for a story. A freak to show off to their friends.

- East Downtown - Old Montreal, Classic. European-esque.

GAVIN (CONT'D)
You're trying too hard to impress the wrong people, Shane. By being nice. Do you know what nice is?

- Mercier-Hochelaga-Maisonneuve, working class neighborhood

GAVIN (CONT'D)
Nice is factory settings. It's default. The personality equivalent to instant mashed potatoes. Makes an impression on people like a fart does to a hurricane.

- Montreal Nord-Est, graffiti, homeless, and drug addicts.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

You want to be noticed? Be taken seriously? Be funny. Be abrasive. Be arrogant. Be offensive. Be anything... but nice.

SHANE

Could have made a shit ton of money, though.

GAVIN

It's not about making money, Shane!

They stop outside Gavin's apartment. A run-down building begging for the bulldozer. Gavin drives his point home.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

It's about you and me. Against the world! Against holier-than-thou back room assholes who think they're better than us! We don't join them. We reject them. We offend them. That's how guys like us get taken seriously. That's how we get noticed. You don't need BHCV. You need me. And I need you. Someday you'll find our thing. We're going to rule the world. Answering to nobody. You and me.

Shane thinks about that. Caught up in the moment of a rare emotional outpouring from his best friend. Gavin trudges up the steps of the building.

INT. GAVIN'S SLUMMY APARTMENT - NIGHT

Gavin enters with Shane right behind him. Gavin picks up a copy of *ANSWER ME! Magazine* and enters a bathroom.

Shane notices a man sitting at a desk pasting articles onto photoboard, making the mock-up of a magazine.

SUROOSH ALVI (23, Pakistani-descent). Wise, pragmatic eyes of experience. A man who knows exactly where his path goes.

Next to him, a large dry erase board with "THE VOICE OF MONTREAL" written across the top. Stores and their statuses: "Guide to the Local Ska Scene" (ACCEPTED), "This is Chinatown" (ACCEPTED), "The Mafia and Montreal" (BEING CONSIDERED), "~~Montreal's Best Rub & Tugs~~" (REJECTED).

GAVIN (O.S.)
 Shane. Best friend since middle
 school. Meet Suroosh. New roommate.
 Former junkie.

SUROOSH
 Thanks for the discretion, Gavin.

Suroosh looks up. Gives a bro-nod to Shane. Shane nods a
what's up back. Suroosh goes right back to work.

[NOTE: Shane, Gavin, and Suroosh will collectively be known
 from now on as **THE VICE BOYS**.]

Shane notices a stack of *The Voice of Montreals* next to him.

SHANE
 You're the *Voice of Montreal* guy?

Suroosh is too focused to respond.

GAVIN (O.S.)
 Dude's fucking awesome. The best
 fucking story ideas. Tell Shane
 that Allah story you told me.

SUROOSH
 It's not a fucking story idea. That
 shit really happened.
 (to Shane, all serious)
 I had a vision from God. In rehab.

FLASHBACK: INT. MOSQUE - DAY

PANNING a group of MUSLIM MEN (60's) in prayer.

SUROOSH (V.O.)
 My dad yanked me out once a week to
 beg for forgiveness. Even though I
 I didn't believe any of that shit.

PANNING stops at SUROOSH. Sweaty, tweaked out junkie. He
 closes his eyes.

SUROOSH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 One day, I broke. Prayed to anyone
 listening for guidance.

His eyes pop open. A *fucking miracle* in his mind's eye.

SUROOSH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 And on that day someone answered.

PRELAP: A TOILET FLUSHES.

RETURN TO: INT. GAVIN'S SLUMMY APARTMENT - NIGHT

Suroosh looks over his shoulder at Shane as Gavin enters.

SUROOSH

Allah wants me doing cool shit.
Authentic street punk journalism.
Mainlining my anger through a pen,
not a needle.

Suroosh goes back to work. Gavin falls onto his "bed": a repulsive mattress on the floor without bedding.

GAVIN

At least you're not strapping bomb
vests onto retarded kids.

SUROOSH

You're the only guy who can twist
the story of a man's spiritual
awakening into something amusingly
rude and cruel.

Shane looks down at the copy of *The Voice of Montreal* in his hands. Then up to Gavin and Suroosh.

SHANE

You guys want to make a magazine?

Suroosh and Gavin look at each other as "Natural's Not It" by Gang of Four...

INT. BAR BIFTECK - NIGHT

...blasts from a jukebox. The perfect dive bar. Sticky bar. Sticky floor. Sticky people.

A gathering of 90's outcasts in their safe haven: Flamboyant gay men, butch lesbians, goth kids, punks, junkies, rockabillies, crossdressers. Everyone an outsider.

Except here.

The Vice Boys sit at the bar. Each taking turns doing lines of Shane's coke, hidden under a napkin.

SHANE

The three of us! We fucking checks
and balance each other!

(MORE)

SHANE (CONT'D)

Suroosh, your stories, your content, legit and authentic, in Gavin's voice! Abrasive and provocative! And me making deals! Advertiser deals! Distribution deals! The three of us could run the fucking city! The country! Holy shit! The three of us could conquer the fucking world!

Gavin slides the coke away from Shane.

GAVIN

Cutting you off, Scarface.

SHANE

We publish stories no one else does! Daring! Edgy! In your face! And write them the way you'd tell it to your closest friends at the bar. After a few beers in you. Unfiltered. Stories that get your nose broken or your dick wet. Real people writing real stories. Cool shit, authentic street punk journalism! Just like Allah said!

Suroosh balks. Knows something but he's not sharing.

SHANE (CONT'D)

We'll be smart in a stupid way, stupid in a smart way. We'll get hookers to write about prostitution. Gang members how to do a drive by. A gay guy teaching straight girls how to go anal. Nobody will know if we're serious or sarcastic. Everyone will be offended--

GAVIN

Because authenticity is offensive.

SHANE

--And readers won't care because they'll feel like they're *learning something*. Showing them something they've never seen before. We take *The Voice of Montreal's* advertisers with us, and we--

SUROOSH

Can't take the advertisers, Shane.

Shane reacts - *What?*

SUROOSH (CONT'D)

I had the vision in rehab, but not the startup cash. Nobody would--

GAVIN

Nobody would loan money to a junkie terrorist. So he went on welfare.

SUROOSH

I'm not on welfare, you dick!

(to Shane, calm)

The Canadian welfare bureau offers an annual stipend to any business venture that promotes or celebrates Canadian culture. I had to partner up with them. They loved the idea of a magazine, but on a few conditions: they have final say on all content--

GAVIN

And they only approve the c-plus bullshit.

SUROOSH

I sneak my own stuff in sometimes, and they don't seem to notice, but they also control the money. And they notice the money. All advertising revenue goes directly to them. I had to sign a non-compete. Can't take the advertisers anywhere. They got me on a leash.

SHANE

We go bigger. Tell everyone we're going bigger! And aim for bigger advertisers! National advertisers! Worldwide advertisers! We raise the money and buy out the contract. Give me two weeks, and I'll get you your magazine back.

SUROOSH

Buy out the welfare board?

SHANE

Yeah!

SUROOSH

You're going to raise fifty-five thousand dollars worth of advertising deals from major worldwide companies for a Montreal-centered welfare magazine. That's what you're telling me, Shane?

Shane steadies himself. He's called Bullshitter Shane for a reason, *but does he even believe he can do this?*

Yes he does.

SHANE

And get you your magazine back.

Suroosh takes a beat to think. Looks at Gavin and Shane.

SUROOSH

Raise the money. Get me off the leash. And we'll do your magazine.

Shane almost falls over. He grabs two copies of *The Voice of Montreal* and storms to the door. Stops at...

GAVIN

And Shane. Don't be nice.

Shane bursts out the door.

EXT. PAYPHONE - DAY

Shane wears his Bad Brains shirt. Juggling two manilla envelopes and the phone receiver on his ear.

SHANE

(into the phone)

I need a mailing address for a record store. California. I don't know! The coolest one!

He writes down an address on one of the envelopes. "Amoeba Music" in Berkeley, CA. The other envelope is labeled "Pure Pop Records" in Burlington, Vermont.

Shane hangs up. He stuffs a single copy of the magazine into each envelope.

INT. POST OFFICE - DAY

Shane approaches the counter. Envelopes in hand.

SHANE

I need these overnighted. And
tracking numbers for both.

CUT TO:

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Shane circles the cool ads in a copy of *Rolling Stone* crossing out the lame ones. Keeping a list in a notebook.

REVEAL - THE LIST... at the top...

"Danny at Warner Brothers"

Meetings set up like springboards:

Warner Bros -> Elektra -> Gibson -> Vans -> Powell-Peralta

A bus stops outside the window, the image of Szalwinski on the side of the bus stares at him. The familiar message...

*"Know Your Place!
And That Place is Montreal!"*

Shane watches it. An idea forms in his head.

Shane adds "Szalwinski" next to the list - bigger than the others. He draws an arrow to the name.

His biggest springboard.

EXT. WARNER MUSIC CANADA OFFICES - DOWNTOWN MONTREAL - DAY

Shane storms forward through a sea of business-suited men. He buttons up his shirt covering the Bad Brains tee just in time before entering the building.

INT. WARNER MUSIC CANADA OFFICES - LOBBY - DAY

Shane tries to talk his way in with a RECEPTIONIST.

SHANE

I told you I'm an old friend. Just
tell Danny that Shane Smith is--

Shane's eyes dart up.

HIS POV - DANNY (29) A slick-haired music industry tool bag in a shiny suit passes through a hallway behind the Receptionist, flipping through a stack of CD's.

Like a psychic, he senses Shane's presence. Looks over at him with fearful eyes. *Oh shit.*

Shane smiles politely and holds out his hands in a friendly greeting. *Hey Bro! It's me!*

Danny drops the CD's and runs down the hall.

Shane gives chase. Disappears around the corner.

RECEPTIONIST

Hey! Wait!

She grabs the phone to call security.

INT. WARNER MUSIC CANADA OFFICES - HALLWAY - DAY

Danny runs for his life, knocking down people and cardboard stand up of ACE OF BASE. Shane on his tail.

Security a few steps behind Shane.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE DANNY'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Danny tries to barge in, but the door is locked. Checks his pockets. No key!

DANNY

Someone unlock my fucking door!!!

Shane appears around the corner. Holds his hands up.

SHANE

Five minutes of your time and your
coke debt is cleared.

Security pounces on Shane. Danny waves them off.

DANNY

Five minutes? Debt cleared? Deal.

Shane straightens his dress shirt.

INT. DANNY'S OFFICE - DAY

Danny sits behind his desk doing lines of coke. A huge advert for the new BARENAKED LADIES album adorns the wall.

Shane sits on the other side straightening his shirt and tie. Runs his fingers through his hair to fix it.

SHANE

We're distributed across America.
Skate shops. Malls. Tattoo parlors.
If it's cool, we're there. Record
stores. East coast and west coast.
Vermont.

(signaling "distributed"
with his hands, but not
saying it)

California. The backpage ad gets
you the next cover story. Full
color. Glossy. At a discounted
price for an old friend.

Danny scoffs.

DANNY

Which record stores?

SHANE

Only the coolest.

Danny smells bullshit. He picks up the phone.

DANNY

Vermont's not on a coast, Shane.
(into the phone)
Chelsea, get me Amoeba Music in
Berkeley, California.

Shane keeps a smile to himself. His bluff working.

Danny hangs up the phone. Never got them on. Coke-giggles.

DANNY (CONT'D)

No.

SHANE

What do you mean, no?

DANNY

I mean no as in "You're an asshole,
Shane", no. You thought you could
strong arm me like you did to get
Gavin's shitty bands on my stage
when we were kids? Or you'll get
your little army of loser punk rock
friends to boycott my club? And it
would work? Here?

Shane loosens his tie in defeat, unbuttons his dress shirt.
Bad Brains logo barely visible.

DANNY (CONT'D)

This is the big time. We're the big boys! This is Warner Music Canada! And you're still *Bullshitter Shane Smith*. Small potatoes. Five minutes, debt cleared? That's the deal? Five minutes done! Debt cleared!

(double middle fingers)

FUCK YOU BULLSHITTER SHANE SMITH!

Oh! That felt great. Oh my! The tip of my dink is tingling!

Shane seethes. Like Michael Corleone in the Italian restaurant, he hides it everywhere but in his eyes.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Now, unless you've got something else to sell me besides more bullshit...

(snorts, touches his nose)

...get the fuck out of here.

Shane looks at the Barenaked Ladies advert on the wall. Time to kill McCluskey and Sollazzo.

SHANE

New Barenaked Ladies album coming out, eh?

DANNY

They can sell out the Molson Arena three nights in a row, but can't get 20 asses into any club in the States. Top floor's squeezing my sperm purse to change that. Grab a promo copy on the way out. Just get the fuck out.

SHANE

I'd rather have a dog dry hump my face than listen to that middle of the road, flip-flop-wearing soundtrack to frat-party date rape.

DANNY

Jesus!

Shane takes a deep breath.

SHANE

We're going to be big. Suroosh, Gavin, and I. The biggest thing you've ever seen.

(MORE)

SHANE (CONT'D)

We're going to be the voice of young and cool in Montreal. Then of Canada. Of the United States. And then of the world. Trust me on that.

DANNY

Ok, Shane. Just calm down--.

SHANE

New deal: if you don't sign on for the back cover right now, someone else will, and then I'm going to unleash Gavin. And when he's done, The Barenaked Ladies will be about as cool as Barry Manilow with one Manilow-berry dangling out of his Bermuda shorts. Americans will hate them so much, their music will be confused with pedophilia. And then when Gavin's done with them, I'm going to come after you.

Danny knows he means it. Terrified. Hearing...

SHANE (CONT'D)

I'm going to turn everything you try to accomplish in your pathetic life into shit. Every band you work with. Every album you touch. In every single issue until you drop dead. The only gig in the music industry you'll get is ringing up the new Enya CD to dry-cooched grannies at Kmart thinking to yourself, "*Man, I wish I had bought that ad from Shane, and used my mouth to suck the salt off his big man-nuts... instead of using it to call him 'Bullshitter'.*" Twice now.

Danny crumbles. Shane slides a copy of the magazine to him.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Back cover of the first six issues. \$5,000. Each. Regular dickhead price for a regular dickhead like you. And no cover story. Join us, or get left behind.

DANNY

(terrified)

You're not national in the States, are you?

Shane cocks his head. *Try me.*

Danny mulls it over. Cowers in the decision.

DANNY (CONT'D)
 I can... juggle money out of...
 accounts... to...
 (into his phone)
 Chelsea, get me marketing.

Shane smiles.

I/E. MONTREAL CITY BUS - DAY

ANGLE ON - THE TOP of Shane's list of potential advertisers he made in the coffee shop.

~~Danny at Warner Brothers~~

Shane stares lovingly at the Danny's check in his hand.

\$30,000

Then starts flipping through more checks underneath - Elektra, Gibson Guitars, Vans, Calvin Klein, etc.

Far more cash than needed to get them off the leash.

A shit-eating grin on his face. Even more at the circled name... the only thing not crossed out...

SZALWINSKI

Shane looks out the window.

HIS POV - The BHCV Building. Rex, our molested-Muppet raver coke dealer we saw earlier, still creeping at the bus stop.

Shane pushes the stop button.

EXT. BUS STOP - MOMENTS LATER

Shane hops off the bus. Rex sees him and dips out. But Shane couldn't give a shit. He's headed straight inside BHCV.

INT. BHCV MEDIA - EXECUTIVE LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Shane storms towards Szwalinski's office.

SHANE
 Shane Smith for Richard.

SECRETARY

Mr. Szalwinski's not--

BAM! Shane's bursts through the office door and enters-----

INT. SZALWINSKI'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Shane explodes into the room.

Szalwinski's behind his desk. Greg, Szalwinski's new hire who beat Shane in the job interview earlier, stands next to him with a clipboard in hand.

SECRETARY

Mr. Szalwinski. I'm sorry. He--

SZALWINSKI

Do your goddamn job, Sabrina.

Secretary/Sabrina leaves. After she's out the door...

A long pause as Szalwinski and Shane stare each other down. Szalwinski finally waves his hand... *And you arrrrrrrrrrrre?*

SHANE

Shane Smith with *The Voice Of Montreal*. The city's hippest and most influential magazine in the youth demographic--

SZALWINSKI

If you're trying to sell ad space, you got the wrong office--

SHANE

I'm not here to sell you an ad. I'm here to add you as a partner.

Szalwinski chuckles. Then stares at him.

Shane realizes his time to pitch has already begun.

SHANE (CONT'D)

The Voice of Montreal is the city's hippest magazine. Reaching up to fifty thousand readers a--

GREG

(to Szalwinski)

1,500 copies are printed, sir.

SZALWINSKI
 (to Shane, deadpan)
 Nice try. Continue. This is fun.

If Shane mentally fumbles, we don't see it.

SHANE
 According to our market research, a
 single issue can reach up to--

SZALWINSKI
 Market research? What the hell do
 you need me for?

SHANE
 (carpe diem)
 I want you to make us the biggest--

SZALWINSKI
 Wait. *The Voice of Montreal*? That's
 that welfare magazine, isn't it?
 Turkish food fests? Nigeria Night
 at the Expos game? Third world
 bullshit.

Greg smirks at Shane.

SZALWINSKI (CONT'D)
 You're on welfare? I mean, you look
 poor. Want some advice? Don't beg
 someone to partner up with you when
 you look like you should be begging
 for a handout instead.
 (to Greg)
 God! "*Of Montreal*". The name sounds
 so... small. Doesn't that sound
 small to you?

GREG
 Tiny, sir.

SZALWINSKI
 (to Shane)
 I don't do small, young man.

Szalwinski looks at Shane like he's a piece of shit.

SZALWINSKI (CONT'D)
 The next time you try to get my
 attention, it better be something
 more impressive than barging in
 here with a boner that has my name
 on it.

(MORE)

SZALWINSKI (CONT'D)
 Because I will use it to skullfuck
 your welfare collecting ass back to
 the ghetto where you belong. Do you
 understand me?

Shane rages. Security steps in behind him.

EXT. BHCV MEDIA HEADQUATERS - DOWNTOWN MONTREAL - DAY

Security shoves Shane out into the street. He rips off his jacket, tie, and dress shirt, tossing both into the garbage. Now down to his Bad Brains t-shirt.

For good. He charges right for...

EXT. BUS STOP - CONTINUOUS

Rex jumps out of his pants when Shane pops up behind.

SHANE
 Hey!

REX
 Hey, man! Look! I'm not--

SHANE
 Can you write?

Rex reacts - *Can I write?* The bus arrives.

SHANE (CONT'D)
 Doesn't matter.

Shane drags Rex onto the bus.

SHANE (PRELAP)
*We're going to take over the world.
 And here's how.*

CUT TO:

INT. GAVIN AND SUROOSH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The Vice Boys huddle around a table like the world's greatest cat burglars planning to rob the Guggenheim. *The Voice of Montreal* storyboard behind them. Empty of stories. A pile of advertising checks stacked in front of them.

Right next to a huge pile of cocaine.

Gavin and Suroosh's trusting eyes are locked onto Shane.

SHANE
 I'm The Deals Guy. I'm going to
 monetize. Suroosh, you're The
 Content Guy. You're going to
 legitimize. And Gavin...

Shane strides to the storyboard. He erases the "Of Montreal"
 from the title:

THE VOICE of Montreal

SHANE (CONT'D)
 You're The Voice Guy. You're going
 to antagonize.

He hands Suroosh a stack of advertising checks.

SHANE (CONT'D)
 Time to do some cool shit.

Gavin smiles. Takes the eraser and crosses to the board. Does
 something we can't see. He steps back smiling.

Suroosh joins them. The Vice Boys stare at what they see.

REVEAL - THE STORYBOARD now reads...

The VOICE of Montreal

Vice Magazine is born.

SHANE (CONT'D)
 Let's do a magazine. And enough
 coke to take down a charging rhino.

Rex slips into the shot. We forgot he was there.

REX
 And, guys, I'm cash only. I don't
 do IOUs or checks--

Shane hands him an advertising check.

SHANE
 Make it out to yourself.

Rex reads the amount.

Rex takes checks now.

MUSIC: "The Big Take Over" by Bad Brains begins.

EPIC MONTAGE OF THE RISE OF VICE MAGAZINE.

1) WELFARE OFFICE - DAY

The board members meet. The Vice Boys burst through the door. Gavin throws a check at their feet.

SUROOSH

Take your c-plus bullshit and that shitty contract, and shove it up your asses.

He gives them the finger walking out the door.

2) BAR BIFTEK - NIGHT

The Vice Boys enter. They grab crossdressers, punks, junkies, and other 90's outcasts. Talking them into writing for the magazine.

3) THE VICE APARTMENT - NIGHT

The Vice Storyboard: *"Vice Guide to Shagging a Muslim"*, *"Was Jesus Gay?"*, *"Bad LSD Trip Stories"*, *"How to Take a Punch"*, *"Interview with a Black Guy"*, *"Vice Guide to Anal Sex"*

SHANE

What about "Grandma Blowjob"?

Suroosh adds it to the list. Shane nose dives into the coke.

WIDER - A SMALL STAFF of BAR-OUTCASTS work behind them.

4) MONTREAL PARK - DAY

Gavin and Shane sit on a bench scoffing at an American redneck family all wearing hunting camouflage.

GAVIN

How many generations of inbreeding occurs before camouflage becomes a fashion statement?

Shane laughs.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

(to the rednecks)

Bienvenue à Montréal!

5) OUTSIDE THE VICE APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING

A delivery truck arrives. Tosses twine-bundled issues of *Vice Magazine* onto the sidewalk. The front cover: a woman's lips in red lipstick with a tab of acid on her tongue.

The Vice Boys approach. Suroosh slices the twine and passes out the first issues to his best friends. Accomplishment.

6) SERIES OF SHOTS - DAY

The Vice Boys and Staffers distribute the magazine across the city. Record stores, skate shops, bars and nightclubs. It doesn't take long for one to be swept up. Then another. And another.

Shane tosses a stack of competitor magazines with Szalwinski's image on the front cover into the garbage.

People reading the magazine all over the city. Laughing. *Captivated by Gavin's "Do's or Don't's" fashion column.*

7) BHCV OFFICES - DAY

Amused office workers pass around a copy like a dirty secret. Szalwinski's Secretary struts by all hoity-toity. They hide it as she passes like high schoolers smoking in the bathroom. Whip it out the moment she's gone.

8) THE VICE OFFICE - NIGHT

The Vice Boys stuff a single copy into an envelope along with a small baggie of Rex's cocaine. We see addresses for Nike, Pepsi Cola, Apple Computers...

Shane stuffs all the envelopes into a sack and walks out the door to mail them.

A beat passes... then...

Shane returns with a full sack. Dumps advertising checks and mock up advertisements on the table.

9) OUTSIDE THE VICE OFFICES - EARLY MORNING

More and more issues. And more copies printed with each.

Vice Magazine is getting bigger.

10) DISTRIBUTION CENTER - DAY

Shane cuts a check to a HAITIAN DISTRIBUTOR. A large stack of magazines put on dollies and wheeled onto a truck. Outside, Shane hockey-goal punches in celebration.

11) NEW MONTREAL VICE OFFICES - NIGHT

Small, cramped. But cool. A 10th issue party! The staff celebrates: a debaucherous night of drugs and nudity.

The Vice Boys watch from a corner booth. A fight breaks out. Gavin and Suroosh stand up to get a better look.

Shane uses the distraction to look at their checkbook...

REVEAL - All the checks are ripped out. He hides it.

END MONTAGE

INT. VICE MONTREAL OFFICE - DAY

A deadline approaches! A STAFF OF TWENTY move like frantic ants feeling the glare of the magnifying glass. Suroosh is the man in charge. Directing and leading.

ON SCREEN: 1998

Gavin edits a story with a red pen, slicing it apart and enjoying it like Jason Voorhees with a butcher knife.

BRENT (O.S.)

Uhm... Gavin?

Meet **BRENT** (20) Gavin's personal punching bag. Baby-faced and timid. Wears a Tragically Hip t-shirt. He shakes at Gavin's edits to his piece, but idolizes him with doe-eyes.

And holds rolls of toilet paper under his arm.

BRENT (CONT'D)

I didn't get paid for the last issue, and I have rent due.

GAVIN

You can't come up with sixty-five bucks on your own? What the fuck is wrong with you?

BRENT

I... you know... work here. It's kind of... expected to get paid... from... where you... work. Maybe?

GAVIN

Suroosh, did you get paid last issue?

SUROOSH

(without looking up)

I did not get paid last issue.

GAVIN

Suroosh didn't get paid last issue.
I didn't get paid last issue.
Nobody got paid last issue. We fed
you though. Got you drunk. And you
got to diddle that cupcake from the
bagel place at the last office
party, didn't you?

Brent giggles - an embarrassed boy caught with his first
girlfriend in the closet.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

This is a punk zine. Not a
corporate gig. You want a 401k go
write for *The Montreal Gazette*.

Gavin tosses a newspaper at Brent. He clumsily catches it
with his free arm, juggles the toilet paper in the other.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

You want to do cool shit, stick
with us. We do this for passion,
not paychecks. And the occasional
diddling of cupcakes from the bagel
place.

(re: the toilet paper,
serious as fuck)

What is that?

BRENT

It's toilet paper! I saw you guys
were out and I thought that--

GAVIN

You... *shit*?

BRENT

No! I mean, yes. Not here! I would
never shit here! This is for you!

GAVIN

You think that I *shit*?

BRENT

I would never assume--. I shit!
That's a thing I would do-- not
you-- I'm so, so sorry that I...
shit... for some reason.

GAVIN

Are you on drugs?

Brent shakes his head.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

That's your next story. "Shit
On Drugs". The content
department would have to
approve it first.

SUROOSH
Approved.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

Do drugs. A different drug a week.
For six weeks. See how each changes
your shit.

Brent puts the toilet paper down on the floor. Reads the
newspaper. Something in it catches his attention.

BRENT

(re: the newspaper)
Uhm... Gavin?

GAVIN

I'm talking color, smell. Density.
Really sink your fingers into this.
Get dirty. And photos!

Brent shows Gavin a page of *The Gazette*. Gavin stiffens.
Snatches the newspaper from his hands.

INT. MONTREAL VICE OFFICE - SHANE'S OFFICE - DAY

Shane tosses stacks and stacks of lame, dated looking
advertisements onto his desk. Smiling families, young-
republican businessmen on desktop computers. Ivy Leaguers,
lacking people of color, bland and boring.

Gavin enters, eyes locked onto *The Gazette*.

SHANE

The ad designs for the next issue
are lame as hell.

GAVIN

(re: the newspaper)
Did you read *The Gazette* this
morning?

SHANE

These ad design pricks send us the
same bullshit ads they send to
Better Homes and Gardens! We need
to change something here. Do
something big. Make people realize
what we are. Take us seriously!

GAVIN
 (reading the newspaper)
 Sure, I'll repeat myself. Did you
 see this morning's paper?

SHANE
 Move to the United States or
 something. New York City. Brooklyn!
 I heard rent is cheap there.

GAVIN
 Brooklyn can blow me!

Finally gets Shane's attention.

GAVIN (CONT'D)
 You know the female ejaculation
 article a few issues back? Woman's
 pubic hair on the front cover?

SHANE
 What about it?

Gavin marvels at the newspaper. So pleased that...

GAVIN
 We're banned on college campuses
 across Quebec. Most of Canada.
 We're on the front page, buddy.

Elated. But before Shane can respond, Suroosh enters.

SUROOSH
 Channel 12's on the phone. They
 want to talk to Gavin.

Deflated. Shane reacts like a slap in the face.

INT. BAR BIFTECK - DAY

The Vice Boys sit at the bar. Shane lost in thought.

SHANE
 Channel 12. That's one of
 Szalwinski's stations, right?

GAVIN
 Information normal people don't
 know. The whole thing is stupid.
 (MORE)

GAVIN (CONT'D)

They want me to go on some wannabe-
60 Minutes panel show and talk
about the article or the magazine
or something, I don't know. It's so
lame. Means nothing.

Means everything to him. Hides it behind a chug of his beer.

SUROOSH

Maybe I should go. I mean, I'm The
Content Guy, right? I approved the
article. Maybe it should be me?

Falls on Shane and Gavin's deaf ears. Suroosh digests that,
but doesn't bring any attention on it.

SHANE

(to Gavin)

You're The Voice Guy of Vice
Magazine. You're... big now. You
should go.

Gavin smiles. Didn't take much to convince him.

GAVIN

Alright. I'll go.

Gavin chugs his beer. Suroosh collects his stuff and leaves.
Gavin notices. Shane doesn't. Lost in thought.

SHANE (PRELAP)

*If you're going to keep charging me
more every time I walk in here, I
want more!*

CUT TO:

INT. PRINTER - DAY

A huge printing press spins out copies of *Vice Magazine* as a
hostile Shane rages at his PRINTER (50's). A rotund, working
class stiff in a dirty short sleeve shirt and brown tie.

SHANE

Full color. Inside and outside.
Glossy. Better paper stock. None of
this newsprint, toilet paper
bullshit you sell. And no more
cheap ink. This stuff comes off on
your fingers. It's fucking amateur.

PRINTER
 (Polish accent)
 Ok! Ok! But this weigh more. Is
 thicker! More boxes. Tell
 distributor. Cost more to ship.

Shane steadies himself.

SHANE
 Do your goddamn job!

He storms out.

INT. DISTRIBUTOR - DAY

Shane charges in. The Haitian Distributor looks up from his clipboard and sneers at him. Points to a corner behind Shane.

DISTRIBUTOR
 (thick Haitian accent)
 They over there.

REVEAL - The stack of the last two issues of the magazine almost touches the ceiling.

SHANE
*WHY DIDN'T THESE GO OUT ON THE
 FUCKING TRUCK!?!*

DISTRIBUTOR
 Checks bounce, asshole!

Shane can't breathe. He gives up. Backs out of there.

DISTRIBUTOR (CONT'D)
 Take these with you!

Shane flips him the finger without turning around.

INT. MONTREAL VICE OFFICE - DAY

Gavin puts film into a camera while talking to our poor shamed-shitter from earlier, Brent.

GAVIN
 Dude. You put your dick in the hole
 and guess "The Gay or The Girl."
 That's it. That's the game.

ANGLE ON - A divider with a GLORY HOLE cut out.

BRENT
And this is for the magazine?

GAVIN
Yes?

BRENT
Is this going to make me gay?

GAVIN
Your family priest was right about one thing: doing gay stuff doesn't make you gay.
(sarcastic... or is he?)
Homosexuality is not a choice. It's something you're born with. It's beautiful. It's natural.
(touches his head)
It's not up here.
(touches his heart)
It's inside here. In your soul.
(back to regular Gavin)
You got a 50/50 shot. Good luck.

A LOUD CRASH HEARD from outside the building. Gavin rises and crosses towards the front door.

He quickly passes the Glory Hole Divider. A keen-eyed viewer would notice the TWO GUYS on their knees behind it.

EXT. WEST 27TH STREET - WILLIAMSBURG, BROOKLYN - DAY

Shane chucks the stacks of magazines from the distributor out of the back of a taxi and out into the street.

GAVIN
Dude!

Shane slams the magazines into a trash can.

SHANE
The printer's a dick! Distributor's tweezing our pubes one at a time!
Raises the price every time we--

GAVIN
So ship out fewer copies! To fewer locations! Stop trashing our--

The trash can lid won't close. Shane kicks it over with a MIGHTY CRASH.

SHANE
Vice doesn't go smaller!

GAVIN (CONT'D)
Vice shouldn't go to Iowa
either!

Suroosh steps out from the office.

SUROOSH
Jesus Christ, would the two of you
knock it the fuck off! What the
fuck is wrong with you guys!?!

Shane sighs. Realizes what he's doing. Deflates.

SHANE
We need to control this. We have to
run this ourselves. From the ad
designs to printing to distribution
to everything. Complete DIY. Do-It-
Yourself. Like what the punk labels
do. Like Ian at Dischord does!

SUROOSH
You can't buy a printing press like
it's a CD burner.

SHANE
No outsiders. No conflicts. Nobody
else getting paid. Except us.

SUROOSH
Oh, we're going to get paid? When?
The three of us are sleeping in the
back room office. We haven't paid
the staff in three months! We have
to figure out a way to keep them on
the job or they're going to walk.

Shane succumbs to his fate. Sits on the curb.

SHANE
Call Rex. And the girls. Staff
party. Cheaper to get them laid and
fucked up than paying them all.
Seems to be all we're good for
anyway.

CUT TO:

INT. MONTREAL VICE OFFICE - NIGHT

It works. Strippers and cocaine everywhere. The youthful Vice
Staffers willing to relish in debauchery to escape their
economic responsibilities and woes.

But Shane's watching the party through his office window.
Caligula emotionally detached from his own depraved empire.

INT. SHANE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The party muffled behind the glass. Shane stares out. We hear a television playing in the background. A familiar voice...

SZALWINSKI (O.S.)
(from the television)
*"...we are sitting at the threshold
of the greatest cultural paradigm
shift the world has ever seen. We
don't know what it is, or what it
could become. But it will be bigger
than Gutenberg's printing press.
And will cost close to nothing."*

Shane perks up. Hearing...

SZALWINSKI (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(from the television)
"'The Internet'."

Shane's attention goes to the television. We see Szalwinski on a television panel show.

SZALWINSKI (CONT'D)
(from the television)
*"It's the great unknown. This
wondrous land that we get to create
and define going into the 21st-
century. Users, real people like
you and me, will shape and mold the
internet into what it will become.
We will give it purpose. A voice.
Music. Video. News. Print is dying
on the vine."*

ANGLE ON - SHANE, Szalwinski's words sink into his skull.
Into his psyche. And curls up like a kitten. Hearing...

SZALWINSKI (CONT'D)
(from the television)
*"The next great influential voice
of media won't come from a magazine
page or a television screen, but
from a webpage on a computer
screen."*

Shane marches out into the party.

INT. MONTREAL VICE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Shane pulls Gavin away from a girl.

SHANE

I'm going on the show. Not you. Me.

Gavin cocks his head. *What?*

SHANE (CONT'D)

You start shit, and I clean it up.

That's the deal. Always was.

Gavin stares at him. Dumbfounded and caught off-guard.

GAVIN

You're The Deals Guy.

Gavin returns to his girl.

Shane steps away. Waiting for Gavin to put up a fight. It never comes. He crosses to his office. A fire in his eyes.

Gavin watches him go. Betrayal in his.

SHANE (PRELAP)

*This is a perfect example of
academic hypocrisy!*

CUT TO:

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - DAY

On a studio monitor's live feed...

Shane's on the same show we saw Szalwinski on. Hosted by **JAMIE SOUVIENS** (female, 33) a professionally dressed and poised TV talking head. But he squares off against...

DR. WESLEY GRAY (63). He wears his tweed suit with elbow patches as comfortably as his unmatched academic hubris... and his clear disdain for Shane.

Their names appearing on the monitor.

SHANE

You call yourselves champions of
free speech, but reject anyone
whose speech you don't agree with.

PANNING brings us into the studio to watch it live...

DR. WESLEY GRAY

We oppose vile filth that holds no cultural benefit to academia or the world as a whole. Such as your magazine.

SHANE

When did a woman's pubic hair become vile filth? Or female ejaculation for that matter?

DR. WESLEY GRAY

"Grandma Blowjob"? You use sex, not sexuality, to sell magazines.

SHANE

We're a *free* magazine.

DR. WESLEY GRAY

The female student body at Carleton University doesn't think you should be. Or be allowed on campus.

SHANE

The female student body at Carleton chose you to speak about what is vile and offensive about their bodies? At least I had a woman write the female ejaculation article! Because all I know about it is it's hard to get out of the carpet.

DR. WESLEY GRAY

Mr. Smith, you are obscene--

SHANE

I'm sick of the Boomer generation defining what is and what isn't obscene. You old farts have no idea what the youth wants, accepts, or thinks, yet you feel this need to constantly speak on our behalf about it. A perfect example of this? Richard Szalwinski--.

JAMIE SOUVIENS

Now, wait one second, Shane--.

She gets nervous. Looking out at her producer for help as...

SHANE

You had Szalwinski's old ass, the guy who owns this station and every media outlet in Montreal except *Vice Magazine*, on here talking about *the internet*? A sixty year old Calgary rodeo ass-wrangler is not going to go online to get the news when the printed newspaper is on his doorstep. The internet is for the youth. The youth will figure out what it should be. The youth will give it a voice. The youth will make it cool. Not people like Richard fucking Szalwinski.

JAMIE SOUVIENS

Ok. We're going to break to--

SHANE

That's why he partnered with *Vice Magazine* to make us the cool young voice of his new internet media empire.

Shit stops. Dr. Gray stares at him.

JAMIE SOUVIENS

Why would Mr. Szalwinski do that?

CUT TO:

INT. SZALWINSKI'S OFFICE - DAY

Szalwinski's watching a live feed of the studio on a monitor.

Hard to tell if he's impressed or readying to burn down the Vice Offices in the morning. Hearing...

SHANE (O.S.)

(from the television)

Because even the dumbest dinosaur knew that the other side of the meteor was a hell of a lot better than being underneath it.

He turns it off.

EXT. TELEVISION STUDIO - MOMENTS LATER

Shane struts off stage. People frantically make phone calls to see if they're getting fired or sued. Shane chuckles.

But stops when he runs straight into...

SZALWINSKI
Alright. You got my attention.

CUT TO:

INT. AUBERGE SAINT-GABRIEL RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Montreal's finest and trendiest dining institution. Has had its liquor license since 1754. Montreal's upper crust only.

Shane watches Szalwinski eat his salad for several beats. An elephant in the room. Shane hasn't touched his steak.

SZALWINSKI
What you did on my station. In my studio. Took balls, kid. Or autism. Vice is cool. But Vice is young. And therefore, Vice is bullshit.

SHANE
Vice is bullshit across North America--

SZALWINSKI
You think that pollack and voodoo doctor set their own prices? I've bled you dry ever since you stole your first advertiser from me.

Szalwinski pushes his salad away.

SZALWINSKI (CONT'D)
Sell me the magazine so I can dump it into the fucking river. You and your little punk rock friends can go back and do whatever it is you do with money. Shoot it up. Snort it up. Die in an alley somewhere in the name of nihilistic anarchy. I don't give a fuck. I just want you out of my way.

SHANE
It's not about making money.

SZALWINSKI
Everything is making money, Shane. Just not for you.

Szalwinski pulls his salad back. Starts eating again.

SHANE

Have you ever heard of Geraldine Carmichael, Mr. Szalwinski?

Szalwinski keeps eating. Doesn't give a shit.

SHANE (CONT'D)

In 1978 at the height of the gas crisis, Geraldine Carmichael had a great idea. She designed a fuel-efficient car that got 70 miles per gallon at a time when cars got around 35. She brought the design to every big auto company in Detroit. They laughed her out the door. A few favors called in. Some money from her pocket, and her design became a reality in her garage. She named it The Dale. It was cool. Slick. Modern. Looked like a spaceship from Buck fucking Rogers or some shit. But it didn't get 70 miles per gallon like she thought it would... it got 90.

Szalwinski still doesn't give a shit.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Carmichael realized that her idea was bigger than Detroit. Bigger than Big Auto. So she took The Dale around the country and showed it to regular everyday people like her. People tired of having doors slammed in their faces. Never getting a chance. Those people gave her their gas money. Ten million dollars. To create her own company. 21st Century Car Company. To take down Detroit.

SZALWINSKI

Is this a threat?

SHANE

No, because The Dale wasn't real. It was a cheap plastic chassis mounted on a lawn mower engine held together by bent coat hangers. The Dale wasn't Carmichael's great idea.

(MORE)

SHANE (CONT'D)

Her great idea was knowing that people were so tired of being jerked around by powers greater than them, that they would give money to watch someone come along and burn them to the ground - even if they knew it wasn't real. And even more if it were a woman. Geraldine Carmichael was born Gerald... Dean... Michael, a two bit con-artist from Florida who believed in his idea so much that he was willing to sacrifice anything to see it become a reality. To watch Detroit burn. He got a sex change, added "Car" to his last name, and built The Dale out of an old lawn mower engine in his garage. Knowing that it didn't have to start to work. It just needed to start some shit.

(beat)

Vice isn't bullshit, Richard. Vice is The Dale. It runs on a lawn mower engine that I've kept together with bent coat hangers for a long time now. You want me out of your way?

Shane pulls out a copy of *Vice Magazine*. Opens it to an advertisement for the new iMac. He points to it.

SHANE (CONT'D)

I want to you to turn it into a fucking Ferrari.

SZALWINSKI

What do you need from me?

Shane smiles.

INT. MONTREAL VICE OFFICE - MORNING

Dark. The front door opens and Brent enters with coffee and toilet paper under his arm.

BRENT

Gavin, I got the two-ply, quilted brand just like you said--

REVEAL - the office is barren, not a speck of Vice remains.

BRENT (CONT'D)
Gavin? Anybody?

WIDE - So dark, so empty.

BRENT (CONT'D)
Hello?

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY

MUSIC: "New York State of Mind" by NaS booms as we aerial over the Brooklyn Bridge.

ON SCREEN - SO BIG IT BARELY FITS: BROOKLYN, 2000

EXT. WEST 27TH STREET - WILLIAMSBURG, BROOKLYN - DAY

Before the paintbrush of gentrification: seedy and decrepit. Homeless drunks and junkie punks litter the streets.

The Vice Boys step out of a cab. Suroosh and Gavin gawk at the massive new offices in front of them.

A metal VICE LOGO sign hangs above the entrance. But Shane stares at the abandoned office space across the street - he's fascinated with it.

A male voice...

EMERSON (PRELAP)
*We spent the last few weeks looking
over your demographics, polling...
(Shane and Gavin giggle)
...readers.*

CUT TO:

INT. BROOKLYN VICE OFFICES - MOMENTS LATER

PANNING over the first wave of the Millennial workforce and workplace. An oversized bubblegum machine, arcade games and ping pong tables, an espresso maker in the corner.

A 25 member staff of diverse young professionals working hard on the next issue. There's an energy in the room. A bounce. These folks are ready to take over the world!

EMERSON (O.S.)
 And we've come up with a game plan
 for *Vice Magazine* that should put
 us in the black...
 (giggles again)
 ...before the end of the first
 fiscal year.

A content meeting happening in a far back room.

INT. BROOKLYN VICE OFFICES - CONTENT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Vice Boys are brought up to speed by **EMERSON** (33), professionally dressed and very much aware he's being mocked. And tired of it. But he's a pro, so he pushes forward.

Through his spiel, Gavin keeps whispering to Shane, both stifling giggles at the innuendo.

Suroosh is all business - can't be distracted, as...

EMERSON
 We open ourselves up to larger...
 (Gavin: "*and throbbing*")
 ...markets, spread ourselves...
 (giggles)
 ...out across demographics. We can
 put a stake in the ground before
 marketing budgets come out--
 (Gavin: "*cum all over*")

Shane laughs.

EMERSON (CONT'D)
 I'm sorry, is something funny?

Gavin and Shane calm themselves. Put on their business faces.

GAVIN
 No, go on. You were talking about
 opening yourself for blacks, or
 poling them? Letting them come all
 over your spread out--

Shane loses it. Gavin follows.

Suroosh clears his throat, a slight grin. It is kind of funny. But quickly buries it.

Emerson sits down. He doesn't deserve this, and he knows it.

EMERSON

Mr. McInnis, I went to Columbia University. Top of my class.

Shane reacts. A jealous flinch.

EMERSON (CONT'D)

Mr. Szalwinski sent me your numbers, past issues, everything. I've streamlined your finances, I've archived your content. I found writers who can duplicate your voice--

GAVIN

Is our voice as faggy as yours?

The American Staffers stare at Gavin in shock.

Shane hides the laughter on his face. Gavin looks back at Emerson with wry amusement.

Suroosh gathers his things and leaves.

SHANE (PRELAP)

We didn't know the guy was gay, Richard. It won't happen again.

CUT TO:

INT. BROOKLYN VICE OFFICES - MOMENTS LATER

Emerson packs his desk. Screw this place. He's out.

Through a window into an office, a female HR REP chastises Gavin. He rolls his eyes as paperwork is handed to him, forcing him to sign something.

SZALWINSKI (O.S.)

You're goddamn right it won't happen again.

Shane's watching Gavin within the safety of his own office, the phone to his ear. He listens to Szalwinski. Sets in deep:

SZALWINSKI (FROM THE PHONE) (CONT'D)

The bigger you get, the more people you represent. The people you answer to. You represent me now. You answer to me. That's the cost of success.

Emerson walks out the front door. As...

SZALWINSKI (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 The thing that got you where you
 are today, won't get you where you
 want to be.

GAVIN (O.S.)
 (muffled)
What are you going to do about it!?

Gavin knocks the paperwork off HR Rep's desk, exits the office and meets Shane's eye.

Gavin shrugs, *"What the fuck is going on!?!"*

Shane shrugs back. He doesn't know, but he's starting to.

INT. BROOKLYN VICE OFFICES - LATER

Shane steps out of the bathroom. The toilet flushing behind him. He notes that the entire staff, once ready to take on the world, is downtrodden.

Some are updating their resumes. Turning off their monitors when someone passes behind them. Then not bothering anymore.

They work in the worst... place... ever.

Shane climbs up onto a desk.

SHANE
 Everybody. Can I get your
 attention, please?

Everyone turns to him.

SHANE (CONT'D)
 Any hip bars in Brooklyn?

INT. UNION POOL - NIGHT

The newly opened indoor/outdoor dive bar (literally) of inflatable pools - the future hipster Mecca of Williamsburg. Cheap beers and cheaper hook-ups.

THE STROKES bash out sloppy Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers rip-off riffs on a small stage. Working out the kinks.

And if Szalwinski said what worked in Canada won't work here, so far he's wrong. The Brooklyn staff imbibe free drinks on Vice and bumps of coke off the bar, forgiving any prior offenses through the inhalation of excellent narcotics.

The Vice Boys have a corner table for themselves. A WAITRESS arrives with a tray of Miller Lites.

GAVIN

That guy was a twat waffle.

WAITRESS

What's a twat waffle?

GAVIN

It's the waffle-like imprint that pubic hair leaves on your forehead after going down on a girl for a long time.

WAITRESS

You're not doing it right.

She leaves.

GAVIN

We didn't need office staff coordinators or human resource reps and lawyers in Montreal, so we sure as hell don't need them in Brooklyn. Nobody's coming in here thinking they can do our job better than us.

SHANE

What is it about first generation immigrant kids thinking they're going to be replaced all the time?

Gavin's scornful eyes lock on something across the bar.

GAVIN

What is it about middle class white guys who think they won't?

Shane looks over his shoulder and sees what Gavin's looking at: The HR REP talking to a YOUNG AFRICAN-AMERICAN staffer. They shake hands. A deal made.

Shane takes a mental note of Gavin's glare. A seed planted. Brings his attention back to Gavin.

SUROOSH

Ok, guys. Ease up. We did it! We made it. We're on our own. Let's just do some cool shit, ok? Now that we finally can.

Shane resets.

SHANE

We've dreamt of this since we were kids. Suroosh, you trusted me in getting you your magazine. And you brought us in. I owe you guys. So I bought you both something.

Shane pulls three ring boxes out of his pocket.

SHANE (CONT'D)

This is my thank you. For your brotherhood, and the sacrifices we've made, will make, and are willing to make - for Vice. And for each other.

He places THREE VICE LOGO RINGS on the table.

GAVIN

If words were a blowjob...

Suroosh picks up his ring and slips it on his middle finger.

Gavin and Shane follow suit. Locking eyes while slipping them on their middle fingers. A promise to sacrifice for each other...

...or each other?

The Vice Boys show off their rings. Giving middle fingers and scream in their own celebratory Haka dance.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

It's showtime.

Gavin rises. Crosses and climbs up on the bar.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

Brooklyn staffers of Vice Magazine.
Let's rip this town a new asshole!

The Brooklyn Vice staff cheers.

ANGLE ON - SHANE AND SUROOSH watching Gavin. Both all smiles. Shane's slowly wanes. Suroosh fiddles with the ring.

SHANE

(re: Suroosh's ring)

Maybe I should have just bought two of them, eh?

SUROOSH

What do you mean?

Shane gestures to Gavin. Suroosh looks at him confused. Are you serious? Shane gives a fake smile.

SHANE
Fucking with you.

Suroosh nods. Smiles. Thinks nothing of it. He rises and joins Gavin in the celebration.

Shane's fake smile melts away. Realizing he's alone in this.

DISSOLVES TO:

EXT. WEST 27TH STREET - WILLIAMSBURG, BROOKLYN - DAY

We're back. But it's not the same West 27th Street we saw earlier. The new asshole has been thoroughly ripped.

ON SCREEN: **2005**

The Vice Office is now the centerpoint of gentrification. The surrounding buildings have been power-washed or completely renovated.

The homeless replaced with food trucks. The gutterpunks are now cooler-than-thou Bearded Hipsters and Betty Page-clones.

A BROOKLYN ARCHITECTURE DESIGN sign hangs above the door of the office across the street. Bigger than the Vice sign.

A cab pulls up. A chubby reporter, **WILL**, (30's) steps out.

Bright white New Balance sneakers, tight stone-washed jeans, fanny-pack, and a tucked-in short sleeve dress shirt.

He snaps a photo of the architecture sign and crosses to the Vice Offices.

INT. MONTREAL VICE OFFICE - WAITING AREA - CONTINUOUS

The Vice Office has changed as well. There's a small, cramped waiting area painted blinding white the size of a large bathroom stall. A closed door leads into the Vice Office.

ELI (Hispanic Hipster, 23) stands behind a small welcome desk. He smiles as Will enters.

WILL
Hi, I'm with--.

ELI
 You're here to do a story on the
 100th issue of *Vice Magazine* for
The Ottawa Times. Please sign here.

Eli slides a very-legal looking document towards Will,
 waiting for his John Hancock. Will gestures. *What is this?*

ELI (CONT'D)
 A Non-Traditional Workplace
 Visitor's Agreement Form created by
 our lawyers and HR years ago.

Will stammers. *A what?*

ELI (CONT'D)
 (machine-gun fire from
 memory)
 By signing you are agreeing that it
 is possible that some of the texts,
 images, and information you will be
 exposed to in the course of your
 visit with Vice may be considered
 to be offensive, obscene, violent,
 or disturbing. And that you agree
to not find such texts, images, or
 information in this environment
 offensive, obscene, violent, or
 disturbing. But rather acknowledge
 the very nature of Vice as being
 offensive, obscene, violent, and
 disturbing.

Will gawks at that for a beat. Signs. Then gestures, asking
 if he can take a picture of the document.

Eli nods - *please do!*

Will takes a photo of the document.

ELI (CONT'D)
 Well done, sir.

Eli notarizes the document. He opens the door, and leads Will
 into the Wonka Factory...

INT. BROOKLYN VICE OFFICES - CONTINUOUS

100 HIP, DIVERSE OFFICE STAFFERS plugging away on projects
 like there's no tomorrow in a packed and energetic central
 room. Nobody over the age of 25 and nobody looking uncool.

Busy. Busy. Busy.

Huge HD TVs show images of Snoop Dogg smoking weed intercut with barely censored hardcore pornography, *The Andy Griffith Show*, and gory and uncut Iraq War footage.

A sleazy looking photographer wearing leather bikini shorts. He chainsmokes while taking photos of himself with young (too young?) naked female models draped on his arms.

This is TERRY RICHARDSON. A total piece of shit that we already spent too much time with.

All the while, Eli leads a stunned and overwhelmed Will through the intense workplace debauchery moving at a breakneck speed.

ELI

Over the last five years Vice has grown tremendously. And thanks to Shane's genius business sense, the company did not fall prey to the dot-com bubble burst back in 2001.

WILL

Szalwinski, the company's benefactor, went bankrupt. He's financially and completely out of the Vice picture then?

ELI

Dodo.

(beat)

Szalwinski got Vice to Brooklyn, but Shane got Vice to where it is today. When everyone spread themselves wide on the internet, he clenched tighter. Kept everything in-house. No outsiders. No one else. Except us.

(beat)

Shane saved Vice by creating *VIRTUE*: his own in-house advertising design agency. Allowing him to deploy the magazine's creative talents on behalf of its advertisers. Long story short: if you think you're cool enough to advertise with Vice, you're not. Not until Vice makes you cool enough. Which means Shane charges you twice! Shane paid our rents. He fed us. Kept some of us alive. And got us excellent drugs.

WILL
Where's Gav--?

ELI
Suroosh is currently on assignment
on a top secret project, and--

WILL
(eager)
Gavin?

Eli stops in front of Shane's office door. He's obviously
been prepped to dodge this question.

ELI
Right now Shane is meeting with a
development executive from MTV.
They're coming to him to pitch a
Vice branded news program. Again.
They want their edge back.

Will writes it down. Eli smirks.

ELI (CONT'D)
Let's go in, shall we?

Before Will can put up an argument about intruding, Eli
bursts through the door.

INT. SHANE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Just in time to hear Shane (now 34, specks of gray in his
buzzed hair) say to the MTV EXEC, a casually dressed male in
his early 20's. (*This kid is an executive at MTV?*)

SHANE
You had it, then you lost it. We're
the cool kids on the block now. And
you guys at MTV suck. Thanks for
stopping in, maybe I'll call you
back this time.

MTV Exec rises and shakes Shane's hand. Will watches wide-
eyed as the MTV Exec leaves.

SHANE (CONT'D)
They keep coming in here with a
boner with my name on it. In five
years we're going to be doing what
they're doing, but bigger than they
are, and they know that. They're
afraid they'll get left behind.

WILL
Mr. Smith, my name is--

SHANE
Eli! Latte.

Shane looks at Will. Says the following so quickly, few viewers may hear that Shane already knows his name. *Prepared.*

SHANE (CONT'D)
Will, can I get you a latte? We got this machine. It can do any type of coffee. Iced. Hot. Cappuccino, mocha, bullshit. Whatever. Yeah, fuck lattes. Hipster shit.
(to Eli)
Coffee! Black. Like my men!

Eli ducks out.

SHANE (CONT'D)
Ever seen the movie *Airplane!*?

Shane rises and crosses to the window. Watching the architecture firm moving in across the street. He rubs his coked-out nose like a fiend.

WILL
Mr. Smith, I'm doing a "local boys do good" story about you and Gavin and Vice. I wanted to ask you a few questions about your Canadian roots. Now, Vice started in Montreal as a small welfare mag--

SHANE
Did you take a picture of those architecture assholes across the street?

WILL
Uh, I don't know? Yes?

SHANE
Why did you do that? Take a picture of them in a story about me? Why would you do that?

Will is apoplectic.

WILL
So... Szalwinski entered the picture after you went on live--

Gavin bursts in. A duffel bag under his arm. Will tightens in excitement and flips a page in his notebook.

Shane notices. Eyes like daggers onto Gavin. Thunder stolen.

But we are looking at a different Gavin. No longer the skinny, baby-faced boy we saw early. Age has done him well.

He's the dapper, well-groomed, bearded hipster-man of Brooklyn. A complete renaissance.

He drops his duffel bag.

GAVIN
No car at JFK.

Shane nervously looks at Will - *was this Shane's plan to have Gavin missing during this interview?*

SHANE
I'll get Eli to call the limo company and see what's up. Gavin, I'm on it.

Gavin knows better. *Bullshitter.*

WILL
Gavin. Uh, hi. My name is--

GAVIN
(to Will)
Why are you dressed like a high school substitute teacher going through a divorce?

Will laughs. *Classic Gavin!* Then the self-doubt kicks in.

SHANE
How was the Paris Fashion Show?

GAVIN
Gay.

Will smirks and writes it down.

Shane cracks his neck. A place to hide his grimace of anger.

WILL
Gavin, you revolutionized fashion around the world. The Hipster look is entirely crafted from your Do's and Don't's column in the magazine.
(MORE)

WILL (CONT'D)
How does it feel to be the
Millennial's Gianni Versace? Or
Twiggy!

GAVIN
Gay.
(to Shane)
Where's Suroosh?

SHANE
Iraq. Finishing his heavy metal
documentary!
(ooh la la!)

Will writes that down.

Shane bites his lip, pissed he let the cat out of the bag.

GAVIN
(to Will)
You get one question.

WILL
If Vice were to ever accept MTV's
offer for a news program, how would
its voice differ from the magazine?

GAVIN
Gay.

Gavin looks at Shane. Recognizes bullshit when he hears it.

GAVIN (CONT'D)
MTV? A bit small for us, don't you
think?

INT. BROOKLYN VICE OFFICES - MOMENTS LATER

Shane and Gavin watch Will leave. Gavin brings his attention
to a group of Vice staffers on computers in the corner.

An emphasis on an ASIAN FEMALE - the team leader. This is
CARA (22). Remember her. She's far more important than we
know right now.

GAVIN
Who are they?

SHANE
Coders.

GAVIN
Why do we need coders?

SHANE

Companies have coders. To... code.
We have coders on payroll now.

GAVIN

How's that bank account looking?

Shane's attention goes out the window. That moving truck bothering him again.

SHANE

I think those architecture pricks
got the biggest office on the
block.

GAVIN

I don't care, Shane. I care about
where I can find my writing staff
who used to sit right where those
coders are.

Shane gestures to a back corner. Gavin sucks spittle between his teeth in anger. Nobody puts his babies in a corner.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

No more fashion shows. No more
trips. This place changes too much
when I'm gone.

Gavin crosses towards his writers.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

And tell Terry to stop taking
photos of himself. Just the girls.
Someone needs to remind him he's
not the face of *Vice Magazine*.

SHANE

Shouldn't that come from the Voice
of *Vice Magazine*, Gav?

Gavin flips him the finger without looking back. His Vice Logo ring reflects the overhead lights.

Shane instinctually rubs his, watching Gavin's writing team embrace him like Odysseus returning from his voyage.

In the background, MTV Exec crawls out from underneath a coding desk. Shuffles to Shane.

MTV EXEC

The reporter gone?

SHANE
Get back to work.

"MTV Exec" sits at a desk next to Cara and starts working on code. He's another working scrub.

The whole thing was a bluff.

INT. FOX NEWS HEADQUARTERS - EXECUTIVE LOBBY - DAY

LIZ (22, African-American) sits in a chair. Her leg bouncing as she waits for an interview, like Shane so many years ago.

Dressed conservatively. A prim and proper business suit. Hair straightened and pulled back. Make-up carefully applied. Ankles crossed. All business. All nerves.

Shane bursts in and heads straight to the Secretary. Liz immediately recognizes him. Practically grabs her heart.

SHANE
Tell Captain Poopy Pants it's time
to stop his war-profiteering.
Corporate executive lunch meeting.
Starts now.
(beat and a smile)
Hi, Kristen.

KRISTEN/SECRETARY
(flirty)
Hi, Shane.

Kristen buzzes for her boss. Shane leans back and sees Liz.
She quickly diverts her eyes. Hiding her awe of him.

SHANE
(to Liz)
What are you doing?

LIZ
Waiting... for an interview. With
Captain... Poopy... Pants.

SHANE
Lemme see your resume.

Liz stammers. She hands it to Shane from her briefcase.

SHANE (CONT'D)
Nice briefcase.
(a beat to read)
Intel!
(MORE)

SHANE (CONT'D)
Squeaky clean computer company.
Processors and stuff, right?

LIZ
I have an unpaid internship in the
marketing department.

SHANE
So you're slave labor.

Liz cocks her head. Offended. But she agrees.

SHANE (CONT'D)
(re: her resume)
Columbia University with honors.
What do you want with Captain Poopy
Pants?

LIZ
(carpe diem)
To be the biggest--

Captain Poopy Pants enters. **TAYLOR** (38), New York Media Exec
sleeze-ball. Pin-striped suit, power-tie, greased hair.

TAYLOR
To be the biggest and best coffee
girl I've ever had. Like every 20
year old in this town. Let's go.

He's already out in the hallway.

Liz deflates. Checks her watch. Has a place to be. She sighs.

SHANE
(to Liz)
Want some free advice? Making you
wait is a power move. Don't let
them. If you want to get inside,
kick the fucking doors down.
Understand?
(re: her resume)
Keeping this.

Shane folds the resume and puts it in his pocket, as Liz
awkwardly tries to respond. He walks out into the hallway.

After a beat, Liz stands up and leaves. No more waiting.

INT. SCORES STRIP CLUB - VIP SECTION - DAY

New York City's upscale strip club. This corporate exec lunch
meeting is more Mötley Crüe than Rupert Murdoch.

Shane, Taylor, and THREE MORE corporate slags like Taylor, get lap dances and snort coke off of strippers.

Stacks of bills everywhere. Everyone listening to Shane.

SHANE

Asshole pitches us a story. Dude's driving a semi packed with 35,000 pounds of pure hashish through the Montreal streets at three in the morning. Cops pull him over. But they don't arrest him. They leave him on the corner. Steal his truck and his shit. Guy claims cops are planting his stuff to make busts and set up people around the city.

TAYLOR

No fucking way!

SHANE

Suroosh checks the numbers. Yep. Hash busts are up. All arrests made by the same three cops Asshole names! So we're like, "*What do we do? Do we run this guy's story or not?*" We'll teach a grandma to give a blowjob, but Montreal's grandmas won't gang up to bash your brains in if you wrong one of them!

Hilarious laughter.

SHANE (CONT'D)

So we go with the story. We run it. 50,000 copies of the magazine shows up, and Asshole comes back. "*Guys, you can't run my story. I made it all up when I was in prison! It's not real! It didn't happen!*" So we start ripping out the article. Printing out and taping inserts into 50,000 copies of the magazine because of one fucking advertisement on the back! Gavin replaced the hash story with an interview with a potato. Get it? Potato? Hash? Get it?

DOUCHEBAGS

Holy shit! Ha! Gavin's the best.

SHANE

So... uh... yeah. Few months later,
we're at this club called Fouf--.

TAYLOR

Fouf? That's the fucking most
Montreal thing I've ever heard!

SHANE

And in walks Asshole. "Good thing
you didn't run that story," he says
to us. "I was told to put a bullet
in your heads and your staff, and
burn your office to the ground that
night if you guys refused!"

Shane holds his hand like a gun and presses it to Taylor's
temple, pulls the "trigger". Hilarious laughter.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Dude was with the Montreal Mafia!
Read *Fear and Loathing* in prison
and came out wanting to be a gonzo
journalist! Found him in the St.
Lawrence River three weeks later!

The funniest thing they've ever heard. Shane runs a straw
down the stripper's belly and snorts hard.

TAYLOR

That's why they called you
Bullshitter Shane Smith!

More laughter, but Shane's shock at hearing his old nickname
in years counteracts the coke. Dead cold.

SHANE

What the fuck d'you say?

TAYLOR

What? Saw an article about you guys
in *The Ottawa Times*. Bullshitter
Shane. That's what they used to
call you, right? Makes sense!

Shane wipes the coke off the stripper's belly. All done.

SHANE

What makes sense?

TAYLOR

Oh, come on, Shane. Vice is
bullshit, right? That's the whole
point!

(MORE)

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Suroosh's "cool shit" call from God, Gavin starts some shit, you clean it up with more bullshit. I'm not knocking it! It's cool! I mean, you have coked out naked 18 year olds running around the office! We can't do that! If we did that I'd be looking at a drunk Bill O'Reilly's pecker all day long, and who the fuck wants that!? What we do and what you do is different, that's all.

Douchebags laugh. Calling him Bullshitter Shane while snorting coke. Shane cracks.

SHANE

In five years Vice is going to be legit. Bigger than all of you.

Laughter stops. The "business meeting" just became business.

TAYLOR

That would make us competitors, Shane.

SHANE

Then I guess you'd have to find someone else to hook you up with backstage passes and porn stars.

TAYLOR

Why don't you save yourself the embarrassment. Stick to bullshit.

SHANE

One of you is bringing me in, or I'll take all you bastards down.

Execs stand. Throw money on the table. Taylor rises.

TAYLOR

We don't fall... *Bullshitter*.

SHANE

That's what Richard Szalwinski thought.

TAYLOR

Who the fuck is Richard Szalwinski?!

Taylor and crew leaves. Shane hangs his head. Blew that one.

Or did he...?

REVEAL - Shane's at the table with only one other guy. **BEAU** (late 20's) and softer than the others. He was there but not participating the entire time. He watches Shane.

BEAU
Wow, Shane. That was... rough.

Shane rubs his eyes.

BEAU (CONT'D)
Let me read the room at Viacom. Our CEO, Van Toffler, is a... fan. He might be up for a sit-down. But I can't promise you anything.

Shane perks up a bit.

BEAU (CONT'D)
But no strong-arming. Kicking down doors. No threats. You get one shot at this. This is for real. Ok?

Beau rises. Lays cash on the table. As he's leaving...

BEAU (CONT'D)
And, Shane, do yourself a favor.
Don't bring Gavin.

Beau leaves. Shane stares off...

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. BROOKLYN VICE OFFICES - CONTENT ROOM - DAY

...into space. His mind still in the strip club replaying each second of his meeting.

Suroosh "attends" the meeting on a laptop's video feed. He's in a warehouse wearing an army helmet. Face blackened. Long dirty beard and shaggy hair - a few months in a warzone has taken its toll. Bombs heard exploding in the background.

Gavin is lively and chatting up the room with his writing staff - the first time we've seen him actually *happy* and comfortable where he is. Pitching an idea...

GAVIN
An entire issue completely created
by retarded peop-- uh, excuse me.

The room laughs. Eyes roll. Typical Gavin. He smirks.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

The "severely mentally challenged".
They'll do the whole issue. Writing
stories, editing, taking photos.
They'll even do the layout.

SUROOSH

We can take the staff on a retreat
to Mexico for the month.

GAVIN

And come back to find our
screensavers switched to photos of
"The Rock".

Laughter.

SUROOSH

The movie or the wrestler?

GAVIN

Yes.

More laughter.

SHANE

(no mirth)

What the fuck are we doing?

Laughter stops. All eyes on him.

SUROOSH

Problem, Shane?

Shane shrugs dismissively. *No problem.*

Gavin knows his friend. Knows the problem. His resolution...

GAVIN

So, uh, a bit off topic, but...
these guys reached out to me.

SUROOSH

A side-- of the high-- way thi--
ng, Ga--?

Suroosh's image cuts out after an explosion. Everyone
concerned. A beat and he's back. Dust settling. Army Rangers
checking on him.

Shane didn't even register it. Gavin stews.

GAVIN

Yeah, so. These guys. They don't identify as white supremacists. Klan, skins, or neo-Nazis. I don't know what they are honestly! I don't even think they know. They call themselves the "extreme right". They're like regular guys sitting around talking about how proud they are of being white. Treating each other like family. It's different. Something we haven't seen before. Maybe do something about them? I don't know.

SUROOSH

Like something funny? For the fashion column, or...?

GAVIN

(for Shane's sake)
Something real. Legit.

The room stammers. *Gavin going legit?*

Gavin looks at Shane to see if he's paying attention.

Looking at Shane, he's obviously not. Gavin sighs.

SUROOSH

(hesitant)

Ok. Reach back out to these racist fucks, see if there's a cool "in". Shane, conflicts?

Shane doesn't budge. Another bomb behind Suroosh somewhere.

SUROOSH (CONT'D)

Shane!

Shane perks up. *What?*

GAVIN

Suroosh is getting bombs dropped on his ass, and he's paying more attention than you are.

SHANE

The extreme right guys. Yeah. Sounds good. I agree. Let's greenlight it. It'll be funny.

Everyone looks at each other. *What is up with him?*

SUROOSH

It's not your place to greenlight it, Shane. We're asking you if it conflicts with any advertisers.

SHANE

Uhm. No. No white sheets or cousin-dating services in this issue.

Gets some laughs.

SUROOSH

It's on you, Gav. Bring it home.

Shane goes back into his trance. Gavin watches him nervously. Sensing the start of a break. As we hear...

SUROOSH (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Alright. We're racing the clock on this issue. I'm on the next military plane out of here in the AM. Let's make sure we...

DISSOLVES TO:

EXT. WEST 27TH STREET - WILLIAMSBURG, BROOKLYN - NIGHT

Shane sits on the front stoop of the Vice office. Staffers exit the building all smiles. Shane slides out of their way. They cross to a corner bar. No one acknowledges him.

Gavin's the last one out. He stops when he sees Shane.

STAFFER

Gavin! You coming or what?

Gavin waves him off. Sits next to Shane. A beat of comfortable silence. Gavin pulls a cassette from his pocket.

GAVIN

Check this out.

THE CASSETTE - Hand-drawn album "art" on construction paper - "ANAL CHINOOK". Shane chuckles.

SHANE

Our high school punk band. Where'd you find this?

GAVIN

Find it? I never lost it. Remember how you told the student council we were a Motown cover band!

(MORE)

GAVIN (CONT'D)

"Gavin Jive and the Ottawa Five" or some shit like that! And they booked us to play the junior prom?

SHANE

The only way we could afford to go.

GAVIN

Then found out our real name just before the show. Told us we'd be suspended indefinitely if we said "Anal" on stage! Junior prom at a catholic school! Half of those girls did anal that night anyway!

SHANE

So you walked up to the mic...

GAVIN

...and you're going, "Don't do it, Gav! Don't do it!" meaning you want me to do it!

SHANE

...and announce, "Ladies and Gentlemen! We are..."

SHANE AND GAVIN

"...Leatherassbuttfuck!"

Laughter as two old friends are briefly reunited, as comfortable as ever. But the mirth quickly disappears...

GAVIN (CONT'D)

Two weeks suspension for that one. When my old man found out, he beat the shit out of me so bad. I knew he would. He always did whenever you and I-- I mean, you always got away with it. But me-- he put me in the hospital for most of those two weeks. I think he just he didn't want me around.

Another silent beat between the two. Now, not so comfortable.

SHANE

Anal Chinook. Leatherassbuttfuck. The Vice Guide to Anal Sex. Everything we've ever accomplished is built on a foundation of sodomy.

GAVIN

Solid foundation though. I mean
look at this. Look at what we did.
Together. We built this block. This
town. This is ours. This is us. You
and me. Suroosh played a part too,
I guess. Wherever the fuck he is.

Shane laughs. The staff's laughter seeps out from the bar.

SHANE

You're the influencer, Gav. This
place is more you than it is me.

GAVIN

For a guy who makes big deals, you
know how to sell yourself short.

Gavin rises. Dusts off his pants. Looks at the bar.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

I should go home. It's all hoppy,
dog piss in there anyway. Can't get
a Miller Lite in this town anymore.

SHANE

Hipsters ruined the neighborhood.

Gavin chuckles at the irony.

GAVIN

Plus I got this thing happening
tomorrow with these guys. Gotta
"bring it home", like Suroosh said,
you know? See you tomorrow, man.

Shane's mirth disappears. Regret? Gavin walks the opposite
direction away from the bar. Turns back hearing...

SHANE

Why'd you do it?

Shane begins wiping his hands on his jeans. Confusion and
conflict on his face. Regret?

SHANE (CONT'D)

If you knew your father was going
to beat the shit out of you. And I
was going to get away with it.
Why'd you do it? Any of it? Why did
you follow me?

GAVIN

Because you were cool. And you were going to do it anyway, with or without me. So I wanted you to remember me there when you did. Always at your side. Keep the tape.

Gavin turns and disappears into the darkness.

Shane flips the cassette tape around in his fingers.

INT. SHANE'S BROOKLYN APARTMENT - NIGHT

Shane sits on the couch watching *60 Minutes* covering the war in Iraq, flipping the cassette tape in his hand. His cell phone rings. It's Beau.

BEAU

(from the phone)

Toffler's interested in something with MTV. Meeting's set in two weeks. You get one shot at this, Shane. Don't blow it.

Beau hangs up. Shane puts the tape down on the table for the remote. Changes the channel to MTV to catch *Pimp My Ride*...

XZIBIT (O.S.)

(from the television)

We know you like fish, dog. So we put an aquarium in the trunk of your Honda Civic, dog!

"Dog" howls in appreciated glee.

TIME PASSES - LATER

Shane sunk lower into the couch, glued to the unseen television. We can hear *The Ashlee Simpson Show*...

ASHLEE SIMPSON (O.S.)

(uptalk, vocal rasp)

I don't know... I'm like... trying really hard to make a great album... but... like... at the same time... party and have fun...

TIME PASSES - LATER

Shane is lying down. Dulled eyes glazed over at the television.

OZZY OSBOURNE (O.S.)
Sharooooooooooooon!

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. VIACOM OFFICES - DAY

Shane charges in. Beau stands up from his desk, practically dropping his phone mid-call.

BEAU
Holy shit, Shane! I said two weeks!

Shane marches straight for Toffler's office.

BEAU (CONT'D)
You're fucking blowing it!

Shane disappears around the corner. Beau falls back into his chair. Covering his face with his hands. His ass on the line.

TOFFLER (PRELAP)
Shane, I respect your passion, ok?

CUT TO:

INT. VAN TOFFLER'S OFFICE - DAY

VAN TOFFLER (45) has a distinct similarity to Richard Szalwinski, but this guy is all professional. His office is dedicated not to himself, but to his wife and two kids. He sits behind his desk tapping his fingertips together.

TOFFLER
But being stupid and absurd isn't cool anymore.

SHANE
And MTV's cool?

TOFFLER
MTV isn't about being cool. It's a business, not a passion project.

SHANE
It's been going down the retard-hole since Cobain died.

Toffler raises his eyebrows. Offended. Professional enough to not make it "a thing".

TOFFLER

Generation X stopped watching us. Now it's the "Millennials". *Pimp My Ride* is no less... insipid... than *Beavis and Butthead* was. Or *Remote Control* when we started. You just can't see that. Welcome to the first day of realizing you're old, Shane.

Shane shifts in his seat.

TOFFLER (CONT'D)

MTV doesn't grow up with its viewers. We are Peter Pan. MTV stays young forever. Someday the Millennials will stop watching us and the next generation will begin. And MTV will watch them leave, and adapt once more. We don't stay cool. We stay young. To keep the advertisers. That's our business model. But Vice is different.

Toffler rises and casually strolls around his office.

TOFFLER (CONT'D)

The thing that made Vice great is the very thing that holds it back. It's 2005, Shane. We're living on the cusp of the greatest cultural paradigm shift in decades: gay rights and gay marriage, cultural awareness and sensitivity, a renaissance of feminism. We might see an African-American President in our lifetime! These things are starting right now. Vice can't stay young. Vice needs to grow up because... its readers are. And anything that refuses to grow up with them will get left behind. And the next generation? Stupid and absurd won't be cool to them. Their world will be stupid and absurd enough. The days of the Loveable Offensive White Guy is coming to an end. You hurt people, Shane. Vice hurt people. Recognize that. Accept that, and move on. Promising to never do it again. To better things. Bigger things.

(beat)

(MORE)

TOFFLER (CONT'D)

And Viacom is interested in helping
you do just that... Mr. Smith.

Shane realizes that he's being pitched to. The two bounce off
each other like Kenny and Dolly singing "Islands in the
Stream".

SHANE

A cool, young *60 Minutes*.
Daring, edgy, authentic in
your face news.

TOFFLER

More dramatic than anything a
writer's room could come up
with.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Gets the 18-24 demographic's
attention. The advertisers
will follow.

TOFFLER

And Vice's Millennial and
Generation X viewers will
follow you when you...

SHANE (CONT'D)

...go bigger.

Toffler smiles. Exactly.

TOFFLER (V.O.)

A show on MTV for one season. We
get the content and the voice just
right. Then we get the viewers. We
get the advertisers. Then you get
your own Vice Channel. We are
willing to invest 100 million
dollars right now into Vice...
Media. To become partners.

Shane, for some reason, doesn't seem very impressed.

SHANE

Deal.

TOFFLER

Good. Now, let's talk about Gavin.

CUT TO:

INT. BROOKLYN VICE OFFICES - CONTENT ROOM - DAY

Gavin works with his writing staff. Editing stories and
making changes.

TOFFLER (V.O.)
And let's talk about where print
magazines fit in the 21st century
world of media.

Shane's going over their print layout. Pulling stories and
crossing them out with a pen.

GAVIN
What are you doing?

SHANE
Getting rid of conflicts.

GAVIN
You think Almost Skateboards is
going to have a problem with the
"Early Millennials Suck" story?

SHANE
Early Millennials ride skateboards,
don't they?

GAVIN
Not the right way.

Gavin rips the mock-ups away from Shane.

GAVIN (CONT'D)
Cut the bullshit, Shane. Go sell
ads or something.

Shane pushes Gavin. He slams into the wall hard and falls to
the ground holding the back of his head. Shane curses
himself.

The writing staff is frozen in shock.

Gavin gets his vision back. Rises on his own. Dusts himself
off. After a long, awkward beat.

GAVIN (CONT'D)
It's because home isn't a place,
it's the people we're with.

Shane cocks his head - what?

GAVIN (CONT'D)
You once asked me why immigrant
kids are afraid of being replaced
all the time.

SHANE
I forgot about that.

Suroosh enters straight from the airport. Duffel bag over his shoulder, Iraqi sand practically still in his beard. He crosses to the table. Completely unable to read the room.

SUROOSH

Alright. Good. You're both here.

Gavin hands the omitted story to a shocked writer.

GAVIN

(re: the story)

Get rid of this. And take lunch.

The writers exit, leaving the Vice Boys alone. Suroosh sets up his stuff. Gavin and Shane stare down each other. A friendship withers on the vine.

SUROOSH

Good to see you assholes, too.

Flight was fine. Thanks for asking.

Suroosh notices Shane and Gavin staring at each other.

SUROOSH (CONT'D)

Whatever white bro dick measuring contest the two of you are in, can you just whip them out and end it? We have a lot to get done here.

Gavin and Shane relax.

SUROOSH (CONT'D)

Gavin, where are we on the extreme right guys? Think you can make something out of it?

GAVIN

Yeah.

SUROOSH

Good. Notify legal. I'm sure they'll want video logged with HR. We don't need one of these redneck pricks to drop a libel suit on us. Montreal staff is flying in for the one hundredth issue party next week. Shane, make sure they have a good time.

GAVIN

We never did pay them.

SHANE

I'll make sure Rex brings the coke
and the whores.

A shared chuckle from Shane and Gavin. The last one they'll
ever have together. And it feels like they both know that.

Gavin leaves. Suroosh looks up at Shane. Shane obviously has
something to tell him.

SUROOSH

What?

SHANE

I have a deal on the table.

CUT TO:

INT. MANHATTAN CENTER - GRAND BALLROOM - NIGHT

The gorgeous and renowned performance venue decorated to the
nines. Dinner tables. A string quartet plays on stage.

Manhattan's powerful and elite movers and shakers (white,
60's), dressed in tuxedos and evening gowns, sip champagne
while having discussions that we are not privy to.

Shane stands in a corner alone. A bottle of Miller Lite in
hand. Toffler approaches. He takes Shane's beer and replaces
it with a glass of champagne from a passing waiter's tray.

TOFFLER

Follow. I want you to meet people.

Toffler leads Shane to a group of silver-haired men and women
drinking champagne and laughing without a care in the world.

SHANE

Who are these guys?

TOFFLER

People you need to impress. They're
going to love you. Just be
yourself. Be nice.

He's introduced, Shane smiles and shakes their hands.

NEW ANGLE - Suroosh watches him from a corner with a cold
stare of contempt. Wears a tux and holds a glass of champagne.
His hair and wild beard still untamed since his return. All
the silver haired moguls do WIDE CIRCLES to avoid him. And
he's well aware of why.

Shane's cell phone buzzes. Shane apologizes to the movers and shakers. Steps away to check the caller ID.

Toffler eyes him with disappointment. We hear a conversation had in the recent past:

SHANE (PRELAP)
A huge deal. But it doesn't include
Gavin.

INT. VIACOM - EDITING ROOM - NIGHT (EARLIER)

Shane shows his "something" to Suroosh earlier in the night. Both in tuxes. Shane confidently adjusts his bow tie. Suroosh's still hanging untied.

A sizzle reel of the Vice MTV show: guerrilla style coverage of Yemen war zones, a young Barack Obama, Russian mobsters.

SUROOSH
(appalled at the thought)
He's the Voice of Vice Magazine. We
can't just cut him out. We lose
him, we lose the staff.

SHANE
I've been defending the guy and
turning his fuck ups into victories
my entire life. I'm not going to
drop him. Not now. Right before we
finally get to--

SUROOSH
(unheard of)
Dissolve the magazine?

SHANE
For a year. Maybe two. Until Vice
Network is up and running. Then
we'll be so big we can do what the
fuck we want! How we want! Nobody
controlling us. Answering to
nobody. We'll bring the magazine
and Gavin back in. Suroosh, I'll
get you your magazine ba--

Suroosh looks at Shane - remembering a similar conversation many years ago. Shane resets. Remembering it as well.

SHANE (CONT'D)
I'll get you your magazine back.
But right now, this is our last
chance.

SUROOSH
Last chance at what?

SHANE
At doing cool shit, street punk
journalism. Like you always wanted.
What I need to know is: are you
with me on this, or not? I swear
we're not leaving Gavin behind...

Suroosh contemplates the hardest decision of his life.

INT. VFW HALL - POST 3350 - NIGHT

Cheap ceiling tile. Folding chairs. Colorful tissue paper for decoration. A large American Flag adorns the wall.

SHANE (V.O.)
We're all he's got.

REVEAL - He's sitting in a meeting with the EXTREME RIGHT. Regular looking white guys in bad haircuts and fashion-less polo shirts and chino pants. Bland, boring, suburbanites. About as much personality as a 1993 Geo Prizm.

Shane's voicemail BEEPS. Gavin makes a decision. He doesn't leave a message. He closes his phone and stands to talk.

RETURN TO: INT. MANHATTAN CENTER - GRAND BALLROOM - NIGHT

Shane waits to get the voicemail. It doesn't come. He pockets his phone. Begins to impress the Media movers and shakers.

Suroosh dumps his champagne into a potted plant and leaves.

INT. UNION POOL - NIGHT

The YEAH YEAH YEAHS play a riotous version of "Date With The Night" on stage. A "100 ISSUES" sign in the VICE font hangs behind them.

The place is packed with celebrating hipsters and young celebrities, mixed with faces from the Montreal offices: our raver dealer Rex, Gavin's punching bag Brent, and others.

Despite their obvious differences in the Brooklyn and Montreal staff, all is well, everyone getting along. Stories being told. Good times and memories being shared and created.

Suroosh enters. Looking older and more tired than ever. He has no interest in the party, but finds who he's looking for. Gavin approaches.

SUROOSH
100 issues, brother.

GAVIN
And despite that we somehow put out
a few magazines.

Suroosh laughs. They give each other the finger - showing their Vice Logo Rings. Suroosh deflates. Guilt hits him hard. He looks around the room.

REVEAL - SUROOSH'S POV: We are suddenly aware of another group of people in the crowd: Gavin's Extreme Right Guys.

They are now carbon copies of Gavin. Hair gelled and neatly parted, buzzed on the side. Bearded or mustached, and cold burning eyes of hate and anger. The uniform of the new American neo-hipster-Nazi.

Staked out in corners sneering at those who pass - especially the women, open homosexuals, trans-folk, and people of color. Their hands folded in front of them. Only talking to each other, and obviously about the people in the room.

SUROOSH
Holy shit. Who brought the fascist
Ken dolls?

Gavin seethes at his own oversight.

GAVIN
I'll take care of that.
(change of topic)
Seen our boy, Shane? Can't believe
he's missing out on this.

Suroosh deflates.

SUROOSH
Hey man, listen.

Gavin gives Suroosh his full attention.

SUROOSH (CONT'D)
There's something you should know.
About Shane. About the magazine.

A woman passes by with TWO BEERS.

EXT. UNION POOL - NIGHT

Gavin explodes out. He calls Shane on his phone.

INT. VIACOM - EDITING ROOM - NIGHT

A female PERSONAL ASSISTANT enters with two cups of coffee, and hands them to Shane and Toffler. They're watching EDITORS splicing a news story about New York City's Opioid epidemic.

TOFFLER
(to the PA)
Thank you so much, Lucy.

Toffler watches the story being edited on the screen. Proud.

SHANE
It's done. It's perfect.

TOFFLER
It's getting there.

Shane leans back. So tired he could sleep, and so proud he could weep. His phone buzzes. Shane sees it's Gavin.

A worried look from Toffler and Shane snaps the phone closed.

SHANE
(re: his phone)
Suroosh. He's got some brilliant story ideas for the show. He's going to blow everyone's minds tomorrow at the board meeting.

TOFFLER
(nervous)
And how'd Gavin take it?

SHANE
It'll just be Suroosh and I.
Gavin's going to take a step back--

TOFFLER
Shane, we discussed this--...

SHANE
Gavin's good people! He's been my best friend since forever. He's obscene, and he antagonizes, but he's loyal to a flaw. And people love him for that. He'd lay himself on the tracks for his friends. In time you'll get to know him.

(MORE)

SHANE (CONT'D)

See the real Gavin. And you're going to change your mind.

TOFFLER

Can I show you something?

Toffler ejects the tape they're editing and puts a new one in. The screen shows images of an Extreme Right rally. A watermark "PROPERTY OF VIACOM" across its face.

Shane leans in.

SHANE

What's this?

TOFFLER

These are Gavin's friends. The ones he'd lay down on the tracks for. They have a name now. They call themselves "The Alt-Right".

SHANE

He's doing a story for the magazine. He's--

That's when Shane hears...

GAVIN (O.S.)

I'm a Western chauvinist.

THE SCREEN, Gavin is not attending the rally. He's leading it. Speaking into a microphone to a small horde of white men.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

(from the video)

I love being white, and I think it's something to be proud of. I don't want our culture diluted. We need to close the borders now and make everyone assimilate to a Western white, English speaking way of life.

Shane dies inside, as the small crowd applauds on tape.

TOFFLER

Shane, it doesn't matter what they call themselves. How they dress, or how they speak. If they're good people or not. They can water it down until it's flavorless, but bad taste doesn't go anywhere. This is white nationalism. White supremacy. And it has no place in our society.

(MORE)

TOFFLER (CONT'D)

I don't need to meet Gavin to see
who he really is. He's telling me.

Shane can't speak, hearing...

GAVIN

(from the video)

*Dead white guys built this country.
Show some gratitude and reverence.*

TOFFLER

You can't control him. Gavin is in
the way of many great things for
guys like you and me. Lose him, or
lose the deal. It's time to choose,
Shane.

Shane leans back in his chair. Rubs his tired eyes.

INT. UNION POOL - LATE NIGHT

The 100th issue party is over. The bar is closed. Bar staff
clean up after a bomb of debauchery. A few Vice staff passed
out on the floor.

Gavin holds court with his writing staff at the old corner
table where Shane gave him the Vice Ring years ago. A manic
plan being created.

Shane enters like a man entering a funeral. Gavin and the
writing staff freeze when Shane appears.

SHANE

Everyone. Get out of here.

They don't budge.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Fucking go.

All eyes on him. Gavin nods and they obey. They grab their
drinks and leave. A tense beat...

Gavin stays sitting, Shane keeps standing. Staring.

GAVIN

I called you.

SHANE

I was busy.

A deep-ceded anger sweeps over Gavin. Then gives way to an
even deeper sorrow. A child's last plea to be saved:

GAVIN

Let's go home Shane. Back to Montreal. Get our old apartment. We'll get dollar beers at Biftek, eat popcorn for dinner, and start a band and play at Fouf. I mean, we got one hell of a story to tell--

SHANE

What the fuck happened to you, man?

Gavin gets apoplectic.

SHANE (CONT'D)

I'm trying really hard here to protect you. Defend you, but you keep fucking up.

Shane doesn't know how to finish. He puts his hands in his pocket and feels something inside.

He pulls out the ANAL CHINOOK cassette Gavin gave him. Only far enough for him to see it.

A contemplative beat passes. Shane stuffs the cassette back into his pocket and finally says...

SHANE (CONT'D)

I have deal on the table with Viacom. Our own show. Then our network channel. It's--

GAVIN

(like he already knows)

Bit small for you, don't you think?

Shane sizes up Gavin - *did Suroosh already tell him?*

SHANE

We're giving you the magazine. Vice Magazine is yours. While Suroosh and I do the show. You do the magazine. On your own. All you.

Gavin's cold eyes snap onto Shane. Finally seeing Shane's bullshit aimed at him.

SHANE (CONT'D)

We'll funnel money from the television show to you so you don't need to worry about advertisers. Say what you want. Write what you want. Answering to nobody. Not even us. Just you.

We stay on Gavin. His rage returns, knowing the truth about the magazine's fate after the deal. But he buries it deep.

SHANE (CONT'D)
Your magazine. Your voice.

GAVIN
All by my pretty little self.

SHANE
And your staff.

Gavin's cold eyes lock harder onto Shane.

SHANE (CONT'D)
They go with you, too.

GAVIN
The staff and the magazine go,
Shane?

SHANE
And we both get exactly what we
always wanted.

Gavin is practically in tears. Rage or sadness? Hard to tell.

GAVIN
You're the Deals Guy.

Shane nods and leaves. Gavin stares at him with eyes of ice.

INT. BROOKLYN VICE OFFICES - SHANE'S OFFICE - MORNING

Shane wears a business suit, nervously tapping his fingertips to his desk. Checks his watch.

9:55 AM

INT. BROOKLYN VICE OFFICES - MORNING

Shane enters from his office. The staffers busy at work. Barely giving him the time of day.

SHANE
(to various staffers)
Guys, seen Suroosh? We were
supposed to have met up for
something.

Eli, the front door hipster we met earlier, arrives.

ELI

Suroosh left about an hour ago.
Said he had a morning meeting get
moved to an earlier time.

SHANE

Earlier time? By himself?

ELI

He wasn't alone.

Shane's phone rings. Caller ID: Van Toffler. He answers it.
Before he gets it to his ear...

ELI (CONT'D)

He's with Gavin.

Shane's face falls. *OH SHIT! OH SHIT! OH SHIT! OH SHIT!*

SHANE

(nervous, into the phone)
Hey, Captain Poopy-Pants. Running a
little late here. Sorry about--

TOFFLER

(from the phone)
Where the hell are you, Shane!?!

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. VIACOM OFFICES - CONTENT ROOM - DAY

Gavin talks up a repulsed group of New York City movers and
shakers of media we saw at the gala event. He holds a
VIDEOTAPE in his hand.

Suroosh sulks in a corner chair, realizing he's made the
biggest mistake of his life.

Toffler seethes secretly into his phone.

TOFFLER

Get your ass here now!

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. BROOKLYN VICE OFFICES - DAY

Shane slams his phone closed and rushes out the front door.

INT. VIACOM OFFICES - DAY

Shane races through the cubicles. Doesn't notice BEAU, the guy who set him up with Toffler, is packing up his desk.

INT. VIACOM OFFICES - CONTENT ROOM - DAY

Shane bursts in.

The room is empty. Except Gavin's DEMO VIDEO TAPE sits on the table. Like a detonated bomb.

A downtrodden Toffler appears in the doorway behind him. Steps out of the way, gestures for Shane to leave.

Shane deflates as we DISSOLVE TO...

INT. BROOKLYN VICE OFFICES - DAY

Shane enters with a DEMO VIDEO TAPE in his hand - identical to Gavin's from the content room. Just in time to hear Suroosh and Gavin addressing the Vice Staff.

SUROOSH

...what we can promise is a clean
and easy transition into the next
generation of--

Suroosh notices the staff all looking at Shane behind him. A long beat passes.

GAVIN

(re: the video tape)

Ends up the board members didn't
appreciate my contribution to the
show. I guess sex dolls and anal
probes aren't their thing. Even I
think I went a bit too far with
this one. What about you?

Shane hides the demo video tape behind his back. Gavin turns to the staff.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

Shane made a deal. Was on his way
to setting Vice up with its own
television network. A big deal. One
hundred million dollars huge! For
all of us! But why didn't he share
this information? Can anyone come
up with a reason? Any reason at
all?

SHANE

Gavin. Stop.

GAVIN

After the Viacom meeting today, he was going to dissolve the magazine and all of us with it. The bullshit lying fuck thought he could easily replace us.

Shane stares down Suroosh. Betrayed.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

Too bad I fucked it up with that little tape behind your back. But don't worry everyone. Shane's a fucking genius. He always has a way of flipping my fuck ups into victories. So let's see it.

Shane places Gavin's demo video tape on a table.

SHANE

It's not your fuck up this time, Gav. It's mine. We're broke.

GAVIN

Call Rex and the whores.

SHANE

I'm not talking "can't make payroll", Gavin. We're bankrupt. We have nothing.

Suroosh reacts - *oh holy shit!* Shane on the edge of tears.

SHANE (CONT'D)

We owe hundreds of thous-- The Viacom money was going to get us out of debt so that we could finally be able to--

Shane can't finish. He crosses to a closet. Inside are a stack collapsed moving boxes. Nobody questions why.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Everybody should just start packing their desks please. We're done here. It's time to move on. To bigger and better things.

The Vice Staffers stare in shock as Shane takes a few boxes under his arm and crosses to his office.

GAVIN
We should start our own magazine.

Shane stops. A *slight smirk*. He gravely turns back to Gavin.

GAVIN (CONT'D)
(to the staff)
Do exactly what we were doing. But smaller. We'll take the advertisers with us. Because I don't think we signed a non-compete with you, Shane. Did we? That kind of makes you the easiest to replace, doesn't it? What do you all say? Let's start our own magazine! And I promise you. I'll never fuck you guys over.

Gavin picks up his demo video tape from the table.

GAVIN (CONT'D)
Not for a bullshit television show.
(re: his tape)
Want to see it?

Gavin crosses to tape player and sets it up. Points at the big HDTV's around the room.

GAVIN (CONT'D)
Who wants to see a one hundred million dollar fuck up?

Gavin pops the tape into a player.

Shane looks at Gavin the way an executioner must look at the condemned before flipping the switch.

Gavin puts his finger on the play button.

SHANE
Don't do it, Gav. Don't do it.

On GAVIN, A moment's hesitation. An *instinct*. Does he want me to do it?

He presses play.

The Staffers watch. Suroosh as well, having to step away from Gavin to get a good look at it.

On the HDTVs, images of Gavin leading the ALT-RIGHT appears. A "PROPERTY OF VIACOM" watermark across the screen.

GAVIN
 (from the screens)
*"Hipsters? At least they're not
 fucking niggers or Puerto Ricans.
 At least they're white."*

The Hipster Staffers gasp. They don't need to be African-American or Hispanic. They grow angry. *Betrayed!*

They slide away from Gavin, looking at him and finally seeing the piece of shit he's become. Unrecognizable.

Suroosh lowers his head. He knows something about the video. There's more than meets the eye, but he's not going to say it. Not yet. He looks around at the retreating Staffers.

Gavin realizes he's losing his staff. His people. His family.

Some of the writers collect their belongings and leave. Gavin begins to fall to pieces.

GAVIN (CONT'D)
 Where the fuck are you guys going?
 We've printed worse things about--
 We've said that word a thousand
 times!

SHANE
 That was about us, Gavin. You went
 after us.

GAVIN
 This is bullshit, Shane! This is
 for the story-- What the hell's
 going on? I'm the Voice Guy! I
 antagonize! That's what I do!
 That's what this is! I'm--!

Gavin is now alone on his side of the room.

GAVIN (CONT'D)
 Suroosh, man! Say something!

Suroosh sizes up the room and the Staffers. Their looks of disgust at Gavin make his decision. He hangs his head.

SHANE
 You're out, Gavin.

Gavin staggers. Almost falls over his feet.

GAVIN
 I'm the Voice--!

SHANE

Not anymore. No more. It's done.

Gavin backs his way towards the exit door. Trying to think of something to say. To fix everything. To take it all back.

Like an explosion, he grabs a desk chair. The female staffer in it has to dive out of the way.

He tosses the chair through the front window, smashing it into pieces and out into the street. He stares back at all of them. Raging like a bull. Arms puffed out, wanting a fight. The epitome of the angry white man.

GAVIN

YOU CANNOT REPLACE ME!

SHANE

Of course we can.

Gavin deflates. He leaves.

A long beat. Shocked and dizzying. Nobody says a word.

Suroosh gives Shane a dirty look - *that's right. You still fucked us over.* He crosses to the closet. Grabs a box and spitefully packs his desk. The Staffers follow his lead.

Heartbroken, Shane retreats to his office. Shuts the door.

INT. SHANE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Shane leans against the door. Decompressing the last few dizzying minutes. Then... a switch is thrown inside him...

His eyes come alive. A smile comes to his face. His gaze darts up. Zeroed in on someone we can't see.

SHANE

Now.

REVERSE TO REVEAL - LIZ, the Intel Intern Shane met in Captain Poopy Pant's waiting area, sits at Shane's desk. She makes a phone call.

LIZ

Nora? It's Liz. We're good to go here. Give us two days.

Shane smiles and charges back into the main office.

INT. BROOKLYN VICE OFFICES - CONTINUOUS

Everyone's packing up. Shane leaps in, fully recharged.

SHANE

Everyone! Listen up! Sorry for the miscommunication. Nobody's fired. In fact, I'm tripling everybody's salary at the end of the week. But right now I need you all to keep packing. So let's go!

Liz emerges from Shane's office. Suroosh visibly takes a step backwards seeing her.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Oh. My bad. Suroosh. Our new marketing director, Liz. Former intern at Intel. Liz. Suroosh Alvi.

Suroosh reacts in confusion. All eyes on him for an answer.

SUROOSH

Shane, what the fuck is going on?

SHANE

Like I said, Suroosh, we're moving on. To bigger and better things. Namely... across the street.

Shane marches to the front door.

EXT. WEST 27TH STREET - WILLIAMSBURG, BROOKLYN - DAY

Dazed Staffers carry packed boxes over to the architecture offices as Shane cuts a check to the ARCHITECT BOSS.

SHANE (V.O.)

Our architect neighbors decided to take their staff to Mexico for the month. We're going to house-sit.

Architect Boss snaps the check in his hands. *Deal.*

INT. ARCHITECTURE OFFICES - DAY

Shane was right. Those architect assholes did get the bigger offices on the block. And much more expensive looking.

He and Liz watch a flurry of manic activity as a sweatshop of Trustafarian hipsters bust their ass to flip the offices into the facade of their own: bubble gum machine, a giant stuffed teddy bear, the espresso machine.

LIZ
(to Shane)
I told everyone to bring two
friends to help out or don't come
in at all.

SHANE
Good.

The architecture company's front sign covered with a throw cloth. The VICE metal sign that was above the entrance is now being hung on a chain inside by TWO NOODLY-ARM HIPSTERS.

Suroosh arrives.

SUROOSH
Shane! For the love of God, what
the hell's going on?

REVEAL - The hipsters are bending coat hangers to make sure it stays up. They let it go. It dangles precariously on the coat hangers, but doesn't fall.

Shane watches with pride, gets the metaphor.

SHANE
(a nuisance)
In two days Intel's marketing
department will walk in here
thinking they're going to become
advertisers with Vice Magazine, but
will walk out our partners.
Investing in us. In something much,
much bigger. And we can't look poor
when they show up.

Suroosh cocks his head.

SUROOSH (PRELAP)
Two billion dollars!?!

INT. ARCHITECTURE OFFICES - BACK ROOM - DAY

Shane has pulled Suroosh away from the madness. Liz at their side. Suroosh is ragingly appalled at what he's hearing.

The new Vice office being constructed behind them at a dizzying velocity. Four glass walls in the center of the room. Looks like a giant aquarium. A central meeting space.

SUROOSH

Why does Intel want to give us two billion dollars?

LIZ

They have a new processor. Fastest outside of the military. They want to make it cool. And nobody over there knows how.

SHANE

So they're coming to us.

SUROOSH

That's what this is. Another bullshit bluff to get someone's attention so you can take their money!

SHANE

It's not bullshit, Suroosh. This time it's real.

Movers wheel a LARGE CARGO BOX on a dolly between them. Japanese lettering on the side. Shane watches it pass like it's the birth of his first child.

SHANE (CONT'D)

I had Cara build "a thing".

SUROOSH

Who the hell is Cara!?!

CUT TO:

INT. BROOKLYN VICE OFFICES - DAY

The office is barren. Suroosh and Shane hover over Cara's computer, the Asian Coder you were supposed to remember. The only workstation left. She shows off her master creation.

CARA

(re: her screen)

We can upload anything we want from anywhere around the world. At anytime.

SHANE

I call it "Viceland". Bought the web address back in the days of Szalwinski.

SUROOSH

Days of Szalwinski? Holy shi--!

(not impressed)

It's a web magazine. So what? They're a dime a dozen these days. Everyone has one. We could have done this without two billion dollars.

SHANE

We run Viceland on Intel's new processor, and it becomes something far bigger than a web magazine.

Suroosh reacts in confusion.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Viceland can handle audio. Video. And not one television channel. Multiple web channels, digital content verticals: a news division, sports, entertainment programming, a film production company, a record label, anything we want we can make. Daring, edgy, authentic, in your face, cool shit. Two billion dollars worth of cool shit.

Suroosh reacts. Starting to see the light.

SHANE (CONT'D)

All done right here, in house, by us! We answer to nobody! No conflicts. No distractions. No leashes. We do what we want, how we want. Once we put Intel's processor in Viceland, we get--

SUROOSH

(epiphany)

Vice Magazine. Our own 21st-Century Vice Magazine!

SHANE

It's not Vice Magazine, Suroosh. It's a fucking Ferrari.

MOVERS pushing the now empty dolly in between them.

MOVER

You're all set, Mr. Smith.

Shane crosses the room to the bathroom. Suroosh follows.
Shane smiles at what he sees.

SUROOSH

How do you know it will work?

REVEAL - A newly installed imported Japanese toilet, just like the one back in Szalwinski's office - but better.

Shane pushes the handle. It flushes. He smiles.

SHANE

It'll work.

Liz steps in behind them.

LIZ

They're here.

NEW ANGLE - THE FRONT DOOR, The Intel Guys enter. Ivy leaguers, tightly wound. Guys who would have waited hours to be rejected as Szalwinski's personal assistant years ago.

Suroosh sighs. Looks at Shane. Nods. *Let's do it.*

Shane looks to Liz.

SHANE

Make the fuckers wait.

Liz smiles.

EXT. WEST 27TH STREET - WILLIAMSBURG, BROOKLYN - NIGHT

The buildings are dark and quiet. To establish...

INT. BROOKLYN VICE OFFICES - NIGHT

The lights are off. Desks are abandoned and bare. Wires connected to nothing strewn about the room.

Gavin enters. His tail between his legs.

GAVIN

Hello?

No answer. He crosses into the back.

INT. SHANE'S OLD OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Gavin slips in. He takes off his Vice Ring and places it on Shane's desk. JOYOUS LAUGHTER bleeds in from outside.

Gavin's attention goes through a window. He cups his hands against the glass.

HIS POV - The Vice Staffers in the architecture office across the street. Working late into the night.

Shane and Liz escort the Intel Guys to the front door. Everyone looks extremely pleased with the deal.

They all shake hands and the excited Intel Guys step into waiting limousines and drive away.

The Vice Staff wait, then leap from their desks and celebrate like mad. Shane and Liz embrace in celebration.

Gavin leans away from the glass. *What the fuck?* He looks back. Now he sees...

HIS POV - One staffer isn't celebrating. Still at his desk. Working like a fiend. The staffer looks up directly at him.

It's Suroosh.

Gavin sheepishly waves.

INT. ARCHITECTURE OFFICES - CONTINUOUS

Suroosh looking out the window at the old office across the street. The celebration continues on around him. The old office is too dark, but Suroosh can *feel Gavin there*.

INT. GLASS CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Shane and Liz with Cara in the glass meeting room, going over the plans for the advertising campaign - some of it already done in advance. Someone offers Shane a line of coke. He turns it down. Back to work.

Suroosh approaches. Something's bothering him.

SUROOSH

Shane? Can I have a minute?

MOMENTS LATER

The muffled celebration continues outside the glass. Shane and Suroosh inside. Separated from joy on all sides.

SHANE

Cara thinks her coding team can
have Viceland up in a week--

SUROOSH

How'd Viacom get our footage?

Shane stumbles. *What?*

SUROOSH (CONT'D)

The footage of Gavin at the rally.
The watermark said "Property of
Viacom". I checked our logs and
checked with legal. That video came
from us. How'd Viacom get our
footage, Shane?

SHANE

I don't know. Maybe they--

SUROOSH

Who connected Gavin with the alt-
right guys?

Shane can't respond. Suroosh waits for an answer as...

GAVIN (PRELAP)

A bit off topic, but...

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. BROOKLYN VICE OFFICES - CONTENT ROOM - DAY

Shane stares off into space. The content meeting happening
around him following his strip club breakdown. Suroosh on the
video feed in war-torn Iraq. Shane's completely detached.

Or is he...? Shane's eyes come alive subtly...

GAVIN (O.S.)

*...these guys reached out to me.
They don't identify as white
supremacists. They lack leadership,
direction-- Purpose.*

Shane's eyes are hiding how pleased he is...

INT. GLASS MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

Suroosh stares coldly at Shane. Shane on the defense.

GAVIN (V.O.)
They treat each other like family.

SUROOSH
 You set him up.

Shane sighs. Not worth defending anymore.

Suroosh looks down on Shane's desk. An office sign already designed by the Vice staff, ready to be hung on his door.

Looks exactly like Szalwinski's office sign. It reads:

SHANE SMITH
CEO-VICE MEDIA

SUROOSH (CONT'D)
 You never wanted to make a magazine. The Viacom deal. Television show or a network. You wanted Viceland. But you knew Intel would never partner up with you if Gavin was at your side. So you had to get rid of him. But you couldn't fire him. The staff would follow him out the door, and then you'd have nothing. So you let him hang himself, and the Viacom deal, to turn the staff against him. So they would take him down for you. The last ten years. *The Voice of Montreal* to get to Szalwinski to get to Brooklyn to get to Viacom to get rid of Gavin. So you could finally sit at the top of your own multimedia empire. Viceland. You set him up. Didn't you?

The coldest beat imaginable.

SHANE
 You're the journalist, Suroosh. You tell me.

SUROOSH
 You knocked him down, but he always gets back up. Guys like him always do. And always will. Until someone brave enough comes around and puts him down for good. That person can't be me. It has to be you, Shane. But I don't think you will.
 (MORE)

SUROOSH (CONT'D)
Because at the end of our story,
you're a fucking bullshit coward,
Shane Smith.

SHANE
Know your place, Suroosh.

SUROOSH
I'm the Content Guy of Vice
Magazine. And all its subsidiaries.
That includes Viceland. And Vice
Media. I am Vice! That's my place!

He charges to the door.

SHANE
Hey, Suroosh.

Suroosh turns back.

Shane slithers behind his CEO desk. Eyes look up at Suroosh.

SHANE (CONT'D)
Why don't you upload your little
Iraq documentary onto my Viceland
website. Then go make me some more
real cool shit. Now that you
finally can.

Suroosh needs a beat, pondering who's in charge of who. He
doesn't like his conclusion.

Suroosh leaves as Liz slips in. Senses the room's tension.

LIZ
Shane? My friend I was telling you
about? Interviewing for the
journalist position? She's here.

Shane buries his coldness. Rises to greet his first Vice
Media interviewee with a pleasant and professional smile.

Dainty, shy, curly haired blonde woman (22) with 80's style
glasses covering brave, determined eyes enters.

LIZ (CONT'D)
Shane. This is Elle Reeve. Elle.
Shane Smith. CEO of Vice Media.

Shane loves the sound of that.

SHANE
My apologies if you had to wait, Ms
Reeve.

INT. ARCHITECTURE OFFICES - CONTINUOUS

Suroosh crosses to his desk. Shakes a few hands congratulating him, but he never smiles. He sits, and looks over to Shane's office.

Shane gestures for Elle to have a seat. The interview begins.

INT. BROOKLYN VICE OFFICES - CONTINUOUS

GAVIN's POV - Suroosh looks at him from across the street.

Gavin gets excited. He puts the Vice ring back on. Gives Suroosh the finger. Hoping his friend can see him.

Suroosh crosses to the window. Rubs his ring. Waits a beat.

Looks at Shane. Then looks back at Gavin.

A hard, long contemplative look.

A decision is made.

He shuts the shades. Cutting Gavin out for good.

SHANE (PRELAP)
I want to make you cool.

ARCHIVED FOOTAGE - WE ARE WATCHING VICE

VICE LOGO on screen, like CNN or FOX or the BBC. Legit now. Documenting their incredible rise to glory. Conquering the digital and vertical content news media marketplace.

A \$10 billion multimedia empire.

The cuts are fast and dizzying. Haunting and terrifying.

SHANE (V.O.)
A cool, young *60 Minutes*. More dramatic than anything a writers room could up with. Places no other network dares touch.

- Vice Reporters in war zones, crack houses, ganglands. Suroosh tests his conquered addiction touring an Afghanistan heroin facility. Shane meets Kim Jung Un in his palace.

SHANE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And show them something they've never seen before...

- **EL RENO FEDERAL CORRECTIONAL FACILITY.** Shane and President Barack Obama sitting down with inmates. A cordial and tender meeting of minds. Kindness. Concern. A nation mending.

SHANE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
But it's not about being cool, is it?

- **FOX NEWS'S THE SEAN HANNITY SHOW.** Gavin rants on the hypocrisy of political correctness. **THE GAVIN McINNES SHOW** Gavin's webseries. Announces the creation of The Proud Boys. Then on **THE ALEX JONES SHOW.** Declaring they have no ties to white supremacy, not an extremist group.

- **AMERICAN STREETS.** Proud Boys. Violence and bloody chaos. Always announcing "PROUD BOY!" before fists fly.

- **2016 PRESIDENTIAL INAUGURATION.** Trump is sworn in.

- **2016 CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.** Tiki torch march. Like Nazi films from fascist Germany. Vice's Elle Reeve interviews ranting and raging Proud Boys. ON SCREEN READS: VICE EXCLUSIVE

SHANE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
It's about getting people's attention...

- **2017 PEABODY AWARDS.** Elle Reeve wins for Vice News's "*Charlottesville: Race and Terror*". **2017 EMMYS.** Vice wins for *Outstanding Arts, Culture and Entertainment Reporting*.

Shane celebrates on the red carpet. Mingles with celebs.

- **2020 PORTLAND, OR.** Proud Boys attack BLM protesters. Vice Reporters scramble as tear gas and rubber bullets spray the crowd. Proud Boys strut away in celebration. Untouched by police. Protesters forced into unmarked vans.

- **2020 KENOSHA, WI** Kyle Rittenhouse with an assault rifle.

SHANE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
...and keeping it. So they will follow you.

CHRIS WALLACE (PRELAP)
Are you willing tonight to condemn white supremacists and militia groups?

- **2020 PRESIDENTIAL DEBATE.** Joe Biden vs. Donald Trump.

TRUMP
Who? Give me a name.

BIDEN
Proud Boys.

TRUMP
Proud Boys. Stand back and stand
by.

A RED, WHITE, AND BLUE SIGN reads "STANDING BACK AND STANDING
BY!" We begin to SLOWLY WIDEN.

VICE REPORTER (O.S.)
*Inside this building President
Donald Trump continues to receive
medical treatment for his positive
COVID-19 diagnosis...*

Widening reveals our final location.

REVEAL: EXT. WALTER REED HOSPITAL - DAY

Hundreds gather outside to support Trump's COVID recovery.
MAGA hats and signs make a sea of red, white, and blue. Proud
Boys seamlessly mixed into MAGA culture.

A VICE REPORTER speaks to the camera.

VICE REPORTER
But outside Walter Reed, hundreds
of people, including the white
nationalist group *The Proud Boys*
lead by Gavin McInnes, have
gathered to support the president
after he refused to condemn the
hate group only days before.

The Vice camera captures Gavin. He reigns as king. Standing
above his own empire. He wears a TRUMP FLAG as a cape.
Holding a megaphone. The crowd chants his name.

A smug smile of accomplishment on his face as his eyes meet
the camera.

His first great accomplishment now chases after his second.

CONTINUE WIDENING - REVEAL - Our Vice Report comes from a
cell phone screen. Watched by a woman riding a peloton bike.
SPLITSCREENS. The same broadcast watched on a tablet.

SPLITSCREENS AGAIN. Another person watches on their laptop.
Then another. And another. Over and over again. Scores of
screens. Shared on Facebook. Twitter. Shared again.

More screens. The Vice Reporter's voice becomes a cacophonic inaudible blur of white noise. As do the voices of Proud Boys. Antifa. BLM protesters. Politicians. Commentators. Different voices. Different languages. All come from Vice.

Scores of broadcasts turns to hundreds. To thousands. To hundreds of thousands to millions. Our entire screen is Vice broadcasts. Every language. Every country.

America. England. South Africa. Israel. Japan. China. Iraq. Brazil. Nigeria. Australia. Denmark. Canada. Saudi Arabia. Mexico. Thailand. Haiti. Poland. Vice is around the world.

Vice is everywhere. Vice is everything. Vice is everyone.

The millions of screens, the millions of voices, take up our entire screen. Making up the world we live in.

FADE TO BLACK: