

**FRAT BOY GENIUS**

**a story of riches to, like, way more riches**

written by

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**The following story is based on true events, but certain names have been changed out of respect for every individual's unassailable right to privacy.**

**(that and I can't afford a lawsuit right now)**

SUPER HIGH-RES NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC CLOSE-ON ON A HUMAN BODY PART.

Too close to know what or whose. Hairs. Pores. Black heads. A droplet of sweat collects in a narrow groove - it's kind of primordial. Definitely gross. Someone's HEART BEAT. Fast. Either anxiety or very high cholesterol.

ZOOM OUT on the face of 26-year-old billionaire and CEO of Snapchat, EVAN SPIEGEL - a surprisingly not-totally-unattractive combination of thin-lips, hooked nose, and butt chin.

ZOOM OUT further to reveal Evan is on a raised dais above the floor of the New York Stock Exchange, having traded his normal uniform of James Perse tee and black skinnies for a designer suit.

Smiling but tense, he and Snapchat co-founder and CTO, BOBBY MURPHY (28, Eurasian descent), pose for photos - many of which are taken through the SNAPCHAT CAMERA on multiple cell phones in the crowd.

**ONSCREEN TEXT APPEARS IN THE STYLE OF SNAPCHAT GEO-FILTERS (as if we're swiping between them):**

**March 2nd, 2017**

*SWIPE!*

**Snap Inc. Public Valuation: \$33 billion USD**

*SWIPE!*

**Evan Spiegel Net Value: \$3.3 billion USD**

Evan and Bobby are dwarfed by the gigantic screen behind them, reading "Snap Inc." against a sea of neon yellow.

The Snap logo, "Ghostface Chillah," lights up screens across the floor. I'm not being cute. That's the official name of the cartoon ghost.

THOMAS FARLEY, president of the NYSE, looks on as the two guys ring the iconic opening bell.

LILY (V.O.)  
 I think my favorite part of any story is the beginning. The promise, the expectation, the thrill of the unknown. The part before the part where everyone's like, "ahh, how did we get here and where did it all go wrong??"

The mix of press, Snap investors, high-level employees, and Wall Streeters erupt in cheers – many of them stand to cash out by the millions in the next few minutes. Celebratory chaos now in slow-mo like a rave set to money instead of music...

LILY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Although, it looks like it all went right for the hero of our story. Where is our hero?

A SKINNY BLONDE with a crisp blow-out takes a selfie as yellow confetti rains down from above. She backs into SAM BIDDLE (23), a hobgoblin with a reporter's badge, tufts of brown curls, and a deep scowl.

LILY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 No, not her, or that guy.

A pod of MIDDLE-AGED WHITE GUYS shaking hands.

LILY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Too old and crusty.

The camera lingers...

LILY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 I said not them!  
 (grossed out)  
 Ugh.

A SUPERMODEL bounces a BABY on her hip and points towards the dais. The baby wears those special noise-cancelling headphones designed for the offspring of famous people.

LILY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 (quick)  
 Too beautiful, too young.

Time resumes its normal pace as we pan to Snapchat employee, LILY KWOK (27), painfully cool in couture street wear and focused, on the job. She takes a panoramic video of the commotion and expertly edits within the app. She slaps a filter, types a caption, and adds the footage to a curated Snap Story called "IPO" with lightning speed.

LILY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Definitely not. That would be me.  
 Snapchat employee #32. Female,  
 Korean-American. Not exactly lead-  
 material.

Lily re-opens the camera function and ZOOMS IN on Evan's face.

LILY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 There we go.

She hits the capture button and we stay on her phone screen as she starts to draw **red devil horns** on her boss with the paint tool.

LILY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Look at him up there. How does he manage to look smug and strung-out at the same time? Sometimes I wonder if he even realizes that I made his company profitable, that I'm the reason he's made any money at all...

Her drawing becomes more fervent.

LILY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 No, he knows what he did. He has to, right? I mean, there's a reason you know his name and not mine.

She draws a **tiny dick** over his crotch area. Perfects the proportionally **tiny balls**...

LILY (V.O.).  
 I'd like to say it was all dumb luck, but it's actually more complicated than that. This is a biopic after all.

Her tasteful acrylic nail hovers over the blue send arrow -

LILY (V.O.). (CONT'D)  
 Is it pronounced bio-pic or bi-ah-pic? Shit. Whatever.

- finally - TAP! - as we CUT TO:

EXT. STANFORD SCHOOL OF DESIGN (THE D.SCHOOL) - PALO ALTO - DAY

**SNAP-FILTER CHYRON: Stanford University, 2011**

INT. STANFORD D.SCHOOL CLASSROOM - PALO ALTO - DAY

We are in a small space designed for ultimate collaborative synergy - orange leather couches face mobile, collapsing white boards covered in diagrams and neon Post-it notes.

Sitting among his students is Professor RICHARD KENT (60s), a Pixar character come to life with walrus mustache, bald crown, and black-rimmed glasses. He is also responsible for designing the first Apple mouse and several other icons of the digital generation.

The class includes a 20-year-old EVAN, in need of a haircut and a shave.

PROFESSOR KENT

I'm sure this will come as a shock to no one, as it was stated clearly in the syllabus which I so generously printed out for all of you at great risk to the planet and my pride, but you will be presenting your product concepts in class next Friday.

CLOSE ON one such SYLLABUS in a pristine binder with multiple tabs - you know the type. The header - "DESIGNING WITH EMPATHY," and a highlighted presentation date that gets RE-highlighted now. Pan up to reveal a younger LILY sporting flip flops and a lanyard keychain in place of kicks and choker.

Most of the other kids are distracted by phones and laptops. A quick tour of the SCREENS in the room reveal the 2011 interfaces of Instagram, Twitter, and Facebook, but noticeably, not Snapchat.

PROFESSOR KENT (CONT'D)

Feel free to stop by office hours and go through your bill of materials and profit-loss statements with me.

He realizes that he's lost them. Especially Evan, who is currently texting under the table. We notice manic leg-tapping as he sends the "speak-no-evil" MONKEY EMOJI to someone named "Hot Pi Phi." (Kid's got game).

PROFESSOR KENT (CONT'D)

Or ask Mr. Spiegel for advice, since he's successfully sold so many companies that he doesn't need to listen to me drone on here.

The class laughs, Evan smirks.

EVAN  
(unbothered)  
It was worth it, I promise.

PROFESSOR KENT  
Taking detailed notes on tollgates  
to reduce your development risk, no  
doubt.  
(to the class)  
Ok - leave, all of you. Go do young  
people things.

EXT. STANFORD D.SCHOOL - PALO ALTO - DAY

The class disperses. Evan walks past Lily unlocking her bike  
outside the building. He looks up from his phone -

EVAN  
How's your project going?

LILY  
Fine. I'm a little worried about  
injection molded bottle components  
driving up capital costs during the  
launch period, but I've got all  
week to work out the kinks.

EVAN  
Yeah, I'm not worried about you.  
That thing you said in class the  
other day about barrier to entry,  
what was it..."the process of R&D  
itself is begging for a  
redesign..." kind of genius.

We clock her surprise, followed by a charmed flush that  
creeps into her cheeks.

LILY  
Thanks, I, uh, always thought you  
weren't listening during section -

EVAN  
Hold on one sec.  
(he finishes sending a  
text, finally makes eye  
contact)  
So, how would you feel about  
partnering up on the final project?

A beat, as Lily looks at him confused. Then, realizing -

LILY  
Oh, you haven't started.

EVAN  
I'm in ultra stealth mode.

LILY  
Do you even have an idea?

EVAN  
Not yet. But I've got incredible stage presence.

LILY  
Sorry dude, you're going to have to find someone else to leech off.

She hops on her bike and starts to leave.

EVAN  
(jocular)  
Big mistake!

LILY  
(sotto)  
Dickbag.

TEXT NOISE. Evan checks his phone and laughs. We assume Hot Pi Phi.

Are you getting the point I'm making? That he's a poster-boy for Gen Y? Is it too much? Let's just assume from this point forward that he is distracted by his phone in any given interaction.

EXT. KAPPA SIGMA FRATERNITY - STANFORD CAMPUS - DAY - ESTABLISHING

Neither the red brick of east-coast-ivy-classicism nor the stately columns of the pre-Civil War South.

The Stanford version of a frat-house is not imposing, but kind of...cute? An understated, single-story with a wraparound outdoor corridor, nice lawn, and deck in back.

A couple of shirtless guys toss a frisbee on the grass. Not a bad place for an upper-middle-class couple to retire...

INT. KAPPA SIG - DAY

...Until you walk inside.

Evan makes his way through the trash-strewn common area of the house.

Guys lounge on stained couches and shovel food at long, sticky tables. They all do that silent chin-nod thing in Evan's direction when he walks in, either a sign of love or fear or both.

One of the new pledges, PETER COGGESHALL (19, floppy hair) has surrounded himself in a phalanx of JELLO SHOTS.

COGGESHALL

Evan! Hey! I saw your email. 100  
jello shots, just like you said.  
The Pi Phis are gonna get so fucked  
up.

EVAN

(distracted, on autopilot)  
Nice.

He keeps moving, eyes glued to phone. CLOSE ON his screen, where he checks his bank account. It reads **\$5,294.32**

CLOSE ON TWO IDENTICAL TEXT MESSAGES sent in quick succession to contacts MOM and JOHN:

*Balance getting low. Please refill ASAP.*

INT. KAPPA SIG - BACKYARD DECK - CONTINUOUS

Evan joins an informal conclave of the Kappa Sig leadership. House president, SHANE SODHI, treasurer, SAM GREITZER, and recruitment chair, CASEY KAHN, play a chill game of beer pong. 73 and sunny with a fat blunt to go around.

SHANE

(to Evan)  
Sup dude.

EVAN

We can't cancel Foam Party.

SHANE

House council voted. Too risky. One more strike and we're off campus.

CASEY

Sad but true. We can't control what happens in the foam.

SAM

Biddies love foam.

EVAN

(exasperated)

This is what the University wants!  
If we don't do our annual party no  
one is gonna rush Kappa Sig and if  
we can't meet the occupancy quota  
we lose our housing anyway! Send a  
retraction. Foam Party is on.

SHANE

Sorry Spiegs, we already voted.

EVAN

Well, as social chair I'm calling a  
re-vote. Casey, Sam - who pays for  
all your liquor and cocaine?

Off Casey and Sam, reconsidering their options...

INT. KAPPA SIG - HALLWAY - LATER

On the move again, Evan checks his TEXTS -

MOM: *Will do. Good luck with finals!*

JOHN: *Done*

He sends a TEXT to contact, BOBBY:

*Where are you?*

The text fails to send.

He pauses to think.

INT. STANFORD COMPUTER LAIR - LATER

The bowels of Stanford - a 24-hour dungeon underneath the  
cement eyesore of Meyer Library - rows of computer screens  
despairingly referred to as "The Lair."

A younger, greasy-haired Bobby Murphy sits in front of a  
massive desktop screen of code, headphones in. He is one of  
many hunched, pathetic lifeforms here at 9pm on a weekday.

Evan shakes his chair from behind, startling him.

BOBBY

Dude, what - how did you -

EVAN

No cell service. Jesus this place  
is depressing.

BOBBY

Yeah...have you never been here before?

EVAN

I need a progress report on Future Freshman.

BOBBY

I can't do this right now, Evan. I have a huge p-set due tomorrow.

EVAN

Have you figured out the UI design I sent you?

BOBBY

I know you've never written a single line of code in your life -

EVAN

I took CS105.

BOBBY

You got a C in an intro to HTML class.

EVAN

Yeah, I passed, which is an amazing return on investment if you think about it.

Bobby remembers his point -

BOBBY

It's not like Product Design, dude. Macaroni art and origami cranes, or whatever. I have to create an entire nervous system from scratch.

A kid at the computer next to Bobby scratches at a patch of psoriasis on his elbow. Evan looks at him with disgust and shifts away - who are these people? His crisp white tee, designer jeans, and overall healthy complexion don't belong down here.

EVAN

I need it by Friday.

BOBBY

What? Why?

(with the tone of someone  
who has practiced in the  
mirror)

No, sorry. I can't do it.

EVAN

You're a spring quarter senior. You  
should be taking Wine Tasting and  
Yoga.

BOBBY

I applied to Wine Tasting. Didn't  
get in.

EVAN

Look, I know a guy who knows a PM  
at Facebook and I told him we'd  
send him a prototype by Friday.

BOBBY

(groans)

Fuck, Evan...you can't just...our  
analytics are terrible. It's  
performing even worse than our last  
one...

Something snaps in Evan, in the first of many abrupt  
transitions between good natured conversation and blistering  
intensity.

EVAN

I don't give a fuck. If it looks  
good I can pitch us on that alone.  
Just...get it done.

A beat. Bobby, quieter -

BOBBY

Ok, fine.

Rapid mouse movements and typing on Bobby's end. Evan picks  
at a hangnail.

EVAN

It smells like a Chi O's asshole  
down here.

INT./EXT. VARIOUS - STANFORD CAMPUS - PALO ALTO - NIGHT

The following scenes SMASH CUT between Evan, Bobby, and Lily's college lives. It is disorienting. But intentionally, like in an artistic way.

If the viewer is paying attention, they'll notice that Evan's scenes are shot in that Snapchat filter that makes everything super saturated like a music video (also my filter of choice for obscuring acne and dark circles).

PARTY ROCK ANTHEM by LMFAO blasting...

-Evan, Kappa Sig bros, and Pi Phi throw back jello shots on the deck. Hot popular people drinking, grinding, and ponging as palm trees sway in the background. Like the coed, So-Cal version of a Baz Luhrmann party, with Evan as unmistakable King of the Frat.

-CLOSE ON a stream of coffee into a styrofoam cup. Lily takes the cup back to her cubicle in Green Library. She settles in for a night of work on a COMPLICATED PERFORMANCE MODEL.

-Evan SCORES in beer pong and lifts Hot Pi Phi aka MAGGIE the human biology major off the ground. A heavysset blonde with a flushed babyface fishes out Evan's ball and chugs. This is REGGIE BROWN (22). More on him later.

-Lily nods off, surrounded by papers, laptop, books.

-Bobby works on the SOURCE CODE for Future Freshman in his room, trying to drown out the NOISE of Foam Party raging outside. Evan comes in, trashed, and brings him a beer. He gives him a "thumbs up" before stumbling out.

-CLOSE ON two lines of cocaine on Evan's desk. Maggie does a line, only to turn around and find Evan passed out on the bed. She watches as a POOL OF URINE slowly spreads beneath him...

INT. EVAN'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

A cleaned-up Evan checks himself out in the mirror and pops a piece of gum in his mouth before flopping down on his bed, now stripped of sheets.

CLOSE ON his phone, where he goes to Maggie's Instagram page. Each post is more curated and picture-perfect than the next - BLOWING OUT CANDLES, doing a HANDSTAND AT THE BEACH, a SUN-DRENCHED SELFIE.

LILY (V.O.)

Ah, the Instagram newsfeed. The piece de resistance of all social media facades. Carefully plucked, tanned, FaceTuned, filtered, gleaming little squares that start to feel like morbid cries for help the longer you stare at them. Not that I've wasted hours of my life staring at Instagram.

(beat)

Did you forget that this story has a narrator? Because it does.

INT. NOLA - DOWNTOWN PALO ALTO - NIGHT

A kitschy, New Orleans themed bar - a three floor space more reminiscent of the French Quarter at Disneyland than the real thing, and probably one of the only bars in America where college kids party with middle-aged VCs.

Evan walks in. He spots a group of now familiar Kappa Sig faces, including Reggie's, ordering shots.

He joins the bros right as they raise their glasses --

KAPPA SIG 1

To Frank Reginald Brown IV - beloved brother of the Kappa Sigma order, the Prince of Chattanooga, reigning flip cup champion, and as of today, an innocent man!

Fuck yeahs all around.

KAPPA SIG 1 (CONT'D)

May they shout the Disciplinary Board's verdict from Hoover Tower to MemChu - Reggie Brown did not have sexual relations with that Tri-Delt!

More laughs and cheers.

REGGIE

(peacocking)

Oh, I had them. They were just super consensual.

KAPPA SIG 2

"Your honor, the plaintiff is a Tri-Delt. The defense rests its case."

KAPPA SIG 3  
 (grabbing Reggie's ass)  
 Of course she wanted it - look at  
 these fucking glutes. How does a  
 poetry major get an ass like that?

KAPPA SIG 1  
 See, even Collins wants to fuck  
 you, Reg.

They all laugh extra hard. The repressed sexuality here is  
 overwhelming and completely ignored.

KAPPA SIG 1 (CONT'D)  
 Speech!! Speech!

The others chime in.

REGGIE  
 I don't know what to say. I love  
 you guys.

KAPPA SIG 2  
 Gayyyy.

And now, the monologue that will probably win this script an  
 Oscar:

REGGIE  
 Seriously though, it was just like,  
 really scary - people were calling  
 me these terrible things - like  
 life-ruining shit - and I was like  
 - that's not me. That's not who I  
 am. So the fact that everyone in  
 the house believed me and had my  
 back...I mean, it was huge...I  
 feel..um..

He starts to get emotional.

EVAN  
 I think what Reginald is trying to  
 say is,  
 (raising his glass)  
 Fuck bitches, get laid.

Maggie approaches the group from behind.

MAGGIE  
 What are we celebrating?

INT. NOLA'S, DANCE FLOOR - LATER THAT NIGHT

Evan and Maggie dance - fast and then slower. They kiss.

EVAN  
Should we relocate?

MAGGIE  
Depends, are you gonna wet the bed  
this time?

EVAN  
Why, did you like it?

MAGGIE  
Don't be weird.

He whispers something in her ear. She rolls her eyes but smiles -

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
Meet you outside.

Maggie heads toward the restrooms and Evan moves to the bar to close-out.

LILY (V.O.)  
I don't have words for this  
interaction. It's like you don't  
even have to be attractive to be a  
fuccboi anymore.

INT. NOLA'S - CONTINUOUS

Evan waits for his credit card and overhears some of the gang talking -

KAPPA SIG 2  
You worried she's gonna blast that  
shit?

KAPPA SIG 1  
No, I don't know, it's just a  
little weird. Like, my junk will be  
out there. Forever.

KAPPA SIG 2  
No offense dude, but I don't think  
there's a ton of global interest in  
your junk. I would send it.

KAPPA SIG 3

Wait Sam, did you not tell them  
what happened to you?

SAM

Dude, no...not here.

ALL KAPPA SIGS

Tell us / Sack up ya puss.

SAM

Fine. So, similar situation - this  
girl Molly from my IHUM section  
texts me a picture of her boobs,  
which is like, an internationally  
recognized request for a dick pic.

All the guys nod as if to say, "Amen."

LILY (V.O).

Brb, vomiting quietly in my mouth.

SAM

So I drink a beer and  
start...prepping.

KAPPA SIG 1

Prepping?

KAPPA SIG 3

(miming)

Stroking it out...just enough to be  
big, but not hard.

SAM

Yeah. Anyway, I'm a little buzzed  
and I have boner brain and long  
story short - I texted the wrong  
person.

KAPPA SIG 2

What? Who?

KAPPA SIG 3

His MOM.

ALL KAPPA SIGS

Noooo / Fuckkkk / Your dick? / How?

SAM

Her name was Molly - the contact  
names are practically the same.

KAPPA SIG 3

Yeah when your mom is saved in your phone as "Mommy."

KAPPA SIG 1

Holy fuck.

KAPPA SIG 2

I would literally kill myself.

SAM

I told her my phone was stolen.

KAPPA SIG 2

Uh dude, I think she knows.

The guys are in stitches.

KAPPA SIG 3

It's ok man, we all have photos we wish would disappear.

CLOSE ON EVAN, taking in every word.

KAPPA SIG 1

Mommy? Really?

Off Evan, still thinking, as he pays his tab.

INT. STANFORD CAMPUS, LECTURE HALL - PALO ALTO - DAY

In the sober light of day, Evan can't stop thinking about the bros' conversation. He sits in the back of a lecture hall and stalks Maggie on Instagram again.

Evan hesitates over the Like button on a selfie - something clicks for him.

He begins to maniacally scribble in a moleskin notebook with a Pilot G-2 .05 pen (his preferred writing instrument).

CLOSE ON the scribblings - "CONTINUUM" -> "ACCUMULATION -> INSTANT EXPRESSION" - it looks like Beautiful Mind-esque gibberish to us.

INT. KAPPA SIG - BOBBY'S ROOM - LATER

Evan bursts into Bobby's room -

EVAN

Bobby -

BOBBY

Dude I was just about to call you -  
I finally cracked it.

EVAN

Cracked what?

Bobby laughs, a little manic from sleep-deprivation.

BOBBY

Future Freshman! I got it to look  
exactly the way you want so you can  
show it to that guy at Facebook -

EVAN

What guy at Facebook? Forget about  
Future Freshman dude, it's a piece  
of shit. Can you code a  
communication-based camera platform  
where all the pics have a shelf-  
life of a few seconds?

Bobby looks truly broken.

BOBBY

What?

EVAN

Can you do it?

BOBBY

I haven't slept in two days -

EVAN

Bobby! Listen to me! A camera-  
centric application where all the  
pics disappear...can you do it?

BOBBY

(like a zombie)

I guess, but what's the point of a  
camera app if all the pics  
disappear?

Evan grins and hits Bobby in the shoulder like men sometimes  
do when they experience joy.

EVAN

Exactly. That's exactly it.

Off Bobby - confused and feeling somewhat dead inside.

INT. STANFORD D.SCHOOL CLASSROOM - PALO ALTO - DAY

**SNAP-FILTER CHYRON: One week later.**

Final presentation day in Evan and Lily 's Product Design class. Lily concludes with her last and most impressive slide.

LILY

MindHive has real interest from a Principal VC at a local fund, so I will be developing the app with their help this summer. I just hope I can do that and intern at Google at the same time!

She chuckles as if this is a relatable predicament.

LILY (V.O).

Ok, so, I was kind of narc in college. There are worse things.

PROFESSOR KENT claps proudly and leads the class in tepid applause.

PROFESSOR KENT

Congratulations, Miss Kwok! I love that your passion for this product is manifesting in such a tangible way. I can't wait to see how it all unfolds, truly. Are there any questions for Miss Bai?

Silence from the class.

PROFESSOR KENT (CONT'D)

Don't take it personally, Lily. They're just intimidated. Ok Mr. Spiegel - you're up.

Lily smirks at Evan before heading back to her seat. Evan stands up in his seat -

EVAN

It's an app, you take a photo, it disappears. That's it.

He sits down. Awkward laughs from the class. Off Kent, massaging his forehead in frustration -

INT. PROFESSOR KENT'S OFFICE - LATER

Evan plays with a doohickey on Kent's shelves. Kent looks at him with more amusement than anger. There is a real fondness here, on both sides.

PROFESSOR KENT

So, that was quite a stunt. Any last words before I fail you?

EVAN

I'm not comfortable sharing any details at this time.

Kent laughs.

PROFESSOR KENT

Ok then. You can go.

Evan, quickly -

EVAN

I'm not gonna just spew my intellectual property to a whole room of unoriginal sheep who will try and sell it to Google tomorrow.

PROFESSOR KENT

That's a lot of moral outrage for someone who was too lazy to do the assignment.

EVAN

The element of surprise is a weapon, Jobs knew that.

PROFESSOR KENT

Evan, we have complete privacy here. There are no cameras, no bugs.

EVAN

There's no such thing as privacy in 2011.

PROFESSOR KENT

(bartering, despite himself)

I'll raise your grade to a B.

EVAN

I want an A- in the class and a meeting with one of your old colleagues at Apple.

PROFESSOR KENT

Don't push it.

This seems like an easy call to us, but we watch as Evan hesitantly mulls it over.

EVAN

(excitedly, despite himself)

Ok, so I'm sitting in class, not yours, stalking this girl online and it just hit me - we are so fucking obsessed with our online footprint.

PROFESSOR KENT

Who?

EVAN

My generation! It's like an undiagnosed pathology of curation. Facebook, Instagram, and all the early photo aggregates, MySpace etc. - it's all about being perfect AKA fake because everything is permanent and therefore wrapped up with your identity. But what if there was an app that freed you from all that hyper-curation bullshit? What if instead of living and THEN documenting, we could document while living, without thinking so fucking hard about it?

Kent starts to smile.

PROFESSOR KENT

Interesting..

EVAN

Natural, expressive communication.

PROFESSOR KENT

No need to perfect an image that will eventually disappear.

EVAN

Yes, exactly. Anyway, I'm taking a break from app development. It's all work, no reward. Thinking more about graphic design, which is why I need you to hook it up at Apple.

Kent thinks.

PROFESSOR KENT

You could do that. Or, you could take a couple friends, go home, and invest time in this idea. Build it. Hone it. Work a lot for absolutely nothing. This is a good idea at the right time. Do you know how rare that is? Too rare for someone as young and smart as you to farm themselves out to the nearest tech company. Trust me, there's more than enough time for that.

*SWIPING BETWEEN SNAP-FILTER CHYRONS UNTIL LANDING ON ONE THAT SAYS: SOUND OFF*

The rest of Evan and Kent's conversation is muted.

LILY (V.O.)

Nothing more inspiring than the bond between cis, white males, am I right? Maybe this is petty, but why am I not sitting in that office? I mean, my presentation was really good. I almost sold that idea! Meanwhile, Evan does zero work and he's the one who gets coddled and mentored straight into the history books?

(beat)

No, you're right, that does sound petty.

EXT. KAPPA SIG HOUSE - DAY

We're outside Kappa Sig. Evan, Bobby, and Reggie pack their things into an Escalade with a vanity plate that just reads: "**SPIEGS**." They load cases of Red Bull, hefty bags of dirty laundry, a pair of dumbbells...

Evan hops into the drivers seat and plugs "Los Angeles" into his Google Maps app.

Through the window he sees Lily biking uphill.

EVAN

One sec, guys.  
(to Lily )  
Yo! Lil-money!

He runs across the street.

EVAN (CONT'D)  
How's the app going?

LILY  
Great. How is your, uh, idea?

EVAN  
Still the best idea to come out of this place in 10 years. Taking a couple buddies to LA to build it this summer.

LILY  
Wow, congrats.

EVAN  
But we could use some estrogen. You want to get in on the ground floor?

LILY  
I'm good thanks, but good luck with everything.

She starts to bike away but he stops her.

EVAN  
One day you're going to work for me, and you'll look back on this moment as one of the biggest mistakes of your life.

LILY  
No, one day you're going to work for me, and when that happens, I promise not to tell anyone that this happened. Have a good summer, Evan.

As she leaves, we CLOSE IN on her face, resolute, hungry, and totally convinced of her version of the future...

LILY (V.O).  
You know what's worse than being a narc with helmet hair?  
(beat)  
Being wrong.

INT./EXT. EVAN'S ESCALADE - CONTINUOUS (DRIVING)

As they pull away from the frat and turn onto the Campus Drive loop...

BOBBY

So what's your dad's stance on smoking in the house?

REGGIE

Papa Spiegel is super chill. He practically hazed us when we went down for the 'SC game last year.

EVAN

Cool story, bro.

(to Bobby)

Don't worry bud, nobody's gonna take away your weed.

BOBBY

It's for anxiety.

EVAN

(to Reggie)

And while I have you here, sober - John may be liable for underage drinking and whatever, but this summer is about launching a company, not raging.

REGGIE

Then why are there two handles of Jaeger in the trunk?

Evan smirks.

EVAN

Ok, there might be a little room for raging.

REGGIE

Yes! My fucking man!

BOBBY

Why is he here again?

REGGIE

Chief Marketing Officer, bitch.

Bobby scoffs.

BOBBY

You can't be CMO of a company I haven't finished coding yet.

REGGIE

No, you can't be a company without someone to sell the product, right Ev?

EVAN

You're both right. If we act legit, then we are legit.

Reggie nods, moved - this is possibly the most profound thing he's ever heard - while Bobby rolls his eyes in the back seat. He notices something in Reggie's lap - a drawing in a notebook -

BOBBY

(to Reggie)  
What is that?

REGGIE

Nothing, it's not done yet...

Evan notices too and grabs it from Reggie's lap. CLOSE ON a rough drawing of the now-famous Snapchat logo of a cartoon ghost with his tongue sticking out. Underneath Reggie has written GHOSTFACE CHILLA.

REGGIE (CONT'D)

It's a ghost, because the pics disappear...so I thought...I don't know...

BOBBY

Dude, that is so stupid-

EVAN

I love it. That is fucking sick.

Reggie lights up, and even Bobby wonders if he's missing something. We begin to get the sense that people trust Evan's taste more than their own.

REGGIE

Dude I have so many more awesome ideas...

(he starts flipping  
through the notebook)

Like I was thinking, what if there was a whole family of ghosts -

Evan cuts him off.

EVAN

Picaboo.

BOBBY

What?

REGGIE

Like Peak-a-boo, but -

EVAN

Picaboo.

BOBBY

That's kind of good.

REGGIE

Fuck yeah, Picaboo!

The mood could not be more pumped. Evan turns up the music...

EXT. EVAN'S ESCALADE - CONTINUOUS (DRIVING)

PITBULL'S "Give Me Everything" blasting as we get an overhead shot of the Escalade driving down the iconic, palm tree lined University Avenue.

LILY (V.O.)

Just three bros from an elite institution developing an app over the summer. Sound familiar? That's the whole point! But as they say in beer pong, we're heatin' up.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - PACIFIC PALISADES - DUSK

We are treated to the last few seconds of a glorious and average LA sunset. The neon sherbet sky fades to dusk as the Escalade makes a right off PCH into the Pacific Palisades - a ritzy but laid-back neighborhood overlooking the Pacific ocean. LA's version of a beach town.

The car turns onto a wide suburban street lined with elegant houses verging on estates. We notice the sameness of manicured lawns and artfully placed palm trees in this place where Evan grew up and Stanford's campus.

The car stops in front of a homey, Spanish-style mansion.

INT. ESCALADE - CONTINUOUS

Evan looks up at his childhood home through the tinted window as Reggie and Bobby continue to sleep soundly next to him.

We stay on the house -

**SNAP-FILTER CHYRON: THE SLOW-MO SNAIL***SWIPE!***THE FAST-FORWARD RABBIT X 1***SWIPE!***THE FAST-FORWARD RABBIT X 2***SWIPE!***REWIND EFFECT GRAPHIC**

The past four years go by, our version of a flashback. The rewind ends at -

**SNAP-FILTER CHYRON:** April, 2007

INT. SPIEGEL LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Evan's parents scream in hoarse whispers at each other while their teenage son listens from the top of the stairs, out of sight and supposedly asleep.

JOHN

It's a \$75,000 car, Melissa - it's just too much for a 17-year-old!

MELISSA

Oh but building an in-home movie theater is educational? Give me a fucking break. You're just mad that I'm competing at your level now.

JOHN

Do you not get it? He's playing us!

MELISSA

Yeah, and who made him that way? If you told him no at any point in his life maybe he wouldn't be negotiating for crap in the middle of our divorce.

JOHN

Oh, so I spoiled him alone? Maybe if you had spent less time at the office he wouldn't be so maladjusted.

MELISSA

You know what - it doesn't matter whose fault it is. Thank you for your input, but I will buy our piece-of-shit son whatever I want, and we'll see which parent he ends up living with.

JOHN

Great! I hope he picks you. I don't need the extra expenses. This nightmare is costing enough on its own.

Off high-school Evan, his parents' words sinking in, as we begin to swipe through filters and time again -

**SNAP-FILTER CHYRON: THE SLOW-MO SNAIL**

*SWIPE!*

**THE FAST-FORWARD RABBIT X 1**

*SWIPE!*

**THE FAST-FORWARD RABBIT X 2**

INT. ESCALADE - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON present-day Evan, snapping out of it. He looks at Reggie's open, spittle-caked mouth, mid snore.

EVAN

Hey, fuck faces, we're here.

Off Bobby startled awake, taking in his surroundings like a newborn kitten -

EXT. SPIEGEL HOUSE - PACIFIC PALISADES - MOMENTS LATER

The guys, laden with various bags and shit, are greeted by Evan's dad JOHN SPIEGEL (50s), a securities lawyer who looks like every Republican congressman ever.

JOHN

Kappa Sig in the hauuus!

We catch a slight wince from Evan as John embraces Reggie and Bobby. He gives his son an extra long squeeze.

EVAN

Hi Dad.

JOHN

You guys must be wiped. Come on, throw that stuff anywhere, Maria can take it to your rooms later.

Reggie doesn't skip a beat. Bobby holds on to his bag.

BOBBY

Thank you so much for letting us stay here, Mr. Spiegel.

(bashful)

My parents told me to thank you as well.

JOHN

Are you kidding? It is so great to finally meet the famous Bobby Murphy! Evan just raves about you.

EVAN

Dad, chill.

JOHN

(squeezing Reggie's arm)

What are they feeding you up there? Bison?

Reggie glows.

REGGIE

You're looking pretty good yourself - single life treating you well?

John laughs too hard at this. We clock the spaces on cabinets and walls where pictures that used to hang have not been replaced.

JOHN

How about some vino. I don't know if I mentioned, Ev, I installed a fire pit in the yard. I'll uncork a '96 Barolo and you guys can tell me all about this app -

EVAN

Actually Dad, I think we're all pretty tired. Probably just gonna unpack and pass out.

JOHN  
(hiding disappointment)  
Oh yeah, whatever works. You guys  
do your thing, we'll catch up in  
the morning. Reg, Bobby - you know  
where you're sleeping?

EVAN  
I'll show 'em.

JOHN  
Cool, well, just let me know if you  
need anything. This is your house  
for the summer. And your office!

REGGIE  
Office with a pool? Not too shabby.

BOBBY  
Yeah, thanks again, Mr. Spiegel.

JOHN  
John, please.

EVAN  
(with purpose)  
Goodnight, John.

INT. SPIEGEL HOUSE - PACIFIC PALISADES - LATER THAT NIGHT

Reggie unpacks in what is obviously a teenage girl's room -  
pastel pink walls, floral duvet, a framed photo of Evan's  
little sister CLARA and her friends in soccer uniforms.

Evan pokes his head in.

EVAN  
Hey man, you good?

REGGIE  
Oh yeah, this is great, man.  
Thanks.

EVAN  
I'm sorry about the...pink. Had to  
give Bobby the room with a desktop  
monitor. Coders..

REGGIE  
Oh dude, don't even worry. Keep  
your engineers happy - Startup 101.  
Where's your sister, by the way?

EVAN  
Mom's for the summer.

REGGIE  
Nice, boy's club.

Evan starts to fidget.

EVAN  
Besides, this situation is temporary. You know, until this thing takes off...anyway, I'm beat dude. Probably gonna crash.

REGGIE  
Yeah for sure. Same.

Evan starts to leave...

REGGIE (CONT'D)  
Hey Ev...

EVAN  
What's up?

REGGIE  
I can't wait to fucking do this thing. Picaboo's gonna be huge. I can feel it.

EVAN  
Yeah man, me too.

He shuts the door on his way out and Reggie falls back on to the shabby chic duvet. His POV of the ceiling reveals a poster of a HALF NAKED JUSTIN BIEBER, plastered directly over the bed, his finger pointing outward towards Reggie. The effect is almost Sistine-esque -

REGGIE  
Aw, come on!

INT. SPIEGEL HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

CLOSE ON some yellow slush BLENDING in a Vitamix. It's LOUD.

**SNAP-FILTER CHYRON: Two months later**

*SWIPE!*

**SNAP-FILTER CHYRON: July 6th, 2011**

*SWIPE!*

**SNAP-FILTER CHYRON: 100°**

INT. SPIEGEL HOUSE - VARIOUS - CONTINUOUS

We move from room to room with ROSA (52), John's live-in maid. The muted sound of a Vitamix blender and Top 40 as she tosses someone's boxer shorts in the laundry room, picks up some empty beer bottles in the living room, and a flask from a ficus in the entryway. Wait, is that...?

Rosa pushes the leaves of the ficus back to find a pile of VOMIT behind the plant. She gasps and mutters -

ROS  
Mierda! Chicos repugnantes, no merezco esto...

INT. SPIEGEL HOUSE - GUEST ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Evan stands in a familiar, accidentally-intimate position behind Bobby, who sits at his laptop. He shuffles between sketches - the earliest iterations of Snapchat - while Bobby's fingers fly on the keyboard, conjuring Evan's vision in 1s and 0s.

A quick glimpse of the sketches reveals a mock-up of a user inbox - little red boxes signify an unopened picture-message, a ghost bursting through the box signifies an opened picture-message that can no longer be accessed.

There is an ease between these two, a real creative partnership.

EVAN  
I want the red less saturated, and more like, faded. Not cherry but not pink, you know? Like that soft construction paper from pre-school. Rich but muted.

BOBBY  
Got it. I think. Have you thought anymore about server space? If this thing takes off we're not gonna be equipped for the data influx...

EVAN  
Cross that bridge when we come to it. Let's just focus on uploading to the App Store by end of August -

He is cut off by a sudden surge in the background noise. The bass shakes the walls. Bobby winces.

BOBBY  
Has he sent you any copy for the uploading process?

Evan is silent.

BOBBY (CONT'D)  
App description? Privacy policy?

EVAN  
Not yet.

BOBBY  
What about a website?

EVAN  
What about it?

BOBBY  
Do we have one?!

EVAN  
He'll get it done, Bobby.

The music surges again.

EVAN (CONT'D)  
For fuck's sake.

INT. SPIEGEL HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON a pair of tiny swim trunks and a lily white plumber's crack.

ZOOM OUT on Reggie crouched in front of an expensive entertainment system. He hurriedly turns a knob to fix his mistake.

REGGIE  
(tipsy)  
Shittle on my nipple.

He retraces a trail of wet footprints from the living room to the backyard...

EXT. SPIEGEL HOUSE - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

...And makes a clumsy sprint towards the jacuzzi where John puffs a cigar, droplets clinging to chest hair that has started to go white. Two blended margaritas sit just out of reach of the jets.

REGGIE  
(re-entering)  
You think it'd be too hot for a  
jacuzz,' but it's actually perfect.

John groans in agreement and sinks deeper into the water.

JOHN  
Hey, what is this you're playing?

REGGIE  
Oh, this is David Guetta. French  
DJ.

JOHN  
I like it. Very fun.

REGGIE  
I'll download it to your iPod  
later. You should really get on  
Spotify though.

John passes the cigar to Reggie who inhales with some pain.

JOHN  
I can't keep up with this stuff.

REGGIE  
You kept up pretty good on Friday  
night.

JOHN  
Now *that* was a party.

REGGIE  
I think I'm still hung over.

JOHN  
Ha! Wait 'til you hit 40.

Uncomfortable silence. Reggie reaches for his blended and we see a SMALL BAGGIE of white powder propped up against his drink.

REGGIE  
Speaking of hangovers, you don't  
mind if I...

He gestures towards the baggie. John is taken aback.

JOHN

Oh um...no, of course not. Totally cool by me, just...is it good? I mean, is it safe?

REGGIE

Oh yeah, it's really high quality stuff. My friend supplies like all of USC.

JOHN

Oh right, excelente.

Reggie dries the limestone with his towel and starts to prepare a line.

REGGIE

Hey, you want to do a bump?

John looks at the line...

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - SPIEGEL HOUSE

Evan has been watching his dad and his best friend in the hot tub from an upstairs window. CLOSE ON his narrowed eyes and furrowed brow - a mixture of jealousy and disgust.

LILY (V.O.)

Uh oh, someone's got daddy issues and it's not me. My dad's a gem.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. SHUTTERS ON THE BEACH - SANTA MONICA - NIGHT

The same facial expression.

**SNAP-FILTER CHYRON: Santa Monica**

*SWIPE!*

**SNAP-FILTER CHYRON: August 25th, 2011**

John, Bobby, Reggie, and Evan are on the outdoor patio at Shutters on the Beach, a swanky hotel that sits directly on the bike path, overlooking the Pacific.

John lifts a glass of wine and toasts the guys.

JOHN  
 Congratulations, team. I'm really proud of you guys. To Picaboo going live.

BOBBY  
 (sotto)  
 Unless you have an Android or live anywhere besides the continental United States and Puerto Rico.

The guys raise their glasses. It's slightly half-assed on Bobby and Evan's end. Less so for Reggie who bellows,

REGGIE  
 L'chaim!

EVAN  
 Thank you both for all of your hard work. But especially you, Bobby. Without you -

A waitress walks out with a cake decorated with the Ghostface Chillah logo and covered in an obscene amount of candles.

JOHN  
 I hope you don't mind...I had a little something made to celebrate the occasion.

Evan gives him a look.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
 What! It's not every day you launch a company!

WAITRESS  
 Should I sing? Or..?

EVAN  
 You can just leave it. Thanks.

JOHN  
 Oh come on! Fine, but we're taking a picture. Behind the cake - like you actually like each other! A real smile, Ev! Thank you, Reggie.

He stands and points his phone. A surprisingly staged photo to commemorate the birth of an app specifically designed to disrupt this kind of posing. Off their deceptive smiles, a misleading and permanent piece of evidence of this moment in time.

INT. SPIEGEL HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER THAT NIGHT

John blasting Springsteen and eating cereal. Is he high? Evan walks in on him.

JOHN  
Hey, bud. Midnight snack attack?

EVAN  
No, mind turning that down? Some of us have work to do in the morning.

JOHN  
Oh, sorry about that. Absolutely can do.

He walks to the fridge and talks into it while he looks for a beer.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
You know, Reggie showed me how to play music in different zones of the house. I didn't even know we had zones. He's a real whiz with that stuff.

EVAN  
(teenage sarcasm)  
Wow! I bet he could get a job with the Geek Squad!

JOHN  
Hey - what is going on with you? Thought you'd be happy after the launch...Is everything alright with Pikachu? Did you and Bobby have a fight or something?

EVAN  
It's Picaboo...like Peak-a-boo...  
(giving up)  
What's going on with *me*? What's going on with *you*? Spending all your time with a 21-year-old, who is supposed to be working for me by the way, and getting loaded at our parties like some sort of creepy uncle no one invited. It's embarrassing.

JOHN  
Woah, woah - where is this coming from? Did someone tell you I made them uncomfortable?

EVAN

Nobody had to. But just so there's no confusion - you're making me uncomfortable.

JOHN

I see, so I'm just supposed to supply the roof over your head, the booze, the WiFi, and stay out of the way.

EVAN

Yeah, exactly - like a normal parent.

John laughs.

JOHN

Normal, that's good.

No turning back now. These next words drip with the kind of insightful malice that plays in your head on repeat while you're trying to fall asleep at night.

EVAN

Be honest, John. You love having us here. What good is all your money with no one to spend it on? You needed a distraction from your sad, middle-aged life and we gave you one. So don't act like you're doing me some big favor.

A beat.

JOHN

How much do you think I've invested in this half-baked joke of a company? 10K? 20k? I may be a failed parent but here's a little business advice from the man who paid for the shirt on your back and your shiny new MacBook - if you really want this app to succeed, don't alienate your first and only investor.

He turns to walk out of the kitchen but remembers something -

JOHN (CONT'D)

Also, your mother and I discussed it - you graduate or you're cut off.

EXT. OAK CREEK APARTMENTS - OFF STANFORD CAMPUS - DAY

Evan's Escalade pulls into the parking lot of a brown, boring apartment complex directly off of campus proper - home to PhD students, families, and a few unlucky undergrads.

REGGIE (O.C.)  
So yeah, anyway, like I was saying,  
sex sells. It's kind of the whole  
point of *Mad Men*.

**SNAP-FILTER CHYRON: Palo Alto**

*SWIPE!*

**SNAP-FILTER CHYRON: September 20th, 2011**

REGGIE (V.O.)  
Shit, I gotta piss.

Reggie exits the car and stretches.

INT. OAK CREEK APARTMENTS - CONTINUOUS

Evan enters a two room apartment with a small kitchen, pre-furnished with an ugly green couch. Reggie follows closely behind.

REGGIE  
More like shit's creek. At least  
most of the guys are on the same  
floor. Hey, how long do you think  
the university can keep us off  
campus? I mean, we have rights too,  
right?

LILY (V.O.)  
Oh I forgot to mention because I  
really don't care - Kappa Sig lost  
their housing for violating the  
University's Controlled Substances  
and Alcohol Policy.

Evan doesn't answer and moves into his bedroom. A depressing stained carpet and one of those sliding mirror door closets.

CLOSE ON his text conversation with Bobby. He sends -

*This doesn't change anything. As soon as our numbers pick up I'm out of here.*

He gets a NOTIFICATION - Bobby has sent him a Picaboo, or what we would call a "Snap" today (the two have been communicating through the app as a means of de-bugging and beta-testing. Also it's more fun than texting).

He opens the app and a SELFIE of Bobby appears, captioned:

*Only a matter of time, bro.*

Evan smiles.

INT. OAK CREEK APARTMENTS - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

STAMPEDE RUMBLINGS as SHIRTLESS KAPPA SIGS tear through the hallway of the building. They bang on doors and loose inspiring battle cries such as "NIPS OUT OR CLITS OUT." A concerned Indian woman pokes her head out of her door.

INT. OAK CREEK APARTMENTS - EVAN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Reggie, now also shirtless, hangs off of Evan's door frame -

REGGIE

Spiegs - Theta's hosting a Slip n'  
Slide in the Cowell Cluster.

(when Evan doesn't react)

Move dude!

He nods weakly.

EVAN

Yeah man. Meet you there.

Reggie joins the herd and Evan shuts his door. He runs a hand through his hair and sighs heavily. He's not going anywhere. He's already elsewhere.

BEGIN MINI MONTAGE - BEGIN MUSIC - A STRING QUARTET VERSION OF ASHER ROTHER'S "I LOVE COLLEGE"

Evan goes to his desk and opens his laptop.

CLOSE ON a blank draft of an email addressed to BRANDON.WERNER@BROBIBLE, subject RIDICULOUS IPHONE APP.

We stay with the blinking cursor before - a torrent of words that we track across the screen. The following message forms:

*I've been reading this site for a while (certified bro - our fraternity got kicked off last quarter) and I thought you might want to check out the iPhone app I built this summer.*

**SNAP-FILTER CHYRON: THE SLOW-MO SNAIL**

*SWIPE!*

**SNAP-FILTER CHYRON: THE FAST-FORWARD RABBIT X 1**

*SWIPE!*

**SNAP-FILTER CHYRON: THE FAST-FORWARD RABBIT X 2**

Evan's fall quarter goes by in hyper-speed, interspersed with a series of emails that he's writing.

LILY (V.O.)

Brace yourselves for the douchiest, frattiest attempted app launch in modern history. Perhaps the birth of brogramming as we know it.

-Reggie installs a stripper pole in the middle of their apartment.

-Evan types an email: ***They have until the timer is up to view it - then it disappears forever. Fun shit.***

-Fast forward through debauched vignettes in Reggie and Evan's living room. Cocaine, girls hanging off of the stripper pole, selfie-ing via Snapchat, etc. Bobby pops in every once and a while. Someone has written "STARTUPHAU5" on the wall. The chaos happens around Evan, who remains glued to his laptop.

-Evan writes a new email addressed to NJAMES@MTV.COM, subject YO GURL, HERE'S AN IPHONE APP I THINK YOU'D LOVE...

-Evan types: ***Gotta try it to love it. You can share anything if it isn't saved forever...inside jokes w/ ur girlfriends, "does my ass look fat in this dress," etc.***

-Evan sits on his bed and drinks a Redbull.

-He opens a JPG file on his desktop - one of the pictures of Ashleigh in the yellow bikini from Reggie's photo shoot.

-Evan types: ***The girl who modeled in our iTunes screenshots is a USC Kappa. AKA super hot. Itunes.com/apps/picaboo.***

-CLOSE ON the analytics app - a flat line that shows no user growth in October.

-Evan paces back and forth in his room.

-CLOSE ON his phone - 5 missed calls from Bobby.

-Evan writes a new email addressed to GPARK@REDBULLNET.COM.

He types: ***If you want any more info - hit me up. We're trying to get the word out. Hope you're good bro.***

He deletes that last sentence. Instead writes:

***Proof attached.***

Evan attaches the picture to the email.

The cursor blinks.

-CLOSE ON a new PICABOO from Bobby, holding his hand up to his head like a gun:

***Down 100 users as of Nov 20.***

-With a slight tremor in his hand, maybe from anxiety or energy drinks or both, Evan hits send. Hard.

LILY (V.O).

Aw poor bb, it's not that fun  
building an app, is it? Don't worry  
Evan, it gets better.

(beat)

Or maybe this is the fun part.

END MUSIC - END MONTAGE

EXT. MEMORIAL CHURCH - STANFORD CAMPUS - NIGHT

Evan and Bobby sit on the steps outside the church.

BOBBY

It's been a month.

EVAN

I know how long it's been. We built  
it. They will come.

BOBBY

I read today that there is some  
precedent for a laggy portal  
through Apple. I think we should  
spring for an external analytics  
program.

(MORE)

BOBBY (CONT'D)

How are we going to lay out a roadmap for marketing spend and product prioritization to potential investors if our data isn't good?

EVAN

You're spiraling, man.

BOBBY

Yeah dude! I fucking am spiraling! I graduated last year and I'm still hanging around here waiting for something to happen. If this doesn't get traction soon...not all of us have rich parents to bail us out, Evan. I need a real job.

EVAN

This is real.

BOBBY

Yeah, so are my student loans.

EVAN

I hear you, I do. But it hasn't been enough time to jump ship.

BOBBY

Yeah? How do you figure? Because I've done the research and the three most successful apps of the past five years all boasted 2,000 or more users by the end of the first month online. That's a pretty simple scatter plot, even for a product design major.

EVAN

No, fuck that. This isn't Angry Birds or another Ride Share Fluff n' Fold whatever the fuck...it's not even on the same graph.

(a beat)

Give it one more month and if nothing changes, you have my blessing to take a job anywhere you want.

Bobby chews the inside of his mouth and thinks.

BOBBY

I don't need your blessing.

EVAN  
You're right. But if you quit now  
you will regret it.

BOBBY  
If I quit now you will regret it.  
You can't keep the app running  
without me.

EVAN  
That too.

BOBBY  
Fine. One more month. Then I'm  
selling out to Palantir.

EVAN  
Yes! Yes. Thank you.

He checks the time on his phone. 11:59 turns to 12:00 AM. He  
howls into the night and after a few seconds, other howls  
across campus join him. The eerie finals week tradition known  
as "primal scream." Bobby shakes his head but eventually  
joins in the catharsis.

EXT. CALIFORNIA CRAFTSMAN HOUSE - STANFORD FACULTY GHETTO -  
NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

A wooded, residential neighborhood on campus where Stanford's  
more esteemed faculty members live with their families.

EXT. CALIFORNIA CRAFTSMAN - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON an open hand banging on the front door.

EVAN  
Professor Kent! I need to talk to  
you! Richard! I know you're in  
there!

Continued banging until a startled PROFESSOR KENT opens the  
door.

PROFESSOR KENT  
Evan? Is everything alright?

He joins him on the porch, shutting the door behind him.

EVAN  
I need to talk to you.

PROFESSOR KENT  
What happened? Is it an emergency?

EVAN  
Yes! Nobody is using Picaboo!

PROFESSOR KENT  
What?

EVAN  
My app! My app is failing and I don't know why. I've done everything-

PROFESSOR KENT  
Evan, you can't just show up at my house...how did you get my address? Did someone from the university give you my home address?

EVAN  
No, I bribed a volunteer at the alumni center, but that doesn't matter now...Please, PROFESSOR KENT. You're my mentor. I need mentoring.

Off Kent beginning to relent. Something about Evan's deeply-felt desperation moves and worries him...

INT. LIVING ROOM, KENT HOME - CONTINUOUS

Evan and PROFESSOR KENT sit in the living room. Someone has made Evan a cup of tea that he won't touch.

EVAN  
It's not fair. I'm busting my ass - working harder than I've ever worked on anything before. Literally! I literally don't do anything else.

Kent chuckles.

EVAN (CONT'D)  
This isn't funny, Richard. This is my life.

PROFESSOR KENT  
Nobody's life is defined by one failure. Or one success for that matter.

EVAN  
Bullshit.

Kent raises a cautionary eyebrow.

PROFESSOR KENT  
Lack of user engagement is still  
user input.

EVAN  
Maybe it's like the iPad. Nobody  
wanted the iPad before it was  
released.

PROFESSOR KENT  
Nobody *knew* they wanted the iPad.  
Apple told us what we wanted. A  
product so intuitive that it didn't  
just fill a hole in the market, it  
created one.

EVAN  
Ok, so why can't Picaboo do that?

PROFESSOR KENT  
(shrugging)  
If it were easy, we'd all be  
billionaires.

EVAN  
Fuck.

He looks like he might cry.

PROFESSOR KENT  
(softer)  
I'm curious..you've given up on  
projects before..why are you so  
convinced that this one is  
different? Do you really believe in  
the app or is it that you, Evan,  
need a win?

EVAN  
Nobody from where I'm from *needs* a  
win. I'm *frustrated* because I have  
the next Facebook and Twitter  
combined sitting on my phone and so  
far I'm the only person who's using  
it!

Something occurs to Kent.

PROFESSOR KENT  
The McDonald's Arch Deluxe.

EVAN

Hm?

PROFESSOR KENT

Do you remember the McDonald's Arch Deluxe?

(sotto)

No, of course not, you were six at the time.

He gets up.

PROFESSOR KENT (CONT'D)

I made a lesson plan years ago, bear with me...

Kent wanders into another room. Evan sighs and follows.

INT. KENT'S STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Indecipherable grumbling as Kent rifles through old-fashioned filing cabinets and desk drawers stuffed to the brim with papers.

EVAN

I should probably head home. I think I have a midterm tomorrow...

Kent unearths a yellowed piece of paper with type-written print like it's Excalibur.

PROFESSOR KENT

A-ha!

(reading)

"The McDonald's Arch Deluxe was intended to appeal to 'urban sophisticates' - a group outside of its target demographic." It's still one of most expensive product flops in history.

EVAN

So? What does fast food have to do with Picaboo?

PROFESSOR KENT

In 1996, an urban sophisticate was in their late 20s to early 40s. Mickey D's learned the hard way that the average consumer in this age bracket was too old to deconstruct one of the strongest brand identities in the world.

(MORE)

PROFESSOR KENT (CONT'D)  
 100 million dollars in billboards  
 and commercials didn't stop product  
 from flopping because they were  
 targeting the wrong demo. You're  
 trying to sell the Arch Deluxe to  
 people who are already addicted to  
 fast food, when you should really  
 be looking for the population  
 members who have yet to taste  
 McDonalds!

A beat as Evan stares blankly at the professor, helplessly  
 confused...

PROFESSOR KENT (CONT'D)  
 You're too old.

INT/EXT. KENT FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

PROFESSOR KENT  
 Happy Thanksgiving, Evan.

EVAN  
 Right, yeah, Happy Thanksgiving.

INT. EVAN'S MOM'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

**SNAP-FILTER CHYRON: Thanksgiving Day, 2011**

*SWIPE!*

**SNAP-FILTER CHYRON: Los Angeles**

We watch the telecast of the MACY'S THANKSGIVING DAY PARADE  
 on a small flat screen over the shoulder of a maid washing  
 dishes.

INT. EVAN'S MOM'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The clamor of extended family around a Martha Stewarty  
 Thanksgiving spread. This includes Evan's mom, Melissa, her  
 second husband, AVERY AARONSON (60s), Evan's younger sister,  
 CLARA SPIEGEL (13), and a smattering of aunts, uncles,  
 grandparents, and cousins tearing into the spoil of trans  
 fats.

The only person you have to know is Evan and Clara's first  
 cousin, LESLIE BRIAN (12) - skinny, freckled, and snub-nosed.

Clara and Leslie sit next to each other at one end of the table, totally absorbed in their iPhone 4s's, giggling to themselves and comparing screens.

AVERY

I'm just saying, they can "occupy" all they want, but let's not pretend they're accomplishing anything.

CLARA

(re: someone on phone)  
Oh my god, she is so annoying.

LESLIE

Why does she always wear those shoes? Does she have any other shoes?

CLARA

Oh my god, comment that. I dare you.

Clara goes to take her phone...

LESLIE

Stop! I'll get expelled for cyber-bullying like Megha Kalani!

Fits of giggles. Evan looks at them, eavesdropping.

AUNT NANCY

Leslie, I said no screens at the table.

GRANDPARENT

Every generation thinks their generation has it worst.

EVAN

Aren't we in the middle of like, the worst global recession in history?

MELISSA

Clara, Leslie - listen to your Aunt Nancy. Phones away. Now.

Leslie screams.

LESLIE

Oh my god, she deleted her post!

MELISSA  
Girls, please, it's Thanksgiving.

CLARA  
(to Leslie)  
Go to Dylan's page - do you think he knows? Should we text him?

AVERY  
(to Evan)  
So, Ev - I-banking sound more appealing now that graduation is approaching?

Melissa rolls her eyes theatrically.

MELISSA  
Nothing with any amount of financial security is interesting to my son.

AVERY  
You still working on that start up - Fresh Future? What was the name of that thing?

EVAN  
No, actually, uh, we decided to refocus...

MELISSA  
It failed. I told you prospective college students wouldn't have time for an app, but what do I know?

EVAN  
I just launched a new app, actually. Anyone can download it directly from the iTunes store on and we're in the process of growing it into a full-fledged company.

AVERY  
I see. Do you have investors yet?

EVAN  
(convincingly bluffing)  
There's a lot of interest, we're just trying to find the right partners.

MELISSA  
(to the other adults at the table, mockingly)  
(MORE)

MELISSA (CONT'D)

He thinks he's going to be the next Steve Jobs.

AUNT NANCY

I was just reading about his cancer. I'm sorry, but what kind of genius doesn't believe in chemotherapy?

(she shakes her head)

Leslie, that's it. Put it away or give it to me.

LESLIE

Not fair! Why doesn't Clara have to?

GRANDPARENT

Law and Medicine. Everything else is rolling the dice.

MELISSA

Clara, last chance. Phone away or I swear to God you're not leaving the house this weekend.

(to Nancy)

How old was he?

CLARA

(to Leslie, under her breath)

Bitch.

EVAN

56. He was 56. That's your age, right mom? Mind passing the yams, Grandpa?

Awkward silence.

INT. CLARA'S ROOM - LATER

Clara and Leslie take selfies on Clara's bed. Evan enters.

CLARA

Um, get out!

EVAN

I need a favor.

CLARA

Nope.

EVAN

I need you to download my app.  
It'll be cool. You guys can be like  
my official beta-testers.

LESLIE

What is it?

EVAN

Search "Picaboo."

CLARA

Dumb name.

Evan walks over to her dresser, and picks up an old photo of Clara and her friends **wearing an array of animal ears and whiskers.**

EVAN

So, earlier, when you guys were  
stalking that girl on Instagram -  
what if you could say anything you  
want to each other, or that  
guy...Dylan? Except unlike all your  
other apps, there's absolutely no  
record of it.

They're listening.

CLARA

How is that even possible?

EVAN

Because you can caption or draw on  
the photos...and then all of the  
photos disappear after you send  
them.

LESLIE

So like, my mom couldn't go through  
my phone and see anything I've  
posted?

EVAN

There is no posting. Just click and  
send. Totally untraceable. You  
could probably even get away with  
it in class.

Clara and Leslie look at each other.

CLARA

How do we get it?

Leslie is way ahead of her. Looking down at her phone -

LESLIE

Done.

CLOSE ON Leslie's home phone screen - the Picaboo icon pops is in the process of downloading from the app store.

LILY (V.O)

Ok, I know it's scientifically proven that women are better empathizers than men, but that took him forever to figure out. Teenage girl might as well be a synonym for first-adopter.

The app finishes downloading with a "DING" noise.

LILY (V.O.)

But to his credit, he got there eventually.

Leslie opens it and we...

SMASH CUT TO:

BEGIN MONTAGE - BEGIN MUSIC - FOSTER THE PEOPLE'S "PUMPED UP KICKS"

MONTAGE of Picaboo spreading like wildfire throughout the middle school circuit of Southern California. We follow a rapid volley of tween snaps (mostly funny faces with silly neon drawings), while faceless teachers drone on in the background of classrooms, powerless to stop the onslaught of images that have already disappeared by the time they demand to see proof.

-We're in the hallways of a RITZY MIDDLE SCHOOL in Laguna Beach where Leslie is a student. She stands in a huddle of 6th graders in their hoodies and plaid skirts, showing them the earliest version of Picaboo on her phone.

-The kids send Picaboos to each other in class. Leslie decorates a selfie with the paint tool, scratching out her eyes and writing "so bored" and sends it to user "Clara B..."

-Who opens the picture message on a well-manicured lawn at her RITZY LA PRIVATE SCHOOL (think Harvard-Westlake). She laughs and shows a friend...

-Who later takes a picture of her heavy-set teacher, scribbling "diet much?" and sends it to a boy a few seats away from her.

-He opens it, stifles laughter. Takes a selfie and sends it to...

-A girl at another LA school. Who sends a Picaboo to someone else. And so on and so on.

This e-flurry continues until we land in the Picaboo app on an UNKNOWN GIRL'S phone. We stay with her, camera on her phone screen, out of the front doors to the school and down to the carpool line of luxury vehicles.

She climbs in to a Mercedes SUV and the music stops abruptly. Her mom, JAMIE ALTER LYNTON (early 50s), relaxed but expensive style, short hair with subtle highlights - not your typical LA yoga-mom - finishes a phone call on her bluetooth earpiece.

JAMIE

Sammy just got in the car. Yeah ok, call you later.

(she hangs up, to Sammy)

Hey baby! How was your day?

INT. STANFORD CLASSROOM - DAY

Evan's attention drifts in class and he opens the ANALYTICS APP on his laptop.

EVAN

Holy fuck.

The class comes to standstill, Professor and students staring. His phone starts ringing - it's BOBBY CELL.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Sorry. I uh, I have to take this.

EXT. STANFORD CAMPUS - DAY - ON FOOT

As he exits the building...

EVAN

I saw. Catching the next flight to LA.

He laughs.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Well, you're about to love me a lot more.

They hang up and Evan breathes heavily in front of The Claw, an aptly named, sinister fountain in Stanford's White Plaza at odds with the sun-baked sandstone and swaying palms.

LILY (V.O.)

Stanford. I was in total awe the first time I visited campus. It looked like a luxury resort dedicated to the pursuit of knowledge. Now I think it looks like a gigantic Mexican Restaurant.

Evan takes in the students reading on the grass, people heading to and from class, and visitors on campus tours, as if he knows he's saying goodbye for a long time, before screaming...

EVAN

YES! YES YES YES. I AM AMAZING!

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. HOLMBY HILLS MANSION - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

A rambling estate in the lush neighborhood between Westwood and Beverly Hills that makes Evan's childhood home look like an RV.

INT. HOLMBY HILLS MANSION - BATHROOM/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jamie gets ready for bed at her bathroom sink (white marble, La Mer products, etc. - you've seen this in a movie before).

Her husband, MICHAEL LYNTON (50s) - naturally tan, silver-haired, slight but toned.

He reads a professionally-bound screenplay in bed. We catch the COLUMBIA PICTURES logo on the spine of the script.

JAMIE

So, you know how we've been talking about investing in tech...

MICHAEL

(still reading)

Mhm.

JAMIE

Well, I think I found our in.

MICHAEL

Look at you, venture capitalist.

Jamie walks into the bedroom and joins him under the covers.

JAMIE

You joke, but after years of stalking our children online, I am an expert.

MICHAEL

What a good mom.

JAMIE

So anyway, we're at pick-up today and I ask Sammy about her day and all she can talk about is this app. Everyone's doing it, so cool, blah blah - not a word about her history project or swim team or any of the other crap we pay for. Just Picaboo.

MICHAEL

(not really listening)

Uh huh.

JAMIE

So I look it up online - no website, no parent company, no nothing. Weird, right?

MICHAEL

Yeah, sounds like a company that we shouldn't be investing in.

She hits him.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Ok, go forth and conquer, just promise you'll talk to me before cutting any big checks.

JAMIE

Good, because I already sent them an email.

This gets his attention.

MICHAEL

What did you say?

JAMIE

I said me and my husband, the chairman and chief executive of Sony Pictures, are interested in investing in your company.

She kisses him on the cheek and settles in for sleep.

EXT. BEL AIR BAY CLUB - MALIBU - ESTABLISHING BEL AIR BAY CLUB

The Los Angeles version of a country club - a private, historic estate on PCH with an annual membership fee of \$80,000. \$85,000 if you want your own cabana.

EXT. BEL AIR BAY CLUB - SEASIDE PADDLE TENNIS COURTS

Evan and Reggie, barefoot in the sand on opposite sides of a net. They play a half-assed game of a fake sport, Reggie with Margarita in hand. He stares at the ocean --

REGGIE

Man, this view never gets old.

Evan serves. Reggie realizes too late and his swing misses the ball entirely. It lands with a satisfying thud in the sand.

REGGIE (CONT'D)

Such a bummer that Bobbo had to stay cooped up at Casa Spiogs. I know it's a good thing that our traffic is insane, but I don't know man, I think he's gonna crack.

He serves. Evan returns into the net.

EVAN

He'll survive.

REGGIE

Have you noticed his hair? It's like wet...from not showering. Have you thought at all about expanding the team?

EVAN

No Reg, the thought hasn't even crossed my mind.

Reggie straightens from his serve-receive stance.

REGGIE

Wait...are you like, pissed at me or something?

EVAN

No, I'm just - stressed about this next step. I need to be on top of my game.

He angrily serves another ball into the net.

REGGIE

What does that mean, "next step?"

EVAN

Look, I didn't want to say anything until it's official, but my dad set up some meetings for us at VC firms.

REGGIE

Are you serious? Where? Does this mean we're finally getting rich?!

EVAN

(pumping the brakes)

I don't know how much we'll get, but first thing we have to do is buy more servers so our shit stops crashing. And then we have to hire some engineers so Bobby can shower.

REGGIE

But then we'll get paid?

A beat.

EVAN

Yeah, then we'll get paid.

Reggie starts air humping his tiny racket.

REGGIE

I can't believe it, man. It's all happening. Do you think we'll get written up in Techcrunch? This girl I've been trying to fuck since Freshman year only dates successful tech founders.

Evan registers this with some surprise. He takes a moment to recover.

EVAN

I don't know. Maybe. Hey, what happened with that thing I asked you to do last week?

REGGIE  
Smoke outside?

EVAN  
No dude, the analysis of our user  
feedback.

REGGIE  
Oh, yeah, should have that for you  
sometime tomorrow. I'm just  
formatting, et cetera.

He serves the ball back on to Evan's side of the net, who  
doesn't move to return it.

EVAN  
I needed that last week, Reggie.

REGGIE  
No, yeah, I know, I'm sorry, man, I  
just had to take Incompletes in all  
my classes last quarter so I was  
doing all that stuff, but I'm gonna  
be totally focused on Picaboo from  
now on. Besides, it's mostly spam  
and a bunch of teenagers  
complaining that its laggy and  
crashes all the time, which'll get  
fixed with our new servers, right?

Reggie's phone makes a sound. A beat while he checks it.

EVAN  
What is it? Are we getting a lot of  
emails?

REGGIE  
Just another weirdo asking us to  
co-finance a diamond mine in  
Uganda. Delete.

EVAN  
You answer all of our emails,  
right? The real ones?

REGGIE  
Yes dude, of course.  
(re: paddle tennis)  
Are we keeping score? I forget  
who's winning.

Reggie takes a sip of his Margarita and starts bouncing the ball up and down on his racket, looking a little like a seal performing for a treat. Off of Evan, a disquieting thought bubbling...

INT. SPIEGEL HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Quick beat of Reggie watching Dancing with the Stars in the living room with John.

INT. SPIEGEL HOUSE - EVAN'S ROOM - CONT.

We click through un-read customer service EMAILS with him from the account Reggie supposedly manages. Bobby enters.

BOBBY  
You still working?

EVAN  
Not really. Trying to find this email...

BOBBY  
What email?

EVAN  
I don't know, probably spam, I think Reggie deleted it. Fuck man, his trash is full of hundreds of un-read messages.

They scroll through. It's tedious and boring.

LILY (V.O.)  
I could make you sit here and watch them do this, but I'll spare you.

**SNAP-FILTER CHYRON: THE FAST-FORWARD RABBIT X 1**

We fast forward through the guys scrolling while Lily explains -

LILY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
How long can you really stare at a screen, right? Long story short, the guys who started a disappearing messaging service almost went under because of a deleted email. Sort of ironic, actually.

Time resumes its normal speed. Evan and Bobby are now standing.

Evan gestures toward Jamie's email -

EVAN  
Do you know what this means?

BOBBY  
(confused)  
We're gonna be movie stars?

EVAN  
He fucked us.

BOBBY  
Michael Lynton?

EVAN  
Reggie! He deleted this...he...I'm  
going to shit a brick.

BOBBY  
I know, dude. We gotta talk to him.

Evan bites his lip.

EVAN  
Not yet.

BOBBY  
I know you two are close, but this  
is bigger than Kappa Sig now...

EVAN  
It's not that...I just can't have  
any distractions while I prep for  
these meetings. Maybe from here on  
out, we just don't mention anything  
to him. Keep him at arm's length  
until we come up with a plan.

BOBBY  
Yeah, ok. I can do that. It's not  
like he'll notice if we go to  
meetings without him. But at some  
point -

EVAN  
Yeah. I know.

BOBBY  
Ok, I'm gonna go try to get us back  
online in Sweden. No idea why, but  
the Svedes love us.

EVAN  
Hey Bobbo - don't mention this to  
my Dad, either. I want to be the  
one to tell him.

Bobby plays it cool.

BOBBY  
Yeah, sure dude. Of course.

Off Evan, deep in thought...

INT. SPIEGEL HOUSE - EARLY EVENING

Evan checks his reflection in the entryway mirror on his way  
out of the house. John finds him.

JOHN  
There you are. Thought we could do  
some prep for Icon Ventures on  
Thursday - their portfolio is heavy  
on communication platforms so we  
should lean heavy on the chat  
function -

EVAN  
Can't. Going out.

JOHN  
Oh yeah? Got a hot date?

EVAN  
Meeting.

JOHN  
What meeting? Regarding Picaboo?

EVAN  
I'll loop you in when appropriate.

JOHN  
What the hell does that mean?

EVAN  
It means you are not the only one  
who can book meetings.

JOHN  
Evan, you can't meet investors  
without me. You have no fucking  
clue...Do Bobby and Reggie know  
where you're going?

EVAN

Bobby needs to focus on keeping us online - our servers are totally overwhelmed because you can't finance new ones. And Reggie...well, Reggie's busy being your favorite son.

JOHN

(wounded)

Maybe I don't always get it right, but I am really trying here. It's not easy to toe the line between dad and investor, you know, but the bottom line is I want to help you, and not just with the money. I would buy you all the servers in the world if I could...it just, it wouldn't be smart. Nobody has that kind of money, Ev.

EVAN

Some people do. I'm going to be late.

Evan exits.

EXT. LYNTON'S DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Evan rolls down his window to ring the call-button outside of a wrought-iron gate. He sees a camera swivel towards his car. A beat and the gate swings opens.

He drives up the winding driveway, clocking the size of the estate as he goes. Is that a vineyard? Hard to tell in the dark, but probably.

INT. LYNTON FOYER - CONTINUOUS

A maid lets Evan into a Goopy foyer. He is bum-rushed by two untrained and overweight golden retrievers.

Jamie enters -

JAMIE

Gouda! Brie! Down! Heel! Heel!

(to Evan)

I'm sorry - thousands of dollars to a Tibetan monk and they still lose it when the doorbell rings. Hi hi hi, come on in.

INT. LYNTON DINING ROOM - LATER

Jamie, Michael, and Evan mid-meal.

JAMIE

I love how it opens as a camera. No login, no homepage - just, bam, camera, ready to...

Jamie searches for the right word.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

...Snap! It's genius.

EVAN

(finally, somebody gets it)

Exactly! Thank you. I wanted it to feel like you're not using an app anymore or even your phone - just pure creative impulse.

JAMIE

Right, let kids be kids, you know? Remind me, you went to...

EVAN

Crossroads.

JAMIE

Ah, we thought about Crossroads, but wound up at Brentwood in the end. Right hun?

She kicks Michael under the table.

MICHAEL

Yeah, we decided that we'd rather our kids have anxiety issues than drug problems.

Tense laughter.

EVAN

So yeah, I like to describe Picaboo as the anti-social media social media -

MICHAEL

Honestly, I don't care about that crap. The philosophy, the buzzwords - that's Jamie's thing. I want to hear about the numbers.

EVAN  
Absolutely. Sure.

Evan pulls out his phone and starts to fumble with it. He's tweaking. Michael starts to notice and gives Jamie a look.

EVAN (CONT'D)  
Sorry, can I use your restroom?

JAMIE  
Of course. Second door on your right.

He leaves the dining room.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Evan paces. Splashes water on his flushed face. He sits down on the toilet seat and takes a breath. With shaking hands he inexpertly navigates his own email on his phone to find the analytics he was looking for.

LILY (V.O.)  
It is so deeply satisfying to see this guy sweat. At least for me. Like, why is this taking so long? Did he really not prepare for this? It's the whole point of the meeting  
-

Another deep breath.

LILY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
I think he's hyperventilating...

Evan stands.

LILY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Oh, look at that, the phoenix has risen.

INT. DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Evan re-enters and remains standing -

MICHAEL  
Where were we -

EVAN  
The numbers.

He hands Michael his phone. Michael studies. Brow furrowed, silent.

EVAN (CONT'D)  
If you swipe right, you'll see a comparison to our major competitors.

He studies these for just long enough.

MICHAEL  
(eyes bugging and gears turning)  
Wait...this is over *what* period of time?

Off Jamie's self-satisfied, smug expression.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. COOL OFFICE 1 - DAY

Evan, Bobby, and Michael meet with 3 suits from a VC firm, Crosslink Capital.

SUIT 1  
You guys might be too young to remember this, but Amazon started as an online bookstore. And now it's the fourth most valuable public company in the world.

SUIT 2  
Right, it's all about establishing a user base - eyeballs on the product. And you guys have the eyeballs.

SUIT 3  
We just want to help you diversify.

SUIT 1  
Re-direct the eyeballs over time in whatever direction you want to point them.

INT. COOL OFFICE 2

The guys sit down with another firm.

EVAN

As I'm sure you know, Amazon started as an online bookstore. But their user base was so big it opened up all these doors. Snapchat is a simple messaging concept now, but it will be so much more.

Michael smiles, Bobby is confused...

SUIT

We completely agree. Have you guys ever thought about content creation?

INT. COOL OFFICE 3

Yet more suits.

SUIT

What would you say your biggest goal for the company is?

EVAN

Content creation, no question.

Bobby looks on, incredulous.

SUIT

Awesome. And just out of curiosity, how do you feel about mobile payment services?

INT. COOL OFFICE 4

SUIT

Any last questions for us, guys?

EVAN

Yeah, how do you feel about mobile payment services?

EXT. SONY PICTURES STUDIOS - CULVER CITY - DAY - ESTABLISHING

The gated exterior of the Madison Street entrance to the Sony lot, the last vestige of Culver City's Hollywood heyday. 100,000 pounds of steel welded in the shape of a garish rainbow looms over the Moderne-style buildings, sound stages, and a Pinkberry (for the peckish exec between meetings).

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - COLUMBIA PICTURES, THALBERG BUILDING,  
SONY LOT - DAY

Evan and Bobby sit alone in an elegant conference room with signed posters of famous Columbia movies on the wall. Evan re-reads an article on his phone, a picture of TWO DUDES and the name LIGHTSPEED VENTURES. Bobby takes in his surroundings

-

BOBBY

I still don't understand why we're meeting here. Isn't that weird?

EVAN

It's not weird. It's private. And professional.

BOBBY

Yeah if you're pitching a movie or something.

Michael enters the conference room.

MICHAEL

My boys!

Handshakes etc.

BOBBY

Thank you again, Mr. Lynton. For the servers, and um, setting all this up -

MICHAEL

(it's nothing)

Sit, sit. I don't want to speak too soon, but I have a feeling this is our last meeting. Barry is an old friend, and Lightspeed is so excited to get involved that this is basically a formality. A get-to-know-you before signing on the dotted line.

An ASSISTANT pokes her head in -

ASSISTANT

Barry and Jeremy just arrived.

BOBBY

But we can still say no, right?

MICHAEL

Of course! Ball's totally in your court.

The conference room door opens for BARRY EGGERS (50s, ginger, freckles) and JEREMY LIEW (40s, Asian, bald except for some stylish side-swept hair on top), both wearing versions of the Silicon Valley VC uniform: blazers, cashmere V-Neck, and Khaki pants.

Hugs and handshakes etc.

**SNAP-FILTER CHYRON: THE FAST-FORWARD RABBIT X 1**

*SWIPE!*

**THE FAST-FORWARD RABBIT X 2**

The men sit. They talk. Gesticulations. Glossy print-outs of portfolios shared both ways.

We resume the scene in normal time.

BARRY

Well, gentlemen, I think that's it on our end.

JEREMY

Again, we could not be more thrilled that Picaboo is considering us as a first-round.

BARRY

Do you guys have a timeline yet for moving back to the bay?

JEREMY

We'd be happy to help you scout locations. Of course the city is more popular with founders your age, but the South Bay has a certain boujie charm. Well, you guys know.

BOBBY

That's so cool of you guys, but Evan and I still have some things to discuss-

EVAN

Yeah, we're not moving back to the bay.

Bobby does a double take. Starts to speak but holds back -

EVAN (CONT'D)  
We're an LA based company.

BARRY/JEREMY  
That's awesome!/ Love it! Silicon  
Beach, baby!

Off of Bobby's unsuccessful attempt at hiding surprise...

INT. SOHO HOUSE - WEST HOLLYWOOD - NIGHT

The Garden of Sodom and Gomorrah in full swing. Bulbous paper lanterns emit a soft glow over the lush, overgrown rooftop - a members-only club for industry types.

A walking ad for Invisalign delivers three shots of Casamigos and three whiskey neats to the guys' table.

MICHAEL  
(raising his glass)  
To my first Investees and our fat  
Series One. May you be infinitely  
easier to work with than these  
fucks,  
(gesturing to the  
Hollywood crowd around  
them)  
And 100 times more successful.

EVAN  
To success!

They throw back the shots. Bobby winces.

BOBBY  
Excuse me, I'll be right back.

He leaves in the direction of the restrooms. Michael,  
watching him go -

MICHAEL  
Is he ok?

EVAN  
Bobby? Oh yeah, he's just kind of  
tightly wound. He's used to sitting  
behind a computer and writing code.  
Pitching VCs and rubbing shoulders  
at the SoHo House? Not so much.

MICHAEL  
Hey, I get it. You guys are under  
immense pressure.

EVAN

Nah, I'm not worried.

MICHAEL

Well you should be. This is not an easy position to be in at your age. As of today, it's a whole different ballgame. A lot of money's at stake now. A lot of my money too.

EVAN

Of course, I didn't mean -

MICHAEL

I know you didn't. You know, I didn't get successful, like *really* successful, until my 50s. Which was never the plan. And I spent a lot of time beating myself up for being behind some arbitrary timeline I set for myself when I was a moron like you.

Evan does a double take. He wasn't expecting that.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

(pointing his drink at him)

Let's get this straight right now - you are a moron. You're smart for a moron, but you are below the age of 40, which means you are a moron. It's not personal, it's just a fact of life. I told my kids the same thing. You don't know shit until you know shit. And you only know shit after you've seen shit. That's the problem with Tech - it's ageist in the wrong direction. All of these pubescent chickens running around suing each other for ownership - we don't even let 20-somethings run their own TV shows - and that's fucking TV! I'm not just saying this - I consider myself lucky to have been forced to wait for wealth and power. I didn't know what the fuck I was doing when I was - how old are you, again?

EVAN

23.

MICHAEL

Jesus. I would have completely fucked this up. No doubt in my mind.

EVAN

Wait, sorry, are you saying I'm fucked?

MICHAEL

Not necessarily. Do you trust your team?

(he tilts his head in the direction Bobby left)

If there is any dead weight you're hanging on to, now is the time to cut it off. And by now I mean now. Like tonight.

Bobby comes back to the table.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

How you doing, buddy? Let's get this man a steak, shall we?

INT. EVAN'S ESCALADE - LATER

Evan and Bobby sit in silence as Evan winds his way down an empty Sunset boulevard back towards the westside. Bobby stares out of the window.

EVAN

You alright?

BOBBY

Fine.

More silence.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Did Michael know that Picaboo would be based in LA?

EVAN

I think I mentioned it to him in passing.

BOBBY

Ok, cool, cool, anything else Michael knows that I should know? Besides where I'm living next year.

EVAN

You want to pout? Fine, pout. But while you're sulking like a teenage girl on her period I'm the one making all of your hours in front of a screen actually mean something. What do you want to know about Michael? His horoscope? Here's what you need to know - the guy invested \$600,000 in our company, and today he introduced us to people who are going to make us millionaires. Millionaires, Bobby. What are you not getting about that? This is why we've been working so hard.

A beat.

BOBBY

Millionaires?

EVAN

Yeah. I mean, I think so. I'm not totally sure how it all works, but I'm pretty sure.

BOBBY

Fuck.

EVAN

And it's just the beginning.

BOBBY

I'm sorry for being weird tonight. This whole Michael thing came out of nowhere for me and all of a sudden I feel like I'm on the outside of our company. I know I've never been super opinionated about all the business shit, but going forward, I need to have a say on the big stuff. I'm your partner, Ev, not your employee.

EVAN

You're right. You're totally right. I should've checked in - it's just my mind is in so many places, skipping so many steps -

BOBBY

I'm happy to be in LA, dude. But why?

(MORE)

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Isn't it better for the company to be in the Valley if we want to be taken seriously?

EVAN

No, that's exactly it - Silicon Valley will kill us. The company I'm building -

Bobby gives him a look.

EVAN (CONT'D)

We're, we're building, sorry - it's a different breed.

BOBBY

I mean yeah, that's the whole point.

EVAN

No, not different like unique, like oh another billion dollar unicorn.

(he mimes jacking off)

After our user base eclipses Facebook and Instagram, it's up to us how we choose to harness it. I don't want to be another tech company - a communications-based platform with targeted advertising - that's the past...it's a dried up rotting carcass and I don't want anything to do with it. I want to be the first tech company to become a film studio, news company, and music streaming service. Content generation, across all media. And I want to do it without in-app advertising. *That's* why we need to be in LA.

Another beat.

BOBBY

Yeah, that would have been helpful to share with the person building your product.

EVAN

Well, now you know.

BOBBY

Investors will want us to monetize.  
We all but promised Lightspeed ad-  
driven profits in the first  
quarter.

EVAN

We'll cross that bridge when we  
come to it.

Bobby sighs. Already anxious about the uphill battles ahead.

BOBBY

How many millions do you think  
they're putting up? Will the three  
of us get the same amount?

Evan's mouth hardens.

EVAN

Two of us. When we get home, I want  
you to change all the passwords.

BOBBY

What? Why?

EVAN

You've been saying it from day one.  
He's dead weight.

BOBBY

Wait, so, you're just going to push  
him out? Without even talking to  
him first?

EVAN

It's easier that way.

A beat while Bobby stares out the window, processing.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Also, I've been thinking about our  
name. Picaboo.

BOBBY

Why?

EVAN

It sucks dick.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. COLBERT REPORT SET - NEW YORK - NIGHT

Camera A on STEPHEN COLBERT shooting his talkshow in front of a live audience six months before his show would go off the air forever.

STEPHEN COLBERT

Welcome back everyone, thank you so much! My guests tonight invented an app called Snapchat, that lets you share photos, but only for 10 seconds. Just in time for Anthony Weiner's comeback!

Pause for mild laughter from the crowd. President Trump is just the stuff of delusional nightmares.

COLBERT

Please welcome Evan Spiegel and Bobby Murphy!

And apparently, so is Reggie Brown.

As the besuited comedian runs from the main desk to the interviewing desk, stopping to rile the crowd on the way -

**SNAP-FILTER CHYRON: April 30th, 2013**

*SWIPE!*

**SNAP-FILTER CHYRON: New York City**

He joins Evan and Bobby at the neighboring set and they stand to shake hands. Seats are taken and the guys can't help but smile through the nerves and sweat - this is their first real taste of fame - but Evan is noticeably more relaxed than Bobby.

COLBERT (CONT'D)

(pointing to them in turn)

Evan? Bobby? Did I get it right?

Evan and Bobby giggle like schoolboys.

BOBBY

You did.

COLBERT

Boom! Alright! Ok guys, you created something called "Snapchat." Tell the folks what's unique about Snapchat.

Evan looks at Bobby expectantly (the hours of prep showing).

BOBBY

(like a nervous actor  
reciting his lines)  
Well uh, Snapchat is a uh, photo  
and video messaging application for  
iPhone and Android, and the kicker  
is that the photos disappear, in an  
effort to kind of keep the  
communication very natural and  
human.

COLBERT

Alright, I understand the term  
kicker, that's internet lingo, and  
I am down with all the social  
networking buzzword.biz, ok.

Audience laughter.

COLBERT (CONT'D)

Ok so, this allows - the photos  
disappear after 10 seconds, right?  
Ok -

Evan interrupts -

EVAN

You can always take a screenshot.

Colbert doesn't respond, as he is in the middle of a  
punchline set-up.

COLBERT

Ok, why do you want them to  
disappear? What are the users of  
Snapchat ashamed of?

Audience laughs.

COLBERT (CONT'D)

(gesturing to his face)  
Why would you want *this* to  
disappear?

EVAN

I think you may be the exception.

He laughs at his own joke and manages to get the audience to  
laugh with him and eventually applaud.

COLBERT

But, but, that's embracing shame.  
You're embracing shame with this  
product.

BOBBY

I think the idea is to change the notion of what a photograph is and use it as a means of expression, and just recognizing that photos and videos are extremely expressive, and you have a camera on your smartphone, always with you, so why not use that as a way to communicate with friends and family? So the disappearing aspect is an effort to kind of bring the service back to normal human communication, which is ephemeral and transient, and kind of fluid because of that.

COLBERT

Uh huh, right, like what we're doing right now.

Audience laughs.

BOBBY

Exactly, except -

COLBERT

(riffing)

We're just talking to each other, and relating, we're having emotional experiences, you know, I can smell you, or whatever. You smell great, by the way.

(to Evan)

You're not what I think of when I think of a tech founder. Look at this guy. Something tells me you have plenty of friends.

Evan and Bobby laugh. The audience is eating it up too.

COLBERT (CONT'D)

Bobby...you I believe.

More laughter.

COLBERT (CONT'D)

So we could lose these cameras and that would be human experience.

BOBBY

Totally.

COLBERT  
And Snapchat is more like this?

BOBBY  
Yes, but it allows you to do that  
with people who are outside the  
room, or across the world, you  
know, miles away.

COLBERT  
Ok...is this a sexting app?

The audience loses it, cheering the loudest so far.

Evan pipes up for the first time in awhile - unamused, almost  
condescending - as if to say, "I'll play along with your  
childish games, but only because I'm forced to."

EVAN  
You can always take a screenshot,  
you can always take a picture with  
another camera, so it's not the  
best way to send inappropriate  
photos.

COLBERT  
Ok, is there a better way to send  
inappropriate photos? Because I  
can't think of one.

INT. DEPRESSING LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

ZOOM OUT to reveal the interview is playing on a TV SCREEN.

ZOOM OUT further to reveal Reggie is watching the interview  
alone, drinking some kind of dark liquor. He turns the TV off  
and we -

BEGIN MONTAGE:

LILY (V.O.)  
If you're wondering, this is the  
part where Evan and Bobby get  
disgustingly rich.

**We SWIPE! Between various SNAP-FILTERS until landing on a  
shimmery gold lens border that frames the following...**

-HEADLINE: "Lightspeed Partners Invests \$485,000 Seed Round  
in disappearing messaging service on 4.25 Million Valuation"

-Evan and Bobby tour the brand new Snapchat offices - a powder blue BUNGALOW on the Venice Boardwalk marked by a life-size Ghostface Chillah

-HEADLINE: "Snapchat Reels In \$13.5 MILLION Series A From Benchmark Capital"

-Money flowing into somebody's bank account

-Analytics and company valuation going through the roof: 60 MILLION SNAPS A DAY becomes 150 MILLION SNAPS A DAY

-HEADLINE: "IVP Leads 80 Million Series B for Snapchat at \$800 Million Valuation: Co-founders take 10 Million each"

-Bobby surprises his girlfriend with a new condo

-Evan speeds up PCH in a F430 Modena bright red Ferrari

END MONTAGE

INT. SNAPCHAT OFFICES - VENICE BOARDWALK - DAY

**SNAP-FILTER CHYRON: Venice Beach, California**

*SWIPE!*

**Snapchat Offices**

*SWIPE!*

**June, 2013**

An airy, modern beach house with 30 or so workstations - huge Mac desktops and wireless keyboards. Ergonomic chairs subbed for exercise balls. One of the walls features street art by a local artist, another doubles as a giant white board, covered in doodles and code. The kitchen area gleams, overflowing with high-priced snacks.

From a couch in the entryway, Lily observes a typical day at Snap, as it is affectionately called by its newly-minted employees. Hip 20-somethings (many of them Stanford grads) Gchat, text, and Snap each other. Two dudes play ping pong, a girl in a beanie takes a drag on an e-cig at her desk.

We can see on her face how this whole thing stings.

LILY (V.O.)

I know, not a great look for me.  
But to all my haters out there -  
no, I didn't beg Evan for a job.

(MORE)

LILY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 I just...applied. I needed the work  
 and this paid well. I don't have  
 too much to pride to admit it - I  
 was wrong about Snapchat. We all  
 were. When life gives you lemons,  
 or something like that. So here I  
 am, wondering if he even knows I  
 work at his company.  
 (beat)  
 God I hate lemonade.

Head of HR and incorrigible gossip, CHLOE, not much older  
 than Lily, comes to collect the company's latest hire.

CHLOE  
 Lily? Chloe, hi. Nice to meet you  
 in person.  
 (hand shaking)  
 Sorry we're running so behind  
 schedule - I think I've processed  
 like 10 new employees today.

Lily follows her through the office on a small tour.

CHLOE (CONT'D)  
 Well, congrats again. I'm not sure  
 if anyone told you yet, but you are  
 actually employee number 32!

LILY  
 I estimated something like that.

CHLOE  
 (waving vaguely)  
 Engineers are over there, design  
 team on the left, and as you know,  
 we're in the process of forming  
 your team and a couple others. I  
 know it's a little cramped, but  
 between you and me, they're  
 renovating new offices on Rose.  
 It's still a secret, internally.  
 Evan keeps us on a need to know  
 basis.

LILY  
 Ah.

CHLOE  
 Just a head's up, there are already  
 two Lily's, also Asian, by some  
 weird coincidence, but good news is  
 you're all on different teams!  
 (MORE)

CHLOE (CONT'D)

We'll handle your start paperwork and ID badge next. Security is ramping up, per Evan.

LILY

Ok...do you know if he's free to chat? I'd love to drop in, say hi...

LILY (V.O.)

Love is a strong word there.

CHLOE

Who?

LILY

Evan. We were friends in college.

LILY (V.O.)

Friends is a really strong word there.

CHLOE

Oh, right, well, Evan hasn't been in the office for a couple weeks, CEO duties. Maybe shoot him an email, he's pretty reliable on email. Kind of. Want to see the roof? We just got new hammocks, which I don't get if we're moving anyway, but again, please don't repeat that.

INT. SOCIAL 25, THE HUNTLEY HOTEL - SANTA MONICA - NIGHT

The dashing mayoral DILF himself, ERIC GARCETTI, addresses the glitzy crowd at the launch event of LA's Social Media Week.

GARCETTI

And thank you to our guests of honor, Evan Spiegel and Bobby Murphy! In just two short years, Snapchat has managed to breathe new life into the local tech industry out of their headquarters in Venice, and I am excited to formally announce that they will be adding 300 new jobs by 2014!

(looking directly at Evan and Bobby)

May I just say again - we love having you in Los Angeles!

Applause all around as Evan and Bobby clap from their seats.

INT. HUNTLEY HOTEL - LATER

Evan and Bobby sit in a secluded area of the rooftop patio with NIC TRAN (35), head of social media for Taco Bell.

NIC

Thank you guys for agreeing to chat with me.

BOBBY

No prob, we're big fans of the voice you've created for the Taco Bell brand.

EVAN

And the Cheesy Gordita Crunch.

NIC

Ah thanks man, just trying to keep things real in the ad space. Which is why I've been wanting to sit down with you guys. I know the party line is Snapchat doesn't do ads, but I had a thought -

EVAN

It's not a party line. It's a company policy.

NIC

Right, and I totally respect that, and clearly your users do too, but let's say two friends are using the new messaging feature, and bam! A Gordita Crunch just appears in their convo. Quick, painless, no cheesy ad campaign. No pun intended. Might make the experience more exciting, and then, you know, your guys send the data on who responds, tracking keywords and engagement, etc.

EVAN

Huh. So basically, your pitch is to obliterate the sanctity of privacy that we have worked so hard to make possible for the first time in the history of social media communication...to sell Crunchwrap Supremes.

BOBBY

(mediating)

I think what Evan is trying to say is - it feels a little invasive, and similar to the outdated Facebook model we are trying to avoid.

EVAN

It goes against everything our app stands for.

NIC

(lowering his voice)

Come on man, we all know you're not doing this to protect the little guy. At the end of the day there has to be a monetization strategy. I just want to be your first call when you figure that out.

EVAN

When we monetize, it will not be by harvesting data on our users.

(tongue in cheek)

Then what would separate us from the evil corporations ruining society? What's Taco Bell's parent company again?

Bobby, trying to curtail the downward turn -

BOBBY

Great talking to you, man. We'll be in touch.

Nic, knowing he's been dismissed, gets up and leaves.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

He's not wrong.

EVAN

You want to put a fucking dancing taco in the middle of our users' private conversations?

BOBBY

No, of course not. But, the clock is ticking, Evan. How much longer can we tell the board that we're working on it? We have to start making money or...you know your big plan that you have? It doesn't happen without advertising.

Evan stares at the ground, resolute.

EVAN  
Not yet. Trust me.  
(he makes eye contact with  
a blonde at the bar)  
Want a drink?

He gets up.

BOBBY  
What am I supposed to tell the  
board?

EVAN  
We're working on it.

BOBBY  
We're not working on it.

Evan taps his head a couple times, as if to say, "I got this." He looks a little manic.

BOBBY (CONT'D)  
You ok, dude?

EVAN  
Yeah, why?

INT. GAWKER OFFICES - NEW YORK - DAY

Mid staff meeting, a SENIOR EDITOR checks in with her reporters. Staff writer SAM BIDDLE (23), from the IPO opening, is deep in a Quora comments section, carefully scanning for Silicon Valley gossip.

**SNAP-FILTER CHYRON: Gawker Offices**

SENIOR EDITOR  
Jezebel - where are we on the 4Chan  
leak?

JEZEBEL WRITER  
Posted. The article, not the nudes.

SENIOR EDITOR  
Good, stay on top of attorney  
responses. Valleywag? What do you  
guys have for me?

Sam gets an email alert. CLOSE ON his inbox:

subject - "SNAPCHAT CEO COLLEGE EMAILS"

sender - "reggie.brown@stanfordalumni.org"

He immediately clicks and begins to scroll...

VALLEYWAG WRITER

Peter Theil is trying to steal a public beach from the state of California..

SAM

Um, I've got something way better than that.

INT. SNAPCHAT OFFICES - VENICE BEACH - DAY

Lily reviews something on a CO-WORKER'S computer. Suddenly the office fills with hungry chatter and a symphony of electronic alerts. A female employee stands up from her desk in disgust and storms out of the office. Lily looks around, confused...

Someone Gchats her co-worker the link. They read:

CLOSE ON Valleywag article, "**Fuck Bitches Get Leid, the Sleazy Frat Emails of Snapchat's CEO**"

CO-WORKER

Oh shit.

He scrolls. We catch a couple lines **"Have some girl put your large kappa sigma dick down her throat"** and **"ACTION NEEDED... TO GET PI PHIS FUCKED UP"**

CLOSE ON Lily, fighting a smile.

LILY (V.O.)

Can you blame me? It feels good when everyone finally sees what you've known all along. A small sliver of justice -

An unexplained CRASH from an upstairs office silences the room.

EVAN (O.C.)

FUCK.

LILY (V.O.)

I guess Evan gets Google Alerts.

EXT. SOMEWHERE ON VENICE BOULEVARD BETWEEN VENICE AND CULVER CITY - SIDEWALK - DAY

Michael and Evan drink matcha lattes on a walk from Venice to Culver City down one of LA's busiest boulevards. Busy meaning with cars. Nobody walks here. The sounds of midday TRAFFIC.

LILY (V.O.)

See that 1998 Honda? It just honked at a combined worth of 1.3 billion dollars. No joke, these two used to walk the length of Venice Boulevard. I think it was some sort of bonding exercise, a chance to talk business and sports cars.

(beat)

Ok I don't really know if they talked about cars but, come on.

EVAN

They were just bad jokes. The worst part is, I was never really that guy. I had to be that way for house morale - like, method acting or something - a performance! I was performing masculinity. Does that make sense?

Michael cuts him off.

MICHAEL

I don't give a shit, and neither does the board. We can weather a small PR scandal, but no new company can survive without turning a profit.

EVAN

But it's my reputation -

MICHAEL

No, Snapchat is your reputation. Stop giving us the run-around on ads and monetize your company. The way I see it, I'm here to give you the big picture, and the big picture is going public one day - cementing Snapchat's status as one of the great American companies of the 21st century. Do you get that?

EVAN

Yes, it's not like I don't - I want that too...I'm just stuck, ok?

(MORE)

EVAN (CONT'D)

Ads defeat the purpose of the whole fucking app. How do I do that and not alienate my users?

MICHAEL

Get creative. Delegate. That's why you have employees.

A beat. Michael looks at Evan, notices dark circles, twitchiness, a pale sheen.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Are you sleeping?

EVAN

The most successful people in the world only sleep 3 to 5 hours a night.

Michael laughs.

MICHAEL

Who told you that? Oprah? Go home and get some sleep. You look like shit.

INT. EVAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Bobby enters Evan's large, modern office. Tuberoses, art books, a framed, black and white photo of Steve Jobs on the wall. *Life of Pablo* blasts while Evan displaces everything on his desk in search of something -

BOBBY

Hey, the board has another PR person they want us to sit down with -

EVAN

I can't find my pen.

BOBBY

Want me to ask your assistant -

EVAN

I can only work with one brand of pen, and of course it's backordered right now so if I don't find this specific pen, I'll lose the whole day.

(looking up)

Shut the door!

BOBBY

Uh, sorry..

He shuts it.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

About this PR woman. She's good -  
worked in Finance, JP Morgan I  
think -

EVAN

You know what - from now on, we  
have all conversations outside.

BOBBY

What?

EVAN

(voice raising)

When you want to talk to me, ask me  
if I would like to take a walk, and  
I will say yes or no, and if I say  
yes, we will have a conversation  
out there on the boardwalk, where  
we can't be overheard. Or watched.

Evan gestures with his eyes towards the employees beyond his  
office.

BOBBY

Don't you think that kind of  
defeats the purpose of having an  
office?

EVAN

No, I think we need to be more  
careful.

BOBBY

The emails weren't released by  
someone at the company, Ev. In all  
likelihood, it was Reggie...you  
know, the guy who wants to take us  
to court?

EVAN

We don't know that. Almost 50% of  
our employees are Stanford alumni -  
it could have been forwarded to  
anyone. This, *this* is exactly why  
Snapchat exists, why our work is so  
important - to prevent this kind of  
extortionist shit.

BOBBY

I thought it was to give people a more natural, human form of expression and outlet for their creativity.

A hard silence.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Try not to take the Reggie thing personally. Think of it as an expense.

Evan spots his pen under his Moleskin notebook. Stares at it.

EVAN

From now on, outside.

EXT. SANTA MONICA AIRPORT - DAY

**SNAP-FILTER CHYRON: Santa Monica Airport**

*SWIPE!*

**November, 2013**

Evan boards a private plane at the small air field. His eyes are glued to his phone even as he climbs the stairs to the plane...

CLOSE ON SCREEN:

A calendar alert pops up - **"Zuck"**

He dismisses it.

INT. PRIVATE PLANE - CONTINUED

Evan swipes through gossip articles about him and Taylor Swift while waiting to take off. "Did T Swizzle and Snapchat CEO Totally Make Out?" "Taylor Swift & Evan Spiegel's Love Affair: How She Blew It"

Coincidentally, he receives a text - CLOSE ON -

Taylor: **"Hamptons? ;)"**

Evan responds: **"Can't. Work stuff."**

He thinks, writes a follow-up text: **"Want to be straight with you, I don't have time for a relationship rn :("**

Thinks again, makes himself laugh: "**Feel free to write a song ;)**"

A flight attendant, KAITLYN (20s), crouches by his seat.

KAITLYN

Hey there. We're taking off in a few.

EVAN

Thanks.

(noticing her name tag)

I like the spelling of your name.

He misses Taylor's next text - CLOSE ON -

Taylor: "**Fuck you, Evan**"

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. EVVIA - PALO ALTO - DAY

Evan and Professor Kent sit outside at an upscale Greek restaurant in downtown Palo Alto.

PROFESSOR KENT

So I assume you're not here to pick up your diploma.

EVAN

That would require graduating.

He looks over his shoulder.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Just here for a meeting. Should be pretty quick.

PROFESSOR KENT

No entourage?

EVAN

No, I'm handling this one solo.

PROFESSOR KENT

Wow, well, you were always quite the maverick.

EVAN

I wish I could tell you where...or rather who, but, I really shouldn't. It's not that I don't trust you -

PROFESSOR KENT

Oh please, I don't care about that  
- tell me about you.

EVAN

Um well, I assume you know most of  
it.

PROFESSOR KENT

Hardly! I've just been swamped. We  
have 10 graduate students this year  
and I've been overseeing the  
largest grant program in the  
history of the D.School, sincerest  
apologies if I missed an email here  
and there.

EVAN

Did you? I'm a little busy myself.

PROFESSOR KENT

I can't imagine. How are you  
handling everything? Do you have  
good people around you?

EVAN

Well, my dad is on the board, but,  
I try to keep him at arm's length,  
actually.

PROFESSOR KENT

Oh, I thought he was supportive of  
your efforts.

EVAN

In the way a leech is supportive of  
its blood supply. Did you know  
we're destroying Facebook in NDU's  
by a 300,000 margin?

PROFESSOR KENT

(caught slightly off  
guard)

No, I didn't. That's fabulous. How  
is Bobby doing? Are you two still  
close?

EVAN

Yeah, he's good. He's filthy rich  
and still obsessed with coding.  
Hey, what do you know about  
Zuckerberg. Do you think he's on  
the spectrum? I can't tell.

PROFESSOR KENT

I've never met him personally,  
but...

EVAN

Don't tell anyone that I asked  
about Zuckerberg, ok? What I'm  
about to do really can't get out.

PROFESSOR KENT

Of course. And good luck, it must  
be a nightmare to get the board and  
founders on the same page around  
any major decision.

EVAN

Not if you don't tell them.

A flash of concern on Kent's face.

PROFESSOR KENT

Be careful, Evan. I don't have to  
remind you of all the cautionary  
tales of founders pushed out of  
their own companies because they  
didn't play politics.

EVAN

They'll get over it.

PROFESSOR KENT

Is this about your dad? Because if  
you need a referral, I have a  
wonderful colleague who does family  
work, lots of experience and  
extremely discreet...

EVAN

What? No, it's about my company,  
which you seem weirdly uninterested  
in.

PROFESSOR KENT

I just didn't want to pry, that's  
all. I know how much you value your  
privacy.

EVAN

Right, right. Well...thanks. Sorry.

PROFESSOR KENT

(changing the subject)

Did you know they're building an  
entirely new design lab on campus?

(MORE)

PROFESSOR KENT (CONT'D)  
 I had a thought - maybe you could  
 come speak to the students  
 sometime, or join us for the  
 unveiling?

EVAN  
 Yeah, of course, um, just email my  
 assistant. That would be great.

EXT. FACEBOOK CAMPUS - PALO ALTO - LATER

Evan wears shades and a baseball cap as he leaves the campus.  
 He passes **two Facebook employees on the lawn taking SELFIES  
 together in the Snapchat app, toggling through face-modifying  
 FILTERS and laughing.**

Off Evan's darkened, almost devious smile -

INT. STANFORD D.SCHOOL CLASSROOM - PALO ALTO - DAY

Kent stands in front of a scattered crowd in a lecture hall.  
 Phones ALERTS start going off and attention drifts.

KENT  
 Ok, anybody want to fill me in?

A CO-ED gets up from her seat and hands him her phone. As he  
 takes a sip from his coffee mug and reads -

Kent does a demure spit take, wiping coffee dribble off his  
 chin.

CO-ED  
 Didn't you teach that guy?

INT. THERAPIST OFFICE - LOS ANGELES - DAY

Bobby and his girlfriend, KATIE MCHANLIN (22), sit on a couch  
 across from silver-haired couple's therapist, CARLA BECKETT  
 (50s) - a soothing, maternal presence in a moss-green poncho.

KATIE  
 I just feel like I'm in a three-way  
 relationship with you and Evan, and  
 I did not sign up for that. I don't  
 even like him.

CARLA  
 Mm, thank you for your honesty,  
 Katie. Bobby? How does that land on  
 you.

BOBBY

Uh, I -

His phone starts buzzing.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Sorry...

He checks...

KATIE

See? This is exactly what I'm talking about.

CARLA

Bobby, whatever it is, I'm sure -

BOBBY

(freaking)

Fuck me. Fuck me fuck me.

KATIE

You know what, maybe you and Evan should fuck, that way we can cut me out of the equation altogether.

BOBBY

(sotto)

3 billion...

An overwhelmed Bobby starts weeping, to the confusion of his girlfriend and therapist.

INT. LYNTON ESTATE - GYM - CONTINUOUS

Michael sprints on a treadmill in his home gym. A Google alert pops up on his iPad. Without breaking speed he uses a sweaty finger to click - "Snapchat rejects 3Bn Facebook buyout..."

CLOSE ON his heart-beat monitor, which starts to rise, rapidly...

MICHAEL

(wheezing)

Jamie! Jamie!

He realizes he is running for his life and hastily clicks the down arrow on the machine...he clutches his heart, we recognize the signs of cardiac arrest...as he HITS THE FLOOR.

LILY (V.O.)  
 And that's how Michael Lynton died.  
 (beat)  
 Relax! I'm just kidding.

**SNAP-FILTER CHYRON: THE SLOW-MO SNAIL**

*SWIPE!*

**THE FAST-FORWARD RABBIT X 1**

*SWIPE!*

**THE FAST-FORWARD RABBIT X 2**

*SWIPE!*

**REWIND EFFECT GRAPHIC**

The last few minutes rewind until Michael is upright on the treadmill again and slowing to a walk. As he slows his pace he hurls his iPad into the wall with a feral grunt.

LILY (V.O.).  
 He was super pissed, though.  
 Everyone was. But as it turns out,  
 Spiegs was right. Rejecting  
 Zuckerberg's offer caused  
 Snapchat's valuation to go from  
 just over 3 billion in 2013 to 10  
 billion in 2014. And we just got  
 bigger and bigger and bigger and...

BEGIN MONTAGE - BEGIN MUSIC - "INTO YOU" BY ARIANA GRANDE

A highlight reel showcasing Snapchat's vast pop-cultural influence...

**SNAP-FILTER CHYRON: 2014-2016**

-Jimmy Fallon and Ariana Grande do a music video for *Into You* for his show using Snap filters (old classics such as **TOAST HEAD**, **RAINBOW VOMIT**, and **BUMBLE BEE FACE**).

-President Obama selfie-recording himself in the Snapchat app to plug Obamacare in a retirement parody video

-Evan at his Forbes cover photo shoot, he models **SPECTACLES**

-DJ Khaled snaps one of his infamous "Key" videos to his millions of followers

-NBC! Covers the Khaled snap video as news, replaying his story

-Evan tours a mansion in Brentwood Park with a real estate agent. His **FORBES COVER** is on a coffee table in the living room. As he surveys his new home -

LILY (V.O.)

I heard the property had to be twice as big as his dad's house. But as a responsible narrator, I want to be clear that this is a shameless rumor that does not sound totally true.

END MONTAGE

INT. SNAPCHAT OFFICES - VENICE BEACH - DAY

The beach bungalow vibes of the original Snapchat offices have morphed into the sleek, modern efficiency of this unmarked building off the boardwalk.

Nobody gets in here without going through the massive security guy, HECTOR, stationed in the small, chair-less lobby. He wears thin black glasses inside, comically small for his Easter Island sized head.

**SNAP-FILTER CHYRON: Venice Beach**

**SNAP-FILTER CHYRON: September, 2013**

INT. SNAPCHAT OFFICES - CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUED

Sitting around the table are Evan, EMMA WHITE (COO, formerly of Instagram), AKSHAY GOPALAN (chief strategy officer), TIM SACKS (VP of Engineering), MIKE RANDALL, (Monetization VP, formerly of Facebook), and a handful of lower-level designers and engineers, including Lily.

Everyone in this room works for Evan, even the people twice his age, and telling from their body language, it's not an easy position to be in. Evan is fidgety, with large dark circles under his eyes. His normally immaculate clothing is slightly rumpled - his version of Howard Hughes' bathrobe moment.

The team toggles through a slideshow of geo-filters on a "smart-wall"...

EVAN

These look fine. Not that one. Re-do that third one or get rid of it.

(MORE)

EVAN (CONT'D)

But overall, good work, guys.  
Moving on -

EMMA

Actually, if I may interject, I wanted to share an update with all of you. I just got word back from our analytics team, and as of this month, we are averaging over 30 million daily users.

Woots and applause. On Lily, clapping softly. She looks nervous.

TIM SACKS

Hell yeah.

MIKE

That is excellent news.  
Congratulations all.

EVAN

Well, I'm not sure what that matters if we can't protect their information.

AKSHAY

Uh, yes, the last user breach was very disappointing for all of us, but we are very confident this time that it won't happen again.

EVAN

This time.

He laughs bitterly.

EVAN (CONT'D)

You know, none of you look like assholes when we fuck up. It's my name next to the company.

TIM

Evan, we all take great pride and responsibility in Snapchat. Which is why I think we should stay focused on the original goal of this meeting -- monetization strategy.

Evan groans but seems to get a second wind.

EVAN

Great. Do you have a new hardware pitch yet? Just to get everyone up to speed, the board is currently reviewing a purchase proposal for that QR scanning startup...what's the name I'm forgetting?

EMMA

"Scan.Me." And we we're also looking at Vergence labs.

EVAN

I really think these are it. Just have to come up with a dope name.

MIKE

It's certainly a longterm investment worth pursuing, but my team has been working around the clock on this, and our product manager, Lily , had a significant breakthrough that I think you should hear.

Evan smiles.

EVAN

Class of oh-twelve, represent. Me and Lil go way back.

LILY

Yep, when our biggest problem was the ME core.

EMMA

That's so funny, I had no idea.

EVAN

So, what's the breakthrough?

Lily shifts in her seat, as if she might stand - reconsiders.  
Leaning forward --

LILY

Ok, so, up to this point, we've been focusing on beating Google, Fb, Amazon, whatever, to a pair of wearable lenses -- but ours would look like cool sunglasses, and function like the app -- recording without having to try. Which is awesome.

(MORE)

LILY (CONT'D)

But it's still an accessory, at a high buy-in for a user-base that is still growing. The way I see it, that's not the best first step in the monetization process.

EVAN

(not liking this)  
What do you mean?

LILY

We need a strategy that starts from within the app, which we've avoided for the good reason of not wanting to take advantage of our users' loyalty. But that's when it clicked for me -- what if we treat brands like they're average users. No special treatment. The test-run of the McDonalds paid geo-filter was a huge success, right? So what if we gave them a Snap account?

She notices that Evan has checked out, and is staring at his cuticle beds. It throws her for a second.

LILY (CONT'D)

Obviously, we can't force-push a brand account into friend lists, or allow McDonalds to spam users with targeted Snaps. But if everyone, *including brands*, had a "Story," maybe it lasts 24 hours and people can view within the 24-hour window, then it's an opt-in, opt-out system. It pushes both our users and the brands to get creative without interfering with the spirit of the app. Also, it's a natural building block towards content generation.

EMMA

I love that. What did you call it?

LILY

Stories.

AKSHAY

(addressing Tim)  
Any first reactions to that? Can our source code accommodate?

TIM

I don't see why not.

EVAN

Uh, excuse me, does anyone care what I think? Last time I checked I was the fucking CEO.

MIKE

Of course, please. What are your thoughts?

EVAN

Fuck no.

Uncomfortable squirms.

EMMA

Evan, I think this at least deserves a closer look...we haven't even seen a mock-up. We should give Mike and Lily, and their team a chance to dig deeper, really hone it, before we make any rash decisions...

EVAN

What about hearing me out? Letting me hone in on my vision for this company?

MIKE

I think what Emma was saying was -

EVAN

This tangent is going to set us back on the glasses by weeks. Snapchat is about ephemerality, I don't want profiles on my app.

LILY

Well they're not profiles, they're more like, landing hubs, a collection of Snaps. And the possibilities are endless - Mike and I were kicking it around - you could even do public Stories from sponsored events.

EVAN

Hard pass.

EMMA

No wait, that would be amazing - what about location based? Showcase the global community of the app.

EVAN

Emma, would you mind giving us a moment?

EMMA

Excuse me?

EVAN

You're not hearing me, and I didn't match your ludicrous, inflated salary from Instagram so you could lecture me in front of my employees.

Stunned silence. Everyone avoids eye contact.

MIKE

Evan, let's remain civil -

EMMA

No, that's ok.

She begins to gather her things. Standing -

EMMA (CONT'D)

(Calm and cold as ice)

Just to be clear before I formally resign - your app is not nearly good enough to withstand the total mental breakdown of its leadership.

She leaves, the glass door whooshing noiselessly behind her. Somebody say something, please.

AKSHAY

Ok well, I think that's enough for today.

Off Lily, looking like she just had the wind knocked out of her.

EXT. SHUTTERS ON THE BEACH - SANTA MONICA - NIGHT

John and Evan get dinner after hours of giving depositions for Reggie's lawsuit against Snapchat. We recognize the same beachside patio from before - string lights, shrimp cocktails everywhere.

JOHN  
The board received Emma's  
resignation.

EVAN  
High turnover is perfectly normal  
for a company our age.

JOHN  
Completely normal. It wasn't a good  
fit.

An awkward silence.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Long day, huh? You almost feel bad  
for the kid.

EVAN  
Do you?

JOHN  
Hey, you know that I know that we  
all know Snapchat was your idea,  
100 percent. But Reggie's not a bad  
guy. He's just struggling right  
now.

EVAN  
Maybe you should join the  
prosecution.

JOHN  
I get it, everything I say is  
wrong.

EVAN  
No Dad, I'm just not in a super  
forgiving mood to the person suing  
me for a third of my company.

Another awkward pause.

LILY (V.O).  
Did I forget to mention a lawsuit?  
There are always lawsuits. I just  
don't find that stuff terribly  
interesting, myself. Lawsuits are  
epically boring. In real life, at  
least.

JOHN  
He'll settle. Probably won't get  
upwards of 100 mill.

EVAN

Michael thinks 150.

JOHN

Right, the all-knowing Michael Lynton who doesn't even have a law degree let alone a background in tech. I know you hate when I say this, but... careful, Ev. You have a lot resources at your disposal -

EVAN

I'll get off Michael's dick when you get off Reggie's.

JOHN

Wow, ok. I know things haven't been easy, bud. It's a lot of pressure, and now you've got the suit on top of it. But this isn't my first rodeo...

EVAN

It's not mine either, remember? The depo today was shorter than my court-mandated interviews during the divorce. So save the fake concern. Things have literally never been better for me.

A beat.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Or you, for that matter.

He's not being sarcastic, and it worries John, but he keeps his mouth shut. His son has made him a much bigger millionaire than he was before, and the dynamic is forever shifted.

Evan stares at the empty table at the other side of the patio, where he, Bobby, and Reggie celebrated Picaboo's release only two short years ago.

INT. SNAPCHAT OFFICES - VENICE BEACH - DAY

A normal day at the office. Lily works at her desk, Beats headphones on. She's in the zone on something, and doesn't notice that the rest of her co-workers have stopped what they're doing to watch a breaking news story on their computers and two flat-screens in the office.

**SNAP-FILTER CHYRON: November 24, 2014**

**CLOSE ON CNN COVERAGE:**

NEWS ANCHOR

Sorry to interrupt, Andrea - we're getting breaking news that Sony Pictures has been hacked by a group calling themselves the Guardians of Peace.

Lily notices and removes her headphones. She watches the coverage unfold -

NEWS ANCHOR 2

We're hearing that the group has released confidential data from the film studio, including personal information about employees, and e-mails between employees at all levels. As of now, all Sony Pictures is totally offline.

NEWS ANCHOR

The fall-out from this could be enormous for several reasons. In the meantime, they might have to fire up the fax machines over on the Sony lot.

LILY

(sotto)

Oh shit.

INT. BOBBY'S OFFICE, SNAPCHAT OFFICES - CONTINUOUS

Bobby, Akshay, and ANNIE RICE, VP of Communications, are on speaker with a couple of voices - presumably lawyers.

DISEMBODIED LAWYER 1

We don't have all the information yet, but it seems like several confidential Snapchat dealings have been made public via Mr. Lynton's emails.

Bobby runs his hands through his hair, highly stressed.

BOBBY

What does that mean for us?

DISEMBODIED LAWYER 2

It's too early to tell. Our team is working on collecting a full list of the released materials and we can assess the damages then.

DISEMBODIED LAWYER 1

This is also unconfirmed, but you should know that people are saying North Korea is behind the hack.

BOBBY

Jesus.

AKSHAY

What are our next steps here, guys?

DISEMBODIED LAWYER 2

Well does Evan know yet?

The room looks to Bobby.

BOBBY

I don't know, probably not.

ANNIE

(looking at her phone)

Uh, I think he knows.

**CLOSE ON:** The official Snapchat Twitter page, where Evan has posted a personal memo in response to the leak. They read...and we catch excerpts, **INTERCUT** with Evan writing the memo on his laptop at home, moments earlier:

*"It's not fair that the people who try to build us up and break us down get a glimpse of who we really are..."*

*"That people steal our secrets and make public that which we desire to remain private."*

BOBBY

No, no, no, no...oh no.

LILY (V.O).

Uh oh. I feel a full-blown Kanye coming on.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. EVAN'S HOUSE - BRENTWOOD - LATER

Evan paces, holding a stack of paper in one hand and his cell to his ear in the other. We hear it RING and go to voicemail. He hangs up and tries again. Twice.

EVAN

Pick up you useless fuck!

More RINGING and pacing until the phone picks up:

**INTERCUT WITH:**

EXT. OUTSIDE AN IMPORTANT STATE BUILDING - WASHINGTON D.C. -  
CONTINUOUS

MICHAEL

I can't talk now, Evan.

Evan shuffles papers and reads Michael's emails about him.

EVAN

"I agree with you that Evan doesn't understand the important nuances around what rights a record label does and does not have." "I have doubts about how feasible Evan's ambitions are, and will try to get through re: the financial terms..."

MICHAEL

I understand that you're upset...

EVAN

But there's so much more.  
(rifling through papers,  
flinging them as he goes)  
Here you call me immature to the head of Sony Music. Here you go behind my back to directly undermine me in a negotiation with Vevo...

MICHAEL

We can discuss when I'm back in LA.

EVAN

Here's what I don't get - if I'm such a naive tool and Snapchat's ambitions aren't feasible, why haven't you pulled out your shares, you backstabbing piece of shit?

MICHAEL

(voice raised)

*Shut up. Just shut up. Nobody gives a fuck about your feelings right now. I am the CEO of a publicly-traded company worth 10 times the amount of Snapchat, which is currently under cyber-attack by a foreign nation as part of a geopolitical power play, so grow the fuck up and handle it or call your real parents, ok?*

He hangs up.

Evan throws the rest of the emails. He has truly lost it - a real fucking mess, whatever you imagine that looks like.

Bobby rushes in, winded from running up the stairs, and sees Evan sitting on the floor.

BOBBY

Oh my God, Evan.

He sits next to him, nervously touches his back.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

It's ok, man. We're gonna be fine.

EVAN

They know everything, we have to start over. It's all for nothing.

BOBBY

What are you talking about?

EVAN

They all know. The record label, the music platform, Spectacles.  
(between sobs)  
Trashed. Ground zero. Everything.

A beat.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Everyone lets you down.

Bobby pats his back awkwardly, in uncommon territory.

BOBBY

Ok man, it's ok. Try to calm down. I'm uh, I'll get some tissues.

He exits the room and sends a TEXT to JOHN SPIEGEL:

*Evan in bad shape. Thought you should know.*

EXT. THE GOLD CANYON SPA - MALIBU - DAY

Vine-covered white arches and terracotta roofing overlooking the Malibu coastline. People in white linen roam the Versailles-style grounds...

**SNAP-FILTER CHYRON: Two months later**

GOLD CANYON THERAPIST (V.O.)  
How are you feeling today, Evan?

BEGIN MINI MONTAGE - GOLD CANYON - VARIOUS

-Evan in therapy with a bearded KEANU REEVES TYPE therapist. Sullen, reluctantly goes through the motions of EMDR exercises.

-He does a beginner's vinyasa on a yoga mat in his spacious suite

GOLD CANYON THERAPIST (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
The sooner you start talking, the sooner I can let you out of here.

-Watches the sun set and sketches in his Moleskin

GOLD CANYON THERAPIST (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Pretend I'm your dad. What do you want to say to me?

-Holds an impressive crow-pose as a bead of sweat hits his mat. Even we're starting to feel better.

GOLD CANYON THERAPIST (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
I'm very proud of the progress you've made.

-After one final salutation, he pours a glass of spa water and sits at his desk, where his notebook is open to a sketch of what they audience may or may not recognize is the **Stories page of Snapchat.**

GOLD CANYON THERAPIST (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
For our final session, I would like you to repeat our koan, to carry with you on your journey.

-Evan looks refreshed, calm, determined. Continues sketching...

-Evan in therapist office, intones the following...

EVAN  
Change is acceptance, and  
acceptance...

INT. SNAPCHAT OFFICES - VENICE BEACH - DAY

Evan leads a large group of employees including Lily in the  
chant -

EVAN/LILY/BOBBY ET. AL.  
...is change.

Evan applauds and his employees follow suit, many of them  
eating it up.

EVAN (CONT'D)  
Thank you all for joining me in  
that, and for your patience as we  
re-calibrate. I want to turn a new  
leaf at Snap - make sure all your  
voices are heard and make some  
really dope changes to our product.  
Now let's get to fucking work!  
Re/Code is right around the corner.

CLOSE ON LILY - *what the fuck does that mean?*

LILY (V.O.)  
Are you buying this? If you are,  
you're even stupider than that  
pseudo-Buddhist-circular-self-  
actualizing-moon-juicing-yuppie-  
activated-charcoal-bullshit.

EXT. SNAPCHAT OFFICE ROOFTOP - SUNSET

Evan and Bobby mingle among their employees at a company  
chill-sesh on a Friday - people drink wine and beer as a  
semi-famous teen musician plays a live acoustic set. Part of  
the "new leaf" he was talking about. Evan notices Lily  
looking out over the boardwalk on her own and joins her.

EVAN  
(re: sunset)  
Nice, right?

LILY  
It's no University Ave., but it'll  
do.

EVAN

I wanted to check in with you...see how you're liking the company. You can be totally honest.

LILY (V.O).

What the fuck?

LILY

I love it here.

LILY (V.O).

Please don't fire me.

EVAN

Good. Putting old college rivalries aside, we're really lucky to have you.

LILY (V.O).

I hate you, I hate you, I hate -

EVAN

I also wanted to give you a heads up about something. Based on your input, I've decided to create a Stories team. So it's more of a congratulations, I guess.

LILY

What? I thought...you said it was antithetical to the spirit of the app.

EVAN

I had some time to think it over, and I think there's enough value there to build it out. Depending on how it goes, we might even plan our Re/Code launch around the feature.

Lily is stunned.

LILY

Wow, Evan, that's amazing. I can't tell you how long I've been waiting to do this. How many people will I get? I would love 10 but could make do with 6, depending on who they are.

EVAN

The thing is, this is a real sea-change, and I need someone with experience at the helm.

She doesn't follow...

EVAN (CONT'D)

I'm bringing in someone external. Take it as a compliment. It's such a good idea, I don't want to fuck it up.

LILY

But, it was my idea...

EVAN

Technically, anything you develop at Snapchat belongs to the company. But trust me, getting credit for something like this, it doesn't really matter. At the end of the day, it's not about Lily or Evan. It's about the app, and making a cultural impact. That's the reward. Do you get what I'm saying? It's kind of hard to understand before you actually create anything.

Bobby calls him over. Evan touches her shoulder -

EVAN (CONT'D)

Keep up the good work. You're killin' it.

Off Lily, shock brewing into rage...

INT. RE/CODE TECH CONFERENCE - MAINSTAGE - DAY

The annual Re/Code tech conference. Evan is the guest of honor, sitting with Re/code bosses KARA SWISHER and WALT MOSSBERG in the middle a long interview in front of a live audience.

KARA

How do you see yourself as a manager? Are you a sole proprietor, are you someone that likes a team? Are you a Jobsian or a Gatesian?

EVAN

I'm just some guy.

WALT

Some guy?

EVAN

Yeah...I'm some-guysian.

KARA

I don't mean are you as famous or rich as them. I mean philosophically, in the way that you go about your job.

EVAN

The real answer is that I'm neither. You used the word 'manager.' I'm not a great manager, but I try to be a great leader. And for me that's going through the process of, not how to be a great CEO but how to be a great Evan.

WALT

A great Evan, I like that. On that note, I think you have some exciting news to share with the audience, is that correct?

EVAN

That's right.

KARA

(to audience)

And just so you guys know, you are the first people to hear about this.

(to in-house tech)

Can we get the big reveal on the screen please?

The crowd cheers as A GIANT IMAGE OF SNAPCHAT STORIES IS UNVEILED FOR THE FIRST TIME ON A PROJECTOR SCREEN.

EVAN

I'm thrilled to announce that for the first time ever, Snapchat users will be able to add consecutive Snaps to a Story that lasts for 24-hours.

Oos, ahs, chatter.

KARA

I have to say, this is a brilliant, elegant next step in Snapchat's evolution, and I've been a big naysayer in the past, as you know.

Laughter.

EVAN

Happy to have finally won you over.

WALT

What was the inspiration here?

Evan thinks...

EVAN

Well, it started as a workaround to the conventional ad-model that we see at companies like Facebook and Twitter, where the advertisers are prioritized before users. But then it became so much more. While the idea of longer-lasting format bristled for some of my team, I pushed them to consider how it would inspire both our users and brands to get creative without interfering with the spirit of the app.

(to audience)

So yeah, I hope you guys love it.

Loud applause.

REVEAL LILY in the audience, the only person not clapping. She is stony-faced, seemingly emotionless as she exits the building.

INT. NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE - IPO SCENE FROM THE OPENING OF THE MOVIE

CLOSE ON EVAN. BOBBY. MICHAEL LYNTON. JOHN SPIEGEL.

Then - CLOSE ON LILY . She draws over the photo of Evan in the Snapchat app.

LILY (V.O).

People always try to learn from other people's success. Study it. Imitate it. Bottle it up. Sell it. How many hours a night does Oprah sleep?

(MORE)

LILY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 What books did Obama read in high school? What does the oldest person in the world eat for breakfast? The truth is, trying to find the logic in success is a dead-end. There is none, apart from deeply entrenched racial and gender biases. I could go into how Evan hired a man to head the Stories team, effectively demoting me for saving his company's ass and revolutionizing social media as we know it, but nobody has time for that.

The eruption of cheers from before as trading officially opens...

LILY (V.O.)  
 Don't feel too bad for me, though. I also had stock in the company. Not as much as some people, but enough that I had to wait for the public offering before formally quitting.

She finishes her drawing. Stops to admire for a moment, then deletes it.

LILY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 A girl's gotta get that green.

INT. HOSPITAL DELIVERY ROOM - LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

Evan stands bedside as his wife, supermodel MIRANDA KERR, sweats and grunts in the throes of childbirth. One more push and the baby's out, but not to worry, the uterine slime and blood are mostly covered by -

**SNAP-FILTER CHYRON: Present day**

INT. HOSPITAL DELIVERY ROOM - LOS ANGELES - LATER

Evan kisses Miranda's head, and then the soft tiny crown of his newborn son. Undisturbed bliss, if not for the familiar sound of his manic tapping on the hospital bed frame.

EVAN  
 Be right back.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

As soon as the door shuts Evan pulls out his phone. He flips through BAD PRESS like an addict reunited with his kit:

*Wall Street Wunderkind to IPO disaster*

*Snap's Vanishing Value*

*Kickstarter Created to Bring Back Old Snapchat Design*

He walks to a vending machine, still scrolling on phone. He looks up briefly to check out the contents.

TWO YOUNG GIRLS SIT WITHIN EARSHOT, playing on their phones.

Evan finds a one dollar bill in his wallet and enters it into the machine. It spits it out. He flattens it on his thigh.

GIRL ONE

Are you uploading this to your story?

He smiles.

GIRL TWO

Yeah, InstaStories. It's so much better than Snapchat.

GIRL ONE

Oh yeah, I already deleted my Snap last week.

The machine spits out his dollar again.

He shoves it back in.

It spits it out again.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - DAY

Lily drives a Mercedes convertible down the coastline, top down.

LILY (V.O.)

The world can be an unfair place sometimes.

And again.

LILY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
But between you and me, I think I  
got the better end of the deal.

And again. And again. And again.

LILY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Genius or not, no one can stay on  
top forever.

SMASH CUT TO:

### EPILOGUE

#### **SNAP-FILTER CHYRON OVER BLACK:**

Snapchat went public in 2017 at a 29 billion dollar valuation.

After the public sale, Evan and Bobby became the youngest billionaires in the world.

Since going public, Snapchat's Parent Company Has Shed \$15 Billion in Market Cap.

In the words of the prophet, Kylie Jenner:

"Sooo does anyone else not open Snapchat anymore? Or is it just me... ugh this is so sad."

"Still love you tho snap ... my first love"