

VICELAND

by

Chris Parizo

Bellevue Productions

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

-Mary L. Pendered (1910)

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

-Shane Smith

OVER BLACK

SHANE (V.O.)

I want you to be cool.

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

SHANE

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

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

SHANE (CONT'D)

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

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

SHANE (CONT'D)

A cool, young *60 Minutes*. More
dramatic than anything a writers
room could come up with. We take
cool people and immerse them into
authentic stories. War zones. Crack
houses. Ganglands. Palaces of
foreign dictators. Places no other
network dares to touch. And show
the 18-24 demographic something
they have never seen before. And
something cool. If we do this,
we'll bring the youth back to the
nightly news.

(the rabbit out of the
hat)

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

(to himself)

--Woah! Wait. No. Don't say that.

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

SHANE (CONT'D)

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

CUT TO:

REVEAL LOCATION: INT. A CORPORATE BATHROOM STALL - CONTINUOUS

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

SHANE

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

He takes a deep breath. *Namaste*.

SHANE (CONT'D)

This is you. This is where you belong. You got this. He just has to see you. The real you. Then you're in.

TITLE: **MONTREAL, 1994**

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

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

SHANE (CONT'D)

Wow, that's nice.

He pushes the handle. Nothing happens.

INT. BHCV MEDIA - EXECUTIVE LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Shane enters, ratty backpack over his shoulder.

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

They make the Trump kids look like camp counselors.

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

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

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

HIS POV - AN OFFICE DOOR with a golden plaque:

RICHARD SZALWINSKI
CEO - BHCV MEDIA

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

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

A FRESH FACED IVY LEAGUER sneers at the magazine.

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

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

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

Shane reacts - *Pitter-patter* goes his little heart.

He tosses the *The Voice of Montreal* magazine onto a table. Straightens out his posture. Goes "all business".

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

Shane deflates. Even more as...

SECRETARY

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

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

Namaste, Shane. Namaste.

He calmly approaches the Secretary.

SHANE

Excuse me. I waited two hours--

SECRETARY

Mr. Szalwinski made his decision.

SHANE

Yeah, but I didn't even get--

Must be her favorite part of her job:

SECRETARY

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

SHANE

He saw one guy!

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

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

EXT. BHCV MEDIA HEADQUARTERS - DOWNTOWN MONTREAL - DAY

Shane exits the building and mopes to the street.

EXT. BUS STOP - CONTINUOUS

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

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

SHANE

I'll take a gram.

REX

Dunno what you're talking about.

SHANE

Jesus kid, I did what you do, but I made \$500 a day and didn't stand in bus stops looking like a tweaked out, molested Muppet.

(MORE)

SHANE (CONT'D)
 You're as incognito as diarrhea in
 a hot tub. Practically wearing a
 sign that says, "Look at me,
 everybody! I deal cocaine!"

Heads turn in their direction. Rex shrinks.

SHANE (CONT'D)
 I'll take a gram of your finest
 Colombian white, garçon.

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

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

As Shane enters the bus...

SHANE (CONT'D)
 Fucking amateur.

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

EXT. RUE ST.-CATHERINE - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

SHANE
 That's my food money for the week!

Shane crosses to enter. Pauses upon a warning.

BOUNCER
 Hey, Shane. Sherbrooke Skinheads
 took over the place again. Be
 careful in there.

SHANE
 French-Canadian Nazis. The worst
 fucking kind.

Shane enters.

SHANE (PRELAP)
*And he's got these amazing toilets.
 Imported from Japan or something.*

CUT TO:

INT. CLUB LES FOUFOUNES ELECTRIQUES - CONTINUOUS

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

The PUNK REGULARS forced against the walls. Nobody brave enough to take a stand.

GAVIN (O.S.)
 Because old people want nice
 things. Even things they shit in.

SIDE OF THE STAGE.

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

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

GAVIN (CONT'D)
 Game is fixed, Shane. Guys like us
 don't go anywhere.

SHANE
 Maybe I should get a briefcase?

GAVIN
 Maybe you should get us a better
 night than a Tuesday, Mr. Manager.
 A paying gig! Dare to fucking
 dream.

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

SHANE

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

GAVIN

Didn't he short you on a coke deal before he left? You must beat the shit of him on principle alone next time he shows up. And Danny was a poseur trust-fund kid. The world is one giant lubricated leg for people like him to dry hump to exhaustion.

(beat)

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

SHANE

I have a marketing degree with a focus on media. And BHCV runs Montreal media. Newspapers, television, magazines. Everything. And Richard Szalwinski runs BHCV. You run with him in this town or you get left behind.

The wrestling skinheads crash into them again.

GAVIN

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

SHANE

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

GAVIN

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

SHANE

Because it got banned by the *Canadian Mothers of Good Christian Values!*

GAVIN

After you sent them a copy!

SHANE

So you could pay your rent that month!

GAVIN

That's exactly my point!

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

GAVIN (CONT'D)

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

SKINNY STAGE MANAGER

Uhm... Gavin?

GAVIN

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

SHANE

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

SKINNY STAGE MANAGER
You're out, Gavin.

Shane and Gavin stare at him. *What?*

SKINNY STAGE MANAGER (CONT'D)

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

Gavin looks to Shane. *Fix this.*

SHANE

I got it.

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

A BACK HALLWAY

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

INT. CLUB LES FOUFOUNES ELECTRIQUES - BACK OFFICE - NIGHT

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

NICK

These skinhead pricks have to do something before you get over here? These same assholes destroyed my club and put twelve people in the hospital last month! Well, merci for nothing and fuck-ez vous!

(hangs up)

Montreal cops! Absolutely useless!

SHANE

Put Gavin back on the bill, Nick.

NICK

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

SHANE

(stifling a chuckle)

He likes to antagonize. Some find it endearing. People follow him.

NICK

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

SHANE

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

NICK

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

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

NICK (CONT'D)

But I heard you're trying to go legit. Good for you. Ever wonder why I didn't offer you the booking job last month?

SHANE

Gavin's always had my back.

NICK

He holds you back. Business man to future business man: drop Gavin. Before he fucks things up for good.

(MORE)

NICK (CONT'D)

Prick can't say a word without
someone punching him in his face.

SHANE

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

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

SHANE (CONT'D)

Let's make a deal.

CUT TO:

INT. CLUB LES FOUFOUNES ELECTRIQUES - MOMENTS LATER

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

Gavin appears behind him wearing the donation girl's dress.
Large Skinhead feels something from behind. Turns around.

GAVIN

Hey, big boy.

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

GAVIN (CONT'D)

WHITE POWDER!

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

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

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

NEW ANGLE - Shane and a beaten Gavin watch the police lead
the Skinheads into a paddy wagon. As they walk away...

GAVIN

So what was the deal?

SHANE

You're headlining next Saturday.

They turn and walk down the street.

GAVIN

See! That's what I'm talking about!
It's you and me, man.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS OF MONTREAL - NIGHT (LATER)

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

- Glitzy Rue St.-Catherine

GAVIN

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

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

GAVIN (CONT'D)

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

- Mercier-Hochelaga-Maisonneuve, working class neighborhood

GAVIN (CONT'D)

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

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

GAVIN (CONT'D)

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

SHANE

Could have made a shit ton of money, though.

GAVIN

It's not about making money, Shane!

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

GAVIN (CONT'D)

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

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

INT. GAVIN'S SLUMMY APARTMENT - NIGHT

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

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

Meet, **SUROOSH ALVI** (23, Pakistani-descent). He has the wise, pragmatic eyes of experience. A man who has a path, and knows exactly where it goes.

Next to him, a large dry erase board with "THE VOICE OF MONTREAL" written across the top. Stories crossed off: "~~Guide to the Local Ska Scene~~", "~~This is Chinatown~~", "~~The Mafia and Montreal~~", "~~Montreal's Best Rub & Tugs~~".

GAVIN (O.S.)

(from the bathroom)

My bad. Shane. Best friend since middle school. Meet Suroosh. New roommate. Former junkie.

SUROOSH

Thanks for the discretion, Gavin.

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

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

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

SHANE

You're the *Voice of Montreal* guy?

Suroosh is too focused to respond.

GAVIN (O.S.)

Dude's fucking awesome. The best fucking story ideas. Too bad he can't print any of them. Tell Shane that Allah story idea you told me.

Suroosh snaps. Doesn't want to stop working.

SUROOSH

It's not a fucking story idea. That shit really happened.

(to Shane, all serious)

I had a vision from God. When I was in rehab.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. MOSQUE - DAY

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

SUROOSH (V.O.)

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

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

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

One day, I broke. Prayed to anyone listening for guidance.

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

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

And on that day someone answered.

PRELAP: A TOILET FLUSHES.

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

Suroosh looks over his shoulder at Shane as Gavin enters.

SUROOSH

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

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

GAVIN

I thought he was going to start
strapping bomb vests onto retarded
kids or something.

SUROOSH

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

Gavin smells his mattress. Cringes. *Something terrible.*

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

SHANE

We should do a magazine together.

Suroosh and Gavin look at each other.

INT. BAR BIFTECK - NIGHT

"Natural's Not It" by Gang of Four blasts from a jukebox. The perfect dive bar. Sticky bar. Sticky floor. Sticky people.

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

Except here.

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

SHANE

The three of us! We fucking checks
and balance each other! Suroosh,
your stories, your content, legit
and authentic, in Gavin's voice!
Abrasive and instigating. And me
making deals! Advertiser deals!
Distribution deals! The three of us
could run the fucking city!

(MORE)

SHANE (CONT'D)

The country! Holy shit! The three of us could conquer the fucking world!

Gavin slides the coke away from Shane.

GAVIN

Cutting you off, Scarface.

SHANE

We publish stuff no one else is telling. The stuff people are too afraid to tell. Daring, edgy, in your face articles. And write them the way you'd tell it to your closest friends at the bar. After a few beers in you. Unfiltered stories that get your nose broken or your dick wet. Real people writing real stories. Cool shit, authentic street punk journalism, just like Allah said, Suroosh!

Suroosh balks, knows something he's not sharing.

SHANE (CONT'D)

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

GAVIN

Because authenticity is offensive.

SHANE

--And readers won't care because they'll feel like they're learning something. Showing something they've never seen before. Something cool. Like we're enlightening them somehow. We take your advertisers, Suroosh, and we--

SUROOSH

Can't take the advertisers, Shane.

Shane reacts - *What?*

SUROOSH (CONT'D)

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

GAVIN

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

SUROOSH

I'm not on welfare, you dick!
 (to Shane, calm)
 The Canadian welfare bureau offers an annual stipend to any business venture that promotes or celebrates Canadian culture. I had to partner up with them. They loved the idea of a magazine, but on a few conditions: they have final say on all content--

GAVIN

And they only approve the c-plus bullshit.

SUROOSH

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

SHANE

So we go bigger. Tell everyone we're going bigger! And aim for bigger advertisers! National advertisers! Worldwide advertisers! We raise the money and buy out the contract. We get your magazine back.

SUROOSH

You're going to buy out the welfare board?

SHANE

Yeah!

SUROOSH

You're going to raise fifty-five thousand dollars worth of advertising deals from major worldwide companies for a Montreal-centered welfare magazine that covers stories like *The Best Poutine in the City*. That's what you're telling me, Shane?

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

SHANE

And get you your magazine back.

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

SUROOSH

Raise the money. Get me off the welfare leash. And we'll do your magazine. You guys are in. Partners.

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

GAVIN

And Shane. Don't be nice.

Shane bursts out the door.

EXT. PAYPHONE - DAY

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

SHANE

(into the phone)

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

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

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

INT. POST OFFICE - DAY

Shane approaches the counter. Envelopes in hand.

SHANE

I need these overnighted. And tracking numbers for both.

CUT TO:

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

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

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

"Danny at Warner Brothers"

Meetings set up like springboards:

Warner Bros -> Elektra -> Gibson -> Vans -> Calvin Klein

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

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

Shane watches it. An idea forming in his head.

Shane adds "Szalwinski" next to the list - bigger than the list. Circles the advertisers and draws an arrow to the name.

His biggest springboard.

INT. POST OFFICE - DAY

Shane approaches the counter with receipts in hand. He's back in his cheap suit, but the dress shirt is open, the Bad Brains shirt underneath.

SHANE

Can you confirm these packages have arrived?

He gets his answer and rushes out, practically knocking people over.

EXT. WARNER MUSIC CANADA OFFICES - DOWNTOWN MONTREAL - DAY

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

INT. WARNER MUSIC CANADA OFFICES - LOBBY - DAY

Shane tries to talk his way in with a RECEPTIONIST.

SHANE

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

Shane's eyes dart up.

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

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

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

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

Shane gives chase. Disappears around the corner.

RECEPTIONIST

Hey! Wait!

She grabs the phone to call security.

INT. WARNER MUSIC CANADA OFFICES - HALLWAY - DAY

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

Security a few steps behind Shane.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE DANNY'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

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

DANNY

Someone unlock my fucking door!!!

Shane appears around the corner. Holds his hands up.

SHANE

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

Security pounces on Shane. Danny waves them off.

DANNY

Five minutes? Debt cleared? Deal.

CUT TO:

INT. DANNY'S OFFICE - DAY

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

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

SHANE

We're distributed across America.
Skate shops. Malls. Tattoo parlors.
We're already in record stores.
East coast. West coast. Vermont.
(signaling "distributed"
with his hands, but not
saying it)
California. The backpage ad gets
you the next cover story. Full
color. Glossy. At a discounted
price for an old friend.

Danny scoffs.

DANNY

Which record stores?

SHANE

Only the coolest.

Danny smells bullshit. He picks up the phone.

DANNY

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

Shane keeps a smile to himself. His bluff working.

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

DANNY (CONT'D)

No.

SHANE

What do you mean, no?

DANNY

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

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

DANNY (CONT'D)

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

(double middle fingers)

FUCK YOU BULLSHITTER SHANE SMITH!

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

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

DANNY (CONT'D)

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

(snorts, touches his nose)

...get the fuck out of here.

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

SHANE

New Barenaked Ladies album coming out, eh?

DANNY

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

(MORE)

DANNY (CONT'D)

Grab a promo copy on the way out.
Just get the fuck out.

SHANE

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

DANNY

Jesus!

Shane takes a deep breath.

SHANE

We're going to be big. Suroosh,
Gavin, and I. The biggest thing
you've ever seen. We're going to be
the voice of young and cool in
Montreal. Then of Canada. Of the
United States. And then of the
world. Trust me on that.

DANNY

Ok, Shane. Just calm down--.

SHANE

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

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

SHANE (CONT'D)

I'm going to turn everything you
try to accomplish in your pathetic
life into shit. Every band you work
with. Every album you touch. In
every single issue until you drop
dead.

(MORE)

SHANE (CONT'D)

The only gig in the music industry you'll get is ringing up the new Enya CD to dry-cooched grannies at Kmart thinking to yourself, "*Man, I wish I had bought that ad from Shane, and used my mouth to suck the salt off his big man-nuts... instead of using it to call him 'Bullshitter'.*" Twice now.

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

SHANE (CONT'D)

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

DANNY

(terrified)

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

Shane cocks his head. *Try me.*

Danny mulls it over. Cowers in the decision.

DANNY (CONT'D)

I can... juggle money out of... accounts... to...

(into his phone)

Chelsea, get me marketing.

Shane smiles.

I/E. MONTREAL CITY BUS - DAY

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

~~Danny at Warner Brothers~~

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

\$30,000

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

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

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

SZALWINSKI

Shane looks out the window.

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

Shane pushes the stop button.

EXT. BUS STOP - MOMENTS LATER

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

INT. BHCV MEDIA - EXECUTIVE LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Shane storms towards Szwalinski's office.

SHANE

Shane Smith for Richard.

SECRETARY

Mr. Szalwinski's not--

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

INT. SZALWINSKI'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Shane explodes into the room.

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

SECRETARY

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

SZALWINSKI

Do your goddamn job, Sabrina.

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

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

SHANE

Shane Smith with *The Voice Of Montreal*.

(MORE)

SHANE (CONT'D)

The city's hippest and most influential magazine in the youth demographic--

SZALWINSKI

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

SHANE

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

Szalwinski chuckles. Then stares at him.

Shane realizes his time to pitch has already begun.

SHANE (CONT'D)

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

GREG

(to Szalwinski)
1,500 copies are printed, sir.

SZALWINSKI

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

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

SHANE

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

SZALWINSKI

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

SHANE

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

SZALWINSKI

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

Greg smirks at Shane.

SZALWINSKI (CONT'D)

You're on welfare? I mean, you look poor. Want some advice? Don't beg someone to partner up with you when you look like you should be begging for a handout instead.

(to Greg)

God! "*Of Montreal*". The name sounds so... small. Doesn't that sound small to you?

GREG

Tiny, sir.

SZALWINSKI

(to Shane)

I don't do small, young man.

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

SZALWINSKI (CONT'D)

The next time you try to get my attention, it better be more impressive than kicking in my door with a boner that has my name on it. Because I will use it to skullfuck your welfare collecting ass back to the ghetto where you belong. Do you understand me?

Shane rages. Security steps in behind him.

EXT. BHCV MEDIA HEADQUATERS - DOWNTOWN MONTREAL - DAY

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

For good. He charges right for...

EXT. BUS STOP - CONTINUOUS

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

SHANE

Hey!

REX

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

SHANE

Can you write?

The bus arrives. Shane grabs Rex by the collar.

SHANE (CONT'D)
Doesn't matter.

Shane drags Rex onto the bus.

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

CUT TO:

INT. GAVIN AND SUROOSH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

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

Also a pile of cocaine.

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

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

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

THE VOICE of Montreal

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

He hands Gavin a stack of advertising checks.

SHANE (CONT'D)
No more leash.

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

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

REVEAL - THE STORYBOARD now reads...

The VOICE of Montreal

Vice Magazine is born.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Let's make a magazine, gentlemen.
And do enough coke to take down a
charging rhino.

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

REX

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

Shane hands him an advertising check.

SHANE

Make it out to yourself.

Rex reads the amount.

Rex takes checks now.

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

EPIC MONTAGE OF THE RISE OF VICE MAGAZINE.

1) WELFARE OFFICE - DAY

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

SUROOSH

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

He gives them the finger walking out the door.

2) BAR BIFTEK - NIGHT

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

3) THE VICE APARTMENT - NIGHT

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

SHANE

What about "*The Catholic Girl's
Guide to Getting an Abortion*"?

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

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

4) MONTREAL PARK - DAY

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

GAVIN

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

Shane laughs. Gavin writes what he said down.

5) OUTSIDE THE VICE APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING

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

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

6) SERIES OF SHOTS - DAY

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

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

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

7) BHCV OFFICES - DAY

Amused office workers pass around a copy like a dirty secret.

One person grabs it and strides confidently into a cubicle.

He tosses it on a desk. A woman picks it up and reads it. Revealed to be...

JEN. Shane's ex. Horrified at what she reads. Her eyes water.

8) THE VICE OFFICE - NIGHT

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

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

A beat passes... then...

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

9) OUTSIDE THE VICE OFFICES - EARLY MORNING

More and more issues. And more copies printed with each. *Vice Magazine* is getting bigger.

10) DISTRIBUTION CENTER - DAY

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

11) NEW MONTREAL VICE OFFICES - NIGHT

Small, cramped. But cool. A 10th issue party! The staff celebrates: a debaucherous night of drugs and nudity. The Vice Boys watch from a corner booth. A fight breaks out. Gavin and Suroosh stand up to get a better look.

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

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

END MONTAGE

INT. VICE MONTREAL OFFICE - DAY

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

ON SCREEN: 1998

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

BRENT (O.S.)

Uhm... Gavin?

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

And holds rolls of toilet paper under his arm.

BRENT (CONT'D)

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

GAVIN

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

BRENT

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

GAVIN

Suroosh, did you get paid last issue?

SUROOSH

(without looking up)

I did not get paid last issue.

GAVIN

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

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

GAVIN (CONT'D)

This is a punk zine. Not a corporate gig.

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

GAVIN (CONT'D)

You want a 40k go write for *The Montreal Gazette*. You want to do cool shit, stick with us. We do this for passion, not paychecks. And the occasional diddling of cupcakes from the bagel place.

(re: the toilet paper)

What is that?

BRENT

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

GAVIN
You... *shit*?

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

GAVIN
You think that I *shit*?

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

GAVIN
Are you on drugs?

Brent shakes his head.

GAVIN (CONT'D)
That's your next story. "My Shit On Drugs". The content department would have to approve it first. SUROOSH
Approved.

GAVIN (CONT'D)
Do drugs. A different drug a week. For six weeks. See how each changes your shit.

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

BRENT
Uhm... Gavin?

GAVIN
I'm talking color. Density. Really sink your fingers into it. Get dirty on this one. And get photos!

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

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

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

Gavin enters, eyes locked onto *The Gazette*.

SHANE

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

GAVIN

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

SHANE

Don't they realize that we make them cool? By being with us, they become cool! And these ad design pricks send us the same garbage they send to *Better Homes and Gardens*! We need to change something here. Do something big.

GAVIN

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

SHANE

Make people take us seriously for once! Move to the United States or something. New York City. Brooklyn! I heard rent is cheap there.

GAVIN

Brooklyn can blow me!

Finally gets Shane's attention.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

You know the female ejaculation article from a few issues back? Had the woman's pubic hair on the front cover?

SHANE

What about it?

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

GAVIN

We've been banned on college campuses across Quebec. Most of Canada. We're on the front page of *The Gazette*!

Before Shane can respond, Suroosh enters.

SUROOSH

Gavin. Channel 12's on the phone.

Shane reacts like he's been slapped in the face.

INT. BAR BIFTECK - DAY

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

SHANE

That's one of Szalwinski's
stations, right?

GAVIN

Information normal people don't
know.

(beat)

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

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

SUROOSH

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

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

SHANE

(to Gavin)

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

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

GAVIN

Alright. I'll go.

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

SHANE (PRELAP)

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

CUT TO:

INT. PRINTER - DAY

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

SHANE

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

PRINTER

(Polish accent)

Ok! Ok! But this weigh more. Is
thicker! More boxes. Tell
distributor. Cost more to ship.

Shane steadies himself.

SHANE

Do your goddamn job!

He storms out.

INT. DISTRIBUTOR - DAY

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

DISTRIBUTOR

(thick Haitian accent)

They over there.

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

SHANE

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

DISTRIBUTOR

Checks bounce, asshole!

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

DISTRIBUTOR (CONT'D)

Take these with you!

Shane flips him the finger without turning around.

INT. MONTREAL VICE OFFICE - DAY

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

GAVIN

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

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

BRENT

And this is for the magazine?

GAVIN

Yes?

BRENT

Is this going to make me gay?

GAVIN

Your family priest was right: doing gay stuff doesn't make you gay.

(sarcastic... or is he?)

Homosexuality is not a choice. It's something you're born with. It's beautiful. It's natural.

(touches his head)

It's not up here.

(touches his heart)

It's inside here. In your soul.

(back to regular Gavin)

You got a 50/50 shot. Good luck.

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

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

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

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

GAVIN

Dude!

Shane slams the magazines into a trash can.

SHANE

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

GAVIN

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

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

SHANE

Vice doesn't go smaller!

GAVIN (CONT'D)

Vice shouldn't go to Iowa!

Suroosh steps out from the office.

SUROOSH

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

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

SHANE

We have to find a way around the
printers. And distributors. We have
to run this ourselves. From the ad
designs to printing to everything.
Complete DIY. Do-It-Yourself. Like
what the punk labels do. Like Ian
at Dischord does!

SUROOSH

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

SHANE

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

SUROOSH

Oh, we're going to get paid? When?
We haven't paid the staff in three
months, Shane! We have to figure
out a way to keep them on board or
they're going to walk.

Shane succumbs to his fate. Sits on the curb.

SHANE

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

CUT TO:

INT. MONTREAL VICE OFFICE - NIGHT

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

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

INT. SHANE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

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

SZALWINSKI (O.S.)

(from the television)

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

Shane perks up. Hearing...

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

(from the television)

"'The Internet'."

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

SZALWINSKI (CONT'D)

(from the television)

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

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

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

Shane marches out into the party.

INT. MONTREAL VICE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Shane pulls Gavin away from a girl.

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

Gavin cocks his head. *What?*

SHANE (CONT'D)
 You start shit, and I clean it up.
 That's the deal. Always was.

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

GAVIN
 You're The Deals Guy.

Gavin returns to his girl.

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

Gavin watches him go. Betrayal in his.

SHANE (PRELAP)
This is a perfect example of academic hypocrisy!

CUT TO:

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - DAY

On a studio monitor's live feed...

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

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

Their names appearing on the monitor.

SHANE

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

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

DR. WESLEY GRAY

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

SHANE

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

DR. WESLEY GRAY

"*The Vice Guide to Anal Sex*"? You use sex, not sexuality, to sell magazines.

SHANE

We're a *free* magazine.

DR. WESLEY GRAY

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

SHANE

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

DR. WESLEY GRAY

Mr. Smith, you are obscene--

SHANE

I'm sick of the Boomer generation defining what is and what isn't obscene.

(MORE)

SHANE (CONT'D)

You old farts have no idea what the youth wants, accepts, or thinks, yet you feel this need to constantly speak on our behalf about it. A perfect example of this? Richard Szalwinski--.

JAMIE SOUVIENS

Now, wait one second, Shane--.

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

SHANE

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

JAMIE SOUVIENS

Ok. We're going to break to--

SHANE

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

Shit stops. Dr. Gray stares at him.

JAMIE SOUVIENS

Why would Mr. Szalwinski do that?

CUT TO:

INT. SZALWINSKI'S OFFICE - DAY

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

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

SHANE (O.S.)
 (from the television)
*Because even the dumbest dinosaur
 knew that the other side of the
 meteor was a hell of a lot better
 than being underneath it.*

He turns it off.

EXT. TELEVISION STUDIO - MOMENTS LATER

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

But stops when he runs straight into...

SZALWINSKI
 I believe you and I need to talk.

CUT TO:

INT. AUBERGE SAINT-GABRIEL RESTAURANT - NIGHT

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

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

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

SHANE
 Vice is bullshit across North
 America--

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

Szalwinski pushes his salad away.

SZALWINSKI (CONT'D)
 Sell me the magazine so I can dump
 it into the fucking river.
 (MORE)

SZALWINSKI (CONT'D)

You and your little punk rock friends can go back and do whatever it is you do with money. Shoot it up. Snort it up. Die in an alley somewhere in the name of nihilistic anarchy. I don't give a fuck. I just want you out of my way.

SHANE

It's not about making money.

SZALWINSKI

Everything is about making money, Shane. Just never for you.

Szalwinski pulls his salad back. Starts eating again.

SHANE

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

Szalwinski keeps eating. Doesn't give a shit.

SHANE (CONT'D)

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

Szalwinski still doesn't give a shit.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Carmichael realized that her idea was bigger than Detroit. Bigger than Big Auto. So she took The Dale around the country and showed it to regular everyday people like her. People tired of having doors slammed in their faces. Never getting a chance.

(MORE)

SHANE (CONT'D)

Those people gave her their gas money, ten million dollars total, to create her own company, The 21st Century Car Company, just to scare the shit out of Detroit.

SZALWINSKI

Is this a threat?

SHANE

No, because The Dale wasn't real. It was a cheap plastic chassis mounted on a lawn mower engine held together by bent coat hangers. The Dale wasn't Carmichael's great idea. Her great idea was knowing that people were so tired of being jerked around by powers greater than them, that they would give money to watch someone come along and burn them to the ground - even if they knew it wasn't real. And even more if it were a woman. Geraldine Carmichael was born Gerald... Dean... Michael, a two bit con-artist from Florida who believed in his idea so much that he was willing to sacrifice anything to see it become a reality. To watch Detroit burn. He got a sex change, added "Car" to his last name, and built The Dale out of an old lawn mower engine in his garage. Knowing that it didn't have to start for his idea to work, it just needed to start some shit.

(beat)

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

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

SHANE (CONT'D)

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

Szalwinski thinks about it.

SZALWINSKI
What do you need from me?

Shane smiles.

INT. MONTREAL VICE OFFICE - MORNING

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

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

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

BRENT (CONT'D)
Gavin? Anybody?

WIDE - So dark, so empty.

BRENT (CONT'D)
Hello?

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY

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

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

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

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

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

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

A male voice...

EMERSON (PRELAP)
*We spent the last few weeks looking
over your demographics, polling...*
(MORE)

EMERSON (PRELAP) (CONT'D)
 (Shane and Gavin giggle)
 ...readers.

CUT TO:

INT. BROOKLYN VICE OFFICES - MOMENTS LATER

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

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

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

A content meeting happening in a far back room.

INT. BROOKLYN VICE OFFICES - CONTENT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

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

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

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

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

Shane laughs.

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

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

GAVIN

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

Shane loses it. Gavin follows.

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

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

EMERSON

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

Shane reacts. A jealous flinch.

EMERSON (CONT'D)

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

GAVIN

Is our voice as faggy as yours?

The American Staffers stare at Gavin in shock.

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

Suroosh gathers his things and leaves.

SHANE (PRELAP)

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

CUT TO:

INT. BROOKLYN VICE OFFICES - MOMENTS LATER

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

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

SZALWINSKI (O.S.)
 You're goddamn right it won't
 happen again.

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

SZALWINSKI (FROM THE PHONE) (CONT'D)
 The bigger you get, the more people
 you represent. The people you
 answer to. You represent me now.
 You answer to me. That's the cost
 of success.

Emerson walks out the front door. As...

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

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

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

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

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

INT. BROOKLYN VICE OFFICES - LATER

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

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

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

Shane climbs up onto a desk.

SHANE
 Everybody. Can I get your
 attention, please?

Everyone turns to him.

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

INT. UNION POOL - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

GAVIN

That guy was a twat waffle.

WAITRESS

What's a twat waffle?

GAVIN

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

WAITRESS

You're not doing it right.

She leaves.

GAVIN

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

SHANE

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

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

GAVIN

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

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

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

SUROOSH

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

Shane resets.

SHANE

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

Shane pulls three ring boxes out of his pocket.

SHANE (CONT'D)

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

He places THREE VICE LOGO RINGS on the table.

GAVIN

If words were a blowjob...

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

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

...or each other?

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

GAVIN (CONT'D)

It's showtime.

Gavin rises. Crosses and climbs up on the bar.

GAVIN (CONT'D)
 Brooklyn staffers of Vice Magazine.
 Let's rip this town a new asshole!

The Brooklyn Vice staff cheers.

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

SHANE
 (re: Suroosh's ring)
 Maybe I should have just bought two
 of them, eh?

SUROOSH
 What do you mean?

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

SHANE
 Fucking with you. A joke.

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

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

DISSOLVES TO:

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

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

ON SCREEN: **2005**

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

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

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

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

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

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

INT. MONTREAL VICE OFFICE - WAITING AREA - CONTINUOUS

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

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

WILL
Hi, I'm with--.

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

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

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

Will stammers. *A what?*

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

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

Eli nods - *please do!*

Will takes a photo of the document.

ELI (CONT'D)

Well done, sir.

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

INT. BROOKLYN VICE OFFICES - CONTINUOUS

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

Busy. Busy. Busy.

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

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

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

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

ELI

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

WILL

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

ELI

Dodo.

(beat)

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

(MORE)

ELI (CONT'D)

No one else. Except us.

(beat)

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

WILL

Where's Gav--?

ELI

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

WILL

(eager)

Gavin?

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

ELI

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

Will writes it down. Eli smirks.

ELI (CONT'D)

Let's go in, shall we?

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

INT. SHANE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

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

SHANE

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

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

SHANE (CONT'D)

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

WILL

Mr. Smith, my name is--

SHANE

Eli! Latte.

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

SHANE (CONT'D)

Will, can I get you a latte? We got this machine. It can do any type of coffee. Iced. Hot. Cappuccino, mocha, bullshit. Whatever. Yeah, fuck lattes. Hipster shit.

(to Eli)

Coffee! Black. Like my men!

Eli ducks out.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Ever seen the movie *Airplane!*?

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

WILL

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

SHANE

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

WILL

Uh, I don't know? Yes?

SHANE

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

Will is apoplectic.

WILL

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

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

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

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

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

He drops his duffel bag.

GAVIN

No car at JFK.

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

SHANE

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

Gavin knows better. *Bullshitter.*

WILL

Gavin. Uh, hi. My name is--

GAVIN

(to Will)

Why are you dressed like a high school substitute teacher going through a divorce?

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

SHANE

How was the Paris Fashion Show?

GAVIN

Gay.

Will smirks and writes it down.

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

WILL

Gavin, you revolutionized fashion around the world. The Hipster look is entirely crafted from your Do's and Don't's column in the magazine. How does it feel to be the Millennial's Gianni Versace? Or Twiggy!

GAVIN

Gay.

(to Shane)

Where's Suroosh?

SHANE

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

Will writes that down.

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

GAVIN

(to Will)

You get one question.

WILL

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

GAVIN

Gay.

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

GAVIN (CONT'D)

MTV? A bit small for us, don't you think?

INT. BROOKLYN VICE OFFICES - MOMENTS LATER

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

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

GAVIN
Who are they?

SHANE
Coders.

GAVIN
Why do we need coders?

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

GAVIN
How's that bank account looking?

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

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

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

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

GAVIN (CONT'D)
No more fashion shows. No more
trips. This place changes too much
when I'm gone.

Gavin crosses towards his writers.

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

SHANE

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

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

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

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

MTV EXEC

The reporter gone?

SHANE

Get back to work.

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

The whole thing was a bluff.

INT. FOX NEWS HEADQUARTERS - EXECUTIVE LOBBY - DAY

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

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

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

SHANE

Tell Captain Poopy Pants it's time
to stop his war-profiteering.
Corporate executive lunch meeting.
Starts now.

(beat and a smile)

Hi, Kristen.

KRISTEN/SECRETARY

(flirty)

Hi, Shane.

Kristen buzzes for her boss. Shane leans back and sees Liz.

She quickly diverts her eyes. Hiding her awe of him.

SHANE
 (to Liz)
 What are you doing?

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

SHANE
 Waiting's a power move. Lemme see
 your resume.

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

SHANE (CONT'D)
 Nice briefcase.
 (a beat to read)
 Intel! Squeaky clean computer
 company. Processors and stuff,
 right?

LIZ
 I have an unpaid internship in the
 marketing department.

SHANE
 So you're slave labor.

Liz cocks her head. Offended. But she agrees.

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

LIZ
 (carpe diem)
 To be the biggest--

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

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

He's already out in the hallway.

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

SHANE

(to Liz)

Want some free advice? Don't let them make you wait. If you want to get inside, kick the fucking doors down. Understand?

(re: her resume)

Keeping this.

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

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

INT. SCORES STRIP CLUB - VIP SECTION - DAY

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

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

Stacks of bills everywhere. Everyone listening to Shane.

SHANE

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

TAYLOR

No fucking way!

SHANE

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

Hilarious laughter.

SHANE (CONT'D)

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

DOUCHEBAGS

Holy shit! Ha! Gavin's the best.

SHANE

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

TAYLOR

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

SHANE

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

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

SHANE (CONT'D)

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

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

TAYLOR

That's why they called you Bullshitter Shane Smith!

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

SHANE

What the fuck d'you say?

TAYLOR

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

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

SHANE

What makes sense?

TAYLOR

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

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

SHANE

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

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

TAYLOR

That would make us competitors, Shane.

SHANE

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

TAYLOR

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

SHANE

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

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

TAYLOR

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

SHANE

That's what Richard Szalwinski
thought.

TAYLOR

Who the fuck is Richard
Szalwinski?!

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

Or did he...?

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

BEAU

Wow, Shane. That was... rough.

Shane rubs his eyes.

BEAU (CONT'D)

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

Shane perks up a bit.

BEAU (CONT'D)

But no strong-arming. Kicking down
doors. No threats. You get one shot
at this. This is for real. Ok?

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

BEAU (CONT'D)

And, Shane, do yourself a favor.
Don't bring Gavin.

Beau leaves. Shane stares off...

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. BROOKLYN VICE OFFICES - CONTENT ROOM - DAY

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

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

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

GAVIN

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

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

GAVIN (CONT'D)

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

SUROOSH

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

GAVIN

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

Laughter.

SUROOSH

The movie or the wrestler?

GAVIN

Yes.

More laughter.

SHANE

(no mirth)

What the fuck are we doing?

Laughter stops. All eyes on him.

SUROOSH

Problem, Shane?

Shane shrugs dismissively. *No problem.*

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

GAVIN

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

SUROOSH

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

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

Shane didn't even register it. Gavin stews.

GAVIN

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

SUROOSH

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

GAVIN

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

The room stammers. *Gavin going legit?*

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

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

SUROOSH

(hesitant)

Ok. Reach back out to these guys,
see if something sticks. Shane,
conflicts?

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

SUROOSH (CONT'D)

Shane!

Shane perks up. *What?*

GAVIN

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

SHANE

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

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

SUROOSH

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

SHANE

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

Gets some laughs.

SUROOSH

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

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

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

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

DISSOLVES TO:

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

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

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

STAFFER

Gavin! You coming or what?

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

GAVIN

Check this out.

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

SHANE

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

GAVIN

Find it? I never lost it. Remember how you told the student council we were a Motown cover band! "Gavin Jive and the Ottawa Five" or some shit like that! And they booked us to play the junior prom?

SHANE

The only way we could afford to go.

GAVIN

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

SHANE

So you walked up to the mic...

GAVIN

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

SHANE

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

SHANE AND GAVIN

"...Leatherassbuttfuck!"

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

GAVIN (CONT'D)

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

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

SHANE

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

GAVIN

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

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

SHANE

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

GAVIN

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

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

GAVIN (CONT'D)

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

SHANE

Hipsters ruined the neighborhood.

Gavin chuckles at the irony.

GAVIN

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

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

SHANE

Why'd you do it?

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

SHANE (CONT'D)

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

GAVIN

Because you were cool. And you were going to do it anyway. So I wanted you to remember that I was at your side when you did. Keep the tape.

Gavin turns and disappears into the darkness.

Shane flips the cassette tape around in his fingers.

INT. SHANE'S BROOKLYN APARTMENT - NIGHT

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

BEAU

(from the phone)

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

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

XZIBIT (O.S.)

(from the television)

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

"Dog" howls in appreciated glee.

TIME PASSES - LATER

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

ASHLEE SIMPSON (O.S.)
 (uptalk, vocal rasp)
*I don't know... I'm like... trying
 really hard to make a great
 album... but... like... at the same
 time... party and have fun...*

TIME PASSES - LATER

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

OZZY OSBOURNE (O.S.)
Sharooooooooooooon!

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. VIACOM OFFICES - DAY

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

BEAU
 Holy shit, Shane! I said two weeks!

Shane marches straight for Toffler's office.

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

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. VAN TOFFLER'S OFFICE - DAY

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

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

SHANE

And MTV's cool?

TOFFLER

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

SHANE

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

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

TOFFLER

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

Shane shifts in his seat.

TOFFLER (CONT'D)

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

Toffler rises and casually strolls around his office.

TOFFLER (CONT'D)

The thing that made Vice great is the very thing that holds it back. It's 2005, Shane. We're living on the cusp of the greatest cultural paradigm shift in decades: gay rights and gay marriage, cultural awareness and sensitivity, a renaissance of feminism. We might see an African-American President in our lifetime! These things are starting right now. Vice can't stay young. Vice needs to grow up because... its readers are.

(MORE)

TOFFLER (CONT'D)

And anything that refuses to grow up with them will get left behind. Including Vice. And the next generation? Vice won't be cool to them. Their world will be stupid and absurd enough. The days of the loveable Offensive White Guy is coming to an end. You hurt people, Shane. Vice hurt people. Recognize that. Accept that, and move on. Promising to never do it again. To better things. Bigger things.

(beat)

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

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

SHANE

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

TOFFLER

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

SHANE (CONT'D)

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

TOFFLER

And they will follow the
Millennial and Gen X viewers
when you take them with you
when you...

SHANE (CONT'D)

...go bigger.

Toffler smiles. Exactly.

TOFFLER (V.O.)

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

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

SHANE

Deal.

TOFFLER

Good. Now, let's talk about Gavin.

CUT TO:

INT. BROOKLYN VICE OFFICES - CONTENT ROOM - DAY

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

TOFFLER (V.O.)

*And where a print magazine fits in
the 21st century world of media.*

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

GAVIN

What are you doing?

SHANE

Getting rid of conflicts.

GAVIN

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

SHANE

Early Millennials ride skateboards, don't they?

GAVIN

Not the right way.

Gavin rips the mock-ups away from Shane.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

Cut the bullshit, Shane. Go sell ads or something.

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

The writing staff frozen in shock.

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

GAVIN (CONT'D)

It's because home isn't a place for us, it's the people we're with.

Shane cocks his head - *what?*

GAVIN (CONT'D)

You once asked me why immigrant kids are afraid of being replaced all the time.

SHANE

I forgot about that.

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

SUROOSH

Alright. Good. You're both here.

Gavin hands the omitted story to a shocked writer.

GAVIN

(re: the story)

Get rid of this. And take lunch.

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

SUROOSH

Good to see you assholes, too.
Flight was fine. Thanks for asking.

Suroosh notices Shane and Gavin staring at each other.

SUROOSH (CONT'D)

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

Gavin and Shane relax.

SUROOSH (CONT'D)

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

GAVIN

Yeah.

SUROOSH

Good. Notify legal. I'm sure they'll want video and logged with HR.

(MORE)

SUROOSH (CONT'D)

We don't need one of these redneck pricks to drop a libel lawsuit on us. Montreal staff is flying in for the one hundredth issue party next week. Shane, make sure they have a good time.

GAVIN

We never did pay them.

SHANE

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

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

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

SUROOSH

Shane. What the hell?

SHANE

I have a deal on the table.

CUT TO:

INT. MANHATTAN CENTER - GRAND BALLROOM - NIGHT

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

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

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

TOFFLER

Follow. I want you to meet people.

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

SHANE

Who are these guys?

TOFFLER

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

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

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

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

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

SHANE (PRELAP)

A huge deal. But it doesn't include Gavin.

INT. VIACOM - EDITING ROOM - NIGHT (EARLIER)

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

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

SUROOSH

(appalled at the thought)

He's the Voice of Vice Magazine. We can't just cut him out. We lose him, we lose the staff.

SHANE

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

SUROOSH

(unheard of)

Dissolve the magazine?

SHANE

For a year. Maybe two. Until Vice Network is up and running.

(MORE)

SHANE (CONT'D)

Then we'll be so big we can do what
the fuck we want! How we want!
Nobody controlling us. Answering to
nobody. We'll bring the magazine
and Gavin back in. For a year!
Suroosh, I'll get you your--

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

SHANE (CONT'D)

I'll get you your magazine back.
But right now, this is our last
chance.

SUROOSH

Last chance at what?

SHANE

At doing cool shit, street punk
journalism. Like you always wanted.
What I need to know is: are you
with me on this, or not?

Suroosh contemplates the hardest decision of his life.

INT. VFW HALL - POST 3350 - NIGHT

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

SHANE (V.O.)

We're all he's got.

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

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

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

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

Suroosh dumps his champagne into a potted plant and leaves.

INT. UNION POOL - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

SUROOSH

100 issues, brother.

GAVIN

And despite that we somehow put out a few magazines.

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

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

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

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

SUROOSH

Holy shit. Who brought the fascist Ken dolls?

Gavin seethes at his own oversight.

GAVIN

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

Suroosh deflates.

SUROOSH
Hey man, listen.

Gavin gives Suroosh his full attention.

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

A woman passes by with TWO BEERS.

EXT. UNION POOL - NIGHT

Gavin explodes out. He calls Shane on his phone.

INT. VIACOM - EDITING ROOM - NIGHT

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

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

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

SHANE
It's done. It's perfect.

TOFFLER
It's getting there.

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

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

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

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

SHANE

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

TOFFLER

Shane, we discussed this--...

SHANE

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

TOFFLER

Can I show you something?

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

Shane leans in.

SHANE

What's this?

TOFFLER

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

SHANE

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

That's when Shane hears...

GAVIN (O.S.)

I'm a Western chauvinist.

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

GAVIN (CONT'D)

(from the video)

I love being white, and I think it's something to be proud of. I don't want our culture diluted.

(MORE)

GAVIN (CONT'D)

*We need to close the borders now
and make everyone assimilate to a
Western white, English speaking way
of life.*

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

TOFFLER

Shane, it doesn't matter what they call themselves. How they dress, or how they speak. If they're good people or not. They can water it down until it's flavorless, but bad taste doesn't go anywhere. This is white nationalism. White supremacy. And it has no place in our society. I don't need to meet Gavin to see who he really is. He's telling me.

Shane can't speak, hearing...

GAVIN

(from the video)

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

TOFFLER

Gavin is in the way of many great things for guys like you and me. Lose him, or lose the deal. It's time to make a choice, Shane.

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

INT. UNION POOL - LATE NIGHT

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

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

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

SHANE

Everyone. Get out of here.

They don't budge.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Fucking go.

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

Gavin stays sitting, Shane keeps standing. Staring.

GAVIN

I called you.

SHANE

I was busy.

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

GAVIN

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

SHANE

What the fuck happened to you, man?

Gavin gets apoplectic.

SHANE (CONT'D)

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

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

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

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

SHANE (CONT'D)

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

GAVIN

(like he already knows)
Bit small for you, don't you think?

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

SHANE

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

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

SHANE (CONT'D)

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

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

SHANE (CONT'D)

Your magazine. Your voice.

GAVIN

All by my pretty little self.

SHANE

And your staff.

Gavin's cold eyes lock harder onto Shane.

SHANE (CONT'D)

They go with you, too.

GAVIN

The staff and the magazine go, Shane?

SHANE

And we both get exactly what we always wanted.

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

GAVIN

You're the Deals Guy.

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

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

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

9:55 AM

INT. BROOKLYN VICE OFFICES - MORNING

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

SHANE

(to various staffers)

Guys, seen Suroosh? We were supposed to have met up for something.

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

ELI

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

SHANE

Earlier time? By himself?

ELI

He wasn't alone.

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

ELI (CONT'D)

He's with Gavin.

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

SHANE

(nervous, into the phone)

Hey, Captain Poopy-Pants. Running a little late here. Sorry about--

TOFFLER

(from the phone)

Where the hell are you, Shane!?!

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. VIACOM OFFICES - CONTENT ROOM - DAY

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

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

Toffler seethes secretly into his phone.

TOFFLER
Get your ass here now!

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. BROOKLYN VICE OFFICES - DAY

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

INT. VIACOM OFFICES - DAY

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

INT. VIACOM OFFICES - CONTENT ROOM - DAY

Shane bursts in.

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

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

Shane deflates as we DISSOLVE TO...

INT. BROOKLYN VICE OFFICES - DAY

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

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

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

GAVIN
(re: the video tape)
Ends up the board members didn't appreciate my contribution to the show.

(MORE)

GAVIN (CONT'D)

I guess sex dolls and anal probes aren't their thing. Even I think I went a bit too far with this one. What about you?

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

GAVIN (CONT'D)

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

SHANE

Gavin. Stop.

GAVIN

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

Shane stares down Suroosh. Betrayed.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

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

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

SHANE

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

GAVIN

Call Rex and the whores.

SHANE

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

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

SHANE (CONT'D)

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

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

SHANE (CONT'D)

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

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

GAVIN

Nobody pack a thing.

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

GAVIN (CONT'D)

(to the staff)

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

Gavin picks up his demo video tape from the table.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

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

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

GAVIN (CONT'D)

Who wants to see a one hundred million dollar fuck up?

Gavin pops the tape into a player.

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

Gavin puts his finger on the play button.

SHANE

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

On GAVIN, A moment's hesitation. *An instinct.*

He presses play.

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

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

GAVIN

(from the screens)

*"Hipsters? At least they're not
fucking niggers or Puerto Ricans.
At least they're white."*

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

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

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

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

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

GAVIN (CONT'D)

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

Gavin is now alone on his side of the room.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

Suroosh, man! Say something!

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

SHANE

That's it. Done with you, man.

Gavin staggers. Almost falls over his feet.

GAVIN

I'm the Voice--!

SHANE

Not anymore.

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

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

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

GAVIN

YOU CANNOT REPLACE ME!

SHANE

Of course we can.

Gavin deflates. He leaves.

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

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

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

INT. SHANE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

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

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

SHANE

Now.

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

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

Shane smiles and charges back into the main office.

INT. BROOKLYN VICE OFFICES - CONTINUOUS

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

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

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

SHANE (CONT'D)
 Oh. My bad. Suroosh. Our new
 marketing director, Liz. Former
 intern at Intel. Liz. Suroosh Alvi.

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

SUROOSH
 Shane, what the fuck is going on?

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

Shane marches to the front door.

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

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

SHANE (V.O.)
*Our architect neighbors decided to
 take their staff to Mexico for the
 month. We're going to house-sit.*

Architect Boss snaps the check in his hands. Deal.

INT. ARCHITECTURE OFFICES - DAY

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

He and Liz watch a flurry of manic activity as a sweatshop of Trustafarian hipsters bust their ass to flip the offices into the facade of their own: bubble gum machine, a giant stuffed teddy bear, the espresso machine.

LIZ

(to Shane)

I told everyone to bring two friends to help out or don't come in at all.

SHANE

Good.

The architecture company's front sign covered with a throw cloth. The VICE metal sign that was above the entrance is now being hung on a chain inside by TWO NOODLY-ARM HIPSTERS.

Suroosh arrives.

SUROOSH

Shane! For the love of God, what the hell's going on?

REVEAL - The hipsters are bending coat hangers to make sure it stays up. They let it go. It dangles precariously on the coat hangers, but doesn't fall.

Shane watches with pride, gets the metaphor.

SHANE

(a nuisance)

In two days Intel's marketing department will walk in here thinking they're going to become advertisers with Vice Magazine, but will walk out our partners. Investing in us. In something much, much bigger. And we can't look poor when they show up.

Suroosh cocks his head.

SUROOSH (PRELAP)

Two billion dollars!?!

INT. ARCHITECTURE OFFICES - BACK ROOM - DAY

Shane has pulled Suroosh away from the madness. Liz at their side. Suroosh is ragingly appalled at what he's hearing.

The new Vice office being constructed behind them at a dizzying velocity. Four glass walls in the center of the room. Looks like a giant aquarium. A central meeting space.

SUROOSH

Why does Intel want to give us two billion dollars?

LIZ

They have a new processor. Fastest outside of the military. They want to make it cool. And nobody over there knows how.

SHANE

So they're coming to us.

SUROOSH

That's what this is. Another bullshit bluff to get someone's attention so you can take their money!

SHANE

It's not bullshit, Suroosh. This time it's real.

Movers wheel a LARGE CARGO BOX on a dolly between them. Japanese lettering on the side. Shane watches it pass like it's the birth of his first child.

SHANE (CONT'D)

I had Cara build "a thing".

SUROOSH

Who the hell is Cara!?!

CUT TO:

INT. BROOKLYN VICE OFFICES - DAY

The office is barren. Suroosh and Shane hover over Cara's computer. The only working station still set up. She shows off her master creation.

CARA

We can upload anything we want from anywhere around the world. At anytime.

SHANE

I call it "Viceland". Bought the web address back in the days of Szalwinski.

SUROOSH

Days of Szalwinski? Holy shi--!
(not impressed)

It's a web magazine. So what? They're a dime a dozen these days. Everyone has one. We could have done this without two billion dollars.

SHANE

We run Viceland on Intel's new processor, and it becomes something far bigger than a web magazine.

Suroosh reacts in confusion.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Viceland can handle audio. Video. And not one television channel. Multiple web channels: a news division, sports, entertainment programming, a film production company, a record label, anything we want. Daring, edgy, authentic, in your face, cool shit. Two billion dollars worth of cool shit.

Suroosh reacts. Starting to see the light.

SHANE (CONT'D)

All done right here, in house, by us! We answer to nobody! No conflicts. No distractions. No leashes. We do what we want, how we want. Once we put Intel's processor in Viceland, we get--

SUROOSH

(epiphany)

Vice Magazine. Our own 21st-Century Vice Magazine!

SHANE

It's not Vice Magazine, Suroosh.
It's a fucking Ferrari.

MOVERS pushing the now empty dolly in between them.

MOVER

You're all set, Mr. Smith.

Shane crosses the room to the bathroom. Suroosh follows.
Shane smiles at what he sees.

SUROOSH

How do you know it will work?

REVEAL - A newly installed imported Japanese toilet, just
like the one back in Szalwinski's office - but better.

Shane pushes the handle. It flushes. He smiles.

SHANE

It'll work.

Liz steps in behind them.

LIZ

They're here.

NEW ANGLE - THE FRONT DOOR, The Intel Guys enter. Ivy
leaguers, tightly wound. Guys who would have waited hours to
be rejected as Szalwinski's personal assistant years ago.

Suroosh sighs. Looks at Shane. Nods. *Let's do it.*

Shane looks to Liz.

SHANE

Make them wait.

Liz smiles.

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

The buildings are dark and quiet. To establish...

INT. BROOKLYN VICE OFFICES - NIGHT

The lights are off. Desks are abandoned and bare. Wires
connected to nothing strewn about the room.

Gavin enters. His tail between his legs.

GAVIN

Hello?

No answer. He crosses into the back.

INT. SHANE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Gavin slips in. He takes off his Vice Ring and places it on Shane's desk. JOYOUS LAUGHTER bleeds in from outside.

Gavin's attention goes through a window to the architecture firm across the street. He cups his hands against the glass.

HIS POV - The Vice Staffers in the architecture office across the street. Working late into the night.

Shane and Liz escort the Intel Guys to the front door. Everyone looks extremely pleased with the deal.

They all shake hands and the excited Intel Guys step into waiting limousines and drive away.

The Vice Staff wait, then leap from their desks and celebrate like mad. Shane and Liz embrace in celebration.

Gavin leans away from the glass. *What the fuck?* He looks back. Now he sees...

HIS POV - One staffer isn't celebrating. Still at his desk. Working like a fiend. The staffer looks up directly at him.

It's Suroosh.

Gavin sheepishly waves.

INT. ARCHITECTURE OFFICES - CONTINUOUS

Suroosh looking out the window at the old office across the street. The celebration continues on around him. The old office is too dark, but Suroosh can *feel Gavin there*.

INT. GLASS CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Shane and Liz with Cara in the glass meeting room, going over the plans for the advertising campaign - some of it already done in advance. Someone offers Shane a line of coke. He turns it down. Back to work.

Suroosh approaches. Something's bothering him.

SUROOSH
Shane? Can I have a minute?

CUT TO:

MOMENTS LATER

The muffled celebration continues outside the glass. Shane and Suroosh inside. Separated from joy on all sides.

SHANE
Cara thinks her coding team can have Viceland up in a week--

SUROOSH
How'd Viacom get our footage?

Shane stumbles. *What?*

SUROOSH (CONT'D)
The footage of Gavin at the rally. The watermark said "Property of Viacom". I checked our logs and checked with legal. That video came from us. How'd Viacom get our footage, Shane?

SHANE
I don't know. Maybe they--

SUROOSH
Who connected Gavin with the alt-right guys?

Shane can't respond. Suroosh waits for an answer as...

GAVIN (PRELAP)
A bit off topic, but...

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. BROOKLYN VICE OFFICES - CONTENT ROOM - DAY

Shane stares off into space. The content meeting happening around him following his strip club breakdown. Suroosh on the video feed in war-torn Iraq. Shane's completely detached.

Or is he...? Shane's eyes come alive subtly...

GAVIN (O.S.)
*...these guys reached out to me.
 They don't identify as white
 supremacists. They lack leadership,
 direction-- Purpose.*

Shane's eyes are hiding how pleased he is...

INT. GLASS MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

Suroosh stares coldly at Shane. Shane on the defense.

GAVIN (V.O.)
They treat each other like family.

SUROOSH
 You set him up.

Shane sighs. Not worth defending anymore.

Suroosh looks down on Shane's desk. An office sign already designed by the Vice staff, ready to be hung on his door.

Looks exactly like Szalwinski's office sign. It reads:

**SHANE SMITH
 CEO-VICE MEDIA**

SUROOSH (CONT'D)
 You never wanted a magazine. The Viacom deal. Television or network. You wanted Viceland. Your own media empire. But you knew Intel would never partner up with you if Gavin was at your side. So you had to get rid of him. But you couldn't fire him. The staff would follow him out the door, and then you'd have nothing. So you let him hang himself, and the Viacom deal, to turn the staff against him. So they would take him down for you. The last ten years. *The Voice of Montreal* to get Szalwinski to get to Brooklyn to get Viacom to get rid of Gavin. To get Viceland. To finally sit at the top of your own multimedia empire. You set him up. Didn't you?

The coldest beat imaginable.

SHANE

You're the journalist, Suroosh. You tell me.

SUROOSH

You knocked him down, but he always gets back up. And always will. Until someone brave enough comes around and puts him down for good. That person can't be me. That person has to be you. But I don't think you will. Because in the end, you're weak. You're a fucking coward, Shane Smith.

SHANE

Know your place, Suroosh.

SUROOSH

I'm the Content Guy of *Vice Magazine*. And all its subsidiaries. That includes *Viceland*. And *Vice Media*. I am Vice! That's my place!

He charges to the door.

SHANE

Hey, Suroosh.

Suroosh turns back.

Shane eases himself into his desk. Eyes coldly look up at Suroosh.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Why don't you upload your little Iraq documentary onto my *Viceland* website. Then go make me some more real cool shit. Now that you finally can.

Suroosh needs a beat, pondering who's in charge of who. He doesn't like his conclusion.

Suroosh leaves as Liz slips in. Senses the room's tension.

LIZ

Shane? My friend I was telling you about? Interviewing for the journalist position? She's here.

Shane buries his coldness. Rises to greet his first *Viceland* interviewee with a pleasant and professional smile.

NEW ANGLE - Dainty, shy, curly haired blonde woman (22) with 80's style glasses covering brave, determined eyes enters.

LIZ (CONT'D)

Shane. This is Elle Reeve. Elle.
Shane Smith. CEO of Vice Media.

SHANE

My apologies if you had to wait, Ms
Reeve.

CUT TO:

INT. ARCHITECTURE OFFICES - CONTINUOUS

Suroosh crosses to his desk. Shakes a few hands congratulating him, but he never smiles. He sits, and looks over to Shane.

Inside the glass room, Shane gestures for Elle to have a seat. He sits as well as their interview begins.

Suroosh looks outside. The old office across the street.

INT. BROOKLYN VICE OFFICES - CONTINUOUS

MUSIC: "See A Little Light" by Bob Mould. An optimistic song about growing up from an old punker turned respected singer.

Suroosh looking at Gavin through the Architecture Office window from across the street.

Gavin gets excited. He puts the Vice ring back on. Gives Suroosh the finger. Hoping his friend sees him.

Suroosh rises. Crosses to the window. Waits a beat. Looks at Shane. Then back at Gavin. And shuts the shades.

Cutting Gavin out for good. As Mould's lyrics begins we...

SMASH TO BLACK:

ON SCREEN: *"In August 2017, an anonymous tip gave Vice Reporter Elle Reeve exclusive access to the Charlottesville "Unite The Right" Rally: a gathering of white nationalists, neo-fascists, and alt-righters."*

ON SCREEN: *"Her Emmy and Peabody Award winning documentary 'Charlottesville: Race and Terror' revealed the faces of hate and white supremacy in the United States, and catapulted Vice Media into the upper echelon of respectable news outlets."*

ON SCREEN: *"Gavin McInnis disowned the alt-right group he founded 'The Proud Boys' shortly thereafter."*

ON SCREEN: *"Shane Smith stepped down as CEO of Vice Media the following year. The company was evaluated at over \$10 billion at the time of departure."*

ON SCREEN: *"Suroosh Alvi is still there. And still doing cool shit."*

END CREDITS: