

Napoleon Zuckerberg

Screenplay

by

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FADE IN TO:

A plate of Tater Tots on a cafeteria tray.

Music:

Fall is here, hear the yell
 Back to school, ring the bell
 Brand new shoes, walking blues
 Climb the fence, book and pens
 I can tell that we are gonna be friends
 Half a billion of you, we're gonna be friends...

Camera pans to show second plate of Tater Tots, then pulls back.

INT. CAFETERIA. DAY.

MARK ZUCKERBERG and DEB ALBRIGHT sitting across from each other at a table. Both are in their late teens. He has a longish but kind of shapeless face, with some blond curly hair on top; she is quite pretty, though with a serious look, and dark hair pulled into a pony tail on one side of her head. In front of each is a tray with a plate of Tater Tots and a carton of milk. Other students are around them. MARK and DEB's expressions are tense.

DEB

I think you're a shallow friend.

MARK

What the heck are you even talking about?

DEB

I don't need enhancers to feel good about myself.

MARK

Well, you may look like a thirty-four D, but you're getting all kinds of help from our friends at Victoria's Secret.

DEB

Goodbye, Mark. You'll build a great empire, but you'll end up all alone on an island. Like ... a Napoleon.

She gets up and walks away, leaving MARK sitting at the table, breathing through his mouth.

CUT TO:

INT. MARK'S DORM ROOM. NIGHT.

MARK comes in. His roommate, DUSTIN MOSKOWITZ, is sitting in front of a computer, staring at the screen, and wearing large high-end over-the-ear headphones, moving a little in his chair in time to the music (which is only audible in the slightest way, a tinny leakage from his headphones.) Without looking away from the screen, he speaks to MARK.

DUSTIN

How was your date with Deb?

MARK

Worst night of my life, what do you think? She pretty much hates me now.

(CONTINUED)

DUSTIN

(slips off headphones, but doesn't turn away from screen.)
You could create a Website comparing girls to farm animals.

CUT TO:

EXT. HARVARD YARD. NIGHT.

MARK, with tray of food, standing in Harvard Yard, calling to alpaca.

MARK

Tina, you stupid animal, come and get the food! Tina!

CUT TO:

INT. DORM ROOM. NIGHT.

MARK

That would be like the worst Website ever.

DUSTIN

Like anyone could even know that.

DUSTIN goes back to computer, puts on headphones, sings to self. MARK sits at his own computer.

MARK

Girls only want boyfriends who have great memberships. You know, crew team memberships, a capella chorus memberships, final club memberships.

EDUARDO SAVERIN, another roommate and MARK's best friend, enters. He is Latin-looking and wears a suit.

EDUARDO

Hey Mark. Hey Dustin.

MARK nods at him.

EDUARDO

I heard Deb broke up with you.

MARK

Say it so the whole world can hear.

EDUARDO

I'm sorry. You must be in a lot of pain. Can I do anything for you?

MARK

Will you do me a favor?

EDUARDO

What?

MARK

Can you bring me my chapstick?

EDUARDO

Um...

(CONTINUED)

MARK

But my lips hurt real bad!

EDUARDO

(trying to change the subject)
So, what are you going to do tonight, Mark?

MARK

Whatever I *feel* like I wanna do, gosh!
(Types something on computer.)
What about you?

EDUARDO

We both know I'm getting recruited to join a final club.

MARK

Since when? You have the worst social skills of all time.

EDUARDO

I do?

MARK doesn't respond.

EDUARDO

You know, there's, like, a buttload of clubs at this school. This one club keeps wanting me to join 'cause I'm pretty good at investing.

MARK

(sighs)
Final clubs only want guys who have skills. You know, like nunchaku skills, bow hunting skills, computer hacking skills.

DUSTIN

Computer hacking skills?

There is a loud tone, as if from a download finishing, from DUSTIN's computer. EDUARDO and MARK go over to DUSTIN's computer to see what is going on. Two glamorous female faces are on the screen, under a title, "Would you like to look like this?", and above one that reads "Glamour shots by Deb".)

DUSTIN

(reading off screen)
"Would you like to look like this?"

MARK

These are girls.

DUSTIN

(pointing at faces)
Which one do you think is hotter?

MARK suddenly has an idea ...looks at EDUARDO, who smiles back... Camera zooms in on the two faces on screen..

CUT TO:

INT. ADMINISTRATIVE BOARD MEETING ROOM. DAY.

(CONTINUED)

MARK and EDUARDO, EDUARDO in a shirt buttoned to the neck, MARK in a t-shirt, sit penitently at one end of a conference table. Reverse shot to show adults with authority sitting around the table, looking at MARK and EDUARDO. Directly opposite them is a woman, in late middle age, speaking. Camera pulls back to show MARK's back, then pans down to show that under the chair, he is wearing moon boots.

AD BOARD CHAIRWOMAN:

Look, Eduardo. I don't know how they do things down in Brazil, but here at Harvard, we have a little something called pride. Understand?

Mashing the faces of women for opinion at a Website is like smashing the faces of girls on a piñata. It's a disgrace to you, me, and the entire University.

CUT TO:

EXT. COLLEGE QUAD. DAY.

MARK and EDUARDO have just come out of the Ad Board meeting.

MARK

Frickin' IDIOTS!

EDUARDO

I don't understand. They say...you're not allowed to post pictures of real people you know. But we do it in Brazil all the time. On Orkut.

MARK

Can you still be in a final club?

CUT TO:

INT. PHOENIX CLUB. DAY.

Prospective members, including EDUARDO, in t-shirts and gym shorts stand in front of the PHOENIX CLUB PRESIDENT, who wears a tuxedo.

PHOENIX CLUB PRESIDENT

This is the Phoenix, and if you are accepted for membership, you will join an institution that has developed over two centuries. I need a volunteer.

EDUARDO raises hand.

PHOENIX CLUB PRESIDENT

Okay, you'll do. Come up here. Bow to your President. Bow to your President! Okay. Now I'm gonna give you one chance. One chance, people. Why is it called the statue of the three lies?

EDUARDO

Because the school wasn't founded in 1638, John Harvard wasn't the founder, and it isn't John Harvard.

PRESIDENT

That was pretty good. Now, get ready to get punched. (EDUARDO flinches.)

No, it doesn't mean that. (EDUARDO relaxes.)

(CONTINUED)

Now, in addition to what you just heard, if you are accepted to the club, you'll get introduced to people you wouldn't normally get to meet. You're gonna learn to discipline your image. Do you think I got where I am today dressing in a hoodie and flip-flops? Take a look at what I'm wearing, people. Do you think any girl can resist me in these bad boys? Forget about it. Last off, you will learn about self-respect. Do you think Teddy Roosevelt would have gotten elected President if he wasn't a member of the Phoenix Club?

CUT TO:

INT. CLASSROOM. DAY.

Students, including MARK, are sitting at desks. The PROFESSOR is speaking out of view.

PROFESSOR

So let's look at a sample problem. Suppose we're given a computer with a 16-bit virtual address and a page size of 256 bytes.

While he is speaking, a husky-looking guy behind MARK hands him a note.

PROFESSOR

The system uses one-level page tables, which start at address 0x0400. Maybe you want to have DMA on your 16-bit system, who knows?

MARK unfolds the note and looks at it. It reads, "GIVE ME YOUR TOTS."
MARK sighs in disgust.

CUT TO:

INT. LOCKER ROOM. DAY.

MARK sits opposite three jocks.

ATHLETE #1

Hey, Mark, what'd you do all last summer again?

MARK

I told you, I created an application that Microsoft wanted to buy.

ATHLETE # 1

Did you sell it?

MARK

Heck no. I uploaded it for free, what do you think?

ATHLETE # 2

We were really impressed with Facemash.

MARK

Well, now nobody's gonna go out with me.

ATHLETE # 1

Aren't you pretty good at programming, like, Websites and stuff?

MARK

Yes.
Probably the best that I know of.

(CONTINUED)

ATHLETE # 2

We have a plan for Website that would get a lot of hits.

MARK

I have, like, infinity of those. Well, 22,000 in one night.

ATHLETE # 2

Just build a Website for all the girls at Harvard to conduct their social lives, and give it to them for, like, an apology or something.

MARK

That's a pretty good idea.

CUT TO:

INT. BALLROOM. NIGHT.

A dance is going on. Students are dancing to "Forever Young". EDUARDO is sitting against the wall. MARK comes in, motions him over.

MARK

Are you guys having a killer time?

EDUARDO

Not really.

MARK

Because I've got a killer app.

EDUARDO

What is it?

MARK

A social networking site. Do you think people will join?

EDUARDO

Heck yes. I'd join. If you need to use any of my skills, I can do whatever you want.

MARK

If it works, you can be my CFO or something.

EDUARDO

Sweet.

MARK

It'll be like a final club, but not only could we get into this one, we'd be the presidents. We can name it whatever we want, like after a mythological beast.

EDUARDO

Like the Phoenix?

MARK

Yes. We can call it "The Liger Club".

EDUARDO

What's a liger?

(CONTINUED)

MARK

It's pretty much my favorite animal. It's like a lion and a tiger mixed. Bred for its skills in magic.

EDUARDO

Um, maybe we should call it "theFacebook"...

CUT TO:

INT. CAFETERIA. DAY.

MARK and EDUARDO are sitting at a table. MARK seems exhausted, practically nodding off.

MARK

Have you met any girls lately to ask out?

EDUARDO

Well, don't be jealous that I've been chatting online with babes, all day. But there's this one I IM all the time. Her name's LaFawndah.

MARK

What's she like?

EDUARDO

Well, she has a pretty nice face, but she hasn't shared that many photos with her, and I don't know if she has a boyfriend or not, or if she's looking to date anyone.

MARK is suddenly alert, but lost in thought, so not actually paying any more attention than he was. Suddenly, MARK jumps up and runs out with a sort of twisting motion.

CUT TO:

INT. MARK'S DORM ROOM. EVENING.

MARK is typing away at his computer. DUSTIN is at his own computer. EDUARDO enters, looks at what MARK is doing.

EDUARDO

Wow, that looks really good.

DUSTIN comes over.

DUSTIN

You can say that again.

MARK

Took me, like, three hours to finish the interface on the relationship status feature. It's probably the best programming I've ever done.

DUSTIN

It's like a time machine that you put online. It will take you back to before you got everyone T.O.d.

MARK

Eduardo, you have thirty two percent of the company. Dustin, you'll have a five percent stake.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

INT. WOMEN'S DORM ROOM. DAY.

HARVARD GIRLS are excitedly using Facebook.

MARK (V.O.)

There's a lot more functionality where this came from
if it will rehabilitate my reputation.
Yours truly, Mark Zuckerberg.

CUT TO:

EXT. COLLEGE QUAD. DAY.

EDUARDO, MARK, and DUSTIN, wearing cheaply printed t-shirts that say "Join the Facebook", are handing out flyers that say "Join the Facebook". To each passing student, they are saying "Join the Facebook".

CUT TO:

MONTAGE:

EDUARDO, MARK, and DUSTIN in various academic buildings, at signs of different colleges. They post flyers and slap on stickers saying "Join the Facebook". When they finish, they give each other high fives.

MARK

We're in a hundred schools now.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR NEAR STANFORD. NIGHT.

Stanford students are milling about, drinking and dancing. It's very loud. One STANFORD GIRL is talking to a young man in a designer suit, expensive shirt, and no tie. This is SEAN PARKER.

SEAN

You know, you have...striking features.
Such a soft face should be complimented with a...soft
body.
You stop wishin', and call me when you're ready.

STANFORD GIRL is very impressed. She begins to stammer ...

STANFORD GIRL

Is that a Prada suit?

SEAN

Yes.

STANFORD GIRL

It looks nice.

SEAN

Yeah.

STANFORD GIRL

It looks pretty sweet.
It looks awesome.
That suit, it's--it's incredible.

CUT TO:

INT. STANFORD GIRL'S BEDROOM. MORNING.

(CONTINUED)

SEAN is in bed, waking up. On the wall hangs a pencil drawing of the STANFORD GIRL's face. STANFORD GIRL is cleaning up, doing her morning routine, getting ready to go to class.

STANFORD GIRL:

Did we remember to use...

SEAN

Yeah, my friend offered me his protection.

STANFORD GIRL

Are you a new kid or something?

SEAN

No.

STANFORD GIRL

Are you like someone's cousin with all the sweet hookups?

SEAN

No, you know ... I got a little project... that I might be able to make a little moola with. I'm an entrepreneur.

STANFORD GIRL

Like what company?

SEAN

I founded Napster.

STANFORD GIRL

(impressed!)
You're Shawn Fanning?!

SEAN

No, I'm Sean Parker.
My friends and business partners, they call me "Uncle Sean".

STANFORD GIRL

I thought Shawn Fanning founded Napster. You know, it was called "Napster" because he had short, curly hair...

SEAN

I'm also a company founder.

STANFORD GIRL

I heard you MADE the company founder.

SEAN

Well...

STANFORD GIRL:

I have to go. Help yourself to anything you find. Make yourself a dang quesadilla.

SEAN

Do you mind if I use your guys's computer?

STANFORD GIRL:

Is anything wrong?

(CONTINUED)

SEAN is staring at Facebook on her screen.

SEAN

Is that page yours?

STANFORD GIRL

Yes. A must-have for this season's fashion.

SEAN

It looks pretty sweet.

It looks awesome.

That site ... it's incredible.

CUT TO:

INT. LECTURE HALL. DAY.

Students, including EDUARDO and MARK, on chairs arranged in rows are listening to a speaker who is barely seen.

SPEAKER:

I, uh, would like to give you this advice. And a fella give me some years ago. He said, "When an argument arises...if you go out and get, uh, some good lawyers, you'll calm down and then you can come back and work out a settlement and a non-disclosure agreement. And you'll find that helps your bottom line. And all that time spent negotiating will give you a chance to use the other guys' ideas to develop an application that completely drives them out of the market."

DUSTIN makes his way in, sits with MARK and EDUARDO.

EDUARDO

(whispering, to MARK):

LaFawndah is arriving today.

SPEAKER:

One of you could be the next Bill Gates.

DUSTIN

Who is this talking?

MARK

It's Bill Gates.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUS STATION. DAY.

EDUARDO is waiting for LAFAWNDAH. The bus pulls up, and LAFAWNDAH, an Asian girl, with hair dyed blonde, sexy in mini-skirt, tank top, and high heels, who like all other women in this movie doesn't really get to do anything important, comes down the steps, sees EDUARDO, and squeals with delight. She runs up and embraces him.

CUT TO:

INT. MEN'S ROOM. DAY.

LAFAWNDAH and EDUARDO enter, LAFAWNDAH practically dragging him by the hand, into a stall. Sound of pants unzipping.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

INT. RESTAURANT.

MARK, EDUARDO, LAFAWNDAH, and SEAN are sitting around a table. The restaurant is some kind of Asian-fusion place, very hip.

SEAN

Oh. Man, I wish I could go back in time. Back in '02, I used to be able to pitch the company for a quarter mil. Yeah. If the cash had been put in in the fourth quarter... No doubt in my mind. You better believe things would have been different. We'd have gone public...in a heartbeat. I'd be makin' millions of dollars and... livin' in a... big ol' mansion somewhere. You know, soakin' it up in a hot tub with my soul mate.

EDUARDO

I think you're living too much in '02.

SEAN

With Napster, kids were ripping songs from their CDs and making them available, totally destroying the record industry. Rip, rip ...

The WAITRESS brings various dishes.

SEAN

...rip.
(to WAITRESS) Could you bring us some chopsticks?

WAITRESS

Sure.

SEAN

(resuming)
But those rips hurt real bad.

WAITRESS brings chopsticks.

SEAN

One word of advice. Just tell 'em that...if they join Facebook, all their wildest dreams will come true.

CUT TO:

INT. DORM ROOM. EVENING.

MARK is looking at the Harvard Crimson newspaper. MARK puts down paper, looks hard at EDUARDO.

MARK

I can't have this, Eduardo.

EDUARDO

What?

MARK

The chickens.

CUT TO:

INT. PHOENIX CLUB. EVENING.

Huge logo of the Phoenix Club, a chicken rising out of a fire. PHOENIX CLUB PRESIDENT standing in front of it, in tuxedo.

(CONTINUED)

PHOENIX CLUB PRESIDENT

All week you gotta take care of your chicken.
Sometimes they don't want to cooperate. But you give
'em a good shakin', they'll settle down for ya.

CUT TO:

INT. DORM ROOM. EVENING.

EDUARDO

I got into the Phoenix. As part of my initiation, I
had to, for one week, keep a chicken with me at all
times.

MARK

Did the chicken have large talons?

EDUARDO

I don't understand a word you just said.

MARK

I can't have the company associated with animal
cruelty.

EDUARDO

What about you? Feeding animals to other animals?

CUT TO:

EXT. HARVARD YARD. DAY.

MARK approaches fence with a tray.

MARK

Tina, come get some ham!

CUT TO:

INT. DORM ROOM. EVENING.

MARK

OK, let's just forget it.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING HALL. DAY.

The Happy Hands club is performing to the tune of a song by the
Backstreet Boys, translating the lyrics into sign language. ATHLETE # 3
is looking at something on his laptop. Suddenly, he jumps up and runs
out.

CUT TO:

EXT. TETHERBALL COURT. DAY.

Two ATHLETES are playing very vigorous game of tetherball, in slow
motion, leaping to incredible heights to block each others' shots,
sweating profusely. The string has not wound around the pole at all.
ATHLETE # 3 comes up to the court, carrying newspapers and a laptop, and
they stop, panting.

ATHLETE # 1

It's no use. We're genetically identical.

ATHLETE # 3 hands each one a newspaper, and opens the laptop to show
them the screen, showing Facebook. ATHLETES stare in disbelief.

(CONTINUED)

ATHLETE # 3

It's called theFacebook!

ATHLETE # 1

He stole our idea. And all behind our backs, the coward!

ATHLETE # 2

Call it "too scared to face" book!

ATHLETE # 3

But he built a great site.

ATHLETE # 2

Does that chicken have large talents?

ATHLETE # 1

I don't understand a word you just said.

ATHLETE # 2

We should go to President Summers's office.

ATHLETE # 3

But Summer didn't become President -- she was defeated by Pedro Sanchez - don't you remember?

CUT TO:

INT. COMPUTER LAB. EVENING.

Five COMPUTER SCIENCE STUDENTS are sitting in a row, side-by-side, behind a longish table. In front of each is a computer and a glass of milk. Other students with pitchers of milk stand by. MARK walks behind the CS STUDENTS, looking at their work, nodding. Other students are gathered around, watching excitedly. EDUARDO comes in, baffled. He watches for a moment, then sees DUSTIN on the edge of the crowd, goes up to him.

EDUARDO

What's going on?

DUSTIN

Mark's choosing interns for the Facebook for the summer in California. They have to figure out what's wrong with the machines. For every ten lines of code they write, they have to chug a glass of milk.

One CS STUDENT chugs down a glass of milk. A STUDENT with a pitcher refills it immediately.

MARK

And what's the defect in this one's security?

COMPUTER SCIENCE STUDENT

There's a loophole in its Pix Firewall Emulator's SSL encryption.

MARK nods.

COMPUTER SCIENCE STUDENT

Yes!

MARK advances to next student.

(CONTINUED)

NEXT CS STUDENT

And this looks like some Perl got into its Windows patch.

MARK

Exactly right.

NEXT CS STUDENT

Yes!

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE IN CALIFORNIA. DAY.
MARK is calling EDUARDO.

MARK

Will you just come out to California?

CUT TO:

INT. EDUARDO'S APARTMENT IN NEW YORK. EVENING.
EDUARDO is lying on a bed, exhausted. Next to him is a cake, with "To LaFawndah" written on it.

EDUARDO

What do you need?

INT. HOUSE IN CALIFORNIA. DAY.

MARK

I need you here.

The rest of the scene switches between the house in California and EDUARDO's apartment in New York, as each one speaks.

EDUARDO

I'm really busy right now.

LAFAWNDAH has entered. She sees the cake and looks disgusted. EDUARDO has sat up on the bed and is focused on his conversation with MARK. While he is talking, LAFAWNDAH drops the cake into a garbage can, then lights a match and drops it in. The can flares up into flame.

MARK

(voice on phone)

How are the advertising sales going?

EDUARDO

Well, things are gettin' pretty serious right now. I meet with companies fourteen hours a day. So I guess you could say things are gettin' pretty serious.

MARK

Sean says ...

EDUARDO

Sean's a frickin' idiot. Plus all the drugs and young girls ...

MARK

I didn't know that.

(CONTINUED)

EDUARDO

Looks like there's a lot you don't know about him.
(Pause)
Do you think it's kinda warm in here?

MARK

No. But I'm in California, remember.

EDUARDO

I think it's -- They have the heater on or something.

MARK

It seems pretty good to me. But then, I'm in California.

EDUARDO

You don't feel like your head is burning or -- or anything?

MARK

No. But I'm in California!

EDUARDO notices the fire, turns in panic, distracted from the phone call.

CUT TO:

INT. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE. DAY.
The ATHLETES are talking to an ATTORNEY.

ATHLETE # 1

The cease and desist letter didn't work. We'll have to bring suit.

ATTORNEY

How do you feel about this one? (shows legal papers.)

ATHLETE # 2

It looks nice.

ATHLETE # 1

Yeah. It looks pretty sweet.
It looks awesome.
That suit, it's--it's incredible.

CUT TO:

INT. NEW FACEBOOK OFFICES. DAY.
SEAN and MARK are looking at the new offices. They stand in the doorway of a conference room. On the table in the room is a large cake, decorated with the words "1,000,000 members!"

MARK

This is a nice office.

SEAN

Yeah. It's a pretty suite.

MARK

Yes, it IS pretty sweet.
It looks awesome.
This suite, it's--it's incredible.

(CONTINUED)

EDUARDO comes in, notices SEAN, begins to get angry.

EDUARDO
What are you doing here, Uncle Sean?

SEAN just smiles.

EDUARDO
You don't have to stay here with us. We're not babies.

MARK
I don't mind if you stay.
(To EDUARDO)
So we still feelin' pretty good about this, uh, 32-percent here?

EDUARDO isn't listening. He's glaring at SEAN.

SEAN
I wish you wouldn't look at me like that, Eduardo.

EDUARDO
I wish you'd get out of my life and shut up.

SEAN
I'm gonna tell you somethin' right now. While you're out there playin' patty-cake with advertisers, your Uncle Sean... is raising five-hundred K from Peter Thiel.

EDUARDO
I could make that much money in one summer.

SEAN
Yeah, right.

EDUARDO
I did. I made three hundred thousand on oil futures.

SEAN
(To MARK)
I think we should take this company a little more private.

EDUARDO
Sean, I don't want you here because you've been ruining everybody's lives ...

SEAN hands EDUARDO some papers, including a thin pink one. EDUARDO looks at them in disbelief.

EDUARDO
...and eating up all my stake!

He looks at the papers some more, in rising anger and panic!

SEAN
So, how does the "dealio" sound to you?

EDUARDO
What the flip?
But you gave me thirty two percent!

(CONTINUED)

MARK

No, we gave you a thirty-two piece set. And we threw in the ship model.

SEAN

Can't find my checkbook.
Hope you don't mind I pay you in change.

EDUARDO

Nineteen thousand dollars?
That's, like, a dollar an hour.

SEAN

You know what, Eduardo? You can leave.

EDUARDO

You guys are retarded. I'm not goin' anywhere
...

MARK

Get off my property!

EDUARDO

It's a free country. I can do whatever I want.

MARK

Get off my property, or I'll call security on you.

EDUARDO

Well, then do it. Go on.

MARK

Maybe I will. Gosh!

SEAN

I can provide my own security. I'm training to become a cage fighter.

EDUARDO

You have like the worst reflexes of all time.

SEAN

Oh yeah? Come down here and see what happens if you try and hit me. Let me see what your best move is.

They look at each other a moment, warily, not moving. The elevator dings as the SECURITY MEN arrive. SEAN looks away from EDUARDO, towards the sound, for an instant. EDUARDO gestures as if to punch him. SEAN recoils.

EDUARDO

I like standing next to you. It makes me look so tough.

He walks to the door with the SECURITY MEN. Then turns and looks back.

EDUARDO

Peace out.

(CONTINUED)

He leaves.

MARK and SEAN watch him go, MARK with a little sadness, SEAN with none. MARK goes back to his desk, sits at his computer, puts on his headphones, and disappears into coding. SEAN stays where he is. A pretty female INTERN walks by. SEAN notices her.

SEAN
Hey, you Trisha?

TRISHA
Yeah.

SEAN
You remember me? I'm a friend of your sister's -
sorority sister's. I'm the company's adviser. Uncle
Sean.

TRISHA
Oh. Yeah.

SEAN
Hey, could you do me a favor? Could you take a couple
of these and hand 'em out to your friends or whoever?

He hands her some fliers, and some plastic bags of white powder.

TRISHA
'Kay.

SEAN
You girls give me a call if you feel like you could
use some.
Have a nice day.

CUT TO:

INT. SORORITY HOUSE. NIGHT.

Loud music blares. SEAN sits on a couch with several SORORITY GIRLS, including TRISHA. On a table in front of them are fliers and packets of white powder.

SEAN
(to the SORORITY GIRL sitting next to him)
Now, if you look right here, we have Sally Johnson
from Manitou, Colorado.
Would you like to read her testimonial right there?

SORORITY GIRL
Sure. Um...
"After using Bust Must Plus, I have such big bosoms --
- "
I don't feel comfortable reading this.

ANOTHER SORORITY GIRL giggles and unbuttons her shirt. She lies down on the coffee table and empties a packet of white powder onto her chest, rubbing it in.

SEAN
Oh, that's fine. That's fine.
But do you feel comfortable with me?

He leans over her. Suddenly, there is a sound of slamming car doors, and a barking dog. The music stops. The door opens, and a POLICE OFFICER

(CONTINUED)

stands there, with a German Shepherd. He shines a flashlight towards SEAN and the SORORITY GIRLS on the couch, then down to the one on the table, who is trying to dust the white powder off her chest.

SEAN

It's not what you think! It's just herbal enhancement!

CUT TO:

EXT. POLICE STATION. NIGHT.
SEAN is on his mobile phone.

SEAN

It's just herbal enhancement!

CUT TO:

INT. BAR. NIGHT.

MARK, laptop open in front of him, browser open to Facebook, listening on his own mobile phone. He has no expression.

CLOSEUP OF MARK'S FACE, as we go into his imagination, there is the sound of a crowd.

CUT TO:

INT. AUDITORIUM STAGE. DAY.

In front of a huge screen with the ConnectU logo, ATHLETES. One of them is finishing a speech.

ATHLETE # 1

So we think ConnectU will be the greatest social networking site ever.
And now we will have a demonstration of the functionalities of ConnectU with members of our very own crew team.

Loud cheers.

CUT TO:

INT. WINGS OF STAGE. MARK stands, nervous, with VENTURE CAPITALIST.

V.C.

You're up next. You'd better be as good as Steve Jobs.

INT. STAGE.
MARK comes on.

MARK

Hello. I don't have much to say. But I think it would be good to expand membership to everyone, not just students. We have a great FFA schedule lined up - that's Future Farmvillers of America.
And if you join Facebook ... (long pause) ... all my wildest dreams will come true.

Huge cheers, as MARK stands there, panting a little, taking it all in. View of cheering audience from MARK'S POV, with dazzling lights and

(CONTINUED)

flashbulbs making it hard to see the members clapping in slow motion. But among them we can, just barely, make out EDUARDO, smiling, and DEB, also smiling ... as the sound echoes in MARK's mind ...

CUT TO:

INT. BAR. NIGHT.

MARK is still sitting alone at a table, his back to the wall, looking at his laptop, expressionless. Two YOUNG WOMEN, dressed to go out in short, low cut dresses, come up to him, look at him from across the table, shy and star-struck but excited.

GIRL:

You're Mark Zuckerberg, aren't you!?

MARK looks up, tiredly and sadly. You would think he would be incredibly excited to have these girls talking to him. Wasn't this what it was all about? But he isn't. Their body language suggests that they expect to be asked to sit down, at least. Who knows what else. But they quickly realize that it's not going to happen.

MARK

Yes.

He goes back to his laptop. The GIRLS look at each other, shrug with their faces - "I guess not! What can you do?" and get ready to walk away. But one says, enthusiastically

GIRL:

Thank you for creating Facebook.

MARK nods, goes back to his laptop.

OTHER GIRL:

We think you're really dynamite.

MARK looks up for just a moment, then back to the computer. The GIRLS wait one more moment for a reaction, then leave.

Camera comes around MARK so we can see what he's looking at. It's a Facebook page for DEB. There is a large photograph of her in which she is smiling. Reverse shot of MARK's face, illuminated by the laptop screen's glow. MARK begins to sing softly:

MARK

Sure the World Wide Web is great
But you, you make me "salvivate"
Yes, I love technology
But not as much as you, you see
But I still love technology
Always and forever ...

CUT TO CREDITS.

WWW.
STOLER.
INFO