SILICON VALLEY

Episode 508
"Fifty-One Percent"

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

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

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

RICHARD
Everybody ready?!

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

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

The entire company nervously gathers around.

JARED
Holden. Are we set?

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

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

JARED
Are we set?

HOLDEN
Yes, Jared.

Holden is frazzled, but finally gets it ready.

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

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

BECKY grabs DANNY and KISSES him. Several people look shocked at this as we FREEZE.
THEN, we PULL OUT to REVEAL we are...

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

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

SUPER: "TWO MONTHS LATER."

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

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

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

TIGHT ON: Feet running across the office.

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

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

DINESH
Richard? You need to see this.

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

RICHARD
What's wrong now?

REVEAL: Dinesh also has two months of BEARD GROWTH.

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

RICHARD
Are you fucking with me?

DINESH
No. I swear.
804 INT. PIED PIPER OFFICES, BULLPEN - MOMENTS LATER (D34) 804

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

DINESH
Look. Look at the user numbers.

RICHARD
Holy shit... is that right?

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

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

DANNY
We made it.

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

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

DANNY
Yeah. Sorry...

OPENING TITLES

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

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

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

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

RICHARD
Yes. Well, not the "bitches" part,
but thank you, Holden.
(MORE)
RICHARD (cont'd)
You see, I knew that if we just kept plugging, eventually we'd get some traction and hit an inflection point. And... as you all know, it's happened. We are now gaining almost twelve thousand users an hour!

People applaud.

HOLDEN
Fuck yeah!

He starts going through the crowd:

HOLDEN (cont'd)
You get a high five!... You get a high five!... And it doesn't stop!

DINESH
(sotto, re: Holden)
Jesus, Jared. You really did a number on this kid.

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

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

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

People boo and hiss.

HOLDEN
(chants)
Lock them up! Lock them up!

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

JARED
(beams)
He's incorrigible!

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

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

LAURIE
How are things advancing?

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

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

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

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

LAURIE
I see.

YAO
Sorry. Are you displeased?

LAURIE
No. On the contrary.

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

LAURIE
Indeed.

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

LAURIE

I see.

She walks off, leaving Yao more puzzled than ever.

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

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

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

MONICA (O.C.)

Pappy Van Winkle?

REVEAL: MONICA is at her station down the aisle.

GILFOYLE

(re: bourbon)

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

MONICA

Hey, does this seem odd to you?

Gilfoyle approaches.

MONICA (cont'd)

(re: screen)

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

GILFOYLE

Yeah. They should be.

MONICA

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

GILFOYLE

I find parades to be impotent displays of authoritarianism. Let's have a look.
He sets the bottle down, starts typing.

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

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

COLIN, looking in the windows at the party.

RICHARD
Colin. What are you doing here?

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

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

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

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

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

RICHARD
("concerned")
You lost your company? Aw, that's too bad.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

COLIN
What?

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

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

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

Richard starts dancing around like a child.
RICHARD (cont'd)
Kiss my pi-iss. Kiss my pi-iss.

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

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

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

DISSOLVE TO:

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

The offices are a mess from the party.

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

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

MONICA
We never left.

JARED
"We"?

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

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

JARED
You were both here all night?

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

GILFOYLE
Yes. We coded it.
MONICA
You're smoking my cigarettes, asshole.

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

GILFOYLE
Shall we?

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

GILFOYLE (cont'd)
This breaks our users down by which developer signed them on.

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

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

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

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

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

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

JARED
Oh, no...

810 INT. MACAU CASINO - SAME TIME (D35)

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

Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

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

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

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

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

JARED
They play Words With Friends.

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

Big Head hands the phone to Gilfoyle.

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

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

JIAN-YANG
I will tell you nothing.

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

CROUPIER
Double zero.

The CROUPIER starts raking CHIPS off the table.
JIAN-YANG
Okay. I tell you everything. But I want to move back into the house. I want to come home.

CUT TO:

812 INT. HACKER HOSTEL, KITCHEN - A LITTLE LATER (D35)  812
Gilfoyle, Jared, Monica and Big Head speak with a now CLEAN-SHAVEN Dinesh.

DINESH
Wait. What?

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

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

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

DINESH
Yao? Who the hell is Yao?

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

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

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

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

Gilfoyle and Dinesh share a look.

DINESH
Shit. A fifty-one percent attack.

GILFOYLE
It has to be.

Jared and Monica look concerned.

JARED
Sorry. A what?

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

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

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

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

MONICA
Oh, shit...

JARED
How many devices do they have?

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

Gilfoyle clicks and a red line appears at fifty-one percent. Pied Piper users are at about sixty percent. Yao at forty.
GILFOYLE
They're up to forty percent of our total. And gaining.

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

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

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

GILFOYLE
At this rate? About half that.

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

RICHARD
Holy shit... First run in like a year.... Jesus, I'm dying... Really out of shape...
   (then)
What's going on?

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

BIG HEAD
Jian-Yang is moving back into the house.
   (beat)
Right?

CUT TO:

814 INT. HOOLI, BOARDROOM - DAY (D35)

GAVIN BELSON stands before the board, who look displeased.

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

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

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

RACHEL
And...?

GAVIN BELSON
And... they are very impressive.

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

GAVIN BELSON
Sorry? What plan?

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

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

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

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

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

Gavin takes this in. Shit.

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

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

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

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

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

Richard passes by on the PHONE.

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

Richard hangs up. Monica approaches hanging up her PHONE.
RICHARD (cont'd)
I left him another message.

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

RICHARD
What?

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

Jared and Dinesh approach.

JARED
Did she say where he was going?

MONICA
The Los Trancos Preserve?

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

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

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

Dinesh's eyes widen at this.

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

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

REVEAL WE ARE: Next to Priyanka's desk.

PRIYANKA
Whoa. What are you doing?
DINESH
I'm borrowing my Tesla.

PRIYANKA
It's my Tesla.

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

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

GILFOYLE
Priyanka! I need you isolating those nodes.

PRIYANKA
Goddammit...

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

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

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

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

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

RICHARD
We're fucked.

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

RICHARD
He hates me.
MONICA
Well, what if we called Aaron from Homicide? They could tweet about us, or --

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

MONICA
No, you're not.

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

MONICA
You what?

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

He dances, disgusted with himself.

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

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

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

RICHARD
No. I guess not.
MONICA
You guess? He doesn't even notice. He was a prick when he was on top, and even after everything that just happened, he's still going to be a prick.

RICHARD
What do you mean? What happened?

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

RICHARD
What?

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

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

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

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

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

817 EXT. LOS TRANCOS CAMPGROUND - DAY (D35)

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

DINESH
Why would people who aren't refugees choose to come up here and live like refugees? This place is actually offensive to homeless people. How can it be this crowded?
ANGLE: People in crispy new camping outfits take BOXES OF NEW CAMPING GEAR out of the backs of TESLA MODEL Xs, unpack new tents, read instructions, etc.

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

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

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

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

Richard approaches the IMPOSING IRON GATE, rings the BUZZER.

VOICE
(over intercom)
Hello?

RICHARD
(urgent)

The GATES START TO OPEN.

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

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

GAVIN BELSON
Mind the glass.

RICHARD
Oh, smashed again...

GAVIN BELSON
What do you want, Richard?

RICHARD
I need your help. My network --
GAVIN BELSON
Oh, for fuck's sake, you're not going to give me another one of your inspirational "in defense of great technology" speeches, are you? "Stand up and fight for innovation," that kind of bullshit?

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

GAVIN BELSON
I'm listening.

RICHARD
I need you to attack me.

Gavin looks intrigued.

CUT TO:

820 TIGHT ON: A HOOLIPHONE IN A HOLSTER RINGING

REVEAL we're...

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

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

JOHN
This is John.

INTERCUT WITH:

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

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

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

GAVIN BELSON
John, it's Gavin Belson.

JOHN
Oh. Hello.
GAVIN BELSON
How are you? Everything good?

JOHN
About the same.

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

John turns to a rack of DICK SIGNATURES glowing.

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

GAVIN BELSON
Well, that's a long story.

JOHN
I have time.

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

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

Gilfoyle and the stressed out coders type away.

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

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

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

GILFOYLE
You're both assholes. Shut the fuck up.

(beat)
You know what? It doesn't even matter. We're never going to finish this patch in time to --

ANGLE: the TWO HORSE RACE on a monitor. Yao's bar is touching fifty-one percent when... a THIRD BAR suddenly appears. All three are well below fifty-one percent.
GILFOYLE (cont'd)
Whoa. What the fuck just happened?

Gilfoyle's PHONE rings. He answers.

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

INTERCUT WITH:

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

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

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

GILFOYLE
(into phone)
A second attack...

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

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

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

GAVIN BELSON
(re: screen)
Is that what just happened here, Richard?
RICHARD
Yes. No?

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

He picks up his phone.

GAVIN BELSON (cont'd)
(into phone)
Ni hao. It's Gavin Belson calling for Mister Yao.

RICHARD
What are you doing?

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

824 EXT. LOS TRANCOS CAMPGROUND - SAME (D35) 824

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

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

DINESH
(yells out window)
COLIN?!? COLLLLIN?!?

CAMPER (O.S.)
Would you shut the fuck up?!

JARED
How would you like to die today motherfucker?

They hear faint THUDDING SOUNDS. GUNSHOTS. EXPLOSIONS.

DINESH
Wait, Jared, shut up for a second.

They listen for a beat. The noise is louder now. What is that? They start to get out of the car.
EXT. LOS TRANCOS CAMPGROUND, WOODS - MOMENTS LATER (D35)

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

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

Jared and Dinesh exchange looks, head down the hill.

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

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

LAURIE
You want us to turn off all of our phones?

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

A nervous Richard appears behind Gavin.

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

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

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

Richard appears in frame again.

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

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

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

Beat.

LAURIE
Gavin? How do we proceed?

YAO
Because...
(unsure)
We like it.

827 INT. SHENZHEN MANUFACTURING FACILITY – SAME (D35)

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

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

FOREPERSON
(Mandarin, SUBTITLED)
Stop the line!

The workers stop.

FOREPERSON (cont'd)
(Mandarin, SUBTITLED)
Turn off all the phones. Quickly!

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

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

828 EXT. LOS TRANCOS CAMPGROUND – DAY (D35)

Dinesh and Jared approach the thudding RV. They open the door.
INT. COLIN'S RV - CONTINUOUS (D35)

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

COLIN
Hey, guys. What are you doing here?

JARED
We tried to call you.

DINESH
Like a hundred times.

COLIN
Oh. Yeah. I'm off the grid.

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

Gilfoyle types a few keystrokes. Then...

GILFOYLE
And... done.

MONICA
All right. So the patch is ready?

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

GONG! Holden hits the gong.

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

MONICA
Holden, give me that fucking mallet...

Monica heads for Holden, who struts away.

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

GILFOYLE
What...?

He picks up his phone, dials.
GILFOYLE (cont'd)
(into phone)
Care to tell me what the hell's going on?

INTERCUT WITH:

831 INT. GAVIN BELSON'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - SAME (D35)
Richard's on the phone, looking at his laptop on the counter. Gavin happily turns the crank on an old-fashioned HAND CRANK ICE CREAM MAKER in the BG.

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

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

GILFOYLE
Fuck. Can you kill his devices?

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

832 INT. TESLA - SAME (D35)
Dinesh, Colin and Jared (in the backseat) drive along.

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

Dinesh taps the control console. But...

DINESH (cont'd)
What the fuck?

833 INT. PIED PIPER OFFICES, BULLPEN - SAME TIME (D35)
Priyanka checks her PHONE, answers.
PRIYANKA
(into phone)
What?

INTERCUT WITH:

834 INT. TESLA - DAY (D35)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

DINESH
One more month.

PRIYANKA
Fine. Do not crash.

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

835 INT. TESLA - CONTINUOUS (D35)

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

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

DINESH (cont'd)
Three, two, one...

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

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

DINESH (cont'd)
EEEeeeeeeaaaaaghghghgh!

COLIN
Fuuuuuu --

JARED
No no no no no no no no! --

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

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

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

INTERCUT WITH:

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

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

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

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

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

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

838 EXT. HIGHWAY - SAME TIME (D35)

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

DINESH
Well, this is fucked.

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

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

JARED
That was the podcast!

Dinesh leans out of the window.

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

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

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

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

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

RICHARD
Oh, shit...

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

GAVIN BELSON
(re: screen)
Well, look at that.

Gavin's phone RINGS.

GAVIN BELSON (cont'd)
(into phone)
Yes, Scott. I know, I just saw. No, not yet. Hold on a moment.

Gavin clicks on his HOOLICCHAT, Yao and Laurie appear.

LAURIE
Gavin. What is our status?

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

Richard checks his PHONE, nervously.

GAVIN BELSON (cont'd)
Oh, well. Shall we get to it?
(into phone)
Scott --

RICHARD
Wait! Take it. Just take it.

GAVIN BELSON
Take what?

RICHARD
Pied Piper. The whole network. All of it. I'd rather give it away than just watch it die.
(MORE)
RICHARD (cont'd)
I mean, who was I kidding? I can't run a company. And as much as I hate to fucking admit it, who better to take it than you, Gavin? You know more than anybody what the decentralized internet could be.

LAURIE
I find this uninteresting. Can we proceed?

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

YAO
Gavin? Enough.

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

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

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

YAO
All of our phones are now off.

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

Richard hands the paper to Gavin.

GAVIN BELSON
Not if I walk away first.
(grabs paper)
Sorry, but this gives me all the cards. I get Hooli back.
(MORE)
GAVIN BELSON (cont'd)
Fuck Bezos. Fuck you and your
twenty percent offer. Fuck the
Signature Box. I get a complete do-
over. Tim Cook keeps inviting me to
his brunches? Fuck him. I'll host
the brunches! All because of --
(re: paper)
Sorry what does this say? "Kiss
my --"

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

Richard starts to dance.

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

YAO
Yes. We do not like it.

GAVIN BELSON
What the fuck are you doing?

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

GAVIN BELSON
You're what?

RICHARD
I was stalling. See?

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

GAVIN BELSON
Galloo? What the fuck is Galloo?

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

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

COLIN
Kaboom. You just got 80,000 new
users.
B840 INT. GAVIN BELSON'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - SAME TIME (D35)  B840

It dawns on Gavin he's been had.

    GAVIN BELSON
    (into phone)
    Scott! Run the patch! Delete Pied Piper!

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

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

    SCOTT
    (into phone)
    It's not working. We've lost control of the network.

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

Richard keeps dancing.

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

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

    RICHARD (cont'd)
    (into phone)
    Gilfoyle? When you're ready.

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

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

    GILFOYLE
    (into phone)
    Bombs away.

Gilfoyle clicks and GAVIN'S USERS DISAPPEAR. The TWO HORSE RACE quickly becomes a ONE HORSE RACE. Pied Piper's got total control.
John gives an odd look at the Box Threes as they stop whirring and go dark. He shrugs, bites a DONUT.

Scott looks at a monitor as everyone panics.

SCOTT
What the fuck happened?

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

Jared melting with relief.

JARED
You did it, Colin! You saved us!

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

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

DINESH
Eeeeaaghghghgh!!!

Officer Gronski drives, face also warped in perverse joy.

OFFICER GRONSKI
FFFFfffuuuuuuuuuu --

MATCH CUT TO:

Spittle flying as Holden flexes and screams:

HOLDEN
FUCK, YEEEEEEAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!

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

Holden stands on the ping pong table.

MONICA
Holden! Get down from there!

GILFOYLE
(to Monica)
Hey, check it out.

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

GILFOYLE (cont'd)
It's going up.

MONICA
Well, look at that...

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

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

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

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

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

YAO
We will tell Jeff Bezos you say hello.

(looks to Laurie)
Yes?

LAURIE
Yes.

YAO
(pleased)
Yes.

With that, the HooliChat goes dark.
Richard heads off past a stunned Gavin. Then comes back, picks up the BOWL OF ICE CREAM.

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

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

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

CUT TO BLACK.

Then...

FADE IN:

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

MONICA
And we'd be right up here.

DINESH
I love that video fireplace.

JARED
Magnificent.

GILFOYLE
A bit bright, no?

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

MONICA
Oh, no. This isn't our space. We'd be right through here.
Monica leads them through a WHITE DOOR that's oddly
reminiscent of the open of 501. The guys exchange a
concerned look.

850 INT. OFFICES, NEW SPACE - MOMENTS LATER (D36)
A door opens and they all enter.

    MONICA
    Here we go. What do you think?

We start to pull out...

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

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

    MONICA
    All of it.

    RICHARD
    What?

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

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

We keep pulling out...

    RICHARD
    Why do we need that?

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

    RICHARD
    Against the government?

    DINESH
    I don't love that.
GILFOYLE
I do.

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

MONICA
Want to see the second floor?

RICHARD
There's another floor??

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

Richard turns to a TRASH CAN and begins vomiting.

JARED
I know. It's exciting, right?

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE