

VALLEY OF THE
BOOM

PART 1: "SPARK"

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SHAKY SUPER READS: "SILICON VALLEY - FALL 1999"

A wild, orgiastic collage of footage, interview pieces, VO, advertising clips, music...nothing resembling a talking head...just a kind of explosion of what this particular moment was in Silicon Valley...a few possibilities:

- **NEWS REPORT:** Wealth floods Silicon Valley as investors bet on tech companies.

- **NEWS REPORT:** The NASDAQ composite index rises from 776.80 in Jan 1994 to 3520.63 in Nov 1999, an unprecedented 450% increase.

- **INTERVIEW:** Dan Rosensweig (former CEO of ZDNet) -

DAN ROSENSWEIG

You would write a check for anything because one out of ten [companies] would work. And if one out of ten worked, you'd make a fortune.

- **NEWS REPORT:** Napster is disrupting the music industry.

- **CNN:** Pieces of Stephan Paternot's infamous "plastic pants" interview at a Manhattan night club. He talks about how he "has it all".

- **INTERVIEW:** Mark Suster (founder of BuildOnline) -

MARK SUSTER

In 1999...I had a programming background, a University of Chicago MBA, and was pretty mean with a powerpoint slide, so I could have raised an unlimited amount of money.

- **NEWS REPORT:** The announcement of AOL's acquisition of Netscape. Maybe it's MTV. Maybe it's fucking KURT LODER:

KURT LODER

In the tech world, tech giant AOL gobbled up slightly smaller tech giant Netscape for a reported 4.2 billion dollars --

- **NEWS REPORT:** Coverage of iBash '99, a massive "promotional concert" thrown by start-up Pixelon, which featured The Who, The Dixie Chicks, KISS and many more.

And just as Gene Simmons sticks out his bizarrely long tongue in a quasi-faux-Satanic homage to the Dark Lord, the image stutters and freezes, and gets ready to BUFFER forfuckingevery...so what the hell we cut to BLACK, and--

IN BLACK

We hear--

VOICE OF GOD?

This...is...THE MASTER!! This is
The Master. MASTER! I
see...everything. I see FUCKING
EVERYTHING!!

SMASH IN

Feet running. Confusion. Urgent whispering. Distant screams. Apocalypse.

A place gone Jim Jones Mad. Kurtz up the Congo mad. Shit is off-the-chain fucked-up, just about to explode, but of course it's a bunch of WASPs running around so the only way you know how bad it is is that their practiced smiles get a little tighter...turns out we're at the offices of PIXELON --

INTERVIEW INSERT

REAL DAN GOODIN

In '99 I was a journalist for a tech publication called The Industry Standard. I was tasked with covering Pixelon, this new start up that was supposedly revolutionizing streaming video. They had been growing steadily, which attracted the attention of this Chicago-based investment firm called Advanced Equities...

INT. PIXELON CORPORATE OFFICES - DAY

LEE WISKOWSKI - mid 30s, your typical "finance bro" - a chairman for Advanced Equities, and a director on the Pixelon board, enters the Pixelon offices with two of his flunkies, all of them look confused, fearful, even panicked. They look around with their frozen smiles all but cracking.

INTERVIEW INSERT

REAL DAN GOODIN
 Pixelon was being run by the
 Founder and CTO, this guy named
 Michael Fenne. Fenne had
 an...interesting management style.
 Some might it call eccentric.

BACK AT PIXELON

Before Wiskowski can even check in with the receptionist a
booming voice comes over the loudspeaker.

FENNE (O.S.)
 This is The Master speaking. THE
 MASTER!! Frank, report to the
 woodshed, your uncle is gonna give
 you a whoopin'! HAW HAW!!

Wiskowski looks up with an "oh fuck" expression.

INTERVIEW INSERT

REAL DAN GOODIN
 Others might call it batshit crazy.

RESUME SCENE AT PIXELON

Interim Pixelon CEO PAUL WARD, sees Wiskowski and quickly
 rushes over.

WARD
 C'mere. Quick.

Ward ushers Wiskowski and his team into a small conference
 room.

WISKOWSKI
 What the fuck, Paul?

WARD
 I know, I know. Things have
 gotten...weird.

WISKOWSKI
 (needing more)
 "Weird"?

Wiskowski just looks at Ward incredulously.

INTERVIEW INSERT

REAL DAN GOODIN

Fenne wasn't any closer to perfecting streaming video, which was the entire reason Advanced Equities decided to invest in his company. There was also the issue of him appearing to have lost his mind.

RESUME SCENE

Ward has a hard time arguing with that. Shrugs.

WISKOWSKI

Look, it's happening. It's fucking happening. It's Code Red bad shit happening. And I just gave this nutbucket 28 million.

WARD

What's "happening"?

INTERVIEW INSERT

Real Michael Fenne sits for an interview.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

Can you tell us about the day they pushed you out of the company?

Fenne thinks for a moment.

REAL MICHAEL FENNE

You know, what they did to me that day was horrible. Just really awful and unfair. But I thought about... what Jesus would do in the same situation and was able to keep my composure and really all I could do was just accept my fate.

CUT TO

REAL DAN GOODIN

Ha! Is that what he told you? That he "kept his composure"?

SMASH TO**PIXELON CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER****QUICK CUT**

MICHAEL FENNE at his desk, freaking out.

ANGLE ON

In contrast to all the expensive, modern furnishings, on his desk sits a BOXCUTTER, low-end, duct-taped handle. HOLD ON IT while he rants:

FENNE

THIS IS FUCKING BULLSHIT AND YOU'RE
ALL GOING TO BURN IN HELL FOR WHAT
YOU'RE TRYING TO DO TO ME!
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAARRRRRHHHHHGGGGGHHHH!

SMASH TO**TITLES**

VALLEY OF THE

BOOM

PART ONE: "SPARK"

FIRST, JUST DEAD SILENCE....then, the SOUNDS of an INTERVIEW getting set up; papers rustling, throat clearing, mic sounds...

ARCHIVAL 16 MM FILM

And now we see beautiful pastures and barns, small farms, air dusty with pollen, birds, cows, horses. THIS is Silicon Valley when it was just a valley, *sans* silicon.

So peaceful. Sigh.

INTERVIEW INSERT - LESLIE BERLIN - Project Historian for the Silicon Valley Archives at Stanford University.

REAL LESLIE BERLIN

The Santa Clara Valley. Once called the 'Valley of the Heart's Delight' due to its bountiful fruit orchards and successful canneries. Then in 1957 a group of eight young men disliked their boss enough to start their own transistor company and chose to do it in the middle of this valley. They named their company--

Journalist DAN GOODIN picks up--

REAL DAN GOODIN

--It was called Fairchild Semiconductors and its driving force was Iowa-born physicist Robert Noyce.

LESLIE BERLIN

After a decade of success with Fairchild, Noyce formed a new venture, a tiny memory company called--

And now MARC ANDREESSEN

REAL MARC ANDREESSEN

--Intel. Intel thrived into a massive, globally known brand and the small agricultural community of the Santa Clara Valley started to change into something decidedly more...

REAL DAN GOODIN

--Artificial.

We see the beautiful pastoral land begin to fill in with houses, highways, cars...

REAL LESLIE BERLIN (V.O.)

With the intellectual hub of Stanford University nearby, more people saw the promise of computing technologies and more tech-based companies began to pop up in the area. Atari in 1972. Apple in '76. Sun Microsystems in '82. Cisco in '84.

We also see flashes of STANFORD, POULSEN, NOYCE, de FOREST, HEWLETT/PACKARD, IBM, JOBS AND WOZNIAK, BOSACK AND EIGLER, ANDREESSEN...

REAL LESLIE BERLIN

And with these companies came bigger and wealthier cities built around them. But as much as these earlier companies changed the landscape of the Santa Clara Valley, nothing would compare to the next decade, when a little thing called The Internet was created.

REAL DAN GOODIN
--The Internet.

REAL MARC ANDREESSEN
--Internet.

...then buildings and city blocks are slowly dissolved until the peaceful farmland is gone forever.

And the stage is set.

AND WE FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN:

SUPER: SUMMER 1995

ST. LOUIS, MO

INT. SHITTY MOTEL BATHROOM - NIGHT

Michael Fenne (from the cold open, pronounced "feign," get it?), about 70 lbs. fatter, dyes his hair in the sink. He looks at himself in the mirror and smiles.

FENNE
(serious)
Hi! I'm Michael.
(now real cheerful)
Hey, I'm Mike Fenne, super happy to meetcha.
(out of nowhere RAGE)
Mother. FUCKER!!
(recovering)
Hello, I'm Michael Fenne.
(beat)
Mikey Fenne!
(beat)
Mikolos Fennitos. Ha!
(beat)
Hi, I'm *Michael Fenne*.
(RAGE RETURNS)
AAAAAAARRRRRRRRGHGGGGH!!!!

INT. SHITTY MOTEL OFFICE

Dead quiet. Then we hear Fenne's "AAAAAARRRRRRGHGGGGH!!!"

The desk guy looks up toward Fenne's room.

INT. SHITTY MOTEL BATHROOM

Deep breath.

He starts to rinse the dye from his hair.

EXT. SHITTY MOTEL

As the night speeds to daylight.

INT. SHITTY MOTEL BATHROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

Now something approaching "blond," Fenne stares at himself in the mirror again as he lifts a pair of PLIERS into frame then opens his mouth and slowly moves the pliers toward a deep right molar. He grips down then SCREAMS as he pulls out the abscessed tooth.

The tooth drops into the sink along with the pliers. So much blood. Shaking, Fenne takes a swig of whiskey, swishes it around, swallows.

He looks in the mirror and smiles, blood pouring out his mouth and down his chin and neck. He grins and his mouth is black with blood.

FENNE

(to mirror, smiling)

Hi, Mike Fenne, and I can take it.

I can take it.

(beat)

I CAN FUCKING TAKE IT!!

INT. NETSCAPE HEADQUARTERS - DAY**SUPER: SILICON VALLEY**

The Netscape offices are booming.

MARC ANDREESSEN (24), leans over an engineer, DAVID ALVARO, buried in code and sweating a bit. Andreessen is calm, in his element.

DAVID

(frustrated, working
keyboard)

It should be so simple, but it's just not...doing...what...I want. When I hit return, the thing just crashes...every single time, no matter what I--

David is pissed, fearful, a little gone behind the eyes.

ANDREESSEN

Hm. Ok. Take a breath, David.

SMASH TO

INTERVIEW INSERT

REAL NETSCAPE ENGINEER

Yeah, I worked for Andreessen and those guys during the IPO. Did it go down exactly like that? Probably not exactly. But was it like getting to walk into Valhalla and hang out with Thor? Pretty much, yeah.

RESUME SCENE

DAVID

A breath? I haven't taken a breath for like, eighteen months. I'm used to being the smartest guy in the room and now I feel like I shouldn't even be in the room.

ANDREESSEN

David.

He actually looks David in the eye. And these are not eye-looking guys, as a rule.

DAVID

Huh?

ANDREESSEN

Take. A breath.

David finally, finally, stops and takes a deep breath. Oxygen floods his brain. Relief, the tiniest bit, shows in his eyes.

DAVID

Okay.

ANDREESSEN

We're good here. Have you ever tried to back in to one of these problems? Just reverse the paradigm. Because you know the solution, right?

DAVID
Yeah. I mean...yeah, I do, the
desired outcome.

ANDREESSEN
So work from there. Backwards.

Andreessen shows him in two keystrokes. A light goes on in David's eyes.

DAVID
Oh, wow. Wait. Really!?

ANDREESSEN
You'll need to wrap it in an extra
div, then fire it up again. It'll
work.

DAVID
(blown away)
Dude...how did you--

ANDREESSEN
I didn't. Just gave you a prompt.
You did.

David looks back at Andreessen.

INTERVIEW INSERT

REAL NETSCAPE ENGINEER
I'm looking at him and I'm like,
this is the moment, mark it down.
We finally won: the geeks are
taking over the world.

RESUME SCENE

JIM CLARK--middle-aged, more of a suit--finds Andreessen.

CLARK
Let's go stud. Can't run this
meeting without you.

Andreessen looks at his watch, then back at the monitor.

ANDREESSEN
Ah. Forgot. Time flies.

To David.

ANDREESSEN (CONT'D)
How'd that work?

DAVID
(impressed)
That sailed right through. Wow.
Yeah, that did it. Thanks.

ANDREESSEN
No problem. Now, do me a favor, why
don't you go sit in that boring-ass
board meeting with Jim here, so I
can focus on code?

INTERVIEW INSERT

REAL MARC ANDREESSEN
So for everyone born after 1990,
Netscape, the company I co-founded
with Jim Clark, created the first
widely circulated internet browser.
We called it Netscape Navigator. No
big deal, right? Well just take a
second to think about how many
times you've used an internet
browser today. On your phone or
your computer, finding takeout or
concert times or updating your
status. Now think about what the
internet would be without a
browser.

(beat)

Before browsers the internet was
truly for insiders and computer
geeks. We opened it up to the
world, and the world was eating it
up. The company was booming after
we released version 1.0, so much so
that Jim wanted to take the company
to the next level. I was like, I
dunno--

INT. NETSCAPE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The Netscape board. Along with Andreessen and Clark we're
introduced to Netscape CEO JIM BARKSDALE, who is currently
holding court.

BARKSDALE
Don't get me wrong, nothing but
smiles over here, I'm just not 100%
sold on going public.

CLARK

Let's let go of the reigns here,
let this sucker run. Sales have
doubled in a quarter.

ANDREESSEN

Just words, but as of yet, we
haven't hit several benchmarks for
version 2.0. I'm guessing that
matters, yes?

CLARK

Great. We launch the IPO, get a
shitload of capital to fuel the
thing and 2.0 makes 1.0 look like a
stone and chisel.
(off their skepticism)
It gives us room, guys.

ANDREESSEN

And if Microsoft starts bundling
their browser with their PCs?

BARKSDALE

(picking up his thread)
That could take a huge bite out of
our market share before we're even
actually profitable.

THE SCENE FREEZES

INTERVIEW INSERT

REAL MARC ANDREESSEN

Okay, let me break it down for you
in the simplest of terms. This is
Jim Clark.

BACK TO THE FROZEN SCENE

An arrow points to Clark.

REAL MARC ANDREESSEN (V.O.)

He dumped three million dollars to
start Netscape, so he wants to take
the company public - have an
initial public offering - in order
to get that money back as fast as
possible.

DOLLAR SIGNS dance above Clark's frozen head.

REAL MARC ANDREESSEN (V.O.)
This is Jim Barksdale, our CEO.

An arrow points to Barksdale.

REAL MARC ANDREESSEN (V.O.)
He's a very experienced businessman from the non-tech world, who knows how IPOs work and what types of benchmarks you need to hit before you go public. He wanted to make sure the company was set up for long term growth.

A GRAPH appears above Barksdale's head.

REAL MARC ANDREESSEN (V.O.)
And that's me.

An arrow points to Andreessen.

REAL MARC ANDREESSEN (V.O.)
I just want to get back to working on the product, because at the end of the day, that's really all that matters.

A COMPUTER appears above Andreessen's head.

REAL MARC ANDREESSEN (V.O.)
Is that clear enough for you?

THE SCENE UNFREEZES

The graphics disappear.

--picking up in the middle of the scene.

CLARK
You're worried about market share? As we speak, about 15 million people are using the internet. You know what that is? Roughly half the population of California. There're 5 billion people on this planet. We've only scratched the surface of buyers out there. Even with Microsoft entering the arena we're still looking at a majority percentage of a growing market. The IPO gives us room to expand and evolve. To stay ahead, not just keep up. So, shit, boys!

(MORE)

CLARK (CONT'D)
 Let's open this sucker up, see what
 she can do!

The board seems on the fence.

CLARK (CONT'D)
 Ok. All in favor, say, "Aye".

And before we see what the outcome is gonna be--

SMASH TO

INT. THEGLOBE.COM'S "OFFICES" - DAY

CORNELL UNIVERSITY - ITHACA, NEW YORK

Computers and servers sit on cheap tables in a small,
 windowless office. It's missing all the flash and polish of
 Netscape...these guys are small time.

There's a shitty "theglobe.com" sign that hangs over one of
 the "desks".

STEPHAN PATERNOT--20, handsome--and his partner TODD
 KRIZELMAN--also 20, slightly nebbish-y-- sit across from an
 engineer, PHILLIP KARLSSON, wearing a Megadeath tee with
 long, unkempt blond hair and questionable hygiene.

PATERNOT
 So, we can't pay you much.

KRIZELMAN
 Minimum wage, basically.

PATERNOT
 That, and an endless supply of
 pizza while you work.

PHILLIP
 ("negotiating")
 Pudgie's?

PATERNOT
 Sure, we could do Pudgie's. So you
 have experience with HTML?

PHILLIP
 (duh)
 Yeah.

KRIZELMAN
 Great, can you tell us about some
 of your work?

Phillip steps past Krizelman and Paternot to a computer behind them and opens up a Netscape browser. He types in an address and a site comes up. Paternot and Krizelman turn to look at it. They're impressed.

PHILLIP

Had a hand in this one. Mostly back end stuff.

He calls up another site.

They wait for it to load.

PHILLIP (CONT'D)

This one's pretty much all me, front and back.

Paternot points:

PATERNOT

Is that a chat function?

PHILLIP

Yup. And I looked at TheGlobe's chat function. I already know how to make it better.

PATERNOT

How?

PHILLIP

(not giving it away)
Bro, seriously? Pudge's.

Krizelman and Paternot are trying to play it cool, but this is their guy.

PHILLIP (CONT'D)

So what exactly are you guys trying to do with this?

KRIZELMAN

Well you mentioned the chat function, there are games you can play and a classified section, plus

-

PHILLIP

No, what're you trying to do.

PATERNOT

We want to bring people together.
Build a digital community through
shared interests from people all
over the globe. Create an
international social network of
users who can connect solely
through their computers.

KRIZELMAN

We want to change the world.

INTERVIEW INSERT

REAL KRIZELMAN

We did. And what we were trying to
do, it was truly radical. And like
any true believers with radical
ideas, we might've seemed...

REAL PATERNOT

...Fucking crazy.

RESUME SCENE

PHILLIP

(couldn't care less)

Cool. I like the Molto-Multi-Meat-
Madness.

KRIZELMAN

(thinking it's maybe tech
jargon)

I'm sorry, is that...

Phillip gets up and heads toward the door.

PHILLIP

From Pudge's. It's two bucks more
but totally worth it.

KRIZELMAN

Oh yeah! Cool.

PATERNOT

Ok. Monday, then?

Phillip gives a slightly sarcastic double thumbs up and
exits.

INTERVIEW INSERT

REAL PHILLIP KARLSSON

I mean, I probably would have been coding in my dorm room anyway, so the fact that I was getting paid at all was pretty dope at the time. And Stephan and Todd had a pretty good idea for the site, they just seemed to be in a little over their heads.

CUT TO

REAL PATERNOT

I mean, I was 20 years old. I had *no idea* how to run a business. Todd and I had this youthful optimism that made us think all we needed was a good idea and we could become wildly successful. We quickly found out that wasn't quite the case.

RESUME SCENE

Paternot looks to Krizelman, excited.

PATERNOT

He's gonna be huge for us.

KRIZELMAN

Yeah, he's a rock star.

(considers)

How the fuck are we gonna pay for him? We can afford him for what, three, maybe four weeks?

PATERNOT

The fifteen grand we pulled together from fam-

KRIZELMAN

Is pretty much gone.

PATERNOT

What?

KRIZELMAN

Number of daily visitors doubled last month so we had to shell out for extra server space. Plus some new equipment and the cost of the other engineers.

PATERNOT

Alright, so we need more money. I guess I can make some calls.

KRIZELMAN

We gotta think bigger. If the site keeps growing at our current rate, we wont be able to keep it afloat with a few grand here and there.

PATERNOT

Okay.

(beat)

I mean...you're the one from Palo Alto.

KRIZELMAN

(dreading)

You thinkin' venture capitalists?

PATERNOT

I read Netscape raised \$5 million from a 30 minute meeting with Kleiner Perkins. We only need a fraction of that.

Krizelman thinks on it.

KRIZELMAN

My dad might know some people.

PATERNOT

Your dad knows some people at VC firms and it's just now coming up?

Krizelman looks guilty. Shrugs.

PATERNOT (CONT'D)

Jesus, Todd.

INT. SHITTY(ER) MOTEL BATHROOM - NIGHT

GRAND JUNCTION, CO

New city, new shitty motel bathroom for Fenne. His mouth is very swollen, but he looks less crazed.

INTERVIEW INSERT

REAL DAN GOODIN

He essentially...reinvented himself from scratch.

RESUME

FENNE

(to mirror)

Hi, Michael Fenne, what a pleasure!

He's got it. His new self. Gives himself a double thumbs up in the mirror!

FENNE (CONT'D)

Boom!

INTERVIEW INSERT

REAL JIM CLARK

So once a company decides to go public they go on something called a "road show". Essentially you and your team travel around to different investment firms all over the country informing their analysts about your company and sharing details about your business model, with the hopes that they'll buy a large amount of your stock.

INSERT ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE (maybe still images) of what a roadshow in 1995 would look like. Private jets, hotels, skyscrapers, boardrooms. New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Los Angeles, San Francisco. Meeting after meeting after meeting. As Clark continues, the images start coming at a faster pace.

REAL JIM CLARK (V.O.)

Dozens and dozens of meetings within a matter of weeks. It's grueling, but it's an essential part of the process that helps you not only share aspects of your business, but it allows you to gauge the investment industry's general interest in your company.

Back on Clark.

REAL JIM CLARK

Honestly, I think it's all kind of fun.

CUT TO

REAL MARC ANDREESSEN

Those meetings were my own personal hell.

INT. WELLINGTON MANAGEMENT LOBBY - DAY

The Netscape team (Andreessen, Clark, Barksdale and others) sit in the waiting room of the first investment firm on their "road show".

ANDREESSEN

(sotto voce)

Who exactly are we talking to?

CLARK

(blowing it off)

Four to six analysts. No big deal.
We'll give 'em our pitch promoting
the IPO, then take some questions.

Andreessen nods uneasily. Never really his thing, this side of it.

CLARK (CONT'D)

Just relax, be yourself, you'll be great.

Clark looks sideways at Andreessen. He leans in, adjusts Andreessen's tie.

CLARK (CONT'D)

How come all you computer guys look like your mothers still dress you?

Clark finishes, gives him a pat, cracks a huge smile.

A little part of Andreessen dies.

INT. WELLINGTON MANAGEMENT CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**ANGLE -- OUR GUYS**

Our team, looking nothing if not overwhelmed.

ANGLE -- THEIR GUYS

THIRTY-THREE of them. They are staring at us like schoolchildren.

ANGLE -- ANDREESSEN

As he looks over to Clark, quietly fuming...and stunned--four to six? Clark gives a subtle shrug, what are you gonna do?

Barksdale dives into the pitch.

BARKSDALE

Ok. Wow. Well, thank you for having us...and thanks for inviting...the world.

INTERVIEW INSERT

REAL JIM BARKSDALE

I had never seen so many people in a road show meeting in my entire life.

EXT. WELLINGTON MANAGEMENT- PARKING LOT - DAY

Andreessen, Clark and Barksdale excitedly lope toward their cars.

ANDREESSEN

(euphoric and pissed, all at once)

"Four to six?!" "No big deal?!"
Was that four or six? Half the fucking company was in that room!

CLARK

(laughing)

Gentlemen, shy of a handie from the CEO himself, that could not have gone better. And that was only our first meeting.

BARKSDALE

Not to be "that guy", but...

CLARK

(you've got to be kidding)

Jesus, Jim. You're not gonna piss on this fire, are you?

BARKSDALE

I'm just pointing out that the analysts did us a favor in there with some of those questions...

ANDREESSEN

(agreeing)

They still really have zero concept of what Netscape is.

BARKSDALE

They don't even know what the internet is.

ANDREESSEN

They don't even know the
internet...is the internet.

They all pause a moment, taking in the profound/stupid statement. Bust out laughing.

INTERVIEW INSERT

Real Mark Andreessen walks along, wearing a PITH HELMET.

ANDREESSEN

(off the helmet)

This is fucking stupid. I'm taking
this off.

(he removes the helmet and
hands it to a grip)

Anyway, did you ever see that
footage of the French filmmaker
meeting some remote tribe of Papua
New Guinea for the first time? The
entire village freaking out across
the river, the tribal leaders
approaching as the big white guy
holds his hands up, defenseless?

*INSERT ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE of Jean-Pierre Dutilleux crossing the
river, villagers crossing with weapons.*

ANDREESSEN (CONT'D)

...Stone axes, bows strung with
gut, handmade arrows? That's what
that whole time was like. We knew
who we were, we knew what we were
doing, but nobody we met knew what
the fuck we were talking about. Not
even the people dumping millions
into our accounts. Everyone says it
was the wild west, but it wasn't.
It was a new planet.

EXT. SHITTY TRUCK STOP, NEW MEXICO -- NIGHT

SUPER: August 1, 1995 - 11:39pm.

Fenne parks and locks his car, walks toward a janky-ass
truckstop diner, when:

TWEAKER

Hey Sir...

Fenne turns to see a much smaller, skinny, filthy TWEAKER, greasy hair, methmouth...you know the drill. Fenne towers over the guy, but Tweaker's eyes are yellow and he moves sideways like a coyote.

FENNE

Yes?

INTERVIEW INSERT

REAL DAN GOODIN

Yeah...the truck stop incident...that was bad news.

REAL MICHAEL FENNE

...definitely looked like the end of the road.

RESUME

TWEAKER

Would it be possible to get some money so I can take care of my family?

FENNE

Really? Your family?

TWEAKER

Haha, yes Sir you see my family is at the campground just down the road and--

FENNE

Listen, I don't have--

TWEAKER

Sir, please, I think, I mean, look at ya, you're a big guy, haha, you eat well, you're obviously a guy with some bread, so--

FENNE

I said no. You need to take responsibility for yourself and respect the Lord's plan for you. God bless.

Fenne turns and starts to walk away.

TWEAKER

Hey Sir.

Fenne turns and the tweaker punches out at him with a taped-up boxcutter.

FENNE

Oh!

He grabs his side where the boxcutter made contact.

TWEAKER

Moves in to grab Fenne's wallet but--

FENNE

Like a shot grizzly, marshals his rage and wildly roundhouses Tweaker in the ear/temple, throwing all his size into the punch...

TWEAKER

Flies sideways and the boxcutter skitters to the ground, shiny with blood in the sodium lights of the parking lot.

Tweaker looks at Fenne, feral and desperate, they both look at the boxcutter--and holy shit, it's that same boxcutter we saw in the opening scene!--weighing the moment, then Tweaker turns and runs away.

INTERVIEW INSERT

REAL DAN GOODIN

But what can I say? The guy's a ninja.

FENNE

Holding his hand to his side, releases it to see it's covered in blood. He reaches out with serious effort and picks up the boxcutter. He examines it, the tip glistening with his own blood.

He grits his teeth and pockets the boxcutter.

INT. AM/PM MART

Fenne staggers through the aisles, grabbing alcohol and provisions for his wound.

INT. AM/PM MART BATHROOM

Fenne pours alcohol on the wound, which is bloody but not too deep...

He eyes a small sewing kit he purchased and grits his teeth.

INTERVIEW INSERT

Real Michael Fenne stands and lifts up his shirt revealing his huge stomach and a scar on the side of his torso.

REAL MICHAEL FENNE

Yup, see. Right there. I picked up that boxcutter and I said to myself, "This is a sacred object and it is part of your personal mythology."

EXT. SAN JOSE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

ARCHIVAL SHOTS of the San Jose airport before all the tech money flowed in. This is 6th-tier city stuff here, total cow-town vibe.

Paternot and Krizelman exit the airport, luggage in hand. They spot Todd's father, ALLEN KRIZELMAN standing outside his parked car in the loading zone.

INT. MR. K'S CAR - DAY

Mr. K drives with Todd in the passenger seat and Paternot in the back.

MR. K

I heard back from my buddy at Kleiner Perkins today and he's willing to sit down with you.

KRIZELMAN

Excellent! Thanks, dad.

PATERNOT

Wow, okay, that's amazing, Mr K.

MR. K

We're talking about a very smart guy at a very prestigious company. He hears a lot of ideas. How about you run this by me and we go from there?

Beat.

KRIZELMAN

It's gonna be huge, dad.

Mr. K pulls over and looks at his son. Beat.

MR. K
That's your pitch? Huge?

INT. KRIZELMAN RESIDENCE - LATER

Paternot and Krizelman now sit before Mr. K at the kitchen table, portfolio folders open.

KRIZELMAN
Ok...we've developed these...
functionalities that are unique to
the site, like the gaming platform
and registration program. But what
we're really trying to convince
these guys to invest in is our
growing user base.

MR. K
Why is that?

PATERNOT
Our community is growing
exponentially every month. If
someone was able to tap into that
market, it would be...huge.

MR. K
(pushing)
Why?

PATERNOT
Revenue. Possibly a subscription
fee. Or advertisements.

MR. K
Ads? On the internet? Do enough
people even go there? It just seems
like a bunch of geeky kids.

KRIZELMAN
Netscape Navigator has
approximately 10 million users.
That number is growing daily.
Supposedly, 2.0--their next version--
will have enhanced graphic
capabilities. You could essentially
sell billboards on your website.

Mr. K nods, agreeing.

MR. K

Ok, I dunno, still sounds a little generic. But. It has some definite promise.

The boys perk up. The meeting with potential investors just got a little closer.

MR. K (CONT'D)

Now you have to focus your pitch so it's utterly specific to your product...

INTERVIEW INSERT

REAL KRIZELMAN

It was like...the money was just out of reach. We couldn't even get in the rooms.

REAL PATERNOT

Mr. K was totally cock-blocking us.

REAL MR. K

They weren't ready. So I withheld my VC contacts until they were. And even then...were they?

INT. KPCB WAITING ROOM - DAY

Paternot and Krizelman nervously wait for their meeting at venture capital firm Kleiner Perkins to start. They wear wrinkled button down shirts and khakis, which only emphasizes their age and inexperience. Compared to the Netscape team, they look like the amateurs that they are. They are noticeably anxious.

A receptionist walks up.

RECEPTIONIST

He's ready for you.

INT KPCB OFFICE - LATER

Paternot and Krizelman sit across from a Kleiner Perkins ANALYST. He's paying attention, but just enough to not be rude. The guys are wrapping up the pitch.

PATERNOT

-and I think it really comes down to TheGlobe.com creating a massive worldwide community.

(MORE)

PATERNOT (CONT'D)

Imagine the possibilities once we're able to monetize that community and tap into its diverse markets.

KRIZELMAN

It could truly connect the world.

ANALYST

Right. So it's just the website, correct. There's no software?

SMASH TO

REAL KRIZELMAN.

REAL KRIZELMAN

(mocking the analyst)

"There's no software?"

RESUME SCENE

KRIZELMAN

Correct, everything is web based.

ANALYST

Ok. But how are you making money?

PATERNOT

At the moment we're focused on continuing to build the user base.

ANALYST

And it's free to register?

KRIZELMAN

Yes, but imagine if you could start putting ads in--

ANALYST

I thought your chat function was quite impressive.

PATERNOT

Thank you, it's essential to connecting our users and -

ANALYST

Have you thought about licensing it out?

PATERNOT

Um, we haven't. We like that it's a unique draw for the site.

ANALYST

What about licensing the registration function?

KRIZELMAN

We're trying to think a little more "big picture".

ANALYST

Uh-huh. And you've built these chat and registration functionalities from scratch?

PATERNOT

Yes, we have. We have a great team working on new developments as well.

ANALYST

Well the site is impressive. And the numbers are promising.

The analyst stands up, indicating the meeting is over.

ANALYST (CONT'D)

I'll look over your business model and will be in touch. Thank you both.

Krizelman and Paternot shake the analyst's hand and exchange some "thank you"s and head out.

Right outside the office they share a knowing look. It didn't go well.

LATER

We transition to --

ONE CHAIR

And VARIOUS VCs, all finding new and interesting ways to tell Paternot and Krizelman "no".

- "This is very interesting, we'll definitely get back to you."

- "The company is based out of *where?*"

- "Has anyone talked to you about licensing out your registration software?"

AND BETWEEN THESE TWO, WE SEE ONE GUY GETTING OUT WHILE THE OTHER GUY GETS IN THE CHAIR

- "Let's talk more about these tools that you're developing."

- "This is a lot to think about, we'll definitely look it over."

The guys exit their last meeting, defeated.

INTERVIEW IDEA: PATERNOT (OR MAYBE MAKE IT A PATERNOT PEER)

PATERNOT

It's just so fucking incredible, right? There we were, basically going around with Facebook, TEN YEARS BEFORE FACEBOOK, and everyone was like, "Hmmm...don't see it." I mean, this is how much the world has changed. Kids these days can't imagine a world without what we had created. And back then the establishment couldn't imagine the world we were pitching.

THE CAMERA WHIPS RIGHT, AND SITTING NEXT TO PATERNOT IS A GUY IN A SUIT.

VENTURE CAPITAL SUIT I

VENTURE CAPITAL SUIT

Yeah, in hindsight, sure, we're all idiots.

(turns to camera)

But let me put you in our seats: We're steering hundreds of millions of dollars, with a thousand investors relying on us to make sound choices, and we're sitting across from kids who were still getting their hair cut at Supercuts, wearing tennis shoes and "dressed up" in Izod shirts their mothers bought them, talking about things that didn't exist.

REAL PATERNOT counters:

REAL PATERNOT
Yet. Didn't exist yet.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

SUPER: SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO, CA - August 6, 1995 - 10:04am

Fenne's gold Hyundai pulls up to a beautiful view of the Pacific Ocean. He gets out of the car, mouth swollen, bags under his eyes, sweat and blood stains on his shirt. He's exhausted, but as he looks out toward the ocean there's hope in his eyes.

A new start.

EXT. BEACH SHOWER

He scrubs himself and gingerly works around his wounded torso.

INT. BEACH BATHROOM

Now he finishes dressing and combs his bleached blond hair, caressing it with a bizarre vanity.

He steps back to admire himself in the scratched mirror.

He looks, literally, like a new man.

FENNE
(to no one)
Hi, I'm Mike Fenne, what a
pleasure!

INT. SOUTH COAST CHRISTIAN ASSEMBLY - DAY

Fenne wanders into a local church service. He sits down, looks at the bulletin and settles in. The organ FIRES UP as the service begins.

EXT. SOUTH COAST CHRISTIAN ASSEMBLY - LATER

Fenne walks out of the church with the other parishioners after the service. Outside he's stopped by a middle-aged woman, BETHANY.

BETHANY
(warm)
Hey there. You new to town?

FENNE

I sure am. Just got here yesterday.
So, brand new!

BETHANY

Well we are so happy to have you
here at South Coast Christian
Assembly. I'm Bethany.

FENNE

Hi Bethany, I'm Mike Fenne, what a
pleasure!

He shakes her hand with all his newfound persona.

BETHANY

We just love seeing fresh faces
around here.

(sotto)

It gets a little old talkin' to the
same folks every Sunday to tell ya
the truth.

FENNE

Is that right, Bethany?

BETHANY

(nose crinkle)

Yes it is, Mr. Mike Fenne.

He likes hearing it said back to him. He makes some serious
eye contact with Bethany:

FENNE

The service was absolutely
wonderful.

BETHANY

(swooning a little)

You caught us on a good week.

(recovering)

How're you liking San Juan
Capistrano? You getting settled
alright? I know everyone in this
godforsaken town -

(turns to the church,

mouths "sorry")

- so if you need anything, just say
the word.

FENNE

That is so sweet. You know, I am
looking for some really basic
office space.

BETHANY

I know just the person. I'll get you his number.

Bethany spots a small group of people down the steps.

BETHANY (CONT'D)

Here, let me introduce you to some other members.

INTERVIEW INSERT

REAL MICHAEL FENNE

You know, I was raised in a very religious household. My dad was a preacher. I was actually a preacher for a short time. I truly believe that the church should be a cornerstone for the community. So when I arrived in San Juan Capistrano it felt like it was a brand new start and I just knew that I would find my people in the church. Honestly they all just really took to me quite fast. I had just gone through a very tough break up, so it was nice to feel wanted again.

RESUME SCENE

Fenne smiles as Bethany leads him away. He checks out her ass as she descends the stairs.

SCENE FREEZES

On Fenne checking out Bethany's ass. All the activity, all the the sound in the room...frozen.

PINSPOT

On--

REAL DAN GOODIN

So yeah, the letter.
(holding it up)

This is an excerpt from an actual letter from Fenne to his soon-to-be ex-wife. It's for real, even though it's unreal.

SMASH TO

INTERVIEW INSERT

REAL MICHAEL FENNE
I don't recall a letter...

RESUME

Real Goodin smoothes out the letter and clears his throat, starts to read, then:

REAL DAN GOODIN
Oh yeah, and just to give you a nice visual, it'll be accompanied by a dance choreographed by the incomparable Mandy Moore, most recently of "La La Land" fame.

And now TWO GORGEOUS DANCERS, one male ("Fenne") and one female ("Ex") begin an amazing interpretive dance.

REAL DAN GOODIN (CONT'D)
(clears throat)
"I want you to know in advance of reading this that I am taking this one and only opportunity to vent my feelings to you. Yes there is great anger in me. But please bear with me and read the entire letter. God has given me a new life to start over with, and the sum total of my heart is joyous for that most precious gift.

The dancers move through the space, interacting with the frozen churchgoers...

REAL DAN GOODIN (CONT'D)
If you have not filed for an annulment yet, please do so. All the singles and wanna-be's are so forward here, but after my experience with you I doubt I'll ever go out with a woman who asks me out. Please don't take that harshly, but its just how I feel. But with the blond hair, the small waist, (I am now down 34 pounds) the music, and being a business owner, well you can guess what's happening. Even though you don't deserve to hear this, I cannot even bring myself to even think of anyone else. But they sure are trying.

(MORE)

REAL DAN GOODIN (CONT'D)

I have never used your real name,
and the story I tell is that you
were tragically killed in an
automobile accident.

I finally got my hair the way I
intended. It took 5 treatments with
salon coloring, but it looks
absolutely good. Even if I could I
would not go back to my original
color, because this looks so cool.
Almost blinding. Something about
the coloring is causing the back to
grow out long, and everybody loves
it. My life without you has been
living hell. A hell you sent me
into. But I truly want closure and
complete, God-like forgetfulness
from the sad, mistaken, broken year
of my life. I NEVER EVER want to
hurt like that ever again.
Forgiving you, and moving on is
part of the necessary healing
journey. To put you fully out of my
mind forever I HAVE to forgive you
completely first.

And the dancers end in a beautiful and tragic TABLEAU.

INT. NETSCAPE OFFICES - MORNING

SUPER: AUG. 9, 1995 6:00 am PST - Day of the IPO.

Clark sits in an otherwise empty building, anxiously firing
up his computer, guzzling coffee. He hears a sound,
footsteps. Barksdale appears in the doorway.

BARKSDALE

Been up since 4 am.

CLARK

Got you beat by an hour. And a
half.

BARKSDALE

Everything good to go?

CLARK

Not sure. I got a call from Mary
last night, couldn't get her on
the phone. Something about the
stock price.

INTERVIEW INSERT

REAL JIM CLARK

Mary Meeker was the analyst from Morgan Stanley who shepherded the IPO. I was confident that we could take the company public, but Mary was supposed to be the one who knew exactly how to maximize our profits from it.

RESUME SCENE

BARKSDALE

(panic)

Does she think \$28 is too high?

CLARK

Don't know.

BARKSDALE

Too low?

CLARK

I. Don't. Know.

Clark gestures to conference room across the hall. Food and coffee on the table.

CLARK (CONT'D)

Go get a bagel and coffee. Relax.

BARKSDALE

I've got the runs.

INTERVIEW INSERT

REAL JIM CLARK

We were a wreck. Everything was riding on this.

INT. GOLDMAN SACHS - EARLY MORNING

A massive bank of cubicles. Two cube-neighbors sit down in front of their computers, beginning their day. STEVE is middle aged with thick glasses and DARRIN is young, corn-fed and eager to be working. Trading hasn't started yet.

DARRIN

One word: Netscape.

STEVE

"Here today, gone later today"

(nothing)

David Lee Roth said that.

DARRIN
Really? Looks pretty good to me.

STEVE
Slim Pickens, last scene of Dr.
Strangelove.

Darrin, again, has no idea what he's talking about.

STEVE (CONT'D)
(imitates Pickens's famous
ride)
"Waaa-hooo"
(gestures A-bomb going
off)
Booooooom? Cue Vera Lynne?

Darrin stares back, uncomprehending. Steve sighs.

LIGHTS DIM, EXCEPT ON STEVE, WHO SPINS, SPEAKS INTO CAMERA

Pin-spot:

STEVE (CONT'D)
This is who's playing with your
nest egg over at NASDAQ, folks.
Twenty-two year-olds right out of
community college; young, dumb and
fulla cum, who think that investing
in a company that hasn't even
turned profit is a good idea.

DARRIN SPINS TO CAMERA

Same treatment. Darrin, suddenly sharp as a tack.

DARRIN
Netscape owns 75% of a fledgeling
marketshare, ladies and gentlemen.
I repeat: "75%". That tells me they
own the new frontier. You think the
internet is going away, you're my
grandfather, may he rest in
peace...

STEVE
(to Darrin)
Can you even explain the internet
to our audience?

Darrin begins to talk. Steve interrupts.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Didn't think so. Kids, listen to your Uncle Steve: Anyone who gives their product away for free isn't running a sound business model. You want my client's hard-earned shekels? Turn a profit for three quarters at least, then, you have my blessing. Go public.

DARRIN

We invest, they expand, the stock price soars and you get to retire to Vero Beach early. You're welcome.

STEVE

(to audience)

Have you been to Vero Beach?

They both spin back toward their monitors and lights, room noise return to normal.

INT. NETSCAPE OFFICES - MORNING - CLARKS' OFFICE

Clark is bent over his computer, Barksdale paces behind him.

Through the glass, we see that now--

THE WHOLE COMPANY

Is gathered in the conference room or staring into Clark's window, trembling with expectation and jacked up on Starbucks.

CLARK

(staring at NASDAQ)

Shit. It's 7:00am. NASDAQ is pumping. Why don't we have a price?

Barksdale picks up landline, dials.

BARKSDALE

(on phone)

Mary Meeker's desk.

Meeker picks up, Barksdale turns on speaker.

SPLIT SCREEN- MARY MEEKER, INVESTMENT ANALYST, MORGAN STANLEY appears in right left hand screen, at her desk, all business with a hint of wry.

BARKSDALE (CONT'D)
 Mary, It's 10:00am over there.
 We're all a little concerned that
 we're not trading yet.

MARY
 (on speaker phone)
 Well, they can't open the stock
 because they can't price the stock.

CLARK
 What? Why not?

MARY
 Because retail interest is, um,
 high?

BARKSDALE
 How high?

MARY
 Well. Dial Charles Schwab.
 (beat)
 Do it now.

Barksdale puts her on hold, BUT SPLIT SCREEN REMAINS.
 Barksdale dials, Mary LOOKS AT HER COMPUTER.

MARY (CONT'D)
 (eyeing computer, smiles)
 There we go. Fellas.
 (listens)
 Fellas?

NOBODY ANSWERS

MARY (CONT'D)
 Wait. Did they just put me on hold?

AND, AT NETSCAPE

CHARLES SCHWAB AUTOMATED ANSWER
 "Welcome to Charles Schwab. If
 you're interested in the Netscape
 IPO, press 1. For all other
 inquiries, press 2."

Barksdale and Clark are stunned:

CLARK
 (switching back to Mary)
 Mary, what does--

MARY
 (interrupts)
 A) Never put me on hold. B) Refresh
 your NASDAQ page.

CLARK
 (peering at page. Eyes go
 wide)
 71 dollars?

BARKSDALE
 (dives over Clark's
 shoulder)
 71 dollars a share! Are you kidding
 me?!

Mary smiles.

MARY
 You're welcome.

Mary hangs up. SPLIT SCREEN DISAPPEARS.

The office erupts. Every employee in the building just made a
 killing. Euphoria fogs the block.

INTERVIEW IDEA: FORMER EMPLOYEE AT NETSCAPE

FORMER EMPLOYEE
 Umm, well. It was like, I had been
 there for six months, I had just
 finished getting my MBA in
 marketing, I was \$60K in debt with,
 I don't know, maybe \$300 in the
 bank. And suddenly, I was worth
 \$200,000. Like that!

DIRECTOR (OS)
 What'd you do with the money.

FORMER RECEPTIONIST
 Oh.
 (laughs, embarrassed)
 Well, I spent half on a house, yay
 for me, and, uh, ultimately
 invested the other half in
 PETS.COM.

DIRECTOR (OS)
 And what happened to them?

FORMER RECEPTIONIST

You don't know what happened to Pet.com? All those commercials with that stupid-ass dog puppet holding a microphone....they really shit the bed. Or...the litter box, I guess.

DIRECTOR (OS)

Ouch.

FORMER RECEPTIONIST

Yeah. Made a shit ton on the house though.

INT. RETURN TO NETSCAPE- CONTINUOUS

Barksdale composes himself, and slowly ushers everyone out of Clark's office.

BARKSDALE

Ok, ok, ok. Great start to the day. Remember: nest egg, people, nest egg. Now take your bagels back to your bays and keep cracking. We still have a browser to launch.

Barksdale turns back to Clark.

BARKSDALE (CONT'D)

Um. Where's Marc?

INT. ANDREESSEN'S APT - MORNING

9:00 am PST. Andreessen, in bed, slowly awakens. He casually spins to his computer, checks on the stock, and looks mildly pleased.

ANDREESSEN

Okay.

He goes back to bed.

INTERVIEW INSERT

REAL MARC ANDREESSEN

Yes, that's really what happened. Why is that so hard to believe? I had been up all night coding.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

I mean, you just made millions of dollars. And you just went back bed?

REAL MARC ANDREESSEN

My view was that we could not let ourselves be distracted by the euphoria. It's a temporary phenomenon. It could be gone tomorrow. We either deliver or we don't.

(beat)

It's probably a Midwestern kind of thing.

INT. GOLDMAN SACHS - DAY

Steve and Darrin's phones are ringing off the hook. INTERCUT between agents:

STEVE

(on phone)

Goldman Sachs, this is Steve...

He glances at Darrin.

DARRIN

Netscape? Sure thing.

Darrin smiles. Steve flips him off.

STEVE

Account number?....Thank You.
Mother's maiden name? Thank you.
Netscape. Yes. How many shares?

DARRIN

One hundred shares. You got it, Mr. Paine.

STEVE

Yes ma'am. You're good to go...

Darrin hangs up the phone.

DARRIN

(to Steve)

Guess David Lee Roth should be putting cash down on that Condo in Vero any time now.

STEVE
 (ignores him, covers
 phone)
 Is it just us, or...

INT. SMITH BARNEY - DAY

Mayhem.

ANGLE -- TWO BROKERS

Who look EXACTLY like Steve and Darrin, because **THEY ARE STEVE AND DARRIN**, in different clothes. But it's them.

NOT-STEVE and NOT-DARRIN are also completely slammed with requests for Netscape stocks.

BROKER 1/DARRIN
 (on phone)
 Netscape. 50 shares. You're good to go, Ms. Robertson.

BROKER 2/STEVE
 (on phone)
 Smith Barney. Netscape? Yup. Can I get your name?

Broker 2/Steve covers phone, leans into Broker 1/Darrin

BROKER 2/STEVE (CONT'D)
 Bro. I totally called it with this Netscape shit...

BROKER 1/DARRIN
 Who over at Morgan Stanley is making a killing right now?

His phone rings, he jumps, and we

SMASH TO

INT. MORGAN STANLEY - DAY

Mary Meeker on the phone, in command, doing her thing:

MARY
 Yeah, it's a nice jump. I'm ok with it. It's at 74 a share now, if it gets any crazier, we might want to shoe it, but in the meantime, let's keep making money, ok.

She listens, laughs.

MARY (CONT'D)

Ha! Right? Happy people at Netscape today. Thanks, Andy. I'll circle back before we close.

Hangs up. Into com:

MARY (CONT'D)

Erin, get Barry at Charles Schwab on the phone, thanks.

She hangs up.

INTERVIEW INSERT

REAL MARY MEEKR

Here's the thing about "shoes" and "runs" and what I do for a living. Sure, you want the first day to go well, but the truth is, it doesn't matter. What matters is whether you can keep that price up. Whether your company has the ability to create sustainable, long term growth. Because if you don't have that, people are going to dump your stock real fast and they are not going to be happy that they spent so much on it. Netscape had that stability. The flood of press they got from the massive IPO definitely didn't hurt, though.

EXT. NETSCAPE OFFICES - DAY

Local news stations have surrounded the building. They're trying to speak to employees as they exit.

ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE of local stations reporting from outside Netscape HQ. Multiple outlets are cut together as each one essentially reports the same thing -- "A massive success on Wall Street, right in our back yard. Back to you, Bill!"

INT. NETSCAPE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Barksdale is in his office, manning the phone. The head PR executive knocks at his open door. Barksdale waves him in.

BARKSDALE
 (into phone, all smiles)
 Ok, thanks, Jimmy, you too.

To PR Executive.

BARKSDALE (CONT'D)
 What's up?

PR EXEC
 I've got reporters from Wall Street
 Journal, New York Times, Forbes,
 Wired...
 (searches memory)
 ...the Chronicle, and about ten
 other news agencies asking me for
 interviews. How do you want to
 handle this?

BARKSDALE
 Put together a list and we'll come
 up with a game plan with Jim and
 Marc. Shit, that reminds me. Follow
 me.

Barksdale exits his office, walks out to the main room of
 happy, busy worker bees..

BARKSDALE (CONT'D)
 Everyone. Quick word. As you can
 imagine, the press is very
 interested in our company. Phones
 are ringing off the hook, and
 you've no doubt noticed the feeding
 frenzy out in front. But please:
 Nobody say anything to the press
 unless we, your bosses, have okayed
 it. Got it?

The staff nods, all good. The PR exec leans in.

PR EXEC
 Actually, they all just want to
 talk to Marc. I guess, you know,
 he's 24 and...

The PR exec gestures, "all this".

INT. NETSCAPE HEADQUARTERS - DUSK

Things have calmed down. An exhausted Barksdale and Clark
 find Andreessen in his office coding.

CLARK

Much as I admire your discipline,
if you were ever inclined toward an
8-ball and a Thai hooker, today
would be the day.

ANDREESSEN

(smiles)

The night is young.

BARKSDALE

We need to talk about press, Marc.
We've got every blue chip member of
the 4th estate barking down our
door, and they all want to talk to
you.

ANDREESSEN

(working away)

Yup. Anything to help the company.

CLARK

(amused)

Ok. Great. In the meantime, you
plan on enjoying any of this?

ANDREESSEN

(never looks up)

After today, we have to deliver ten
thousand percent. 2.0 has got to
dominate the browser market
critically and financially. Right
now, our plug-in support is weak,
our mail element isn't happening,
and about ten other things we
promised are still in the idea
phase. So...

CLARK

Ok. Got it. But you're still coming
to the party tonight, yes?

Marc's brow furrows. Somethings not quite right with the
code. He clicks away. Awkward silence. Clark and Barksdale
look at one another. Click, click, click. Silence. Click,
click, click, click...

ANDREESSEN

(fixes it, smiles, looks
up)

There it is.

(snapping out of it)

Yep.

INT. GOLDMAN SACHS - EVENING

Darrin is beat. Steve, also exhausted, says goodnight and heads home. Darrin picks up a phone.

DARRIN

Hi. Yes, I'm trying to get a round trip ticket to San Jose. Yes. Ah, first thing tomorrow. Early as possible. Yes, I'll hold.

INT. THEGLOBE.COM "OFFICES" - NIGHT

Paternot and Krizelman walk into the glorified closet they call their office. They've come straight from the airport, exhausted from the trip and demoralized by their meetings. Paternot sits on one of their shitty office chairs, which BREAKS causing him to lose his balance.

PATERNOT

(hurling chair)

Goddammit!

He stares down at his computer.

PATERNOT (CONT'D)

We broke 75,000 daily visitors this week, and apparently it doesn't mean shit.

Another beat of awkward silence as Paternot cools down.

PATERNOT (CONT'D)

Where does this leave us?

KRIZELMAN

Another round of begging friends and family for money?

PATERNOT

(defeated)

Jesus.

KRIZELMAN

You got a better idea?

Paternot is mute.

Phillip the engineer enters with a pizza and Mountain Dew in hand.

PHILLIP
(how'd it go?)
So?

Krizelman and Paternot don't say a word.

PHILLIP (CONT'D)
Damn.

Phillip sits down at his computer. Shoves a slice in his mouth.

PHILLIP (CONT'D)
(mouth full)
You guys see this yet?

He pulls up a report on the Netscape IPO.

PHILLIP (CONT'D)
(you're gonna like it)
It's crazy.

Krizelman takes a look.

KRIZELMAN
Are those numbers right?

PHILLIP
Dude. That's the Wall Street
Journal. So.

KRIZELMAN
Holy shit, Steph, check this out.

Paternot comes over. Sees the numbers.

PATERNOT
It closed at \$58? And got up to
74?! Where did they price it -
(scanning)
- \$28?! Jesus Christ.

PHILLIP
You think maybe Netscape could
just, like, give us some money.
Seems like they have enough of it.

Paternot and Krizelman ignore the comment.

PATERNOT
If anyone needed proof that the
internet is real, here you go.

KRIZELMAN
 (still reading)
 This is the biggest tech IPO since
 Microsoft.

There's a new sense of determination on Paternot's face. A sense of hope.

PATERNOT
 Fuck it. Call 'em all, aunts,
 uncles, half-cousins. We just need
 to keep this thing alive for the
 next few months.

KRIZELMAN
 Then what?

PATERNOT
 All those fuckers who just turned
 us down are gonna be throwing money
 at us. Trust me.

INT. SHITTY APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Michael Fenne watches the news about the Netscape IPO.

INSERT ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE - A national news report of the Netscape IPO.

He's fixed on the screen, the light from the TV dancing across his face.

FENNE
 (to himself,
 automatically)
 Hey, I'm Mike Fenne, what a
 pleasure...

INT. TELE-BUSINESS CENTER - DAY

A bland business center. Depressing cubicles, lit by rows of flourescent lights, casting all in a deathly green. Fenne meets with the owner, CHUCK HAUSWIRTH (68).

FENNE
 (looking around,
 ebullient)
 Nice space. Really nice.

CHUCK
 Thanks. Yeah, it works out.

FENNE
(checking out his
computers)
Running Windows95, fantastic!

CHUCK
Yeah, I try to keep it current.

FENNE
Right! Good business!

CHUCK
Yep. But you can get ahead of
yourself, too.

FENNE
True. Don't want to be jumping in
too soon. Smart.
(switching gears)
So, I heard you're looking for
someone versed in Word?

CHUCK
Yes, yep. That and Xcel,
Powerpoint...you know.

FENNE
The suite. I can for sure help you
there, no problem. Been using
Office since Day 1. Friends of
mine, in fact. So, I'm five years
down the road.

CHUCK
Wow. No kidding. Well, that's what
I'm looking for. Get my clients up
and running. Most of them...

FENNE
No, I get it. People have no idea.
New frontier. I can definitely help
you out, bring your people into the
20th Century. Thing is, I've got
some pretty big things going on, so
we gotta work out times.

CHUCK
Ok. What're you thinking?

FENNE
I'm in computers, Chuck.

CHUCK
(laughs)
Mighta guessed.

FENNE
Repairs. International. I've got
some pretty big clients, and a lot
of that work happens at night,
early morning, off hours, see...

CHUCK
Wow. International.

FENNE
Lord help me. Saudis, you name it.
Big money, big headaches.

They laugh.

FENNE (CONT'D)
Anyway. I can help you out during
the day, and get most of my
business done later or at night.
Sound good?

CHUCK
Pretty good, yeah. So, the way we
work it here is you put down a
small deposit, and I'll cut you a
good deal on the space in exchange
for lessons...

FENNE
Or, how about this: skip the
deposit and lowered rate, and I
just cut you in on my repair gig,
slide over some of that Saudi
money?

CHUCK
Oil money? Hell, that could work!

INT. BAR - NIGHT

The core Netscape team is celebrating. Clark, Andreessen, Barksdale are circled up for a toast, surrounded by the entire staff.

CLARK
(raising glass)
So, just a little over a year ago,
we launched this sucker with a few
million and a pipe dream.
(MORE)

CLARK (CONT'D)

As of today the company is valued at just under \$3 billion. I'd call that a very good year.

BARKSDALE

Safe to say, this makes us the top browser in the game!

Everybody cheers and clinks and slaps each others's backs.

Andreessen smiles, sips his beer, and adds pointedly.

ANDREESSEN

It also makes us a target.

And as we let the guys disappear into the noise of the bar we hear:

INTERVIEW INSERT

REAL MARC ANDREESSEN (V.O.)

In the startup world, you're either a genius or an idiot. You're never just an ordinary guy trying to get through the day. The Internet has always been, and always will be, a magic box. We reached in and pulled out one magical coin. And for a day, we got to be the geniuses. For a day. And in my opinion, even a day is way too long to rest on your laurels.

INT. SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO- SOUTH COAST CHRISTIAN ASSEMBLY - MORNING

Michael Fenne, his transformation complete, chats up a bunch of OC FAT CATS at a Christian Businessmen's Breakfast.

FENNE

I've been looking at places up there on Golden Ridge. Nice slice of heaven.

FAT CAT

Oh, yeah. We got in at good time. But it's never a bad time up there, if you get my drift. I've got a great broker if you need anyone.

FENNE

That'd be great. Yeah. Definitely looking for a place. Room to spread out, some privacy.

FAT CAT

Oh yeah. We love it up there.

(eyeing him)

You said you have an "internet" business?

FENNE

That's right.

FAT CAT

I cannot for the life of me understand what an "internet" is.

FENNE

You don't have to. But did you see that Netscape IPO today?

FAT CAT

Now that I understand! Closed at 58!

FENNE

That's really all you have to understand. Lemme explain it to you in simple terms; the internet is essentially a phone call, over a phone line, but instead of a phone conversation, it's a letter, or a photo, or a movie...

INTERVIEW INSERTS

REAL MICHAEL FENNE

I was able to give them a unique opportunity to get into live streaming on the ground floor--

SMASH TO

REAL BURNED INVESTOR

Sonofabitch could sell shit to an outhouse.

RESUME SCENE

FAT CAT

That's the first time anyone's ever explained it to me in a way I can understand!

FENNE

You won't believe what I have
cooking...

FAT CAT

I'd like to hear about that, Mike!
Yes I would!

And we begin to float away from the conversation and up and
above the crowded room, full of potential investors, and
watch Michael Fenne work the room.

END OF EPISODE ONE