

WeCrashed

"You, My Friend, Are Full Of Crap"

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"WeCrashed: The Rise And Fall of WeWork"

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**INT. SKADDEN ARPS - SECRETARIAL AREA - MORNING**

A SECRETARY stands waiting, clutching a notepad and pen, tense, alert, her eyes glued to --

A GLASS-WALLED CONFERENCE ROOM.

Inside, SIX DISTINGUISHED-LOOKING MEN, all white, all in their 60s and 70s, are engaged in intense conversation.

**SUPER: Tuesday, September 24, 2019**

They seem to reach some sort of resolution. Heads nod. One of the distinguished men gestures for the secretary to come in.

**INT. SKADDEN ARPS - CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

The secretary hurries in. The atmosphere is funereal.

DISTINGUISHED MAN 1  
We're ready to vote.

She nods, pen poised over notepad.

DISTINGUISHED MAN 1 (CONT'D)  
Is there a motion for Tom's presentation?

DISTINGUISHED MAN 2  
So moved.

DISTINGUISHED MAN 1  
Is there a second?

DISTINGUISHED MAN 3  
Second.

DISTINGUISHED MAN 1  
Properly moved and seconded. All in favor please signify by saying 'Aye.'

ALL THE DISTINGUISHED MEN  
Aye.

DISTINGUISHED MAN 1  
Any opposed?  
(silence)  
The motion is passed.  
(then, to secretary)  
Call his office and have him get down here. Tell them it's urgent.

**INT. WEWORKS HEADQUARTERS - OUTSIDE ADAM'S OFFICE - SAME**

A giant, gleaming modern glass cube. A very well-stocked bar. Flatscreen TVs. Video game consoles. And it's EMPTY.

Right outside, TWO ASSISTANTS are at their standing desks, both on the phone. Their eyes are locked on each other.

ASSISTANT #1  
(into phone, stalling)  
...I'm going to pull him out of  
this meeting right now...

Assistant #2 shakes her head vigorously 'no,' silently mouths --

ASSISTANT #2  
Not picking up!

ASSISTANT #1  
(covers phone)  
Get Esther over there!  
(back to call)  
Yes, I understand it's urgent. Yes.  
Ok. Yes. Thank you.

He hangs up as Assistant #2 frantically speed-dials a number.

ASSISTANT #1 (CONT'D)  
(sudden flicker of panic)  
He's in the country, right?

**INT. DARK BEDROOM - MORNING**

A door cracks open quietly, letting in a sliver of light.

THREE HOUSEKEEPERS creep into the room.

One slowly opens the curtains. Carefully, so they don't make a sound. Late-morning sunlight shines in, revealing --

A SUMPTUOUS MASTER BEDROOM SUITE. Fit for a king and queen.

ADAM NEUMANN, 40, lies sprawled in bed. He groans.

Another housekeeper gently sets down a BREAKFAST TRAY.

The final housekeeper kneels beside the bed. She holds a BONG up to Adam's face. She flicks a lighter over the bowl.

Adam, eyes still closed, places his mouth on the bong and INHALES without lifting his head from the pillow.

The gurgle of the bong becomes --

**INT. SKADDEN ARPS - CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING**

-- the sound of a Keurig coffee-machine brewing. When it's finished, Distinguished Man 1 takes his cup of coffee, sips it, black, and rejoins the others at the conference table.

SECRETARY

His office said he'll be here soon.

The distinguished men wait, frowning.

**INT. WEWORK HEADQUARTERS - OUTSIDE ADAM'S OFFICE - MORNING**

Both Assistants, panicked, juggle calls.

ASSISTANT #1

(into phone)

I know the plane is in the hangar, but can you just double-check that he's not sleeping in it? I'll hold.

ASSISTANT #2

(into phone)

Go in. Go inside.

(listens, then loses it)

Because this is what the Third Assistant does, Esther! I did much weirder shit when I was Third!

**INT. ADAM AND REBEKAH'S GRAMERCY PENTHOUSE - STAIRS - MORNING**

Adam limps down the grand spiral staircase of a palatial three-floor penthouse apartment.

He's exceedingly tall, exceedingly handsome, and exceedingly hung-over. Shirtless, shoeless, wearing skinny black jeans, his long, wavy, rockstar-Jesus hair hangs in his face.

**INT. ADAM AND REBEKAH'S GRAMERCY PENTHOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING**

REBEKAH PALTROW NEUMANN, impossibly fit, dressed in bohemian-billionaire style, surveys the kitchen with her CONTRACTOR.

REBEKAH

I don't know. I just feel...

She scrunches herself up like she's in a tight, confined space.

The Contractor looks around the massive, industrial-sized KITCHEN with its aircraft-carrier-sized kitchen island.

CONTRACTOR  
It's feeling claustrophobic.

REBEKAH  
What if we open up that wall --  
(gesturing vaguely)  
-- and add a second island?

CONTRACTOR  
(trying to hide his glee)  
We could do that.

Adam shuffles into the kitchen.

REBEKAH  
(matter-of-factly)  
You're not wearing a shirt.

Adam glances down. She's right. He calls off into the house.

ADAM  
(thick Israeli accent)  
Can someone grab me a shirt?

**INT. SKADDEN ARPS - CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING**

The distinguished men wait, their frowns deeper.

**EXT. ADAM AND REBEKAH'S GRAMERCY PENTHOUSE - MORNING**

Rebekah and Adam, wearing a t-shirt but still shoeless, exit their building. A DRIVER opens the rear door of a MAYBACH.

A TWENTY-SOMETHING WOMAN spots them, hits 'dial' on her phone.

TWENTY-SOMETHING WOMAN  
(into phone)  
I have him.  
(to Adam)  
Mr. Neumann.

ADAM  
Who are you?

TWENTY-SOMETHING WOMAN  
Esther.  
(off his blank stare)  
Your Third Assistant.

He fake-smiles, brushes past her. She holds up her phone.

TWENTY-SOMETHING WOMAN/ESTHER

I have Ben on the line. He says  
it's urgent.

ADAM

Ben isn't good for my hangover.

They get into the car. Desperate, Esther tries to hand the phone to the Driver, who shakes his head, avoiding it like it's radioactive and quickly gets in.

Esther watches helplessly as the Maybach pulls into traffic.

**INT. MAYBACH - MOVING - MORNING**

Katy Perry's ROAR blasts at teeth-rattling volume. Adam sits slouched in the backseat, eyes closed behind his sunglasses.

**INT. SKADDEN ARPS - CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING**

The pin-drop silence of the conference room. Distinguished Man 2 gets up. Pours himself a glass of ice water. CLINK of ice cubes. He returns to his seat and resumes the wait. \*

PRE-LAP: The DING of an elevator.

**INT. WEWORK HEADQUARTERS - RECEPTION AREA - MORNING**

An elevator door opens and Adam and Rebekah exit into a reception area. She strides purposefully. He's hunched over, still wearing his sunglasses.

The RECEPTIONIST spots them. Quickly hits a button on a console on her desk. Katy Perry's ROAR blasts from the office's sound system. \*

In front of the massive WeWork logo, Adam and Rebekah kiss and part ways.

**INT. WEWORK HEADQUARTERS - REBEKAH'S OFFICE - MORNING**

REBEKAH'S ASSISTANT sits at Rebekah's desk. She's got Rebekah's black desktop phone disassembled in front of her. She's painting the phone white by painting each of its parts. She glances up, a deer in the headlights look on her face, as Rebekah sweeps into the office.

REBEKAH

(hands her her smartphone)  
Do this one next.

She heads into her private bathroom.

REBEKAH (CONT'D)  
I'm going to change for yoga.

REBEKAH'S ASSISTANT  
(finally finds her voice)  
Wait!

Rebekah pauses in the bathroom doorway, peers out at her assistant, unaccustomed to being spoken to in this way.

REBEKAH'S ASSISTANT (CONT'D) \*  
You should read this.

She holds up a Wall Street Journal. Off Rebekah's confusion --

**INT. WEWORK HEADQUARTERS - OUTSIDE ADAM'S OFFICE - MORNING**

Assistant #1 stands waiting at his desk. He tenses as Adam approaches.

Adam hands him his smartphone and heads into his office. Assistant #1 quickly plugs the dead phone into a charger, grabs two copies of the Wall Street Journal, and follows.

ADAM  
(annoyed)  
What?

ASSISTANT #1  
The Board called an emergency meeting.

ADAM  
What?! Why didn't you get me??

Assistant #1 is about to say something, thinks better of it, stops himself. Instead, he hands Adam a Wall Street Journal.

Adam flings it on the couch.

Assistant #1 anticipated this, already has the second copy ready. He holds it out to Adam.

ASSISTANT #1  
Front page. It's about you.

Adam looks confused. He grabs the Journal. Scans the front page. Reacts. Pales.

ADAM  
Get Rebekah.

Adam charges into his private office bathroom.

**INT. WEWORK HEADQUARTERS - ADAM'S OFFICE - BATHROOM - MORNING**

He whips off his sunglasses and looks at himself in the mirror. His eyes are bloodshot with dark circles under them.

He starts SLAPPING HIMSELF VIOLENTLY IN THE FACE.

ADAM

Pull it together pull it together  
pull it together pull it together --

**INT. WEWORK HEADQUARTERS - BULLPEN - MORNING**

Employees slowly rise from their desks and stare slack-jawed.

Everyone can see through the office's glass walls directly into the bathroom. They watch Adam slap and yell at himself.

**INT. WEWORK HEADQUARTERS - ADAM'S OFFICE - BATHROOM - MORNING**

Adam is still slapping himself in the face.

ADAM

Pull it together pull it together  
pull it together pull it together --

REBEKAH (O.S.)

Oh, for god's sake! Your door is  
wide open!

Rebekah rushes in, closing the door behind her, putting something down on the bathroom counter with a CLINK.

ADAM

FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK --

CUT TO:

**INT. WEWORK HEADQUARTERS - BULLPEN - MORNING**

Employees are still staring. From behind the closed door --

ADAM (O.S.)

(muffled)

FUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUCK!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

A VERY TALL MAN -- taller even than Adam -- races into Adam's office. He knocks on the bathroom door.



**INT. WEWORK HEADQUARTERS - ADAM'S OFFICE - BATHROOM - MORNING**

Rebekah is trying to calm him. The door opens a crack.

MAN  
(quiet, tentative)  
Is he alright -- ?

Rebekah turns to see the very tall man looming awkwardly in the doorway. This is MIGUEL MCELVEY, Adam's partner and cofounder -- and the tallest person you might never notice.

REBEKAH  
Everything's fine, Miguel. Can you  
give us a minute?

Without a word, Miguel slowly withdraws, closing the door.

REBEKAH (CONT'D)  
Take it easy. It's okay.

Adam pulls away from Rebekah, shaking his head violently.

ADAM  
No, it's not. Not after that  
article. The Board will pull the  
IPO.

REBEKAH  
Okay. So we postpone it.

ADAM  
We can't postpone the IPO! Our life  
depends on it!

REBEKAH  
Oh Adam, stop! Our life doesn't  
depend on an IPO!

ADAM  
We've taken out 380 million against  
the shares! We are 380 million  
dollars in debt!

Rebekah takes this in. She grows very still.

REBEKAH  
And if we IPO?

ADAM  
(incredulous)  
If we IPO?

REBEKAH

If we IPO.

He shakes his head, what's the point in saying this?

ADAM

(quiet)

If we IPO, we're billionaires.

REBEKAH

Then you'll convince the Board to move forward.

ADAM

There's no way.

REBEKAH

You're going to find a way.

She stands in front of him. He looks skeptical.

REBEKAH (CONT'D)

The Wall Street Journal just anointed you. They ran a front page story on you because you're changing the world and that scares them.

(then)

You're a king. And they always come for the king.

Something kindles behind his eyes. A fire. Ignited by her.

REBEKAH (CONT'D)

Here, take this.

She picks up what she put down on the counter earlier with a 'clink.' It's a shot glass. But it's not filled with alcohol. It's filled with CAVIAR.

Adam shoots the caviar shot.

REBEKAH (CONT'D)

Feel better?

(off his nod)

Good.

**INT. OFFICE BUILDING - LATER**

Adam and Rebekah enter the art deco lobby and approach the security desk. Assistant #2 is waiting for them.

ASSISTANT #2  
(to security)  
They're pre-cleared.

**INT. ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER**

Adam, Rebekah and Assistant #2 ride up in silence.

**INT. SKADDEN ARPS - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS**

Adam and Rebekah follow Assistant #2 through a gleaming lobby and down a long hallway. Passing LAWYERS, PARALEGALS, INTERNS all steal glances at Adam like he's a rock star. They turn a corner to find --

The glass-walled conference room. Inside, the six distinguished men. WeWork's Board of Directors. Waiting.

Adam pauses. Collects himself. Rebekah leans in, whispers.

REBEKAH  
Show them who's king.

As Adam pushes open the sleek glass conference room doors --

PRE-LAP: The JINGLE of a shopkeeper's bell.

MATCH CUT TO:

Adam, 30, dressed in a \$20 H&M button-down and a \$5 Target tie -- and wearing shoes -- walks through the jingling door of a small children's clothing store, a poster tucked under his arm.

**SUPER: TEN YEARS EARLIER**

MOS: Adam greets a THIRTY-SOMETHING MOTHER rocking her BABY on her shoulder. He approaches the STORE OWNERS, an older couple, at the front counter.

**INT. CHILDREN'S CLOTHING STORE - MOMENTS LATER**

In the back area of the store, Adam, 30, sits across from store owners. They look very uncomfortable.

Adam motions to someone off-camera, urgent, *come here*. The Husband and Wife store owners glance at each other.

Adam motions again, impatient -- *COME HERE*.

STORE OWNER WIFE \*  
We really don't need to see a demo. \*

Adam smiles and holds up a "one minute," then walks over to -- \*  
A BABY ON THE FLOOR WEARING A ONESIE WITH THICK KNEE PADS. He \*  
motions for the baby to crawl toward him. \*

A poster of crying babies rests on an easel. It reads:

**KRAWLERS:** *"Just Because They Don't Tell You, Doesn't Mean  
They Don't Hurt."*

ADAM  
(stern, as if to a dog)  
Baby! Baby! Come to me, Baby. Come.

The baby stares up at him, afraid.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
(warning)  
Babyyyyyyyyyy...

ADAM (PRE-LAP) (CONT'D)  
This has the opportunity to disrupt  
the fashion industry...

**INT. WINDOWLESS OFFICE - DAY**

Adam sits across from a JUNIOR DEPARTMENT-STORE BUYER. \*

ADAM \*  
...and put your competitors... on \*  
*their heels.* \*

Adam signals to a SHOE MODEL who walks back and forth in high  
heels, "cringing" in pain. She limps to a chair, sits, bends  
down, and SNAPS one of the heels closed.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
A collapsible heel... for the woman  
on the go.

The Junior Buyer is intrigued. Adam smiles. The Model tries  
to close the other heel. But it's stuck. Adam vamps.

ADAM (CONT'D) \*  
Because you shouldn't have to \*  
sacrifice style for comfort... \*

The Model uses both hands, puts her full body-weight into it.  
She lets out little grunts. The Junior Buyer looks concerned.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
 (reaching over)  
 Must be -- stuck --

The heel finally SNAPS CLOSED, SEVERING THE TIP OF HER FINGER.

BLOOD SPURTS across papers on the Junior Buyer's desk.

MODEL  
 FUUUUUUUUU --

**INT. ADAM'S APARTMENT BUILDING - LOBBY - NIGHT**

Adam, carrying a plastic bag, passes some TWENTY-SOMETHINGS heading out for the night. He gives them a friendly wave. They barely notice him.

**INT. ADAM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Adam enters his small apartment. He doesn't close the front door behind him. He sits down on the couch, opens the plastic bag, takes out a Cup O'Noodles. Eyes it unhappily. Glances out the open door. \*

He puts the Cup O'Noodles back in the plastic bag, gets up, and heads back out the door, closing it behind him. \*

**INT. ADAM'S APARTMENT BUILDING - LOBBY - NIGHT**

Adam stands at the elevators with his bag. Like he just walked in. \*

A DELIVERY MAN enters with a bag of food. He waits beside Adam.

The elevator DINGS. A TENANT gets off. Adam gets on the elevator and holds the door while the Other Tenant pays for his delivery. \*

OTHER TENANT  
 Thanks.

**INT. ADAM'S APARTMENT BUILDING - ELEVATOR - NIGHT**

They ride in silence. Adam holds up his plastic bag. \*

ADAM  
 Big Friday night.

The Other Tenant smiles, holds up his Chinese delivery.

OTHER TENANT  
Yeah, right?

A beat, then:

ADAM  
You want to have a drink? \*

The Other Tenant looks surprised and a little uncomfortable. \*

OTHER TENANT  
(tries to be polite) \*  
Oh, thanks but I just got my food -- \*

ADAM  
Bring it!

OTHER TENANT  
Where?

ADAM  
To my apartment!

OTHER TENANT  
You want me to have a drink in your  
apartment?

ADAM  
Is that so weird?

OTHER TENANT  
In New York City? Yeah, a little.

DING. Adam's floor. He gets out. He holds the elevator.

ADAM  
I'm from Tel Aviv and there it's \*  
not weird at all. Live a little. \*

**INT. ADAM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

The door opens and Adam and the Other Tenant enter. Adam \*  
heads into the kitchen and opens the refrigerator.

ADAM  
Shit. I thought I had a six-pack.

OTHER TENANT  
Oh, I have some Heineken in my  
fridge. I can run upstairs...

Adam emerges from the kitchen holding two plates. He takes  
the bag of Chinese food from the Other Tenant.

ADAM

That would be awesome.

Adam puts the plates down on the coffee table and starts opening the Chinese containers. The Other Tenant is surprised. Didn't realize he was sharing his food.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Do you want soy sauce?

OTHER TENANT

Oh. Uh, sure.

ADAM

Grab some while you're upstairs.

**INT. ADAM'S APARTMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT**

Empty bottles of beer and food containers litter the table. Adam sits on his futon, lit only by an open laptop.

CLOSE ON THE LAPTOP SCREEN: a Powerpoint slide titled "ENTREPRENEURSHIP 103: Pitch Deck Presentation."

The rest of the slide is blank. He glances around the room at the stacks of collapsible-heel and onesie boxes. Surrounded by failure. Wracking his brain for a new idea.

**QUICK CUTS:**

-- Adam sits alone, the oldest student in a city college classroom. He's in an aisle seat, TWO MASSIVE ROLLING SUITCASES parked next to him. He watches the other students, sitting together, laughing, whispering to each other.

-- Adam rolls the two suitcases down a crowded city street.

-- Adam, in another department store buyer's office, unzips the suitcases to reveal dozens of women's heels and the KRAWLERS poster. A RECEPTIONIST hangs up the phone.

RECEPTIONIST

I'm sorry, Mark's afternoon got shuffled around...

-- Adam, sweating, rolls the suitcases down another street. One of the wheels jams and Adam has to drag the suitcase.

-- Adam lugs his suitcases into the apartment. He leaves the door wide open behind him. He unzips the suitcases, unpacks packages of Krawler onesies. He collapses onto his futon.

-- LATER. Laptop open. Staring at the screen. The same  
Powerpoint slide titled "ENTREPRENEURSHIP 103: Pitch Deck  
Presentation." Still blank. \*

-- TWO CONCERNED WOMEN NEIGHBORS holding bags of groceries  
and bottles of wine peek their head in Adam's open door. He  
waves and motions them to come in. They glance at each other. \*

**INT. ADAM'S APARTMENT - LATER** \*

Two empty bottles of the neighbors' wine on the coffee table. \*  
Adam sits alone in the dark lit only by his laptop. The screen  
is still blank.

He glances over at the door, now closed. His wheels turning.

He begins to type. Slowly at first. Then with greater  
urgency. We don't see what he's writing, but he's INSPIRED.

**INT. BARUCH COLLEGE - LECTURE HALL - DAY**

Adam, wearing his only dress shirt and tie, addresses the class.

His laptop is connected to a screen behind him, projecting a  
Powerpoint slide filled with charts and graphs.

ADAM

You just graduated. You have your  
fancy Baruch degree. You scored your  
first job. What are you making? \*

(he points to a chart) \*

The starting salary for a college  
graduate in New York City is \$41,000. \*

After taxes, that number is \$29,000. \*

Not too bad, right? So, where are we \*

going to live? Well, the median annual \*

rent for a one-bedroom in the city is \*

\$38,000. So forget a one-bedroom. A \*

studio is \$32,000. Okay, forget \*

Manhattan. How about Park Slope? Nope.

Maybe you take the PATH from Hoboken?

His classmates trade looks. He's got their attention. He  
clicks an ALUMNI "JUDGE", TONY, 30, taking notes. Adam clicks \*  
to the next slide: a photo of the Staten Island ferry.

ADAM (CONT'D)

...Or the ferry from Staten Island?

One of his classmates GASPS. The rest of the class laughs.



ADAM (CONT'D)

Now, imagine living in the *city*. In a modern building with *all the amenities*. For a *fraction of the cost*.

He clicks to the next slide: a small but stylish bedroom with a knockout view of the Empire State Building. Classmates lean forward in their seats. Even the alumni judge Tony perks up.

ADAM (CONT'D)

I'm talking about communal living. Shared spaces. Shared expenses.

Adam clicks through slides. Pics of hip, stylish twenty-somethings hanging out in communal living rooms, communal kitchens, cooking together, socializing, drinking, laughing.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Shared experiences. Shared memories. Shared lives. Welcome to...

He clicks to the final slide, with the business's name...

ADAM (CONT'D)

Common Room.

The class is silent. \*

PROFESSOR

Guys, you're the V.C.'s, jump in. \*

CLASSMATE 1

That sounds...

Adam grins, anticipating the inevitable praise.

CLASSMATE 1 (CONT'D)

...terrible.

Adam's face falls.

CLASSMATE 2

It sounds like a dorm.

ADAM

Yes. Exactly. Thank you.

CLASSMATE 2

I'm going to college so I can get a job so I can make money so I don't have to live in a dorm.

CLASSMATE 3

Who cleans the bathrooms?

ADAM

You and the other residents. It's your bathroom.

CLASSMATE 2

So it's actually worse than a dorm.

ADAM

No, I don't think you're getting --

CLASSMATE 4

Someone beat you to the idea.

ADAM

Who?

CLASSMATE 4

My parents. I live at home. I share a kitchen, a bathroom, and a "common room," except we call it a "living room." It's terrible. If anyone hears of anything, email me.

ADAM

I appreciate everyone's feedback. But I was pitching to an audience of one.

(locks eyes with the  
Alumni Judge)

Mr. Silvestro, your firm has invested over \$300 million in real estate-related start-ups. I know you see this.

TONY

Congratulations.

(Adam starts to smile)

You've mastered the first principle of entrepreneurship: "fail fast."

ADAM

What? No. There are one and a half million single people in New York. If even a fraction --

TONY

(gestures to the class)

The market has spoken.

Adam burns.

TONY (CONT'D)

How many times have you pitched to a V.C.?

ADAM  
... This is my first.

TONY  
We look at thousands of business plans a year. And we invest in less than 1%. So the odds are better than getting hit by lightning, but worse than getting into Harvard. Five times worse. And none of us got into Harvard.

The Class laughs. Adam fumes as he grabs his computer, forgetting that it's still attached to the projector. He fumbles with it.

TONY (CONT'D)  
Okay, who else thinks they rode in here on a unicorn?

Adam takes his seat. We PUSH closer on Adam, cheeks burning, deflated, stewing.

ADAM (PRE-LAP)  
Jobs. Gates. Zuckerberg...

**INT. ADAM'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER**

Adam holds court. A HALF-DOZEN NEIGHBORS are crammed in. Chinese Food Guy and the Concerned Couple are there, along with a few new faces. The apartment door is open.

ADAM  
They figured out you don't get anywhere by sitting in a classroom.

One of the new faces chimes in.

NEW NEIGHBOR 1  
Actually, earnings increase with every degree. Statistically, a PhD earns more than a Master's, which earns more than a Bachelor's, etc.

ADAM  
The point is, I dropped out. And now life is my classroom.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
You what?

The Model from the collapsible heel debacle stands in the doorway. Her name is ADI. She looks around at the odd assemblage. Adam, chagrined, hops up and crosses over to her.

ADAM

I'm not going to get where I need to go by studying entrepreneurship in a classroom.

ADI

And how are you going to get where you "need to go?"

(gestures at the group)

By hosting mixers? I can't see my floor! I want all of this shit out of here. \*

She waves at stacks of collapsible-heel boxes and onesies. \*

She grabs a beer bottle off of Adam's laptop. \*

ADI (CONT'D) \*

And my laptop is not a coaster. I \*

want everyone out of here. Now. \*

She heads to her room and slams the door. Everyone is quiet. \*

MAN'S VOICE (O.C.) \*

I can get you cheap office space. \*

Adam glances over to -- MIGUEL MCKELVEY. He's been sitting there the entire time. One of the "new faces."

MIGUEL

In my building. In Brooklyn.

ADAM

That would be great --

MIGUEL

Miguel.

ADAM

That would be great. Miguel.

Miguel smiles, happy to help. Adam grabs beer bottles.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Let's head up to the roof and maybe order a few more pizzas? No mushrooms.

NEW NEIGHBOR 2

(pulling out phone)

On it.

**INT. BROOKLYN OFFICE BUILDING - EMPTY FLOOR - DAY**

Adam and Miguel stand in the center of a massive empty floor. Large windows let in lots of natural light. Adam marvels.

\*  
\*

MIGUEL

Jobs. Gates. Zuckerberg. Neumann.

\*  
\*

Adam's eyes are on fire. He surveys his new domain.

\*

ADAM

This is where it begins. Where Krawlers takes over the world.

MIGUEL

Don't you want to see it first?

Adam turns to him, confused -- "Isn't this it?"

MIGUEL (CONT'D)

Come on.

He leads a confused Adam across the vast space to a door. Miguel motions for Adam to do the honors. Adam opens it to REVEAL -- a tiny, dingy, windowless supply closet.

Miguel sees Adam's disappointment. Tries to cheer him up.

MIGUEL (CONT'D)

Larry and Sergey started Google in a garage. Bezos started at a Starbucks. You'll be the world's first billionaire to start in a supply closet. It makes for a great story.

ADAM

I don't want to be a billionaire.  
(then)  
I want to be a trillionaire.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Miguel laughs. Adam does not. Miguel's smile fades. He looks at Adam a little differently. Is this guy serious?

**INT. BROOKLYN OFFICE BUILDING - SUPPLY CLOSET - DAY**

Adam sits at an Ikea desk. A single Krawlers poster is tacked to the wall. He's looking at a spreadsheet when there's a KNOCK on the open door. A diminutive 60-something SECRETARY pokes her head in.

\*  
\*

SECRETARY

Hi, I'm from Anderson. The leasing company.

\*  
\*  
\*

(MORE)

**SECRETARY (CONT'D)**

I left a few messages, so I figured  
I'd pop by and check in, make sure  
you're alive, haha.

(hands him an invoice)

You're past due for three months.  
Have a super day!

She leaves. Adam drums his fingers on the desk. Thinking.

He flips over the spreadsheet. Starts writing with a Sharpie.

CLOSE ON PAPER: Adam scrawls **ROOFTOP PA--**

CUT TO:

**INT. ADAM'S APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY**

A TWENTY-SOMETHING TENANT returns from walking his dog. As he goes to unlock his door, his face twists into a quizzical expression. He reaches out to grab --

-- A FLYER taped to his door.

**ROOFTOP PARTY**

THIS SATURDAY TONIGHT

DJ + MODELS

Everything Provided (BYOB)

(\$20 door charge)

**EXT. ADAM'S APARTMENT BUILDING - ROOFTOP - NIGHT**

A surprisingly-crowded rooftop party. Hip hop blasts.

A SLIGHTLY ODD MIX OF TENANTS, old and young, socialize for the first time. Adam, inexplicably shirtless, stands by the entrance with Adi. He takes twenty dollars from a neighbor.

ADAM

Have a blast!

ADI

(shouts over music)

*Maybe you should be a party  
planner!*

ADAM

(laughs, shouts back)

*I'm an entrepreneur!*

YOUNG WOMAN (O.C.)  
*I have an idea for you!*

A YOUNG WOMAN brushes past him.

YOUNG WOMAN (CONT'D)  
*Invent something with two arm-holes  
 and a neck-hole that covers your  
 upper body!*  
 (then)  
*The rest of us are at armpit level!*

She moves off through the crowd. Adam sniffs his underarm.

ADAM  
*Who is that?*

ADI  
*I don't know any of these people.  
 Because I'm a normal person.*

ADAM  
*I'm going to get her number!*

He heads off, following the Young Woman.

MAN'S VOICE (O.C.)  
 I'm a normal person, too.

PAN TO REVEAL MIGUEL HAS BEEN STANDING THERE THE ENTIRE TIME.

ADI  
 Good to hear. Excuse me.

Adi walks off and joins her friends. Miguel stands there by himself. He half-waves to no one in particular.

**INT. ADAM'S APARTMENT BUILDING - ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER**

Adam steps onto the packed elevator. The Young Woman is tucked in the back.

ADAM  
 Hello.

She flashes a perfunctory smile. Not interested.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
 I didn't catch your name.

Everyone turns their attention to this exchange.

YOUNG WOMAN

Am I going to tell a shirtless stranger who followed me onto an elevator my name? I am not.

ADAM

I'm Adam Neumann. It's my party. See? I'm not a stranger anymore.

YOUNG WOMAN

You're still shirtless.

DING. Ground floor. The elevator doors open. Everyone shuffles out, including the Young Woman. MORE PARTYGOERS get on, but Adam holds the door and shouts after her.

ADAM

Would you go on a date with me if I promised to wear a shirt?

YOUNG WOMAN

(over her shoulder)  
I'm not dating, thanks!

ADAM

Are you eating? We could have dinner and you could tell me why you're not dating.

The Young Woman hurries across the lobby.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Can you at least tell me who brought you to the party?

She's gone. The new partygoers stare at Adam. He's still holding the door. It CHIMES a warning. Adam lets go of the door. He turns to the other people on the elevator.

ADAM (CONT'D)

She's falling in love. She just doesn't know it yet.

**INT. YOGA STUDIO - A FEW DAYS LATER**

The Young Woman teaches an advanced yoga class. She helps a fit, UPPER EAST SIDE MOM find her pose. But the Young Woman is distracted, can't help glancing at something off-camera.

YOUNG WOMAN

Transition into Warrior 3... That's it... And breathe...



REVEAL ADAM in the back row, struggling mightily to hold the pose. He smiles at her. She closes her eyes and breathes...

CUT TO:

LATER.

Everyone sits in savasana, eyes closed. The Young Woman sits up front, also with her eyes closed.

YOUNG WOMAN (CONT'D)  
... Even though you're each on your own mat, together you've created a community of positivity...

Adam opens an eye, looks around. People are nodding along with their eyes closed.

YOUNG WOMAN (CONT'D)  
And you are going to leave here and bring that community of positivity out into the street so that everyone you see today will feel the warmth that we feel in this room, and without even meaning to, you'll make their day shinier. So, thank you -- and namaste.

CLASS  
Namaste.

Everyone opens their eyes.

YOUNG WOMAN  
As always, this class is donation-only. If you have a few dollars, thank you. If you have a recipe you love, I also thank you. And if you have nothing, I thank you, but maybe a little less.

People laugh as they get to their feet. Students thank the Young Woman and drop dollars in a donation bowl. Adam lingers.

ADAM  
Hello, Rebekah.

THE YOUNG WOMAN/REBEKAH  
You're a stalker.

She starts folding blankets and arranging them on a shelf.

ADAM

Talk to me for one minute. Andrew told you I'm a good guy. Right?

REBEKAH

(stops, sighs)

Ok. What do you want to talk about?

ADAM

I just went through 90 minutes of hell to ask you on a date.

REBEKAH

Feel free to put a donation in the bowl. Namaste.

She bows, then walks away. Adam stares after her.

**INT. VEGAN GROCERY STORE - DAY**

A CASHIER rings up Rebekah. She suddenly feels someone looming behind her. She turns and sees ADAM. She reacts.

ADAM

You shop here, too? What a small city!

REBEKAH

You shop here? Seventy blocks from where you live?

ADAM

It's worth the trek.

The Cashier finishes bagging Rebekah's groceries and hands them to her. Adam places his basket on the counter.

REBEKAH

And you came here to buy... a single apple?

ADAM

I like my produce fresh.

The Cashier rings up the apple.

CASHIER

\$2.49.

ADAM

For an apple?!

**EXT. VEGAN GROCERY STORE - DAY**

Rebekah heads down the street. Adam catches up to her.

ADAM

Go on a date with me. I just paid  
\$2.49 for an apple.

REBEKAH

I hope it's worth it.

ADAM

For a date with you, anything is.

She stops. Looks at him. He is handsome. And persistent.

REBEKAH

A drink.

ADAM

I love drinks.

REBEKAH

Singular. One drink.

ADAM

I love one drink.

**INT. ALLEN & DELANCEY - NIGHT**

A dark, candlelit speakeasy vibe. Rebekah is signing a check, annoyed. Adam enters, spots her, rushes over, sits down.

ADAM

I'm so sorry I'm late.

She scribbles in the tip, signs her name. She stands.

REBEKAH

You hound me for a date for two weeks  
and then you're 45 minutes late?

Adam puts his hand on her arm, gently. She glares at him.

ADAM

You are right. I am so so sorry.  
Today was insane. Which I know is  
no excuse. Please. I'll explain.

She sits. Stares at him. Icy. Waiting.

ADAM (CONT'D)

I was closing a deal -- a very,  
very big deal --

(off her icy stare)

I have my own company...

(still icy)

I'm disrupting the childwear  
industry.

(still icy)

I don't know if Andrew told you,  
I'm an entrepreneur...

REBEKAH

You told everyone at the party.

She watches him. It's unnerving. For the first time since we met him, Adam looks uncomfortable. Maybe even a bit insecure.

REBEKAH (CONT'D)

I'm going to finish this glass of  
wine that I paid...

(checks bill)

...twenty-two dollars for. And then  
I'm going to leave.

She sips her wine. He glances at her nervously.

ADAM

Fair enough. Do you mind if I have  
a drink while you finish that?

She shrugs. He signals the WAITER.

WAITER

What may I get for you, sir?

ADAM

I'll have a Manhattan.

(to Rebekah)

We're in Manhattan, right?

She's stone-faced. The Waiter leaves.

They sit in silence. Adam picks up the menu.

ADAM (CONT'D)

You came all the way down here from  
the Upper East Side. So, before you  
storm out of here and trek all the  
way across town... what if we have  
a bite to eat?

(glances quickly at the menu)

Huh.

(MORE)

ADAM (CONT'D)

The appetizers sound better than the entrees. What if we just share a couple of appetizers?

REBEKAH

I'm a serious vegan.

ADAM

A "serious" vegan?

REBEKAH

My cousin, Gwyneth, has a wellness company and I'm writing a column on humane farming for their blog.

ADAM

Gwyneth... as in Paltrow?

REBEKAH

(rolls her eyes)

Yes, and I've met Ben and Chris and Brad. She's just a person.

ADAM

She's very pretty.

REBEKAH

(pointed)

She's very smart.

Adam glances back at the menu.

ADAM

Well, I'm a health nut. I don't put anything impure in my body. My body is the temple.

Mangled that expression. She won't quit staring at him. It's getting intolerable. Sweat beads on his forehead.

REBEKAH

You're sweating.

ADAM

You're making me nervous.

REBEKAH

Bullshit.

He reacts, *what the fuck is wrong with her?*

ADAM

'Bullshit'?

REBEKAH

You, my friend, are full of crap.  
Every word out of your mouth since  
you sat down has been a lie.

She says it matter-of-factly.

REBEKAH (CONT'D)

You're sweating because you biked  
here. Your pants are wrinkled where  
you stuffed them into your socks.

He looks down at his wrinkled pant legs.

REBEKAH (CONT'D)

You're not a "health nut." You're a  
chain-smoker. Your fingertips are  
stained and you reek of smoke.

He looks at his fingertips.

REBEKAH (CONT'D)

You only want to order appetizers  
because you're broke. And  
finally... you're not late because  
you closed a big deal. You're late  
because you're an asshole.

He looks like a hermit crab that's been pulled from its  
shell. The charming, gregarious facade melts away. His eyes  
turn cold. Hard. Vulnerability turning to something darker.

ADAM

What about you?

REBEKAH

What about me?

ADAM

A yoga instructor? You're going to  
make the world a brighter, shinier  
place? Talk about being full of  
shit. I saw how much money you made  
at the end of your class.

REBEKAH

The donation box? The Yogi takes  
all that. I'm 'training,' so I get  
paid *one dollar* per student.

\*

ADAM

Like a stripper.

They stare at each other. It's tense.

ADAM (CONT'D)

You're never going to make any real money that way.

The waiter arrives with Adam's drink, sets it down.

REBEKAH

Your company is never going to succeed.

WAITER

(reacts, quickly exits)  
I'll bring the check.

Adam downs his drink in one long swallow.

REBEKAH

Baby clothes? Really?

ADAM

You know what there's a lot of in the world? Babies. And you know what babies always need? Clothes.

REBEKAH

What do you know about baby clothes? And more importantly, why do you care?

They stare at each other, neither talking. The Waiter drops the check and walks off. The tension between them persists -- a smoldering intensity -- "is it on?"

ADAM

You want to get out of here?

REBEKAH

What?! Absolutely not!

ADAM

I thought you gave me a look.

REBEKAH

I definitely didn't.

Adam shrugs, then:

ADAM

I forgot my wallet.

Rebekah opens her purse and takes out a credit card.

CUT TO:

**INT. YOGA STUDIO - THE NEXT DAY**

Mid-class. Rebekah adjusts a middle-aged woman's pose.

REBEKAH

Good... Now melt into the floor.

As she moves through the rows, making small adjustments, the door opens and Adam enters. She braces for a confrontation.

But he walks right past her without a word, through the middle of class, to the door at that back. Everyone stares.

He opens the door and strides into --

**INT. YOGA STUDIO - BACK OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

Seated in the cramped office is a slight, middle-aged YOGI in shorts and a bandana. He's slurping udon noodles from a broth and stops mid-slurp to see Adam looming in the door.

ADAM

You don't fool me, man.

He towers over the Yogi. Rebekah rushes in.

REBEKAH

Adam, what are you doing?

YOGI

Is there a problem, Rebekah?

\*

ADAM

Yea, there's a problem. The problem is, I see you. Under all the namaste and incense and buddha statues, you're just a bullshitter. Maybe you can bullshit a bunch of Upper East Side housewives, but you can't bullshit me. I went on your website. Eight classes a day plus t-shirts and over-priced water...? You're making good money, man. And you're making really good money because you pretend your instructors are still students, so you pay them like interns. But here's what's going to happen. Instead of paying Rebekah one dollar per student, she's going to keep the donations and pay you one dollar per student.

Rebekah's eyes go wide.



YOGI

(then, to Rebekah)  
Rebekah, technically you shouldn't  
be making anything!

ADAM

Or... I'll stake her in her own  
studio. We'll take every single one  
of your "students." They'll come  
because we'll pay them. And because  
your customers are here for her --

(points to Rebekah)

-- and not you, we'll take every  
single one of your customers as  
well.

(beat)

I'm an entrepreneur. I live for  
disruption.

(then)

Change your business model or I'll  
destroy your business.

Adam walks out. He stops at Rebekah.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Thanks for the drink.

He starts to go. She grabs his arm. He looks down at her  
hand. Then up at her eyes. They burn into him.

SMASH CUT TO:

Adam and Rebekah have passionate sex against the wall of her  
apartment. She kisses him desperately. A hunger there.

**INT. REBEKAH'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

They lie in bed.

REBEKAH

You grew up on a kibbutz?  
Seriously? I didn't know that was  
even a thing anymore. What was it  
like?

ADAM

It was like... summer camp in  
America. It was... perfect. Except  
for one thing...

REBEKAH

What's that?

ADAM

I wanted a pair of Nike Air Force Ones. A pair of Air Force Ones and my life would've been complete.

She laughs.

ADAM (CONT'D)

How about you?

REBEKAH

Well, I definitely would never describe my childhood as "perfect." A pair of Air Force Ones certainly wouldn't have solved anything. But eventually I decided to take control of my own life. I spent some time in India. Learned some things about myself. About the world.

ADAM

... And? What did you learn?

REBEKAH

How to win the game of life.

He waits for more.

ADAM

So?? How do you win the game of life?

REBEKAH

You won't get it.

ADAM

I won't get it?

REBEKAH

Nope.

He SUDDENLY JUMPS her, tickling her mercilessly.

ADAM

Tell me how to win the game of life!!!!!!!

**INT. BROOKLYN OFFICE BUILDING - EMPTY FLOOR - DAY**

Adam and Miguel eat lunch on the floor outside his supply closet-office. Adam has barely touched his Big Mac.

ADAM  
What are we doing?

Miguel looks at his vegan chickpea sandwich.

MIGUEL  
Eating lunch?

ADAM  
No. I mean with our *lives*. We're  
not winning the game of life.

MIGUEL  
(confused)  
The board game?

ADAM  
The game of life. The person who dies  
in a room with the most people wins.

MIGUEL  
Like in a fire?

Adam looks frustrated, like he's not getting something right.

BACK TO ADAM AND  
REBEKAH LYING IN  
BED:

REBEKAH  
(laughing)  
No, no, that's not what I said. I  
said --

CUT BACK TO ADAM  
AND MIGUEL:

ADAM  
The person who, at the end, is  
surrounded by the most loved ones,  
the most family and friends, who  
created the largest impact on the  
world, and is connected to  
something greater than themselves,  
that person wins the game of life.

MIGUEL  
Well, yeah, that's kinda obvious, right?

ADAM  
It blew my mind off.  
(then)  
What if we do the same thing here  
that I did in my building?

Miguel looks around the large, empty space.

MIGUEL

You want to throw a party?

ADAM

When I first got here, no one in my building was friendly. Wouldn't even look at you in the elevator. I said to Adi, 'who doesn't want to know their neighbors? Who lives like that?' And she said 'New Yorkers.' And she was right. But look at my building now. Everyone is social. Everyone knows each other. Everyone is friends. What if we did the same thing here? What if we created a community here?

Miguel still doesn't follow. Adam gets up.

MIGUEL

Where are you going?

ADAM

Come on.

**INT. BROOKLYN OFFICE BUILDING - LANDLORD'S OFFICE - DAY**

Adam and Miguel sit across from JOSH, 50s, Brooklyn born.

JOSH

A co-work space.

ADAM

A place where entrepreneurs and small businesses can rent offices, share services, and most importantly, dream big.

JOSH

I know what a co-work space is! You're late on your rent every month! You've been here three months and you've been late three times. For a shitty eighty square foot supply closet! And now you want me to give you a whole floor?? You run -- I'm sorry to say this -- a really dumb idea for a children's clothing company! You don't know anything about real estate!

MIGUEL

(mumbles)

I have a degree in architecture.

ADAM

(to Josh)

You don't know anything about real estate! Do you know how I know? Because if you did, you wouldn't have empty floors!

JOSH

Get out.

ADAM

Think about it.

Adam exits. Miguel is still sitting there. Josh gives him a look. Miguel sheepishly smiles, gets up, and leaves.

**INT. BROOKLYN OFFICE BUILDING - VARIOUS**

**RAPID FIRE MONTAGE:**

-- Josh butters his bagel in the break room. He senses someone behind him, turns to find Adam looming over him. He's startled, then Adam breaks into a smile and starts in again on his spiel.

-- Josh comes around a corner to find Adam standing there, already waiting for him. He immediately jumps into his pitch.

-- Outside of the bathroom. By the mailboxes. In the stairwell. Like the killer in a horror film, ADAM IS ALWAYS THERE.

-- Night. Josh steps into the elevator, leaving for the day. He pushes the down button and idly pulls out his phone. Just as the doors are about to close, a HAND reaches in. The doors open, REVEALING Adam and Miguel.

JOSH

Fine! Fine! Just, fine!

ADAM

This is the best decision you've ever made.

JOSH

Show me your business plan first thing in the morning and I'll talk to my partners.

(exhausted)

(MORE)

JOSH (CONT'D)

Maybe there's something there, I  
don't know.

The elevator doors open.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Don't follow me home.

He exits. Adam and Miguel remain behind. The doors close.

ADAM

We'll just ride up and come back  
down again, but that was excellent.

MIGUEL

Do we have a business plan?

ADAM

We do not.

MIGUEL

We've been hounding him for weeks.  
You have nothing?

ADAM

My strength is sales, Miguel.  
(pleased with himself)  
And I just closed him.

MIGUEL

None of it matters if we have  
nothing to show him tomorrow.

ADAM

One word: all-nighter.

**INT. MIGUEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Miguel pounds Red Bulls, types furiously on his computer.

MIGUEL

(calling out)  
I'm ordering food. Want anything?

We assume he's talking to Adam, but instead we --

REVEAL MIGUEL'S STONED ROOMMATE playing a first-person  
shooter, uninterested.

MIGUEL'S ROOMMATE

I would do Twizzlers.

\*

The **SCREEN SPLITS REVEALING:**

**INT. ADAM'S APARTMENT - SAME**

Adam is in bed, ASLEEP. Rebekah sleeps next to him.

On Miguel's side, Miguel works feverishly, COMPLETING A RIDICULOUS NUMBER OF TASKS AT HYPERSPEED:

-- Writing the business plan; walking past his roommate to grab food delivery; drafting floor-plans; creating a website; brainstorming business names on a notepad, crossing out name after name; going to Kinko's in the middle of the night to print out the business plan.

*ON THE OTHER HALF OF THE SPLIT-SCREEN:*

We see Adam's night also in HYPERSPEED:

-- Adam motionless for long stretches; changes positions; fidgets; spooning Rebekah; Rebekah spooning him.

**BACK ON MIGUEL'S SIDE:**

The sun rises. Miguel gathers all of the materials he created and races out the door.

On Adam's side, he wakes up, hops out of bed, uses the bathroom -- then goes back to sleep.

Miguel hops on a Citi-bike and weaves through traffic.

Adam finally wakes. He kisses Rebekah, throws on a t-shirt and a pair of converse, and walks out the door.

Miguel bursts into the Josh's office, out of breath.

JOSH

Are you okay?

A beat later, Adam walks in and the split-screen ENDS. Miguel hands Adam the business plan.

This is it... The moment we've been waiting for... The birth of WeWork...

Adam dramatically slams it down on Josh's desk --

REVEALING THE COMPANY LOGO OF --

**GREEN DESK**

**INT. BROOKLYN OFFICE BUILDING - GREEN DESK - DAY**

Adam shows Rebekah the space. It's the same empty floor we've seen, save for a handmade sign that reads "Green Desk."  
Miguel makes adjustments to a floor plan on a foldout table.

REBEKAH

Great energy.

ADAM

Right?? I wanted you to see it first to pick out your office.

Miguel looks up, surprised. "Rebekah needs an office?"

ADAM (CONT'D)

We'll start tours tomorrow.

MIGUEL

Tours of what? We don't even have desks.

ADAM

We're not selling desks, Miguel.

REBEKAH

We're selling an experience.

MIGUEL

"We?"

ADAM

A lifestyle.

REBEKAH

A community.

MIGUEL

But can we agree that desks would help?

ADAM

A two desk pod is about 80 x 60.  
(then, to Miguel)  
Lie down.

MIGUEL

What? On the ground?

ADAM

Rebekah, lie down by his feet.

They both look confused, but relent. They lie down on the floor.



Adam grabs a roll of masking tape and lays tape down, using Miguel's body as the 'length' and Rebekah's as the 'width.'

ADAM (CONT'D)

A two desk pod is a Miguel by a  
Rebekah!

Miguel glances over at Rebekah on the floor. He double-takes.  
She's wearing an engagement ring.

MIGUEL

Are you engaged?

REBEKAH

(sits up, beaming)

Yes.

Rebekah stands up. Miguel looks shocked, confused.

MIGUEL

(sits up, to Adam)

Did you know this?

ADAM

I proposed last night. It was our  
four-week anniversary. I would have  
done it sooner, but she's very  
traditional.

Adam grabs Rebekah and pulls her into an embrace. They kiss.

Miguel stands. They're still kissing. He can't decide if it's  
ruder to walk away or to stay. He decides to stay.

He stands there awkwardly as the kiss becomes more and more  
passionate.

**INT. BROOKLYN OFFICE BUILDING - GREEN DESK - THE NEXT DAY**

Adam and Miguel lead a PROSPECTIVE TENANT on a tour past the  
masking tape outlines of hallways, offices, and desks.

ADAM

... This building actually used to  
be a chocolate factory in the 20s.  
If you inhale deep enough, you can  
still smell the cocoa, right...?

PROSPECTIVE TENANT

So the masking tape is the desks?

ADAM

Yes, exactly.

PROSPECTIVE TENANT  
What kind of desks?

MIGUEL  
(heads off)  
Let me find the brochure.

ADAM  
Oh, here's my favorite part...

He leads the Prospective Tenant to a few taped-off squares.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
We're putting in a standup arcade there. Full custom bar there. All complimentary. Kombucha during the day, happy hour every night.

Adam can see the Prospective Tenant is unimpressed. Adam grows quiet for a moment. Thoughtful.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
If you're looking for an office to punch in and punch out, this isn't for you. I want you to turn your two-desk pod into a whole floor. I want you to meet your wife here. I want you to get shit-faced over there and come in the next day at noon. I want you to read an article from our newsletter that gives you an idea for a new strategy. I want you to meet a new business partner over a game of beer pong. And I want you to not be afraid to fail.

The Tenant stares at the now empty space. Miguel returns with the desk brochures. Adam subtly waves him off.

PROSPECTIVE TENANT  
Can I put down a deposit?

Adam looks at Miguel and smiles.

**INT. OFFICE BUILDING - GREEN DESK - A MONTH LATER**

It's bustling. TENANTS working, collaborating, socializing.

Adam stands in the center of the space. Smiling. Green Desk is working. It's a success.

And then -- EVERYTHING SUDDENLY SPEEDS UP AROUND HIM.

-- Tenants flitting around at hyper-speed; the sun rising, setting, and rising again outside the cathedral windows; the kombucha tap opening, then closing; the hip Edison-bulb lights turning on, turning off, and turning on again.

Over and over again as a YEAR passes.

CLOSE ON ADAM'S FACE. His smile slowly fades. A look of disconnection -- discontentment? -- flickers across his face.

**INT. NOBU - NIGHT**

Adam stares off, lost in thought. Rebekah sits across from him. She's looking at him strangely.

REBEKAH

Adam?

He glances up, realizes A WAITER is waiting for his order.

ADAM

Sorry. I'll have, uh --

He trails off. He's staring across the restaurant again. Rebekah turns in her seat to follow his gaze.

ADAM (CONT'D)

I'll be right back.

Rebekah watches him stride across the restaurant and approach a table of WALL STREET TYPES. They don't notice him at first.

ADAM (CONT'D)

My idea worked. A version of it, anyway.

(they glance over at him,  
he addresses one of them)

You were the judge for our business competition at Baruch.

He's right. One of the Wall Street Types is Tony, the ALUMNI JUDGE, from his entrepreneurship class.

TONY

Oh, right. Sorry, that was awhile ago.

ADAM

You told me to "fail fast." I didn't take that advice.

(then, boasting)

I started a company. I made \$200,000 last year.

Tony takes this in. Lets out a low whistle.

TONY

Wow, congrats. 200,000...?  
That's what my secretary made.  
Before her bonus.

The Wall Street guys all crack up. Adam burns as he heads back. He strides past his table and beckons to Rebekah.

ADAM

Come on.

Rebekah looks confused. Adam is out the door.

**EXT. NOBU - NIGHT**

Adam heads down the street. Rebekah catches up to him.

REBEKAH

Talk to me.

ADAM

I shouldn't have gone over there...

REBEKAH

Hey. Look at me.

Adam meets her gaze.

REBEKAH (CONT'D)

You have no idea how powerful you are. Look what you've accomplished in one year.

ADAM

I make as much as his secretary.

REBEKAH

That's a well-paid secretary.

ADAM

I've accomplished shit.

Rebekah considers.

REBEKAH

You know what I think? You're bigger than Brooklyn.

**INT. OFFICE BUILDING - LANDLORD'S OFFICE - DAY**

Photos of empty office buildings are scattered on Josh's desk. Adam is pitching, energized. Miguel unfurls blueprints.

ADAM

154 Grand. A block off Broadway.  
Walking distance to the farmers  
market, tons of restaurants --

JOSH

You're talking Manhattan.

Adam nods, *yea*.

JOSH (CONT'D)

What about 195 Plymouth?

ADAM

We need to be bigger than Brooklyn.

JOSH

Guys. Manhattan is a whole other  
ball game. You know how many people  
get stars in their eyes over zip  
code bullshit and end up losing  
their shirts? Come on. You've built  
a helluva business. Here. In DUMBO.  
I have a perfectly good building at  
195 Plymouth. Forget about  
Manhattan. Miguel...

\*

Josh looks to Miguel for support. Miguel looks to Adam.

ADAM

We're not just talking about Manhattan.  
We're talking LA. Paris. Dubai.

Josh sighs, goes quiet for a moment. Smiles, *kind*.

JOSH

At some point in life, you have to  
decide how much is enough. I'm  
sorry, I'm not interested in world  
domination. I just want a solid,  
successful business that maybe I  
can pass onto my kids.

Adam nods, he gets that. In fact, he expected it.

ADAM

(gently)  
So buy us out.

Josh reacts. Realization dawning in his eyes.

JOSH

Ah. I see.

Josh stares at Adam like he's seeing him for the first time.

**INT. BROOKLYN OFFICE BUILDING - GREEN DESK - ADAM'S OFFICE - DAY**

Miguel follows Adam into his office.

MIGUEL

Can you tell me what just happened?

Miguel reacts to something o.c. Adam SMILES.

REVEAL Adam's desk is PILED HIGH WITH NIKE AIR FORCE ONES.

ADAM

We each just made a million dollars. A million dollars we can use to start a company, just the two of us, and pursue our dreams.

MIGUEL

This was my dream. A million dollars?! Why are you so calm?

ADAM

Because this is just the beginning.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Are we celebrating?

Miguel turns. Rebekah stands in the doorway, holding a bottle of 1942 Don Julio tequila and shot glasses.

ADAM

He agreed to the \$3 million valuation.

Rebekah screams. She hands out the shot glasses. There are three of them.

Miguel looks at his shot glass.

MIGUEL

So the plan wasn't the plan. You weren't trying to convince him to expand into Manhattan.

ADAM  
 (defensive)  
 If he had said yes...

MIGUEL  
 But you knew he wouldn't.

REBEKAH  
 A year ago, you were making \$18 an hour. You just made a million dollars in twenty minutes. You should be thanking Adam.

Miguel nods. He can't quite process the fact that he just made a million dollars. Or that he no longer has a company.

Rebekah embraces Adam. She nods at the pile of sneakers.

REBEKAH (CONT'D)  
 Does your life feel complete now?

ADAM  
 Not even close.

He smiles. She smiles back.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
 (whispers in her ear)  
 We've proven the concept. No one can say no to us now.

Adam downs his shot.

MANHATTAN LANDLORD (PRE-LAP)  
 No.

**INT. MANHATTAN LANDLORD'S OFFICE - DAY**

Adam and Miguel sit attentively on a large couch, across from a MANHATTAN LANDLORD. His office is much larger, and nicer, than Josh's. Adam wears his button-down and tie.

ADAM  
 Why not?

MANHATTAN LANDLORD  
 We're still crawling out of the wreckage of the housing crash. We want big-credit tenants. You two have the credit scores of college kids. I'm not going to rent to you. And to be honest, I don't think anyone else is, either.

He sees they are crestfallen. He's not without sympathy.

MANHATTAN LANDLORD (CONT'D)  
Go back to DUMBO. A market you know.

ADAM  
We can't. We signed a non-compete  
with our old partner. We can't  
operate in Brooklyn.

MANHATTAN LANDLORD  
Well, now that wasn't very smart.

MONTAGE of Adam and Miguel walking into -- and quickly out of  
-- various Manhattan building lobbies, increasingly dejected.

**INT. REBEKAH'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Rebekah guides Adam through yoga poses. He struggles to  
contort his 6'5 frame into a series of awkward positions.  
It's not pretty. He collapses to the floor, frustrated.

REBEKAH  
You're resisting the universe.

ADAM  
I'm not resisting the universe.

REBEKAH  
You're only seeing obstacles.

ADAM  
There's nothing else to see.

She sits down, folds her legs into the lotus position.

REBEKAH  
Come on.

He sits up, folds his legs into lotus. She rests her hands on  
her knees, thumb and index finger touching. He copies her.

REBEKAH (CONT'D)  
Close your eyes.

He closes his eyes. She does the same.

REBEKAH (CONT'D)  
Tell the universe what you want.

ADAM  
12,000 square-feet. Prewar. With  
lots of natural light.



REBEKAH  
Think bigger.

ADAM  
15,000.

REBEKAH  
Bigger.

ADAM  
I want to be a trillionaire.

He cracks his eye open to peek at her. She doesn't flinch.

REBEKAH  
How?

He doesn't have an answer for that.

REBEKAH (CONT'D)  
If you send positive vibes out into  
the world, the universe will open  
doors for you.

ADAM  
I'm... going to change how people work.  
How they view their daily lives.

She nods, go on. It's like she's guiding him.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
I'm going to build communities. And  
make the world a little less lonely.  
I can feel you smiling.

He opens his eyes. She is. Smiling.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
I'm going to win the game of life.

She jumps him.

**INT. REBEKAH'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY**

Rebekah lies in bed, watching Adam struggle to tie a tie.

REBEKAH  
Everyone wears a tie.

ADAM  
It's an important meeting.

Rebekah shrugs. Adam considers his outfit in the mirror.

**INT. JOEL SCHREIBER'S BUILDING - DAY**

Adam, wearing skinny black jeans and a hip t-shirt, and Miguel, in jacket and tie, stand in the middle of an empty floor. Miguel glances at his outfit and then at Adam's.

The elevator DINGS and then the CLACK of dress shoes approaches.

A Hasid, 40s, dressed in a dark suit, black and gartel belt, with long payot sidelocks, enters on his phone. He speaks in a thick Long Island accent. This is JOEL SCHREIBER.

JOEL

(into phone)

He's a schnorrer. He's from a family of schnorrers. First it was parking spots and now we're giving him money to update his HVAC? Go to Duane Reade and buy him a fan.

(eyes Adam and Miguel)

Let me deal with Frick and Frack.

Joel hangs up and starts texting, barely looking up at them.

JOEL (CONT'D)

I've got ten minutes.

Miguel looks to Adam, who seems to be distracted by something on the ceiling. "Am I going to have to pitch?" Miguel tenses.

MIGUEL

What separates Green Desk is that it isn't just a co-work space. It's, uh, a lifestyle.

JOEL

(not looking up)

Thank you, human Ambien.

ADAM

You know what? The space isn't right for us anyway. But thank you.

Joel glances up from his phone, surprised.

JOEL

It's not?

Adam looks calm, confident, and most of all unimpressed.

ADAM

Thank you for your time.

Joel's face clouds for a brief moment.

JOEL

Why not?

ADAM

Well...

(rattling off)

You only have east and north exposures, both into other buildings. And the windows are small. This place probably looks like a cave from October til April. The floors are hardwood, but they're pre-fab and sealed so they look like a rollerskating rink. The ceilings are low, the doorknobs are cheap, just like the fake moulding. It's bland and functional.

JOEL

(glares at Adam)

Isn't bland and functional the point?

ADAM

We're building a community. We're creating a lifestyle. Nobody walks around with a shirt that says "Schreiber & Associates Management." But they will with us.

JOEL

Alright, Mouth, how do you plan on doing that?

ADAM

I'll tell you how.

Beat, then:

ADAM (CONT'D)

Better yet, I'll show you.

Adam starts walking. Joel looks at Miguel, then FOLLOWS.

ADAM (CONT'D)

This isn't simply a place to punch in and out...

Adam begins his pitch, sharing his vision, and he's so enthusiastic, so absolutely sure of himself and what he's selling, that Joel is able to picture it, actually see it for himself. And so can we.

The space begins to TRANSFORM, folding origami-like...

-- A standard window is replaced by a bay window where a group of YOUNG PROFESSIONALS sit in bean bags for a meeting.

-- Adam gestures to a corner, where a YOUNG WOMAN pours herself a beer from a tap built into a poured concrete island and returns to a long reclaimed wood conference table shared by a dozen other PROFESSIONALS.

-- Adam and Joel watch a heated ping pong game played on a James Perse table. An ASSOCIATE hands one of the players a cell phone as the game continues.

-- A four-sided glass conference room appears. A GUY and a GIRL are working out a complicated math problem on the glass a la "Good Will Hunting." They solve it, jumping up and down. The GUY gets down on one knee and PROPOSES to his CO-WORKER.

ADAM (CONT'D)

She says yes.

And as the Guy and the Girl jump into each other's arms, we

HARD CUT TO:

**INT. JOEL'S OFFICE - LATER**

Adam and Miguel sit across from Joel.

JOEL

I want to be your partner.

Miguel looks at Adam -- "what'd he just say?" Adam is silent.

MIGUEL

Wow, thank you, sir, but we're just looking for a space. We had a partner at our last --

JOEL (CONT'D)

You don't speak.  
(to Adam)  
You speak.

\*

JOEL (CONT'D)

You have a number in your head. I want to hear that number.

**EXT. ROOFTOP OF ADAM'S BUILDING - NIGHT**

Adam, Miguel and Rebekah sit in folding chairs drinking beers. Miguel is on his laptop.

MIGUEL

Manhattan's a small pond, we can't blow him off.

REBEKAH  
If we go too low...

ADAM  
He might say yes.

MIGUEL  
And we don't want that.

ADAM  
So it needs to be ridiculous. But  
not offensive.  
(to Rebekah)  
*Motek*, what's the sweet spot  
between ridiculous and offensive?

Rebekah takes the laptop from Miguel. She types, then turns it back to them. Adam belly-laughs. Miguel looks up at her.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
You're joking.

Rebekah just keeps staring at them. Miguel tenses.

MIGUEL  
We're not going into Joel  
Schreiber's office and say, "hey  
our company that has no employees,  
no sales, no buildings, not even a  
name, is worth four and a half  
million dollars."

ADAM  
Miguel. We have hundreds of buildings.  
We just haven't bought them yet.

REBEKAH  
A valuation is just the amount  
someone is willing to pay.

MIGUEL  
Adam... this is insane.

Adam and Rebekah stare at each other...

MIGUEL (CONT'D)  
Adam... we can't do this.

LUST.

MIGUEL (CONT'D)  
We'll look like idiots.

BLIND AMBITION.

MIGUEL (CONT'D)  
Well, I'm not going.

PARTNERS IN CRIME.

REBEKAH  
And Miguel, you missed a zero.

Miguel glances down. His eyes almost pop out of his head.

**INT. JOEL'S OFFICE - THE NEXT DAY**

Adam and Miguel sit across from Joel. Adam slides a single piece of paper across the table.

A term sheet.

Joel looks it over. Looks up at them, then back down at it.

JOEL  
I can't do that number.

Miguel slinks down in his chair.

JOEL (CONT'D)  
Adam, what's ch'ai?

ADAM  
Eighteen?

JOEL  
Ding ding ding. Eighteen is a lucky number in Hebrew. It means you're blessing me and my investment with a good long life.  
(then)  
Add eighteen cents to the end of it and you've got a deal.

Adam and Miguel are stunned.

JOEL (CONT'D)  
I'll have my lawyer get into it.  
I never asked. What's the name?

Miguel stammers, starts to respond, Adam a moment behind him.

MIGUEL  
We (don't have a name yet)... ADAM  
Work -- (something)...

Joel nods his head.

JOEL  
WeWork. Nah, I can't see that on a  
t-shirt.

He lets out a big laugh as he stands and shakes their hands.  
We CLOSE ON the term-sheet:

**45 MILLION DOLLARS.**

**INT. LE BERNARDIN - NIGHT**

Adam and Rebekah sit at a table set for three. A WAITER  
delivers two glasses of champagne. After he departs --

ADAM  
(raising glass, quiet)  
To forty-five million dollars...

REBEKAH  
And eighteen cents.

They clink glasses. Miguel rushes in and hastily takes his  
seat. He looks distressed. Adam stops a PASSING WAITER.

ADAM  
One more Champagne, please.

MIGUEL  
We have nothing to celebrate.

REBEKAH  
What are you talking about?

MIGUEL  
I just left drinks with a friend of  
mine who works for the Kushners. He  
said Joel is involved in multiple  
lawsuits. He does this. He makes  
these ridiculous deals and then  
never pays up. It's all bullshit!

Diners glance over.

ADAM  
Miguel, relax. It's fine. It  
doesn't matter.

MIGUEL  
How can it not matter?! It's 15  
million dollars!! Why are you both  
so calm?!

REBEKAH

Miguel, the Times did a story. CNBC just profiled Adam.

ADAM

I'm getting calls every day from investors. Joel or no Joel, it doesn't matter.

Miguel looks at them, processing.

MIGUEL

"A valuation is just the number someone is willing to pay."

ADAM

Yes.

MIGUEL

(wheels turning)

And we can use that valuation to get further investment, which would increase the valuation.

ADAM

Yes.

MIGUEL

Did you know that Joel was trouble?

Adam stares at him, inscrutable. Their waiter returns.

WAITER

Have you decided on appetizers, or do you need another moment?

ADAM

(staring at Miguel)

We're ready.

WAITER

(to Rebekah)

What would you like, madam?

ADAM

(still staring at Miguel)

Everything.

WAITER

Excuse me sir?

ADAM

(finally turns to Waiter)

Bring us three of everything.



WAITER  
 (reacts, delighted)  
Certainly, sir.

CUT TO:

**INT. SKADDEN ARPS - PRESENT DAY**

Adam stands at the head of the table staring down the somber faces of his board of directors. Rebekah sits by his side. Distinguished Man 1, BRUCE DUNLEVIE, 60s, tall, balding, avuncular, breaks the silence. \*

BRUCE  
 Adam --

ADAM  
 I'm guessing you're not all here to congratulate us on the opening of WeWork Lima. 20,000 square feet right in San Isidro. 96% rented.

(then)

I'm guessing you're here because your Wall Street Journal online subscription notified you about a new WeWork article -- and instead of it touting our global reach or our Q3 projections, it set out to destroy us.

(then)

My parents got divorced when I was seven. I moved thirteen times. I never really felt like I had a home. I'm not telling you this for your pity, I'm telling you this because WeWork isn't just a company to me. It's my community. We have over 425 locations in 100 cities around the world. Over 400,000 members. It's a place for people to meet, to invent, to feel a sense of home. So the Journal article didn't upset me. It inspired me. When someone doesn't understand my vision, I want to take them by the hand and show them the offices we own, show them the schools we're building, show them the housing we're providing.

This is Adam the salesman. Every eye locked on him.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Our current valuation is 47 billion dollars. Some people think that's ridiculous. And I agree. We're worth a trillion. I have not even begun to see my vision of what this company can be. I have zero doubt.

(looks around at Board)

But, when you call an emergency Board meeting, then it's clear that some of you do doubt. Maybe, just maybe, some people in this room don't share my vision. And so I want to say right now -- to all of you -- if you don't see what we're building here, then this is the moment to leave. We're about to head into battle and if one article is going to shake you to your core, I don't want you on my side. So what will it be? Because we are going to IPO in two weeks.

The Board Members trade stunned looks. It's pin-drop quiet. Finally, Bruce speaks.

BRUCE

(incredulous)

IPO?

(glances at the others)

You came here thinking you were going to fight for the IPO?

ADAM

(thrown, confused)

Yes...

BRUCE

Adam, an IPO is out of the question.

ADAM

As CEO, I don't accept that.

BRUCE

Adam. The Board voted this morning. You're no longer CEO.

Adam flinches like someone struck him. He looks around at the Board, shell-shocked.

REBEKAH

(quiet)

Adam.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

He doesn't move. Doesn't speak. Just stands there. Stunned. \*  
 Rebekah stands up. Puts her hand on his arm. He looks down at \*  
 it. Then up into her eyes. \*

REBEKAH (CONT'D) \*  
 (quiet) \*  
Let's go. \*

He follows her out of the conference room. \*

**INT. SKADDEN, ARPS - BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS** \*

***NOTE: The following plays out in excruciating real-time with \*  
 only diegetic sound. No score. No time-cuts.*** \*

Rebekah and Adam do a walk of shame through the law firm's \*  
 bullpen. Everyone gawks. Rebekah stares straight ahead, head \*  
 held high. Adam follows like a lost puppy. \*

**INT. SKADDEN, ARPS - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS** \*

Assistant #2, waiting by the elevators, spots them and \*  
 quickly hits the elevator button. \*

Rebekah, Adam and Assistant #2 wait silently for the \*  
 elevator. \*

DING. The elevator finally arrives. \*

The doors open. \*

They step on. \*

They turn and stare straight ahead. \*

The doors close. \*

They ride in silence. \*

A Muzak version of Sinatra's "My Way" plays softly. \*

The elevator stops at various floors. \*

BUSINESSPEOPLE shuffle on and off. \*

Some of them stand in front of Rebekah and Adam, at times \*  
 obscuring them from our view. \*

The Businesspeople check their phones, fidget, cough. \*

DING. The elevator reaches the ground floor. \*

The doors open. Natural light floods in from the lobby. \*

The Businesspeople all shuffle out. \*

When they're all gone, Rebekah turns to Adam. \*

REBEKAH \*

Are you done pouting? \*

He turns to her. Beat. He nods. She turns to Assistant #2. \*

REBEKAH (CONT'D) \*

Call the lawyers. \*

ASSISTANT #2 \*

Which ones? \*

REBEKAH \*

(calm) \*

All of them. \*

Rebekah takes Adam's hand. They stride out of the elevator. \*

Assistant #2 hurries after them, frantically dialing her phone. \*

As the elevator doors close behind them, the Muzak version of Katy Perry's "Roar" begins to play and we -- \*

CUT TO BLACK. \*