

Silicon Valley

Screenplay

INT. BACHMAN'S HOUSE LIVING ROOM-MORNING

Richard paces the floor as the rest of the Pied Piper Team gets to work. Bachman lights his bong and takes a pull.

RICHARD

It's not like I'm in love with the guy, but it would have been nice to get a little recognition.

Bachman exhales.

BACHMAN

Come on, Richard. You're acting like the orange douche left you at the altar. Besides, aren't we getting a little ahead of ourselves?

Gilfoyle turns in his chair.

GILFOYLE

I hate to say it, but I agree with Bachman. If I didn't know you better I'd say you might be having buyer's remorse.

GILFOYLE (CON'T)

I think the advisory thing is only the tip of this iceberg though. Just sayin.

Richard stops and folds his arms tightly while nervously tapping one foot.

RICHARD

Oh, come on. It's no one's business who I voted for, but it definitely wasn't him.

Denish pops his head up over his laptop.

DENISH

That's maybe why you didn't get an invite, dude.

Richard stops tapping his feet and surveys the room to find everyone nodding their head in agreement.

RICHARD

I happen to know that is not the reason and this is only about getting Pied Piper noticed noting else.

(CONTINUED)

Gilfoyle gives Richard a dirty look.

RICHARD(CON'T)

In fact, more than one person on that advisory council voted for someone else.

Denish goes back to typing.

DENISH

Yeah, including Gavin Belson.

Richard runs to the sink and fumbles for a glass to get water. Bachman follows him, exhaling again.

INT.KITCHEN

BACHMAN

Is it jealousy I sense, my good man?

Richard finds a glass and turns on the faucet only to narrowly miss being sprayed.

RICHARD

Jealous of who? Gavin? That's ludicrous. Besides, you guys don't see the big picture.

Bachman takes another pull from the bong and holds it.

BACHMAN

Please enlighten us.

Richard walks back into the living room.

INT.LIVING ROOM

RICHARD

There is no such thing as bad publicity. Imagine him using our chat solution. Yes, he is insulting, but he could be insulting on our platform. Look at what his rants on the "twittersphere" have done for those guys.

Everyone stops to stare at Richard.

(CONTINUED)

GILFOYLE

So that's what this about, huh?
Good ole free publicity. Take a
number and get in the cock suck
queue, right?

Bachman blows a huge clown of smoke.

BACHMAN

Well dude, the only advice I can
give you, invest in a pair of knee
pads. I mean, this guy is so
demented he allegedly paid
prostitutes to piss on a bed he
heard Obama slept in.

Gilfoyle shudders

GILFOYLE

Yeah, that's pretty cold.

Bachman points at Gilfoyle while looking at Richard.

BACHMAN

So yeah, knee pads may be in order.
By the way, Twitter has been losing
value since the Orange fuckmonkey
has been using them as his soapbox.

INT.GAVIN BELSON'S OFFICE-MORNING

GAVIN is video conferencing with the President. His
Spiritual Adviser, DENPAK, sits on a sofa out of view of the
conference.

PRESIDENT (O.C)

I don't know much about this
security thing and I don't give a
shit. I just want it to do what I
need it to do. Fuck the ACLU.
Somebody find me a way to jack
these cell phones. I need a
whatchamacallit it.

Gavin straightens his posture.

GAVIN

A backdoor, sir.

(CONTINUED)

PRESIDENT (O.C)

Yeah, that's it. I love it. We can fuck um in the back door. This is gonna be tremendous.

Gavin turns to make eye contact with Denpak who is puzzled.

GAVIN

Absolutely! We at Hooli are more than willing to help with this little problem. Discreetly, of course.

Denpak ponders what's being said.

PRESIDENT(O.C)

I got an idea that's gonna be huge. It's gonna show you guys have commitment to the real America.

All of the members of the team look nervous. A 30- something balding Tech CEO clears his throat.

TECH CEO

What are you thinking of doing, Mr. President?

PRESIDENT(O,C.)

I want you to back me in putting America First. I want you guys to endorse my "temporary ban" on immigration by pledging to hire Americans first.

Gavin scans the tech leaders' faces. They are all in shock.

GAVIN

We all want to do whats good for the country Mr. President, but...

PRESIDENT (O.C)

This is fantastic. I'll have the order drafted and sign it tomorrow. This gonna go over bigly with real Americans. They're gonna love it.

Gavin squirms in his chair.

PRESIDENT (CONT.)

Gotta go. Remember I'm counting on you guys to help make America great again!

The President's feed cuts leaving Gavin and the rest of the tech CEOs. They all ponder the future of their companies as they sign off one by one, disgusted with what they just heard.

EXT. BACHMAN'S BACKYARD-LATE MORNING

JARED and Richard stand in a part of the yard where no one can see them.

JARED
((whispering))
Do you really think being on that council will help us in the long run?

Richard leans in closer, all the while looking about for spies.

RICHARD
We got lucky with Bachman, but we aren't out of the woods yet. "Adolf Twitler" is making and breaking companies in a single tweet.

Richard turns a bit and folds his arms.

RICHARD(CONT.)
Sure, he's picking winners and losers, but what side do you wanna be on? I for one am tired of being on the losing end.

Jared looks around in tandem with Richard. When he is sure no one is spying, he stops and moves even closer to Richard.

JARED
OK, if you really think it will help. He is going to have a rally in Las Vegas this weekend. Let me see if I can get us access.

Richard jitters nervously.

RICHARD
Really? I mean, wow? Thanks, Jared. I know the rest of the guys are skeptical but we need to come out of the gate strong. No publicity like the free kind.

Jared smiles and puts his hand on Richard's shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

JARED

What are friends for? Also, I wouldn't say anything about this to Monica or Carla. They are no fans of the president.

EXT.STREET - SAN FRANCISCO WOMEN'S MARCH - NOON

Thousands of people are marching with anti-Trump signs. MONICA and CARLA are in the march. Monica is holding a sign that says "INJUSTICE FOR ONE IS INJUSTICE FOR ALL." Carla is holding a sign that says "GRAB MY PUSSY, I PUNCH YOUR FACE."

EXT.BACHMAN'S BACKYARD

Richard is horrified.

RICHARD

No, absolutely not!

INT. MONICA'S CAR

Monica is stuck in traffic talking on the phone.

MONICA

Do you believe this guy used doing an ad campaign for President Douche's daughter, thinking it would get us onboard? Uh, no.

Bachman is packing a bowl.

BACHMAN

I would have loved to have been a fly on that wall.

Monica reaches for coffee while putting the phone on hands-free.

MONICA

I got a few more firms to talk to the next few days. The key is getting them to understand our corporate culture.

Bachman puts the weed pipe down.

BACHMAN

Yeah, an Indian guy who thinks he's a pimp, three white guys; one
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BACHMAN (cont'd)
uptight, one criminally optimistic
and one satanic anarchist. Oh yeah,
then there's me. Good luck with
that.

Monica laughs.

MONICA
Well it is what it is I guess. Let
me give Richard a call to let him
in on the day's festivities.

Bachman takes a pull.

BACHMAN
About Richard...

EXT. SIDEWALK-EARLY AFTERNOON

Monica's has hit another car. The police are taking
information from the other driver.

MONICA
You have got to be kidding me.

BACHMAN(O,S)
Yup, the idiots had a secret
meeting out back, right in front of
Jian-Yang's window.

The police are trying to Monica's attention. She waves them
away.

MONICA
I gotta get to Vegas before those
idiots mess up everything we have
been working for.

Bachman exhales.

BACHMAN
They aren't even gonna get to see
the guy, so what's the problem?

Monica turns red.

MONICA
OK. What if either of them gets
caught on camera inside that rally?
Any perceived association with that
clown is going to get us boycotted
at best. Shot at worst.

(CONTINUED)

BACHMAN(O,S)

I have heard it said that there is
no such thing as bad publicity.

A police officer is tapping Monica on the shoulder.

MONICA

What idiot told you that?

EXT.HIGHWAY-EARLY AFTERNOON

Jared and Richard are driving through the desert. There is a
sign: Las Vegas 200 miles.

INT.GAVIN'S CAR-EARLY AFTERNOON

Gavin is turning the corner with Denpok in the passenger
seat.

GAVIN

Come on, this has gotta be some
kind of act. Do you think the
President of the United States of
America is really some sort of
sociopath?

Denpok clasps his hands.

DENPOK

This man's spiritual center is like
that of a crazed cobra that is
attempting to eat its own tail.

Gavin stops the car.

GAVIN

So you think being linked to him is
a bad idea?

Gavin and Denpok exit the car.

EXT.INDIAN RESTAURANT

Gavin and Denpok sit.

DENPOK

The question is, can this situation
help you meet your potential?

A WAITER, 20 something, long hair, brings a basket of bread.

(CONTINUED)

GAVIN

Yeah, but the company? I am afraid that if I let myself get to entangled, it will reflect on Hooli.

DENPOK

The company is an extension of Gavin. It makes sense that you would think along those lines. It's a sign of a great leader.

The waiter comes back to fill the water glasses.

GAVIN

Hey man. Can I ask you a hypothetical question?

The waiter finishes pouring Gavin's water.

WAITER.

Sure, go ahead.

Gavin sits up straight in his chair.

GAVIN

What would you do if you had a company and the President asked you to be a part of his leadership council?

The Waiter stops to think.

WAITER

This President?

Gavin stops.

GAVIN

Yeah.

The Waiter laughs.

WAITER.

I would tell him to eat a sack of baby dicks.

Gavin gives the waiter a high five. He pulls out a 20 and gives it to the waiter.

GAVIN

See this guy, he gets it. He speaks for the masses. If he is ready to

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GAVIN (cont'd)
stand up to tyranny, then so should
I. I am going to tell the White
House to eat a bag of dicks.

WAITER
Excuse me, sir. Actually, that's
baby dicks.

Denpock hold up both hands.

DENPOK
Gavin, maybe you should...

Gavin pounds his fist on the table.

GAVIN
Yeah, baby dicks. Write that down.

INT.CAR RENTAL-AFTERNOON

A 30 something balding RENTAL AGENT in a wrinkled suit comes
to the rental desk. Monica is pacing nervously.

RENTAL AGENT
Hello Ma'am, seems like you need to
be somewhere yesterday.

Monica smiles and tosses her large purse on the table.

MONICA
I just got in a fender bender and I
need to get to Vegas fast.

The rental dealer give a sly smile.

RENTAL AGENT
Oh, I see. Business or pleasure?

Monica returns a sharp look.

MONICA
Not in the mood. What do you have
available?

The Rental Agent walks to the back with Monica in tow.

EXT. CAR RENTAL

Monica looks at the cars then looks at the rental agent. All the cars are huge except for one small car.

RENTAL AGENT

As you can see, we have a vast fleet to choose from. I recommend...

Monica's face is stern

MONICA

I recommend you stop trying to put me in one of these battleships and find me something affordable. How's that for a recommendation?

The Rental Agent looks out at the small car wedged between four behemoths.

RENTAL AGENT

I'll tell you what. As we are short of help today, how 'bout I give you this Escalade for the price of a small car.

Monica circles the Rental Agent. Staring at him.

MONICA

Look, that would be fine if it didn't suck down enough gas for five car rentals. Find me something else.

The Rental Agent looks at this watch. It's close to 4:00 PM. He looks out at the trapped small car once again and starts sweating.

RENTAL AGENT

Look, can I give you the Escalade and a gift card for a full tank of gas? How does that sound?

Monica's demeanor lightens up. She imagines herself in pimp mode driving up to save Richard and Jared from themselves in style.

MONICA

Well, if you insist. I wouldn't want to be a bother.

The Rental Agent wipes the sweat from his brow.

(CONTINUED)

RENTAL AGENT

It's no problem at all. Always glad to be of assistance. Give us a few minutes and the porter will pull it around front.

Monica goes back into the rental office in front of the Rental Agent. He looks back at the trapped car and wipes his brow again.

EXT.LAS VEGAS CONVENTION CENTER-MID MORNING

Richard and Jared are walking toward the back of the convention center. Huge crowds of Anti-Trump protesters are out front.

RICHARD

Wow, the crowds seem much larger than on TV.

Jared Smiles.

JARED

That's what the President says about the crowds at his inauguration.

Richard looks around nervously and puts the hood up on his hoodie. Jared is bewildered.

JARED

Why are you putting your hood on?

Richard grabs Jared's hood and pulls it onto his head.

RICHARD

Do you want somebody to spot us on camera at this sort of thing?

Jared walks faster.

JARED

I thought you said this would be good for Pied Piper's image?

Richard walks even faster.

RICHARD

Yeah, it will, but we have to get to the man himself and show him the app. If he adopts it then our name is worldwide.

(CONTINUED)

Jared puts his hand on Richard shoulder and stops him.

JARED

Are you sure about this? I mean,
there are an awful lot of angry
people out front.

The two walk toward a police cordon. A COP late 50s, out of shape, is on guard.

COP

Passes please.

Jared fumbles for a bit and produces the passes.

They walk through the checkpoint.

RICHARD

Hey, you're the one who got us the
VIP passes. That makes you an
accessory after the fact.

The two walk to the second checkpoint. A 30-something FEMALE COP is there searching people. She starts with Jared

JARED

Since you put it that way.

FEMALE COP

Do you have any weapons on your
person?

Jared flashes a big smile

JARED

No ma'am. None whatsoever. I'd
watch the other guy, though.

The cop smiles and waves Jared through. She searches Richard.

RICHARD

Besides, how bad can it actually
be?

INT.CONVENTION CENTER MAIN HALL

Richard and Jared stand speechless as they witness the masses in Nazi-like adulation.

(CONTINUED)

CROWD

Donald Trump! Donald Trump! Donald
Trump! Donald Trump!

Richard turns to leave but Jared stops him and pushes him
toward the crowd.

RICHARD

Maybe this wasn't such a good idea
after all.

INT.GAVIN'S OFFICE-MID MORNING

Gavin is drinking tea and checking his emails.

GAVIN

Gavin. What can I do for you?

EXT.BAHAMAS OUTDOOR RESTAURANT-MID MORNING

Jack Barker is sitting on a veranda sipping a drink.

JACK

Gavin, how are you. How goes the
world of presidential advising?

INT.GAVIN'S OFFICE

GAVIN

Hold on just a sec.

Gavin puts Jack on Speaker.

GAVIN

So Jack, what are you talking
about?

JACK (O.C.)

Relax, everybody in the Valley
knows that you are on the advisory
council.

Gavin gets up and starts walking around.

GAVIN

Well Jack, it's because of this
that I have decided to opt out.
People hate this guy and I don't
want my company associated with
him.

(CONTINUED)

JACK(O.C)

I can understand how you feel, but this is an opportunity that doesn't come around every day. How many times does a president come to people like us for advice?

Gavin take s seat on the sofa.

GAVIN

You have a point, but I think Hooli's reputation trumps that. Did you know that he plans on cutting the H1B visa program?

EXT.BAHAMAS OUTDOOR RESTAURANT

Jack takes another sip of his drink.

JACK

Yeah, I had heard that. But you gotta figure something like that is just gonna be in effect for a few months at most. Then back to business as usual.

GAVIN(O.C)

I don't know. It's like cutting off your nose to spite your face.

INT.GAVIN'S OFFICE

Gavin gets up to pace.

GAVIN

Do you hear that he asked Hooli to create a backdoor algorithm for smart phones?

JACK (O.C.)

I didn't hear anything about him asking. I heard you volunteered?

Gavin stops. He looks uncomfortable.

GAVIN

What else was I supposed to do? The President of the United States asked for a favor. I had to seize the opportunity.

(CONTINUED)

JACK (O.C.)

I'm not harping on you, Gavin. That was actually a smart move.

Gavin smiles.

GAVIN

Really?

EXT. BAHAMAS OUTDOOR RESTAURANT

An attractive waitress brings Jack a fruit plate. He smiles.

JACK

Yeah, this gives you cover.

INT. GAVIN'S OFFICE

Gavin is bewildered.

GAVIN

How so?

JACK(O.C)

Look, you can publicly make a statement saying you don't agree with the President's policies while still agreeing to help him.

Gavin lights up.

GAVIN

Oh, right. That way I can cover Hooli's ass and my own, too.

JACK (O.C)

Hell, if you want I can take your place on the council and broker the software deal for you. Right now I'm not attached to anything that can be reflected on badly.

Gavin ponders the situation.

GAVIN

This is a win-win. That way with your experience you can talk him outta this H1B madness. Jack, you're a genius.

INT. MONICA'S CAR FREEWAY-MID MORNING

Monica is driving and sipping coffee. She's wearing big shades. She is on the hands-free.

MONICA

So have you guys been able to get in touch with Richard and Jared?

INT.BACHMAN'S LIVING ROOM

Bachman has everyone on speaker phone. He is eating a bag of cheese puffs.

BACHMAN

Nope, not yet. I called Richard about 10 times this morning.

Denish gives Bachman the side eye.

DENISH

No. Erlich. I called Richard nine times. You called him once.

INT.MONICA'S CAR

Monica is slow to pull into a gas station.

MONICA

That's just peachy. These guys are holding the fate of this company by a thread and nobody can find them.

DENISH(O.C)

Who said we couldn't find them? They just aren't answering their phones.

Monica stops the car.

MONICA

What do you mean? How do you know where they are?

DENISH(O.C)

Jared never turns his phone off. I just used that phone finder app.

Monica gets out of the car.

(CONTINUED)

MONICA.

OK, where are they, then?

DENISH(O.C)

Looks like they're at the convention center.

Monica jumps back into her car and speeds off.

INT. BACHMAN'S LIVING ROOM

Denish is leaning back in his chair.

DENISH

I wouldn't want to be them.

Gilfoyle turns in his chair.

GILFOYLE

You do want to be them, but that's not gonna happen. Because no matter what we think about their methods, those two got something you don't, my friend. That's balls.

Bachman lights, inhales and exhales from his bowl.

BACHMAN

Amen to that!

INT.CONVENTION CENTER MAIN HALL -LATE MORNING

The crowd is tightly packed into the convention center main area. A 50ish AIDE is warming the crowd up.

AIDE

Whose gonna make this country great again.

CROWD

Donald Trump! Donald Trump! Donald Trump! Donald Trump!

The Aide unbuttons his suit coat jacket and gets comfortable.

AIDE

Donald Trump is working to make this country just like the one your parents and his parents grew up in and we love him for.

(CONTINUED)

The crowd erupts.

CROWD

USA! USA! USA! USA! USA! USA! USA!

Richard is mesmerized by the crowd's reaction.

RICHARD

Man, what's with these people? You gotta be kidding me. They can't be buying this can they?

JARED

Yes they wholeheartedly do.

JARED(CON'T)

Is this the really sort of thing you want to ally Pied Pier with?

Two men get into a fight right in front of Richard and Jared. They barely escape being punched.

EXT. CONVENTION CENTER PARKING LOT-HIGH NOON

Monica walks into the midst of the protest and talks to a 20 something blond female protester who is holding a sign "ORANGE IS THE NEW SCREWED!.

MONICA

Hey, can I borrow that?

The protester stops and looks at Monica with suspicion.

PROTESTER

What do ya want it for?

Monica whispers something into the protester's ear and the woman's face lights up.

She shakes Monica's hand and rolls up the sign. Monica gives her a 20, stashes the sign in her jacket, zips it up and walks toward the VIP entrance.

INT.HOOLI BOARDROOM -EARLY AFTERNOON

Gavin and Denpok are holding a video conference with the rest of the President's Advisory council.

GAVIN

Gentlemen, I have decided that this administration's policies are toxic to the dialog of diversity.

(CONTINUED)

Denpok smiles and waves Gavin to continue.

GAVIN

The president in his bombastic naivety has chosen to put the blame on people whose hard work and sweat built this great nation.

Denpok stands for the camera as Gavin motions him to come closer. A black member of the council looks sideways at Gavin.

Gavin paces.

GAVIN

Thus, it is with trepidation and a sense of patriotism that I hereby relinquish my seat on this council.

Gavin waits for a reaction that doesn't materialize.

A RED-HEADED CEO from a well-known computer company bursts out in laughter.

RED-HEAD CEO

Man, I thought you called us here to discuss some type of strategy to stick it to this orange son of a bitch.

A BLACK CEO chimes in.

BLACK CEO

Yeah, Gavin. It's great that you finally crossed that good finish line.

Gavin and Denpok are confused.

GAVIN

I don't get it, what are guys talking about?

RED-HEAD

Look, man. We all decided to get the fuck outta this craziness the minute we got outta that meeting. As a matter of fact, we are funding anybody who opposes his ass.

Gavin hold back tears.

(CONTINUED)

GAVIN

Why didn't you guys clue me in?

The Black CEO goes stone-faced.

BLACK CEO

If you didn't have your head so far up his ass that his cheeks were like earmuffs, then you woulda realized that we were trying to tell you.

Gavin collapse into his chair.

GAVIN

Well, what are we gonna do now?

RED-HEAD

It depends on how far you're willing to go.

INT.CONVENTION CENTER MAIN HALL-EARLY AFTERNOON

Monica scans the hall and finds Richard and Jared cowering in a corner. Monica waves to get their attention. Jared sees her and waves back. Monica wades through the crowd toward them.

RICHARD

Oh, God. I can't believe you told.

Jared gives an indignant look.

JARED

I didn't say anything.

Richard nervously rises as Monica gets closer.

RICHARD

You had to have said something. How else would she know we were here?

EXT.BACHMANS BACKYARD-YESTERDAY

Richard and Jared discuss their plans. Unbeknownst to them, Jian Yang is listening to the whole scheme from his bedroom window.

INT.CONVENTION CENTER MAIN HALL

Monica reaches the two of them and is seething.

MONICA

What in the fuck are you guys
doing?

Richard is petrified while Jared smiles.

JARED

I was just telling Richard how we
shouldn't have anything to do with
this guy.

Richard is shocked.

RICHARD

What the hell? You got us the
passes!

Jared is a little annoyed.

JARED

Yes, I did. Just so you could make
your decision based on the facts on
the ground.

Monica is still mad, but is slightly impressed.

MONICA

Couldn't you have picked a less
controversial way to prove your
point, Jared? You know what? Forget
it. Our problem now is getting the
hell outta here without being
spotted.

RICHARD

Spotted by who?

JARED

I think she means the press,
Richard.

Monica leads them toward a discreet exit across the main
hall.

MONICA

Just relax and keep your mouths
shut.

INT.HOOLI HEADQUARTERS BOARDROOM.

Gavin is sitting in his chair on a phone conference.

GAVIN

So Jack... I quit the council.

JACK BARKER (O.C)

I bet they were in shock.

Gavin looks uncomfortable.

GAVIN

You could say that, I guess.

JACK BARKER (O.C.)

Did you tell them about our little arrangement?

Gavin spins in his chair to face a window looking out over the Hooli campus.

GAVIN

I thought it best to keep that little tidbit to myself.

JACK BARKER(O.C)

Good. Then let's assume that they think your deal with the President exited the building with your resignation from the council.

EXT.EXCLUSIVE RESORT BERMUDA-EARLY AFTERNOON

Jack is sipping a drink with an umbrella in it, catching some rays beside the pool. A beautiful young woman walks past in a bikini. Jack's eyes follow.

JACK

This is good. Now you can protect Hooli and still stay in the administration's good graces. Smart move, Gavin. Smart move.

INT. HOOLI HEADQUARTERS BOARDROOM.

Gavin is standing in front of the window surveying the Hooli campus like a conquering hero.

(CONTINUED)

GAVIN

Thanks, Jack. Sometime I even amaze myself.

EXT.EXCLUSIVE RESORT BERMUDA-EARLY AFTERNOON

Jack gives the phone an incredulous look.

INT.CONVENTION CENTER MAIN HALL

Monica and the Gang are close to the exit as the President goes on another tirade.

THE PRESIDENT

You know, I don't know why the fake news likes to report lies about me and the blacks. I love the blacks.

The president waves a black supporter onto the podium to come and stand with him.

THE PRESIDENT

See, where are all my blacks at? This is tremendous. Simply tremendous.

The secret service gets the black guy off the stage.

THE PRESIDENT

To show how much i love my blacks, I'll tell you about a conversation I recently had. You talk about how good I get along with world leaders, right? They love me.

The president points at a supporter with a sign that says "YOU CAN GRAB MY PUSSY ANY TIME!"

THE PRESIDENT (CON'T)

I just talked to Afrika Bambatta himself. Yup, the leader of the Mighty Zulu Nation. He gets it. He agrees that just like with his nation, we Americans have the right to keep our borders safe and secure. What a guy!

CROWD

USA! USA! USA! USA! USA! USA! USA!

(CONTINUED)

Monica stops and looks back. Jared and Richard are bewildered by what they just heard. A 40-something balding REPORTER recognizes Richard.

REPORTER

Hey, aren't you that guy from Pied Piper?

As the reporter lifts his camera to take a photo, Monica opens her jacket and pulls out a the sign.

MONICA

TINY HANDS HANDS HATE! TINY HANDS
BIG HATE! TINY HANDS BIG HATE!

Richard and Jared join in and move into the crowd. A swell of Trump supports moves towards them, pushing them back toward the exits.

Someone touches Monica and she slugs him. The police intervene to escort them out. The reporter is snapping pictures the whole time.

EXT.FRONT OF CONVENTION CENTER

Police escort Monica, Richard and Jared and a number of other people out of the venue with reporters in tow.

As Monica and the group emerge the protesters go uncomfortably silent. Police put their hands on their sidearms bracing for conflict. The crowd breakout into thunderous applause hailing those that were kicked out as heroes.

Monica and Richard hoist the protest sign high above there heads. The reporter who noticed Richard earlier asks and interview. Other reports swarm them for interviews too.

INT.BACHMAN'S LIVING ROOM-NEXT DAY

The entire gang is sitting around or near the living room table. Monica, who is nursing a sore hand is standing along with Bachman. Denish is reading something on from his computer.

DENISH

You see this? "Pied Piper. Rebels with a Cause." Huffington Post. "Silicon Valley Solders." New York Times. You guys did it. You pulled victory from the jaws of defeat.

(CONTINUED)

Richard is rather pleased with himself.

RICHARD

That's what I was trying to do, help us get some exposure. Under the circumstances, I think we succeeded rather nicely.

Bachman is about to light the bowl and everyone gives him a dirty look.

BACHMAN

No thanks to you, Richard. Hell, Monica was the only one who at least got to throw a punch. Good job, Monica.

BACHMAN

You know what I think? None of this is about the company. It's all about Belson. You can't get past the fact that he screwed you and almost got away with it.

Monica takes a seat.

MONICA

I agree. It's like you're obsessed with revenge or something. Like you have a need to react whenever the guy pops up on the media radar.

JARED

Yeah, Richard. I'm sorry I had to go to the extreme, but that's the only way you would listen.

MONICA

You need to let it go. We have some forward momentum from this thing. Let's not waste it.

Monica smiles and puts her hand on Richard's.

MONICA

Getting us media coverage and marketing is my job, right?

Monica looks harshly at Bachman.

MONICA

Besides, all coverage isn't good coverage. Right, Erlich?

(CONTINUED)

Bachman puts the bowl down.

BACHMAN

Hey, I tried to talk some sense into the man.

Monica scans the room.

MONICA

Let this be a valuable lesson to all of us. We need to communicate. We have a great product that can sell itself. No more cowboy shit, guys. OK?

Gilfoyle turns in his chair to face the group.

GILFOYLE

Speaking of Douche Von Hoolie, you guys ain't gonna believe this.

Gilfoyle turns his screen so everyone can view.

INT.HOOLI HEADQUARTERS PRESS ROOM

Throngs of reporters and cameras click pictures as Gavin takes the podium.

GAVIN

As you all know, I had decided to accept the President's invitation to help guide him on the path to creating a growth-conducive corporate environment in hopes of getting this country moving again.

Gavin feigns emotion.

GAVIN (CON'T)

But as I have watched this administration's policies unfold, it has become clear to me that it is going in a direction that myself and Hoolie cannot support.

INT.BACHMAN'S LIVING ROOM

Richard is disgusted and gets up to leave.

(CONTINUED)

RICHARD
Can you fucking believe this guy?

INT.HOOLI HEADQUARTERS PRESS ROOM

Gavin steadies himself at the podium.

GAVIN
So effective immediately, I am
stepping down from the President's
Advisory council.

INT.BACHMAN'S LIVING ROOM

Gilfoyle smirks.

GILFOYLE
Looks like we dodged a bullet on
that one.

Bachman pick up his bowl and lights it.

BACHMAN
This calls for a celebration.

Monica leave in disgust.

BACHMAN
Come on!

INT.AIR FORCE ONE FORWARD CABIN-AFTERNOON

The President is talking to the select members of the press corp about yesterday's rally.

THE PRESIDENT
Since I know the guys at fake news
won't report this properly, let me
tell you the rally was huge. They
say my inauguration numbers weren't
impressive. I know that's a lie,
'cause look at the rallies. People
love me.

A secret serviceman whispers into the President's ear.

THE PRESIDENT
OK guys, i gotta take this call.
It's probably from the Mexicans
crying cause I'm making them pay
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

THE PRESIDENT (cont'd)
for that wall. Remember, write the
way I said it and your ratings will
always be through the roof.

INT.AIR FORCE ONE MIDDLE CABIN

The President sits to make a call. An aide brings a bowl of
Doritos and a Coke. The President makes the call.

THE PRESIDENT
Hey Barker, how you enjoying the
resort? Seen any hotness yet?

INT.MASSAGE ROOM

Jack is being worked on by a female masseuse.

JACK
The service is impeccable. I had no
idea it was one of yours, though,
sir.

THE PRESIDENT(O.S.)
Yeah, I get that a lot. I try to
keep those things private for tax
purposes. So what was it you
needed, Barker?

Jack rolls over on his back.

JACK
Well sir, I am working with Gavin
Belson on that thing you asked him
to do. When would you be needing
that done, sir?

THE PRESIDENT (O.C)
Yesterday. As soon as you can. I'm
talking asap.

Jack is getting worked hard.

JACK
Sir, as you know, Gavin has decided
to step down from the Advisory
Council and I would like to know if
you...

INT.AIR FORCE ONE MIDDLE CABIN

The President gives a sly grin whilst looking around the cabin. Aides are looking at each other uncomfortably. One aide is sniffing the air.

THE PRESIDENT

I don't give a shit as long as he gets me what I asked for. Hey, do you want his seat? It's yours, but I need you to make me look techie like I know some shit. Can ya do that?

INT.MASSAGE ROOM

Gavin rolls over to his side as the woman continues to work on him.

JACK

What would that require?

THE PRESIDENT(O.C)

I don't know shit about that stuff. All I know about is the Twitter. Make it easy like Twitter. Lots of bullet points and pictures. Make it easy.

JACK

Sure, I can make that happen. Is there anything else, sir?

INT.AIR FORCE ONE MIDDLE CABIN

The President has Dorito cheese all over his hands.

THE PRESIDENT

Sure, you can help me replace those pricks who left my Advisory Council. As a matter of fact, you are now the head of the Advisory Council. How's that? You like that?

INT.MASSAGE ROOM

Jack is pulling on a robe and tipping the masseuse.

(CONTINUED)

JACK

I appreciate your confidence, sir,
and please call me Jack. I will
have a list for you by tomorrow.
Good afternoon, Mr. President. Have
a wonderful evening, sir.

Jack hangs up the phone and smiles.