

The Social Network  
Screenplay  
by  
Aaron Sorkin

Based on the book  
"THE ACCIDENTAL BILLIONAIRES"  
by BEN MEZRICH

FROM THE BLACK WE HEAR--

MARK (V.O.)

Did you know there are more people with genius IQ's living in China than there are people of any kind living in the United States?

ERICA (V.O.)

That can't possibly be true.

MARK (V.O.)

It is.

ERICA (V.O.)

What would account for that?

MARK (V.O.)

Well, first, an awful lot of people live in China. But here's my question:

FADE IN:

INT. CAMPUS BAR - NIGHT

MARK ZUCKERBERG is a sweet looking 19 year old whose lack of any physically intimidating attributes masks a very complicated and dangerous anger. He has trouble making eye contact and sometimes it's hard to tell if he's talking to you or to himself.

ERICA, also 19, is Mark's date. She has a girl-next-door face that makes her easy to fall for. At this point in the conversation she already knows that she'd rather not be there and her politeness is about to be tested.

The scene is stark and simple.

MARK

How do you distinguish yourself in a population of people who all got 1600 on their SAT's?

ERICA

I didn't know they take SAT's in China.

MARK

They don't. I wasn't talking about China anymore, I was talking about me.

ERICA

You got 1600?

MARK

Yes. I could sing in an a Capella group, but I can't sing.

ERICA  
Does that mean you actually got nothing wrong?

MARK  
I can row crew or invent a 25 dollar PC.

ERICA  
Or you can get into a final club.

MARK  
Or I can get into a final club.

ERICA  
You know, from a woman's perspective, sometimes not singing in an a Capella group is a good thing?

MARK  
This is serious.

ERICA  
On the other hand I do like guys who row crew.

MARK  
(beat)  
Well I can't do that.

ERICA  
I was kid--

MARK  
Yes, it means I got nothing wrong on the test.

ERICA  
Have you ever tried?

MARK  
I'm trying right now.

ERICA  
To row crew?

MARK  
To get into a final club. To row crew?  
No. Are you, like--whatever--delusional?

ERICA  
Maybe, but sometimes you say two things at once and I'm not sure which one I'm supposed to be aiming at.

MARK  
But you've seen guys who row crew, right?

ERICA

No.

MARK

Okay, well they're bigger than me. They're world class athletes. And a second ago you said you like guys who row crew so I assumed you had met one.

ERICA

I guess I just meant I liked the idea of it. The way a girl likes cowboys.

MARK

(beat)  
Okay.

ERICA

Should we get something to eat?

MARK

Would you like to talk about something else?

ERICA

No, it's just since the beginning of the conversation about finals club I think I may have missed a birthday.  
(can't get over it)  
There are really more people in China with genius IQ's than the entire population of--

MARK

The Phoenix is the most diverse. The Fly Club, Roosevelt punched the Porc.

ERICA

Which one?

MARK

The Porcellian, the Porc, it's the best of the best.

ERICA

Which Roosevelt?

MARK

Theodore.

ERICA

Is it true that they send a bus around to pick up girls who want to party with the next Fed Chairman?

MARK

You can see why it's so important to get in.

ERICA  
Okay, well, which is the easiest to get into?

MARK is visibly hit by that...

MARK  
Why would you ask me that?

ERICA  
I'm just asking.

MARK  
None of them, that's the point. My friend Eduardo made \$300,000 betting oil futures one summer and Eduardo won't come close to getting in. The ability to make money doesn't impress anybody around here.

ERICA  
Must be nice. He made \$300,000 in a summer?

MARK  
He likes meteorology.

ERICA  
You said it was oil futures.

MARK  
You can read the weather you can predict the price of heating oil. I think you asked me that because you think the final club that's easiest to get into is the one where I'll have the best chance.

ERICA  
I asked--what?

MARK  
You asked me which one was the easiest to get into because you think that that's the one where I'll have the best chance.

ERICA  
The one that's the easiest to get into would be the one where anybody has the best chance.

MARK  
You didn't ask me which one was the best one, you asked me which one was the easiest one.

ERICA  
I was honestly just asking. Okay? I was just asking to ask. Mark, I'm not speaking in code.

MARK

Erica--

ERICA

You're obsessed with finals clubs. You have finals clubs OCD and you need to see someone about it who'll prescribe you some sort of medication. You don't care if the side effects may include *blindness*.

MARK

Final clubs. Not finals clubs and there's a difference between being obsessed and being motivated.

ERICA

Yes there is.

MARK

Well you do--that was cryptic--so you do speak in code.

ERICA

I didn't mean to be cryptic.

MARK

I'm saying I need to do something substantial in order to get the attention of the clubs.

ERICA

Why?

MARK

*Because they're exclusive.* And fun and they lead to a better life.

ERICA

Teddy Roosevelt didn't get elected president because he was a member of the Phoenix Club.

MARK

He was a member of the Porcellian and yes he did.

ERICA

Well why don't you just concentrate on being the best you you can be?

MARK

Did you really just say that?

ERICA

(beat)  
I was kidding.  
(MORE)

ERICA (CONT'D)

Although just because something's trite  
it doesn't make it any less--

MARK

I want to try to be straight forward with  
you and tell you that I think you might  
want to be a little more supportive. If I  
get in I'll be taking you...to the  
events, and the gatherings...and you'll  
be meeting a lot of people you wouldn't  
normally get to meet.

ERICA

(smiles)

You would do that for me?

MARK

We're dating.

ERICA

Okay, well I want to try and be straight  
forward with you and let you know that  
we're not anymore.

MARK

What do you mean?

ERICA

We're not dating anymore, I'm sorry.

MARK

Is this a joke?

ERICA

No, it's not.

MARK

You're breaking up with me?

ERICA

You're going to introduce me to people I  
wouldn't normally have the chance to  
meet? What the fff--What is that supposed  
to mean?

MARK

Wait, settle down.

ERICA

What is it supposed to mean?

MARK

Erica, the reason we're able to sit here  
and drink right now is cause you used to  
sleep with the door guy.

ERICA

The door guy, his name is Bobby. I did not slept with the door guy, the door guy is a friend of mine. He's a perfectly good class of people and what part of Long Island are you from--Wimbledon?

MARK

Wait--

ERICA

I'm going back to my dorm.

MARK

Wait, wait, is this real?

ERICA

Yes.

MARK

Okay, then wait. I apologize, okay?

ERICA

I have to go study.

MARK

Erica--

ERICA

Yeah.

MARK

I'm sorry, I mean it.

ERICA

I appreciate that but--

MARK

Come on.

ERICA

--I have to study.

MARK

You don't have to study. You don't have to study. Let's just talk.

ERICA

I can't.

MARK

Why?

ERICA

Because it's exhausting. Dating you is like dating a stairmaster.



MARK

All I meant is that you're not likely to--  
currently--I wasn't making a comment on  
your parents--I was just saying you go to  
B.U., I was stating a fact, that's all,  
and if it seemed rude then of course I  
apologize.

ERICA

I have to go study.

MARK

You don't have to study.

ERICA

*Why do you keep saying I don't have to  
study?!*

MARK

*Because you go to B.U.!*

ERICA stares at him...

MARK (CONT'D)

(pause)

Do you want to get some food?

ERICA

I'm sorry you're not sufficiently  
impressed with my education.

MARK

And I'm sorry I don't have a rowboat so  
we're even.

ERICA

I think we should just be friends.

MARK

I don't want friends.

ERICA

I was being polite, I have no intention  
of being friends with you.

MARK

I'm under some pressure right now with my  
OS class and if we could just order food  
I think we should--

ERICA takes MARK's hand and looks at him tenderly...

ERICA

(close)

You are probably going to be a very  
successful computer person.

(MORE)

ERICA (CONT'D)

But you're going to go through life thinking that girls don't like you because you're a nerd. And I want you to know, from the bottom of my heart, that that won't be true. It'll be because you're an asshole.

And with that stinger, ERICA walks off we slowly push in on MARK. A fuse has just been lit.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

As MARK busts out of the bar and into the population of Harvard Square.

CUT TO:

EXT. HARVARD SQUARE - NIGHT

As MARK continues on, he passes a group of people heading in the opposite direction for a party.

As MARK's steady and determined stride continues, he'll pass by all kinds of (seemingly) happy, well-adjusted, socially adept people.

The pulsing intro of a song crashes in that will take us through the following sequence

CUT TO:

**TITLE:**

**Harvard University  
Fall 2003**

INT. KIRKLAND HOUSE/LOBBY - NIGHT

As the MUSIC CONTINUES and MARK busts into the lobby of his dorm. He doesn't look at anyone as he heads up the stairs and we

CUT TO:

INT. MARK'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

A bedroom that's part of a three-bedroom suite. The MUSIC CONTINUES as MARK walks in, flicks his lap-top on without looking at it and walks out of frame as we follow MARK to his mini-fridge where he pulls out a Beck's beer.

MARK's fingers dance easily on the keyboard--like a Juilliard pianist warming up. The website he's just called up gets loaded onto the screen.

*Zuckonit.com*

This is the only place he's comfortable.

**TITLE:**

**8:13 PM**

He begins blogging.

MARK (V.O.)  
 Erica Albright's a bitch. Do you think that's because her family changed their name from Albrecht or do you think it's because all B.U. girls are bitches?

He takes a good gulp of his drink. We see the words we're hearing filling up his computer screen--

MARK (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 For the record, she may look like a 34C but she's getting all kinds of help from our friends at Victoria's Secret. She's a 34B, as in barely anything there. False advertising.

CUT TO:

INT. MARK'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

**TITLE:**

**9:48 PM**

MARK (V.O.)  
 The truth is she has a nice face. I need to do something to help me take my mind off her. Easy enough, except I need an idea.

MARK takes out a keyboard for his desktop computer takes a drink from his beer.

BILLY OLSON walks into the room carrying a six pack. He sits on the bed behind MARK and opens one for himself.

MARK has moved his mouse to an icon on his desktop labeled "Kirkland Facebook". He clicks and opens it. A menu of photos appear. He blogs again.

MARK (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 I'm a little intoxicated, I'm not gonna lie. So what if it's not even 10PM and it's a Tuesday night? The Kirkland facebook is open on my desktop and some of these people have pretty horrendous facebook pics.

(MORE)

MARK (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Billy Olson's sitting here and had the idea of putting some of these next to pictures of farm animals and have people vote on who's hotter.

CUT TO:

INT. A BUS - NIGHT

It resembles the kind of bus that would take you to the rental car place but on board are two-dozen COLLEGE GIRLS who are dressed for a party. Last minute make-up touch-ups are being done and a joint is being passed.

MARK (V.O.)  
 I think he's on to something.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. MARK'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

**TITLE:**

**10:17 PM**

MARK  
 Yea, it's on. I'm not gonna do the farm animals but I like the idea of comparing two people together. It gives the whole thing a very "Turing" feel since people's ratings of the pictures--

CUT TO:

EXT. FINAL CLUB - NIGHT

A bouncer--a townie in a tuxedo and a headset--is manning the velvet rope that guards the thick, wooden, red double-doors that lead to, believe it or not, one of the most exclusive clubs in the world.

Four college girls are already waiting in line but that number's about to grow as the bus pulls up and opens its doors.

MARK (VO)  
 --will be more implicit than, say, choosing a number to represent each person's hotness like they do on hotornot.com. The first thing we're going to need is a lot of pictures.  
 (MORE)

MARK (VO) (CONT'D)  
 Unfortunately, Harvard doesn't keep a public centralized facebook so I'm going to have to get all the images from the individual houses that people are in. Let the hacking begin.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. MARK'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

There are two more kids in the room with MARK--DUSTIN MOSKOVITZ and CHRIS HUGHES.

MARK (V.O.)  
 First up is Kirkland. They keep everything open and allow indexes in their Apache configuration, so a little WGET magic is all that's necessary to download the entire Kirkland facebook. Kids' stuff.

On the computer screen, we've been seeing him download picture after picture of Harvard girls.

CUT TO:

EXT. FINAL CLUB - NIGHT

THREE COEDS are talking to the BOUNCER. The BOUNCER looks up at TWO HANDSOME CLUB MEMBERS. The MEMBERS give him the nod and the FIVE COEDS are let past the velvet rope.

They're led up a half flight of red-carpeted stairs to a party that's about a half-hour away from being in full swing.

The CLUB PRESIDENT is addressing the GUESTS from the top of the stairs--

CLUB PRESIDENT  
 Excuse me everybody, you are at one of the oldest, one of the most exclusive clubs--not just at Harvard but in the world--and I want to welcome you all to Phoenix Club's first party of the fall semester.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. MARK'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

MARK finishes another drink and gets back to his work.

**TITLE:**

**1:03 AM**

MARK (V.O.)

Next is Elliot. They're also open but with no indexes on Apache. I can run an empty search and it returns all of the images in the database in a single page. Then I can save the page and Mozilla will save all the images for me. Excellent. Moving right along.

Flying by at super-speed on MARK's computer screen have been commands and images that the rest of us can't possibly understand.

CUT TO:

INT. FINAL CLUB - NIGHT

The best and the brightest are checking out the hottest and the easiest.

We see a shot of uniformed FEMALE BARTENDERS making a couple of drinks with top-shelf bottles, a DJ working the highest end equipment and 20 year old guys, some of whom look 15, in blazers, khakis and club ties.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. MARK'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

MARK (V.O.)

Lowell has some security. They require a username/password combo and I'm going to go ahead and say they don't have access to main FAS user database, so they have no way of detecting an intrusion.

11B INT. FINAL CLUB - NIGHT

11B

It's on. Body shots. A couple making out in the corner. A matchbox gets slid open by perfectly manicured fingers that take out a few white pills. Two girls are dancing with each other and move into a kiss.

MARK's voiceovers are starting to overlap and cascade into each other--

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

Adams has no security but limits the number of results to twenty a page. All I need to do is break out the same script I used on Lowell and we're set.

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

Quincy has no online facebook, what a sham. Nothing I can do about that.

CUT TO:

MARK'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Instructions and images fly across MARK's screen--

MARK (V.O.)  
Dunster is intense. Not only is there no  
public directory but there's no--

MARK (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Leverett is a little better. It's  
slightly obnoxious that they only let you  
view one picture at a time and I'm not  
about to--

MARK (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
--definitely necessary to break out the  
emacs and modify that perl script with--

INT. KIRKLAND HOUSE/STAIRWAY - NIGHT

EDUARDO SAVERIN, a sweet-looking Brazilian sophomore wearing a  
three-piece suit is rushing up the stairs two at a time.

**TITLE:**

**2:08 AM**

MARK (V.O.)  
Done.

EDUARDO gets to the top of the stairs and hurries into--

INT. MARK'S DORM ROOM - CONTINUOUS

EDUARDO  
What's going on?

MARK (V.O.)  
Perfect timing. Eduardo's here and he's  
going to have the key ingredient.

EDUARDO  
Mark.

MARK  
Wardo.

EDUARDO  
You and Erica split up?

MARK  
How did you know that?

EDUARDO  
It's on your blog.

MARK  
Yeah.

EDUARDO  
Are you alright?

MARK  
I need you.

EDUARDO  
I'm here for you.

MARK  
No, I need the algorithm you use to rank chess players.

EDUARDO  
Are you okay?

MARK  
We're ranking girls.

EDUARDO  
You mean other students?

MARK  
Yeah.

EDUARDO  
You think this is such a good idea?

MARK  
I need the algorithm.

EDUARDO  
Mark--

MARK  
I need the algorithm.

CUT TO:

INT. MARK'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

EDUARDO is writing an equation with a grease marker on the window. When the equation's done it looks like this:

Girl A:

$$Ea = \frac{1}{1 + 10(Rb - Ra) / 400}$$



Girl B:

$$E_b = \frac{1}{1 + 10(R_a - R_b) / 400}$$

EDUARDO  
Give each girl a base rating of 1400. At any given time "Girl A" has a rating R-a and "Girl B" has a rating R-b.

MARK  
When any two girls are matched up there's an expectation of which will win based on their current rating, right?

EDUARDO  
(tapping the window)  
Yes. And those expectations are expressed this way.

MARK  
Let's write it.

CUT TO:

INT. FINAL CLUB - NIGHT

The two girls who we just saw get let in are now dancing on a table in their underwear.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. MARK'S ROOM - NIGHT

MARK makes a few last key strokes and a new website comes up on the screen.

*FACEMASH*

MARK makes a few more keystrokes and two pictures of two Harvard girls come up on the screen.

After a moment...

ALL  
The one on the left.

MARK clicks the girl on the left and another picture takes the place of the girl on the right.

ALL (CONT'D)  
On the right.

MARK clicks the girl on the right while another picture takes the place of the girl on the left.

ALL (CONT'D)  
Still the right.

EDUARDO  
It works.

DUSTIN  
Who should we send it to first?

EDUARDO  
Dwyer.

CHRIS  
Neal.

EDUARDO  
Who are you gonna send it to?

MARK's made the link to e-mail and hits send.

MARK  
Just a couple of people. The question is, who are they gonna send it to?

CUT TO:

INT. FINAL CLUB - NIGHT

We move to a room where there's a co-ed poker game underway with the girls smoking cigars. A bra and a couple of pairs of stockings are out on the table. As we move through the poker room, we see a computer behind one of the players. The computer is indicating that there's e-mail.

A PLAYER turns around and opens the e-mail as the poker game and the party go on behind him.

He hits a link and FACEMASH opens. He looks at it, then--

PLAYER  
(to another player)  
Check this out.

CUT TO:

INT. ANOTHER DORM ROOM - NIGHT

TWO MALE STUDENTS at a laptop.

STUDENT  
The one on the left.

CUT TO:

INT. ANOTHER DORM ROOM - NIGHT

THREE MALE STUDENTS AT A COMPUTER

ALL  
On the right.

CUT TO:

INT. ALL NIGHT DINER - NIGHT

A bunch of STUDENTS around a computer.

ALL  
The right.

CUT TO:

INT. FINAL CLUB - NIGHT

Dozens of partiers are around the computer.

FEMALE STUDENT  
That's my roommate.

CUT TO:

INT. CYBER CAFE - NIGHT

A bunch of students around the computer--

FEMALE STUDENT  
This is pathetic.

CUT TO:

INT. ANOTHER DORM ROOM - NIGHT

A FEW STUDENTS gathered at a computer--

ALL  
On the left.

CUT TO:

INT. ANOTHER DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Another computer--

ALL  
On the right.

CUT TO:

INT. ANOTHER DORM ROOM - NIGHT

This time just a single student in his pajamas as he looks at two pictures of girls side by side.

CUT TO:

INT. ANOTHER DORM ROOM - NIGHT

And another single student voting and

CUT TO:

INT. DORM ROOM - NIGHT

We should instantly know that this dorm room is different. It's more modern and with less character and history than the others.

In the background a GIRL is at her computer and in the foreground ERICA is sitting in bed taking notes from a textbook.

GIRL (ERICA'S ROOMMATE)  
Oh shit.  
(to the other GIRL)  
Albright?

ERICA'S ROOMMATE  
He blogged about you.

ERICA looks at her for a moment, then gets up to look at her roommate's computer--

ERICA'S ROOMMATE (CONT'D)  
You don't want to read it.

ERICA ignores her roommate. We see her mortification as she reads, and at that moment THREE GUYS appear in her open doorway. They're baked and smiling and one of them is holding a bra.

COLLEGE GUY  
Erica.

ERICA looks over at the guys--

COLLEGE GUY (CONT'D)  
Is this yours? I stole it from a tranny.

ERICA'S ROOMMATE  
Get the hell out of here!

The three guys go on their drunken way as we SLOWLY PUSH IN on ERICA who's frozen in her humiliation and then

CUT TO:

INT. HARVARD DORM ROOM - NIGHT

STUDENTS  
The left!

INT. COFFEE HOUSE - NIGHT

STUDENTS  
The right!

INT. DINING HALL - NIGHT

STUDENTS  
The left!

INT. GIRLS' DORM ROOM - NIGHT

STUDENTS  
The right!

INT. MARK'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

As sets of photos go flying by on his computer screen.

MARK is staring at the chaos of activity he's created in the middle of the night.

EDUARDO  
This is an awful lot of traffic.  
(beat)  
Think maybe we should shut it down before  
we get into trouble.

MARK ignores him as we pre-lap a PHONE RINGING and

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

A man named COX is asleep next to his wife. It's his phone that's RINGING. COX wakes up and answers it--

COX  
(into phone)  
Hello?  
(listens)  
Wait, what?  
(listens)  
At 4 in the morning?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. HARVARD COMMUNICATIONS OFFICE - SAME TIME

A tired GRAD STUDENT who spends the night monitoring the campus computer system is looking at his computer.

GRAD STUDENT  
 (into phone)  
 Well there's a very unusual amount of  
 traffic to the switch at Kirkland.

COX  
 You're saying it's unusual for 4 in the  
 morning?

GRAD STUDENT  
 No, this'd be unusual for halftime at the  
 Super Bowl.

COX  
 Alright.

COX hangs up the phone.

COX (CONT'D)  
 I have to go in.

COX'S WIFE  
 What's going on?

COX  
 Harvard's network's about to crash.

CUT TO:

INT. MARK'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Pictures are flying by on Mark's computer when suddenly they  
 freeze.

Then an icon comes up telling him he's no longer connected to  
 the internet.

Everyone is frozen silent for a moment...

EDUARDO  
 You don't think--

MARK  
 I do.

EDUARDO  
 Go see if it's everybody.

DUSTIN, CHRIS and EDUARDO head out of the room. MARK waits as  
 the guys start coming back in the room.

CHRIS  
 Can't connect.

DUSTIN  
 The network's down.

EDUARDO  
Unless it's a coincidence I think this is us.

MARK  
It's not a coincidence.

EDUARDO  
(bad)  
Holy shit.

And we stay on MARK a moment before we

CUT TO:

INT. DEPOSITION ROOM - DAY

It's three years later and MARK is sitting with his LAWYERS at a large conference table. MARK is wearing a hoodie, sweatpants and Adidas flip-flops--a personal uniform that we'll come to understand. And while it may take us a while to notice it, MARK's a different person in these flash-forward scenes. Still tortured and complicated, but comfortable now with his own power.

His lawyer is SY, who's accompanied by some junior associates, one of whom--a pleasant, pretty and professional young contemporary of Mark's named MARYLIN, we'll get to know.

On the other side are EDUARDO and his lawyer, GRETCHEN, also accompanied by some associates. A STENOGRAPHER is typing the record.

The room is glass on two sides and through the windows we can see the behemoths of Silicon Valley--Oracle, SunMicrosystems, Google, etc.

GRETCHEN is taking MARK's deposition.

GRETCHEN  
So you were called in front of the Ad Board.

MARK  
That's not what happened.

GRETCHEN  
You weren't called in front of the Administrative Board?

MARK  
No, back, I mean--That's--back at the bar with Erica Albright. She said all that?

SY  
Mark, I wouldn't--

MARK  
That I said that stuff to her?

GRETCHEN  
I was reading from the transcript of her deposition so--

MARK  
Why would you even need to depose her?

GRETCHEN  
That's really for us to--

MARK  
You think if I know she can make me look like a jerk I'll be more likely--

SY  
Mark--

MARK  
--to settle?

SY  
Why don't we stretch our legs for a minute, can we do that? It's been almost three hours and frankly you did spend an awful lot of time embarrassing Mr. Zuckerberg with the girl's testimony from the bar.

MARK  
I'm not embarrassed, she just made a lot of that up.

GRETCHEN  
She was under oath.

MARK  
Then I guess that would be the first time somebody's lied under oath.

People are stretching and getting coffee and talking quietly.  
MARK stays in his seat.

MARYLIN, the attractive second year associate who's on Mark's legal team is still sitting too...about four seats down from Mark.

MARYLIN  
The site got twenty-two hundred hits within two hours?

MARK  
(beat)  
Thousand.



MARYLIN  
What?

MARK  
Twenty-two thousand.

MARYLIN  
(pause--even)  
Wow.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHARLES RIVER - DAWN

The Harvard Crew is practicing on two-man sculls. There are three boats that are running roughly even with each other and the two-man crews are rowing with all they've got. We're gliding along with them in the water--

A CREW MEMBER  
Those guys are just freakin' fast.

And we PULL BACK TO REVEAL that there's a fourth boat which is already five boat lengths ahead of the other three.

The fourth boat is being crewed by CAMERON and TYLER WINKLEVOSS--identical twins who stepped out of an ad for Abercrombie & Fitch.

They know that the others aren't in their class and even though they're highly competitive athletes, they don't like showing anyone up, least of all their teammates.

CAMERON  
Is there anyway to make this a fair fight?

TYLER  
We could jump out and swim.

CAMERON  
I think we'd have to jump out and drown.

TYLER  
Or you could row forward and I could row backward.

CAMERON  
We're genetically identical, science says we'd stay in one place.

TYLER  
Row the damn boat.

And the WINKLEVOSS twins kick into full gear and open up an even wider lead as we

CUT TO:

INT. PFORZHEIMER DINING HALL - MORNING

The room's a couple of hundred years old and magnificent. Long, heavy mahogany tables are dotted with club members having breakfast. A PORTER in a white jacket is setting copies of *The Crimson*, Harvard's student newspaper, at the table occupied by CAMERON and TYLER whose trays are loaded with mountains of eggs and pancakes and carbs.

DIVYA NARENDRA, a nice looking Indian student, sits down next to them holding a copy of the *Crimson*.

CAMERON  
What's up?

DIVYA  
You guys hear about this?

CAMERON  
What?

DIVYA  
Two nights ago a sophomore choked the network from a laptop at Kirkland.

CAMERON  
Really?

DIVYA  
At 4AM.

TYLER picks up a copy of the *Crimson* and begins reading while his brother and DIVYA keep talking.

CAMERON  
How?

DIVYA  
He set up a website where you vote on the hotness of female undergrads. What were we doing that none of us heard about this?

CAMERON  
I don't know, a three hour low-rate technical row before breakfast, a full course load, studying, another three hours in the tank and then studying. I don't know how we missed it. How much activity was there on this thing that he--

TYLER  
 (reading)  
 22,000 page requests.

CAMERON  
 22,000?!

TYLER  
 Cam, this guy hacked the into facebooks  
 of seven houses. He set up the whole  
 website in one night and he did it while  
 he was drunk.

CAMERON  
 22,000.

TYLER  
 Yeah.

CAMERON  
 How do you know he was drunk?

DIVYA  
 He was blogging simultaneously. You know  
 what I think?

TYLER  
 I'm way ahead of you.

DIVYA  
 This is our guy.

CUT TO:

INT. SECOND DEPOSITION ROOM - DAY

It's MARK and his LAWYERS again but this time on the other  
 side of the table are TYLER and CAMERON, DIVYA and their  
 lawyer, GAGE, whose family had first-class seats on the  
 Mayflower.

We'll be back and forth between the two deposition rooms a  
 lot.

CAMERON  
 (for the record)  
 Cameron Winklevoss. W-I-N-K-L-E-V-O-S-S.  
 Cameron's spelled the usual way.

TYLER  
 (for the record)  
 Tyler Winklevoss. Tyler's spelled the  
 usual way and my last name is the same as  
 my brother's.

CUT TO:

INT. ADMINISTRATIVE HEARING ROOM - DAY

MARK stands before a panel of ADMINISTRATORS as well as COX, the systems manager who was woken up in the opening sequence.

ADMINISTRATOR

Mr. Zuckerberg, this is an Administrative Board hearing. You're being accused of intentionally breaching security, violating copyrights, violating individual privacy by creating the website, WWW.FACEMASH.COM. You're also charged with being in violation of university policy on distribution of digitized images. Before we begin with our questioning you're allowed to make a statement. Would you like to do so?

MARK

(beat)

Uh...I've, you know--

MARK stands to address the Board.

MARK (CONT'D)

I've already apologized in the *Crimson* to the ABHW, to Fuerza Latina and to any women at Harvard who might have been insulted as I take it that they were. As for any charges stemming from the breach of security, I believe I deserve some recognition from this Board.

MARK takes his seat.

ADMINISTRATOR

(pause)

I'm sorry?

MARK

Yes.

ADMINISTRATOR

I don't understand.

MARK

Which part?

ADMINISTRATOR

You deserve recognition?

MARK

I believe I pointed out some pretty gaping holes in your system.

COX

Excuse me, may I?

ADMINISTRATOR

Yes.

COX

Mr. Zuckerberg, I'm in charge of security for all computers on the Harvard network and I can assure you of its sophistication. In fact it was that level of sophistication that led us to you in less than four hours.

MARK

Four hours?

COX

Yes sir.

MARK

That would be impressive except if you'd known what you were looking for you would have seen it written on my dorm room window.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

As the heavy wooden door from the hearing slams shut behind MARK. EDUARDO is waiting for him.

EDUARDO

So?

MARK

Six months academic probation.

They walk out onto--

EXT. QUAD - CONTINUOUS

EDUARDO

Wow, they had to make an example out of you.

MARK

(pause)  
They had my blog. I shouldn't have written the thing about the farm animals. That was stupid. I was kidding for God's sake, doesn't anybody have a sense of--

EDUARDO

I tried to stop you.

MARK

I know.

EDUARDO  
 How do you do this thing where you manage  
 to get all girls to hate us? Why did I  
 let you--

MARK  
 I know.

EDUARDO  
 You can't do that.

MARK  
 Wardo. I said I know.

CUT TO:

INT. LECTURE HALL - DAY

MARK is in his Operating Systems class. This is considered the hardest class at Harvard and MARK is one of the 50 students with their laptops open as the professor takes them through an impossibly difficult lesson.

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

A GIRL scribbles something on a piece of paper. Then hands it to the student next to her and nods that it should be passed over to MARK. While that's happening--

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)  
 The system uses one-level page tables,  
 that start at address 0x0400. Maybe you  
 want to have DMA on your 16-bit system,  
 who knows? The first few pages are  
 reserved for hardware flags, etc.

MARK opens the note. It reads "U dick".

He looks over and sees a couple of GIRLS looking at him with contempt.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)  
 Assume page table entries have eight  
 status bits.

MARK closes his laptop, gets up and starts to head out of the hall.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)  
 The eight status bits would be--  
 (re: MARK)  
 And I see we have our first surrender.  
 (MORE)

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)  
 Don't worry, Mr. Zuckerberg, brighter men  
 than you have tried and failed at this  
 class.

MARK  
 (calling back)  
 1 valid bit, 1 modify bit, 1 reference  
 bit and 5 permission bits.

PROFESSOR  
 That is correct. Does everybody see how  
 he got there?

MARK walks out of the lecture hall and we

CUT TO:

EXT. ACADEMIC BUILDING - DAY

As MARK comes out and heads onto the quad--

CAMERON (OS)  
 (calling)  
 Mark?

CAMERON and TYLER have been waiting by the entrance.

CAMERON (CONT'D)  
 Are you Mark Zuckerberg?

MARK  
 Yeah.

CAMERON  
 Cameron Winklevoss.

MARK  
 Hi.

TYLER  
 Tyler Winklevoss.

MARK  
 (pause)  
 You guys related?

CAMERON  
 That's good.

TYLER  
 That's funny.

CAMERON  
 We've never heard that before.

MARK  
 What can I do for you? Did I insult your girlfriends?

CAMERON  
 No, you didn't insult our girl--  
 (to TYLER)  
 Actually, I don't know.

TYLER  
 (to CAMERON)  
 We never asked.

CAMERON  
 We should do that. No, we have an idea we want to talk to you about. Do you have a minute?

MARK  
 (pause)  
 You guys look like you spend some time at the gym.

CAMERON  
 We have to.

MARK  
 Why?

TYLER  
 We row crew.

MARK  
 (pause--then smiles a little)  
 Yeah, I've got a minute.

CAMERON  
 Great.

CUT TO:

EXT. PORCELLIAN CLUB - DAY

As MARK is escorted by CAMERON and TYLER toward the club.

TYLER  
 You ever been inside the Porcellian?

MARK  
 No.

TYLER  
 You understand we can't take you past the bike room 'cause you're not a member.

MARK  
 I've heard.



INT. PORCELLIAN CLUB - DAY

The most exclusive of all the final clubs. DIVYA is sitting in the main living room with a textbook open as the heavy wooden door opens and the three of them come into the bike room.

CAMERON  
Would you like a sandwich or something?

MARK  
Okay.

CAMERON disappears for a moment.

DIVYA  
Mark, right?

MARK is stealing a glance around the room.

MARK  
Yeah.

TYLER  
This is Divya Narendra, our partner.

MARK  
Hi.

DIVYA  
We were really impressed with Facemash and then we checked you out and you also built CourseMatch.

TYLER  
I don't know CourseMatch.

DIVYA  
You go online and see what courses your friends are taking.  
(to MARK)  
Really smart, man.

MARK is looking at the framed black and white group pictures on the wall of old Porcellian classes. He sees a bra hanging over a lamp.

DIVYA (CONT'D)  
Mark?

MARK  
Yeah.

DIVYA  
We were talking about CourseMatch.

MARK  
It was kind of a no-brainer.

CAMERON comes back in with a sandwich wrapped in cellophane. MARK opens it on his lap and eats it uncomfortably.

DIVYA  
And you invented something in high school, right?

MARK  
An app for an MP3 player that recognizes your taste in music.

DIVYA  
Anybody try to buy it?

MARK  
Microsoft.

DIVYA  
How much?

MARK  
I didn't sell it. I uploaded it for free.

DIVYA  
For free?

MARK  
Yeah.

DIVYA  
Why?

MARK gives a short shrug that says both "I don't know" and "Fuck you" at the same time.

CAMERON  
Okay, well. We have something that we've been working on for a while, we think it's great. It's called the HarvardConnection. You create your own page. Interests, bio, friends, pics.

TYLER  
And then people can go online, see your bio and request to be your--

MARK  
Yeah. How's it different from MySpace or Friendster?

TYLER  
Harvard-dot-E-D-U.

CAMERON  
Harvard.edu. The most prestigious e-mail address in the country.

TYLER

And the whole site's kinda based on the idea that girls--well...

CAMERON

Not to put anything indelicately.

DIVYA

Girls wanna get with guys who go to Harvard.

CAMERON

Divya and my brother don't have trouble putting things indelicately.

TYLER

The difference between what we're talking about and MySpace or Friendster or any of those other social networking site--

MARK

--is exclusivity.

(beat)

Right?

DIVYA

Right.

TYLER

(beat)

Yes.

CAMERON

We'd love for you to work with us, Mark. I mean, we need a gifted programmer who's creative.

TYLER

And we know you've taking it in the shins.

DIVYA

The women's groups are ready to declare a Fatwa and this could help rehabilitate your image.

MARK

(remembering what Erica said)

Wow. You'd do that for me?

DIVYA

We'd like to work with you.

CAMERON

Our first programmer graduated and went to work at Google. Our second programmer just got overwhelmed with school work.

(MORE)

CAMERON (CONT'D)  
We would need you to build the site and  
write the code and we'll provide--

MARK  
I'm in.

CAMERON  
--the money. What?

MARK  
I'm in.

TYLER  
Awesome.

CUT TO:

INT. SECOND DEPOSITION ROOM - DAY

The WINKLEVOSES and DIVYA with GAGE.

GAGE  
That's what you said?

MARK  
It was three or four years ago, I don't  
know what I said.

CUT TO:

INT. FIRST DEPOSITION ROOM - DAY

EDUARDO with GRETCHEN.

GRETCHEN  
When did you come to Eduardo?

MARK  
I don't understand that question.

CUT TO:

INT. SECOND DEPOSITION ROOM - DAY

GAGE  
Do you remember answering in the  
affirmative?

MARK  
The affirmative?

CUT TO:

INT. FIRST DEPOSITION ROOM - DAY

GRETCHEN  
When did you come to Eduardo with the  
idea for Facebook.

MARK  
It was called TheFacebook then.

CUT TO:

INT. SECOND DEPOSITION ROOM - DAY

GAGE  
This doesn't need to be that difficult.

MARK  
I'm currently in the middle of two  
different lawsuits.

GAGE  
Did you answer affirmatively? When Tyler  
and Cameron Winklevoss and Divya Narendra  
asked you to build HarvardConnection, did  
you say yes?

MARK  
I said I'd help.

CUT TO:

INT. FIRST DEPOSITION ROOM - DAY

GRETCHEN  
When did you approach Mr. Saverin with  
the idea for TheFacebook?

MARK  
I wouldn't say I approached him.

GRETCHEN  
Sy?

SY  
You can answer the question.

MARK  
At a party at Alpha Epsilon Pi.

GRETCHEN  
What's that?

MARK  
The Jewish fraternity. It was Caribbean  
Night.

CUT TO:

INT. LARGE MULTI-PURPOSE ROOM - NIGHT

The hall has been converted into "Alpha Epsilon Pi Caribbean Night, 2003" and the party is about as lame as it sounds. What's important is that this couldn't be less like the final club party we saw at the beginning if they were playing Pin the Tail on the Donkey.

Some potted palm trees have been brought in along with a steel drum set. The man playing the steel drum set has a yarmulke bobby pinned to his thinning hair. A table with a punch bowl and assorted cookies is nearby.

EDUARDO, in baggy cargo shorts and a Hawaiian shirt buttoned up to the top, is standing with a few similarly dressed friends, including DUSTIN MOSKOVITZ and CHRIS HUGHES, in the sparsely populated room. On the other side of the room are a few girls--all Asian. One of the girls is wearing a bikini over her clothes. A television monitor has been set up with a DVD running of Niagara Falls.

EDUARDO

It's not that guys like me are generally attracted to Asian girls. It's that Asian girls are generally attracted to guys like me.

DUSTIN

I'm developing an algorithm to define the connection between Jewish guys and Asian girls.

EDUARDO

I don't think it's that complicated. They're hot, they're smart, they're not Jewish and they can't dance.

CHRIS

Mark's here.

They see MARK come in and look around. EDUARDO waves him over...

EDUARDO

(calling)  
Mark.

MARK sees EDUARDO and waves him over to where he is. He wants to talk privately.

EDUARDO (CONT'D)

I'll be right back.

EDUARDO joins MARK in the back of the room and they take up a spot next to a bay window that's covered on the outside with ice.

MARK

I think I've come up with something.

EDUARDO

Hang on, I've gotta tell you something  
you're not going to believe.

MARK

What?

EDUARDO

I got punched by the Phoenix.

MARK

(beat)  
Are you kidding?

EDUARDO

No. I mean it's just the first of the  
four step process but they slipped the  
invitation under my door tonight. I go to  
the first punch party tomorrow and if  
they like me--

MARK

You got punched by the Phoenix.

EDUARDO

(pause)  
It was, you know...it was probably just a  
diversity thing. It was just a diversity  
thing. I'll just ride that horse until--  
what did you want to talk to me about?  
(pause)  
Mark?

MARK

Yeah.

EDUARDO

You said you've come up with something.

It seems like MARK's just made a small decision in his head.

MARK

(pause)  
Yeah. I think I've come up with  
something. Come outside.

EDUARDO

It's 20 degrees outside.

MARK

I can't stare at that loop of Niagara Falls which has nothing to do with the Caribbean.

CUT TO:

EXT. QUAD - NIGHT

MARK and EDUARDO come outside and are immediately met by the freezing cold air.

MARK

People came to Facemash in a stampede, right?

EDUARDO

Yeah.

MARK

It wasn't because they saw pictures of hot girls. You can go anywhere on the internet and see pictures of hot girls.

EDUARDO

Yeah.

MARK

It was because they saw pictures of girls that they knew. People want to go on the internet and check out their friends. Why not build a website that offers that? Friends, pictures, profiles, whatever you can...visit, browse around, maybe it's somebody you just met at a party. I'm not talking about a dating site. I'm talking about taking the entire social experience of college and putting it online.

EDUARDO

I can't feel my legs.

MARK

I know, I'm totally psyched about this, too. But Wardo--

CUT TO:

INT. FIRST DEPOSITION ROOM - DAY

EDUARDO

"It would be exclusive".

CUT BACK TO:



EXT. QUAD - NIGHT

MARK

You'd have to know the people on the site to get past your own page. Like getting punched.

EDUARDO

That's good, that's new.

MARK

Wardo, it's like a Final Club except we're the president.

CUT TO:

INT. FIRST DEPOSITION ROOM - DAY

EDUARDO

I told him I thought it sounded great. It was a great idea. There was nothing to hack, people were going to provide their own pictures, their own information. And people had the ability to invite--or not invite--their friends to join. See, in a world where social structure was everything, that was the thing.

(beat)

It was a big project and he was going to have to write tens of thousands of lines of code so I wondered why he was coming to me and not his roommates. Dustin Moskovitz and Chris Hughes they were programmers.

CUT TO:

EXT. QUAD - NIGHT

MARK

We're gonna need a little start-up cash to rent the servers and get it online.

CUT TO:

INT. FIRST DEPOSITION ROOM - NIGHT

EDUARDO

That was why.

GRETCHEN

Did he offer terms?

CUT TO:

EXT. QUAD - NIGHT

MARK  
 We'll split it 70-30. 70 for me 30 for  
 you for putting up the thousand dollars  
 and handling for everything on the  
 business end. You're CFO.

CUT TO:

INT. FIRST DEPOSITION ROOM - DAY

GRETCHEN  
 And you said?

EDUARDO  
 I said "Let's do it".

GRETCHEN  
 Okay. Did he add anything else?

EDUARDO  
 Yes.

CUT TO:

EXT. QUAD - NIGHT

MARK  
 It probably was a diversity thing but so  
 what?

CUT TO:

INT. FIRST DEPOSITION ROOM - DAY

GRETCHEN  
 Why do you think he said that?

SY  
 Gretchen, excuse me for interrupting but  
 whose discovery is this?

GRETCHEN  
 Sy, if you'll let me continue with my  
 line of questioning--

SY  
 What are you suggesting?

MARK  
 They're suggesting I was jealous of  
 Eduardo for getting punched by the  
 Phoenix and began a plan to screw him out  
 of a company I hadn't even invented yet.

GRETCHEN  
Were you?

SY  
Gretchen--

MARK  
Jealous of Eduardo?

SY  
Stop typing, we're off the record.

MARK  
Ma'am, I know you've done your homework and so you know that money isn't a big part of my life, but at the moment I could buy Mount Auburn Street, take the Phoenix Club and turn it into my ping pong room.

CUT TO:

EXT. QUAD - NIGHT

EDUARDO's walking away and calls back to MARK--

EDUARDO  
(calling)  
I'll let you know how the party is.

We stay on MARK for a moment longer, his wheels turning, before we

CUT TO:

INT. SECOND DEPOSITION ROOM - DAY

EDUARDO's in different clothes and being questioned by GAGE.

GAGE  
We recognize that you're a plaintiff in one suit involving Facebook and a witness in another.

EDUARDO  
Yes sir.

GAGE  
At any time in the weeks prior to Mark's telling you his idea, did he mention Tyler Winklevoss, Cameron Winklevoss, Divya Narendra or HarvardConnection?

EDUARDO

Yes. He said they'd asked him to work on their site but that he'd looked at what they had and decided it wasn't worth his time. He said even his most pathetic friends knew more about getting people interested in a website than these guys.

GAGE

"These guys" meaning my clients.

EDUARDO

Yes. He resented--Mark resented that they-- your clients, thought he needed to rehabilitate his image after Facemash but Mark didn't want to rehabilitate anything. With Facemash he'd hacked into the Harvard computers, he'd thumbed his nose at the Ad Board, he'd gotten a lot of notoriety. Facemash did exactly what he wanted it to do.

MARK kind of nods a little to himself.

It should be noted that these depositions have an extra element of discomfort as everything is being said within a few feet of the people being talked about.

GAGE

Were you aware that while Mr. Zuckerberg was building TheFacebook he was also communicating with the plaintiffs?

EDUARDO

Not at the time I wasn't, but it really didn't have much to do with the Winklevoss's dating--

TYLER

You weren't there!

GAGE

Ty.

(to EDUARDO)

Were you aware that while Mr. Zuckerberg was building TheFacebook, he was leading the plaintiffs to believe he was building Harvard Connection?

SY

You're offering a conclusion not found in evidence.

GAGE

We're about to find it in evidence.

MUSIC kicks in that will tie this next section together as we

CUT TO:

INT. MARK'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Two printouts of web pages are taped to a white board--  
"Friendster" and "MySpace". Under the two pages, MARK draws a  
third page and titles it "NewCo".

CUT TO:

INT. SECOND DEPOSITION ROOM - DAY

GAGE

(reading)

From Mark Zuckerberg to Tyler Winklevoss.  
November 30, 2003. "I read over all the  
stuff you sent me re Harvard Connection  
and it seems like it shouldn't take too  
long to implement, so we can talk about  
it after I get all the basic  
functionality up tomorrow night."

CUT TO:

INT. MARK'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

The whiteboard is filled with diagrams now--login page,  
profile page, create account...We move over to see MARK at his  
computer. He opens the Emacs program and then Firefox, hits a  
few keys and the diagram on the whiteboard comes to life on  
his computer as we

CUT TO:

INT. SECOND DEPOSITION ROOM - DAY

GAGE

From Mark Zuckerberg to Cameron  
Winklevoss. December 1, 2003. "Sorry I  
was unreachable tonight. I just got about  
three of your missed calls. I was working  
on a problem set for my systems class."

CAMERON and TYLER are looking blankly at MARK who's giving  
them a casual "I'm not scared of you" look and we

CUT TO:

INT. PHOENIX HOUSE - NIGHT

The MUSIC CONTINUES as EDUARDO and other prospective new  
members, all wearing tuxedos, are lined up in four rows.

The boy at the front of each row has a bottle of Jack Daniels and drinks as long as they can before passing the bottle, relay style, to the boy in back of him as a few seniors look on. EDUARDO gets handed the bottle and starts in as we

CUT TO:

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

It's an Art History class and as we run past the rows of STUDENTS we see that they all have the same painting up on their laptops as the PROFESSOR gives his lecture. When we get to MARK's laptop we see that he's writing code and we

CUT TO:

INT. SECOND DEPOSITION ROOM - DAY

GAGE

From Mark Zuckerberg to Cameron and Tyler Winklevoss. December 10, 2003. "This week has been pretty busy thus far with classes and work so I think it's probably best to postpone the meeting."

CUT TO:

INT. CAMERON AND TYLER'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

CAMERON, TYLER and DIVYA are reading the e-mail.

DIVYA

(reading)

"I'm also really busy tomorrow."

(beat)

Anybody else feel like there's something up with this guy?

CAMERON

Tell him okay but we've gotta make sure that we meet up before we all go off for break.

CUT TO:

INT. EDUARDO'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

EDUARDO's at his desk on the phone when an envelope that says "Phoenix" is slipped under his door. He turns and looks to see it...

CUT TO:

INT. MARK'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Every available wall space is covered with a diagram or a printout. EDUARDO comes in with the envelope.

EDUARDO

Mark--

MARK

I need a dedicated Linux box running Apache with a mySQL backend. It's gonna cost a little more money.

EDUARDO

How much more?

MARK

Two-hundred more.

EDUARDO

Do we need it?

MARK

Gotta handle the traffic.

EDUARDO

Do it.

MARK

I already did.

EDUARDO

Hey, guess what?  
(shows MARK the envelope)  
I made the second cut.

MARK

Good job. You should be proud of that right there, don't worry if you don't make it any further.

EDUARDO

I'll get outa here.

CUT TO:

INT. SECOND DEPOSITION ROOM - DAY

The MUSIC CONTINUES--

GAGE

(reading)

From Mark Zuckerberg to Tyler and Cameron Winklevoss and Divya Narendra. December 15, 2003. "I have a cs problem set that I'm just getting started with and it should be about 15 hours of coding so I'll be busy tomorrow night."

CUT TO:

INT. PFORZHEIMER DINING HALL - NIGHT

DIVYA  
 (reading)  
 "I won't really be free to meet until  
 next Wednesday afternoon."

CAMERON and TYLER give each other a look--"Is this guy flaking out?"

CUT TO:

INT. SECOND DEPOSITION ROOM - DAY

GAGE  
 (reading)  
 "...have to cancel Wednesday afternoon.  
 I've basically been in the lab this whole  
 time and also..."

CUT TO:

INT. HAMBURGER JOINT - NIGHT

DIVYA's reading off his blackberry to TYLER and CAMERON--

DIVYA  
 (reading)  
 "Won't be able to do Saturday as I have  
 to meet up with my parents to..."

CUT TO:

EXT. HARVARD YARD - NIGHT

The MUSIC CONTINUES--

It's snowing and cold as hell. EDUARDO's now with a smaller group of prospective members, most of whom are in their underwear with a couple of them wearing pants. They're all blue and shivering. They're gathered around a statue of John Harvard as a senior announces--

SENIOR  
 As the plaque reads, this is John  
 Harvard, founder of Harvard University in  
 1638. It's also called The Statue of  
 Three Lies. What are the three lies, Mr.  
 Dowd?  
 (beat)  
 Mr. Dowd.

SOPHOMORE  
 The three lies--  
 (beat)  
 The first--  
 (MORE)



SOPHOMORE (CONT'D)

(beat)  
Shit!

SENIOR  
Take your pants off.

EDUARDO  
I know.

SENIOR  
Mr. Saverin.

EDUARDO  
1) Harvard was founded in 1636, not 1638.  
2) Harvard wasn't founded by John Harvard  
and 3) That's not John Harvard.

SENIOR  
Who is it?

EDUARDO  
A friend of the sculptor, Daniel Chester.

SENIOR  
Keep your jacket on.

And as another kid simply falls to his hands and knees and  
throws up, we

CUT TO:

INT. SECOND DEPOSITION ROOM - DAY

GAGE  
39 days after Mr. Zuckerberg's initial  
meeting with my clients and he still  
hadn't completed work on  
HarvardConnection. But on January 11,  
2004--

CUT TO:

INT. MARK'S DORM ROOM - DAY

A website called Network Solutions is up on Mark's screen. He  
hits a couple of keys and waits intently.

Then the computer shows him what he wanted to see--

*www.theFacebook.com--DOMAIN NAME REGISTERED*

GAGE (V.O.)  
Mr. Zuckerberg registered the domain name  
theFacebook via network solutions.

CUT TO:

INT. SECOND DEPOSITION ROOM - DAY

GAGE

To the best of your knowledge, had he even begun work on HarvardConnection?

EDUARDO

Not to my knowledge, no.

CUT TO:

INT. PORCELLIAN - NIGHT

CAMERON's looking at his e-mail.

CAMERON

What in the world is this?

(reading)

"Hey Cameron. I'm still a little skeptical that we have enough functionality in the site to really draw the attention and gain the critical mass necessary to get a site like this to run. We'll speak soon."

CUT TO:

INT. SECOND DEPOSITION ROOM - DAY

GAGE

This is the first time he mentioned any problem?

DIVYA

Yes it was.

GAGE

You'd sent 36 e-mails to Mr. Zuckerberg and received 16 return e-mails and this was the first time he indicated he was not happy.

DIVYA

That's correct. He had 42 days to study our system and get out ahead on--

MARK

Do you see any of your code on Facebook?

GAGE

(help me)

Sy, could you--

SY

(calming him)

Mark--

MARK  
Did I use any of your code?

DIVYA  
*You stole our whole goddam idea!*

SY  
Fellas.

MARK  
Match-dot-com for Harvard guys?

GAGE  
Can I continue with my deposition?

MARK  
You know you really don't need a forensic team to get to the bottom of this. If you guys were the inventors of Facebook you'd have invented Facebook.

DIVYA  
I can't wait to stand over your shoulder and watch you write us a check.

MARK  
No shit?

SY  
(to GAGE)  
Let's continue.

DIVYA's still staring at MARK, who just smiles a little as he looks down.

GAGE  
(beat)  
February 4th, 2004--

CUT TO:

INT. COMPUTER SCIENCE LAB - DAY

MARK is working at a station. We can see through the windows that it's a frigid, snowy February day in Cambridge but MARK's in his hoodie and cargo shorts nonetheless. It looks like he hasn't slept in days. On his monitor we can see that he's working on the profile page for theFacebook.

DUSTIN MOSKOVITZ steps up to him quietly.

DUSTIN  
Mark?  
(pause)  
Mark.

MARK turns his head and looks at him...

DUSTIN (CONT'D)  
 (quietly)  
 There's a girl in your art history class.  
 Her name is Stephanie Attis. Do you  
 happen to know if she has a boyfriend?

MARK just keeps looking at him--barely even blinking--"Why am I being interrupted?"

DUSTIN (CONT'D)  
 (beat)  
 Have you ever seen her with anyone?  
 (beat)  
 And if not, do you happen to know if  
 she's looking to go out with anyone?

MARK  
 (pause)  
 Dustin. People don't walk around with a  
 sign on them that says--

And MARK stops short right there. Because in his head, he's just discovered the cure for cancer.

DUSTIN  
 (pause)  
 Mark?

EXT. COMPUTER SCIENCE BUILDING - DAY

As MARK, with his backpack stuffed, comes flying out of the building and into the snow, barely keeping his balance on the ice and we

CUT TO:

INT. KIRKLAND HOUSE/LOBBY - MORNING

The heavy door bursts open and MARK comes busting through. He makes his way with speed and intent up a flight of stairs.

Then another.

And then another until he gets to his floor. He sprints down his hall toward his dorm room and barely notices EDUARDO leaning against the door.

EDUARDO  
 We were supposed to meet at 9.

MARK is searching the pockets of his shorts for his keys.

EDUARDO (CONT'D)  
 Have you slept yet?

MARK opens the door and they go into his suite--

MARK  
I have to add something.

EDUARDO  
What?

MARK's in his own world as he sits at the computer and calls up theFacebook. The home page fills the screen.

EDUARDO (CONT'D)  
(simply)  
Shit.  
(beat)  
That looks good.  
(beat)  
That looks really good.

MARK  
It's clean and simple. No Disneyland, no Live Nude Girls.

The CAMERA surveys the screen as MARK slips through some functions to show EDUARDO and we see things that are now familiar--A photo, sex, a profile, a list of attributes, a poke application, etc.

MARK (CONT'D)  
But watch.

MARK's called up a the Emacs program and quickly writes out several lines of code...

EDUARDO  
What'd you write?

MARK goes back to the profile page. There's a new area to be filled in...

MARK  
"Relationship Status", "Interested In".  
(beat)  
This is what drives life at college. Are you having sex or aren't you. It's why people take certain classes, and sit where they sit, and do what they do, and at its, um, center, you know, that's what theFacebook is gonna be about. People are gonna log on because after all the cake and watermelon there's a chance they're actually gonna--

EDUARDO  
--get laid.

MARK  
(over)  
--meet a girl. Yes.

EDUARDO  
That's really good.

MARK  
(beat)  
And that's it.

EDUARDO  
(beat)  
What do you mean?

MARK  
It's ready.

EDUARDO  
It's ready?

MARK  
Yeah.

EDUARDO  
Right now?

MARK  
That was it. And here's the masthead.

MARK hits another couple of keystrokes and the website's masthead comes up.

EDUARDO  
You made a masthead.

MARK  
Yeah.

EDUARDO  
(reading)  
"Eduardo Saverin. Co-Founder and CFO."

MARK  
Yeah.

EDUARDO  
You have no idea what that's going to mean to my father.

MARK  
Sure I do.

EDUARDO  
(pause)  
When's it gonna go live?

MARK  
Right now. Get your laptop out.

EDUARDO  
Why do we need my laptop?

MARK  
Because you've got e-mails for everyone  
at the Phoenix.

EDUARDO  
(beat)  
I'm not sure if it's gonna be cool with  
them that I spam their--

MARK  
This is not spam.

EDUARDO  
No, I know it's not spam--

MARK  
If we send it to our friends it'll just  
bounce around the Dworkin.

EDUARDO  
I haven't gotten in yet.

MARK  
These guys know people and I need their e-  
mails.

EDUARDO  
(beat)  
Sure.

MARK  
Good.

EDUARDO takes out his laptop--

MARK (CONT'D)  
Gimmie the mailing list.

EDUARDO  
"Jabberwock12.listserv@Harvard E-D-U."

MARK opens up an e-mail and is writing a short message, then  
includes a link to the site--

MARK  
These guys. They're literary geniuses  
because the world's most obvious Lewis  
Carroll reference--

EDUARDO  
They're not so bad.

MARK  
I'm just saying.

EDUARDO  
You're right.

He hits "Send".

MARK  
The site's live.

EDUARDO  
(pause)  
You know what? Let's go get a drink and  
celebrate. I'm buying.

MARK is staring at the computer...

EDUARDO (CONT'D)  
Mark?

MARK doesn't hear him. We just see MARK's head from the back  
and it's ever so slightly bobbing back and forth...

EDUARDO (CONT'D)  
(pause)  
Mark?  
(beat)  
Are you praying?

CUT TO:

INT. DINING HALL - NIGHT

THE KROKODILOES, Harvard's oldest male a Capella group, are  
singing at the front of the hall in their usual uniform of  
white tie and tails for a packed crowd of students and  
parents.

Incongruously, but with surprisingly nice results, the group  
is covering a song from All-4-One--"I Swear"--and the pub full  
of students is loving it.

We find a table in the back where DIVYA is sitting with his  
girlfriend and some of their friends who are having a nice  
time. Divya's girlfriend, K.C., has her laptop open.

MALE FRIEND  
What ever happened to Cole Porter and  
Irving Berlin?

FEMALE FRIEND  
It's a Valentine's theme. They're playing  
love songs.

MALE FRIEND  
Good point, 'cause Cole Porter and Irving  
Berlin never wrote any love songs.



DIVYA  
Honey, you should put the laptop away.

K.C.  
Seven different people spammed me the same link.

DIVYA  
K.C.--

She clicks on the link--

FEMALE FRIEND  
What is it?

K.C.  
(dryly)  
I don't know, but I'm really hoping it's cats that look like Hitler 'cause I can never get enough of that.  
(beat)  
It's not.

DIVYA takes K.C.'s hand and turns his focus back to the singers but only for just a second because whatever was on the screen gets his attention in a hurry.

He swivels the laptop toward himself--

He starts quickly scrolling and reading it and we PUSH IN on his face as the blood starts draining away...

K.C. (CONT'D)  
Div!  
(beat)  
What?

DIVYA shuts the laptop, grabs it off the table--

Puts it back--

People are starting to turn and see what the commotion is about as the singing continues.

K.C. (CONT'D)  
What is wrong?

DIVYA starts to bolt out of the pub. His foot gets caught on a chair leg and he falls hard face-first to the floor.

DIVYA  
It's fine.

He starts out again, then comes back for his coat, grabs it, starts out and falls down all over again.

Finally he's got it together and flies out of the pub and we

CUT TO:

EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

DIVYA's running across the Charles in the freezing February air and we

CUT TO:

INT. BOATHOUSE - NIGHT

CAMERON and TYLER are rowing in a large practice tank--a simulator with a hull, oars and rowable water.

They're focused and charging away in perfect sync when the door at the end of the century-old boathouse opens and DIVYA charges in from the cold with his laptop and a copy of the *Crimson* in his hands.

DIVYA  
(calling)  
Hey!

The twins are in the zone and don't pay any attention.

DIVYA (CONT'D)  
(louder)  
Hey!

CAMERON  
Not now, we need 20 minutes.

DIVYA  
(calmly)  
Okay. I just wanted to let you know  
Zuckerberg stole our website.

TYLER stops rowing and then CAMERON. They look at DIVYA...

DIVYA (CONT'D)  
Mark Zuckerberg stole our website. It's  
been live for more than 36 hours.

CUT TO:

INT. CAMERON AND TYLER'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

They're in gear. CAMERON's taken a quick shower but didn't dry off. He's in sweatpants with a towel over his shoulder, talking on the phone with his father and holding the *Crimson*. DIVYA's on his cell looking for MARK and TYLER, still in his practice clothes, has his desktop computer open to theFacebook and is studying it.

CAMERON

(covering the phone)  
 Ty, the lawyer's on the phone with Dad.  
 (into phone)  
 I'm here with my brother, Tyler, and our  
 business partner, Divya.

TYLER

(reading off the computer)  
 "Welcome to theFacebook. TheFacebook is  
 an online directory that connects people  
 through different social networks. You  
 must have a Harvard.edu address to  
 register."

CAMERON

(into phone)  
 That's right.

DIVYA

(into cell)  
 I called earlier. I'm looking for Mark  
 Zuckerberg.

CAMERON

(into phone)  
 Yes sir, he's quoted a couple of times. I  
 can read it to you, "'Everyone's been  
 talking a lot about a universal facebook  
 within Harvard', he says"--he meaning  
 Mark--"'I think it's kind of silly that  
 it would take the University a couple of  
 years to get around to it. I can do a  
 classier job than they can and I did in a  
 week.'"

DIVYA

(into cell)  
 Tell him Divya Narendra called, I  
 appreciate it.

CAMERON

(into phone)  
 I know, that's how he talks.

DIVYA

(off another copy of the  
 Crimson)  
 "As of yesterday evening, Zuckerberg said  
 over 650 students had registered to use  
 theFacebook.com. He said he anticipated  
 that 900 students would have joined the  
 site by this morning."

CAMERON

(into phone)

Yeah, Divya was just reading that 650 students signed up for it on the first day.

TYLER

If I were a drug dealer I couldn't give free drugs to 650 people in one day.

DIVYA

And this guy doesn't have three friends to rub together to make a fourth.

CAMERON

(quieting them so he can hear)

Guys, please, come on.

(into phone)

That's what we'll do, Mr. Hotchkiss. We'll put all this together and we'll email it to you.

(listens)

You won't be able to get on the website yourself.

(beat)

Because you don't have--a Harvard, umm-- You know what, it would just be easier for us to email it to you.

(listens)

No, I'm sure you're right, this is a good guy--

DIVYA

(reacting)

Wow!!

CAMERON

(into phone)

--and he's very bright and I'm sure he didn't mean to...do what he did.

(beat)

Thank you very much, and Dad--alright love you too.

CAMERON hangs up.

DIVYA

This is a good guy?

CAMERON

We don't know that he's not a good guy.

DIVYA

We know that he stole our idea. We know he lied to our faces for a month and a half while he--

CAMERON  
He never lied to our faces.

DIVYA  
(DIVYA tosses the *Crimson* to TYLER)  
*He never saw our faces!* He lied to our e-mail accounts and he got himself a 42-day head start because he knows what apparently you don't which is that getting there first is everything!

CAMERON  
I'm a competitive racer, Div, I don't think you need to school me on the importance of getting there first, thank you.

DIVYA  
Alright. That was your father's lawyer?

CAMERON  
It was his in-house counsel, he'll look at it and if he thinks it's appropriate he'll send a cease and desist letter.

DIVYA  
What's that gonna do?

CAMERON  
What, do you wanna hire an IP lawyer and sue him?

DIVYA  
No, I wanna hire the Sopranos to beat the shit out of him with a hammer.

TYLER  
We don't even have to do that.

CAMERON  
That's right.

TYLER  
We can do that ourselves.

CAMERON  
Hey--

TYLER  
I'm six-five, 220 and there's two of me.

DIVYA  
I'm with this guy.

CAMERON

And I'm saying let's calm down until we know what we're talking about.

DIVYA

How much more information are you waiting for? We met with Mark three times, we exchanged 52 e-mails, we can prove that he looked at the code--

(then)

What is that on the bottom of the page?

CAMERON

(he's already seen it)

It says "A Mark Zuckerberg Production".

DIVYA

On the home page?

TYLER

On every page.

DIVYA

Shit, I need a second to let the classiness waft over me.

CAMERON

Look--

TYLER

Cam. They wrote, "Zuckerberg said that he hoped the privacy options would help to restore his reputation following student outrage over Facemash.com".

(beat)

That's exactly what WE said to him. He's giving us the finger in the *Crimson*. Now while we're waiting for Dad's lawyer to look this stuff over, we can at least--

CAMERON

No.

TYLER

--get something going in the paper so that people know--

CAMERON

What?

TYLER

That this thing is in dispute.

CAMERON

We're not starting a knife fight in the *Crimson* and we're not suing anybody.

DIVYA  
Why not?

CAMERON wants to answer the question but doesn't...

DIVYA (CONT'D)  
I don't understand, why not?

CAMERON  
(beat--referring to TYLER)  
He's gonna say it's stupid.

TYLER  
Me?

DIVYA  
Say it. Why not?

CAMERON  
Because we're gentlemen of Harvard.  
(beat)  
This is Harvard. You don't plant stories  
and you don't sue people.

DIVYA  
(pause)  
You thought he was going to be the only  
one who thought that was stupid?

CUT TO:

INT. SECOND DEPOSITION ROOM - DAY

GAGE  
During the time when you say you had this  
idea, did you know Tyler and Cameron came  
from a family of means?

MARK  
(pause)  
A family of means?

GAGE  
Did you know that his father was wealthy.

MARK  
(pause)  
I'm not sure why you're asking me that.

GAGE  
It's not important that you be sure why  
I'm asking you.

MARK  
It's not important to you.

GAGE  
(asking for help again)  
Sy.

SY  
(to MARK)  
Did you know that they came from money?

MARK  
I had no idea whether they came from  
money or not.

GAGE  
In one of your e-mails to Mr. Narendra  
you referenced Howard Winklevoss'  
consulting firm.

MARK  
(beat)  
If you say so.

GAGE  
Howard Winklevoss founded a firm whose  
assets are in the hundreds of millions.

MARK  
Mm-hm...

GAGE  
You also knew that Cameron and Tyler were  
members of a Harvard final club called  
the Porcellian.

MARK  
They pointed that out.

TYLER  
Excuse us for inviting you in.

MARK  
To the bike room.

GAGE  
(to TYLER)  
Please.  
(to MARK)  
So it's safe to say you were aware that  
my clients had money?

MARK  
Yes.

GAGE  
Let me tell you why I'm asking. I'm  
wondering why, if you needed a thousand  
dollars for an internet venture, you  
didn't ask my clients for it.  
(MORE)



GAGE (CONT'D)

They'd demonstrated to you an interest in this kind of thing so--

MARK

I went to my friend for the money because that's who I wanted to be partners with. Eduardo was the president of the Harvard Investors Association and he was my best friend.

GAGE

Your best friend is suing you for 600-million dollars.

MARK

I didn't know that, tell me more.

CUT TO:

INT. FIRST DEPOSITION ROOM - DAY

SY

Eduardo, what happened after the initial launch?

GRETCHEN

I'm sorry, Sy, would you mind addressing him as Mr. Saverin?

SY

Gretchen, they're best friends.

GRETCHEN

Not anymore.

SY

We already went through this on the-- nevermind. Mr. Saverin, what happened after the initial--

EDUARDO

It exploded.

CUT TO:

INT. SECOND DEPOSITION ROOM - DAY

DIVYA

Everyone on campus was using it. "Facebook me" was a common expression after two weeks.

SY

And Mark?

DIVYA

Mark was the biggest thing on a campus that included 19 Nobel Laureates, 15 Pulitzer Prize winners, two future Olympians and a movie star.

SY

Who's the movie star?

DIVYA

(pause)  
Does it matter?

SY

No.

CUT TO:

EXT./EST. AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

The lamps in Harvard Yard light the snow falling.

SPEAKER (VO)

The light bulb event--the inciting action--was when he was at Out of Town News and picked up a copy of *Popular Electronics* that had the MITS Altair Kit on the cover.

INT. AUDITORIUM - SAME TIME

There's a lower-level and a balcony and both are full.

MARK and EDUARDO are sitting in the second to last row of the balcony.

We'll hear the SPEAKER but we'll only get to see him in a slightly blurry image as our attention is on MARK and EDUARDO.

SPEAKER

It was a beautiful day and I was in my room at Radcliffe and he brought me the magazine and he said, "Look, it's going to happen without us, we've got to start it now." And so I said, "Okay, you're right. Let's get BASIC out there."

He gets an appreciative LAUGH from the STUDENTS.

SPEAKER (CONT'D)

Most of you think you know the rest of the story but you may not.

(beat)

The beginnings of this industry were very humble. That kit computer on the cover of that magazine--

We HEAR a little muffled giggling coming from the row behind MARK and EDUARDO. MARK is too into the speech to notice but the giggling registers as a slight annoyance on EDUARDO's face.

SPEAKER (CONT'D)

--had an 8080 microprocessor in it,  
unless you paid extra for a 1K memory  
board, you had 256 bytes.

EDUARDO hears the giggling again and turns around.

In the row behind them and a few seats over are two beautiful Asian students--ALICE and CHRISTY. They're a little overly made-up for a lecture. CHRISTY, the one sitting closest to EDUARDO, is wearing a short skirt with a white shirt open one button too far down the front and we can see a hint of the red bra she's wearing underneath.

She leans forward and whispers to EDUARDO--

CHRISTY

(whispering)

Your friend--is that Mark Zuckerberg?

EDUARDO

(beat)

Uh...yes.

CHRISTY

He made theFacebook.

EDUARDO smiles a little...this has just never happened--

EDUARDO

Yeah. I mean it's both of ours--but, yeah  
we--yes.

CHRISTY

(still whispering)

Cool. I'm Christy. This is Alice.

EDUARDO can't help noticing--just because it's in his line of sight--that down the row from the girls, someone else is pointing at them and whispering to a friend.

Then back to the girls--

EDUARDO

(whispering)

Very nice to meet you.

CHRISTY

(whispering)

Facebook me when you get home. Maybe we  
can all go out and grab a drink later.

EDUARDO  
 (whispering)  
 Certainly. Absolutely I will do that.

EDUARDO turns back to the speaker, who MARK hasn't taken his eyes off of--

SPEAKER  
 There were a number of machines that came next--the TRS-80, Apple II, Commodore Pet--

CUT TO:

EXT. AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

As the CROWD from the lecture spills out onto the snowy quad. EDUARDO--always in his suit--is buttoning up his overcoat as he walks and MARK zips up his hoodie.

EDUARDO  
 She said "Facebook me" and we can all go for a drink later. Which is stunningly great for two reasons. One, she said "Facebook me". Right? And the other is, you know--

MARK  
 They want to have drinks later.

EDUARDO  
 Yes! Have you ever heard so many different good things packed into one regular-sized sentence?

A group of guys hustle up to MARK and EDUARDO--

STUART  
 Excuse me. Mark?

MARK  
 Yeah.

STUART  
 I'm Stuart Singer. I'm in your O.S. lab.

MARK  
 Sure.

STUART  
 Awesome job with theFacebook.

VIKRAM  
 Awesome job.

MARK  
 Thanks.

BOB  
I'm Bob.

MARK  
How you doin'.

BOB  
You know, I could swear he was looking at you when he said the next Bill Gates could be right in this room.

MARK  
I doubt it.

BOB  
I showed up late, I don't even know who the speaker was.

MARK  
(beat)  
It was Bill Gates.

BOB  
Shit, that makes sense.

EDUARDO  
(beat)  
Alright, thanks guys.

As MARK and EDUARDO walk on, we leave STUART, VIKRAM and BOB in the background--with STUART and VIKRAM admonishing BOB with--

STUART/VIKRAM  
(to BOB)  
Are you a moron?/Are you medically stupid?/You can't recognize Bill Gates when he's standing in front of you for an hour?/Mark Zuckerberg now thinks we got into Harvard on a dimwit scholarship./I'm gonna get a Glock .39 and I'm going to kill you./I'm actually going to kill you/etc.

CUT TO:

INT. MARK'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

As the door opens and MARK and EDUARDO come into the overheated warmth of the room.

EDUARDO  
It's time to monetize the thing.

MARK  
What were their names?

EDUARDO  
Did you hear what I said?

MARK  
When?

EDUARDO  
I said it's time to monetize the site.

MARK  
What does that mean?

EDUARDO  
It means it's time for the website to generate revenue.

MARK  
No I know what the word means. I'm asking how do you want to do it?

EDUARDO  
Advertising.

MARK  
No.

EDUARDO  
We've got 4000 members.

MARK  
'Cause theFacebook is cool. If we start installing pop-ups for Mountain Dew it's not gonna--

EDUARDO  
Well I wasn't thinking Mountain Dew but at some point--and I'm talking as the business end of the company--the site--

MARK  
We don't even know what it is yet. We don't know what it is, we don't know what it can be, we don't know what it will be. We know that it's cool, that is a priceless asset I'm not giving it up.

EDUARDO  
When will it be finished?

MARK  
It won't be finished, that's the point. The way fashion's never finished.

EDUARDO  
What?

MARK  
Fashion. Fashion is never finished.

EDUARDO  
You're talking about fashion? Really?  
You?

MARK  
I'm talking about the idea of it and I'm  
saying it's never finished.

EDUARDO  
Okay, but they manage to make money  
selling pants...

EDUARDO has seen something on the top of MARK's mantle...

EDUARDO (CONT'D)  
Mark, what is this?

MARK  
What.

EDUARDO holds up a letter that's on a lawyer's stationary.

EDUARDO  
This.

MARK  
It's called a cease and desist letter.  
What were their names?

EDUARDO  
Who?

MARK  
The girls.

EDUARDO's speed reading the letter.

EDUARDO  
When did you get this?

MARK  
About 10 days ago. Right after we  
launched the site.

EDUARDO  
Jesus Christ.

MARK  
Hey, the girls. What were their names?

EDUARDO  
They're saying--the Winklevoss twins are  
saying you stole their idea.

MARK  
I find that to be a little more than  
mildly annoying.

EDUARDO  
They find it to be intellectual property  
theft. Why--

MARK  
Look--

EDUARDO  
--why didn't you show this to me?

MARK  
It was addressed to me.

EDUARDO  
They're saying we stole the Facebook from  
Divya Narendra and the Wink--

MARK  
I know what it says.

EDUARDO  
(pause)  
Did we?

MARK  
Did we what?

EDUARDO  
Don't screw around with me now. Look at  
me.

MARK looks at EDUARDO--

EDUARDO (CONT'D)  
The letter says we could face legal  
action.

MARK  
No, it says I could face legal action.

EDUARDO  
It's from a lawyer, Mark. They must feel  
they have some grounds for--

MARK  
The lawyer is their father's house  
counsel.

EDUARDO  
Do they have grounds?



MARK

The grounds are our thing is cool and popular and HarvardConnection is lame. Wardo, I didn't use any of their code, I promise I didn't use anything. A guy who builds a really nice chair doesn't owe money to everyone who has ever built a chair. They came to me with an idea, I had a better one.

EDUARDO

Why didn't you show me the letter?

MARK

I didn't think it was a big deal.

EDUARDO

If there's something wrong--if there's ever anything wrong--you can tell me. I'm the guy that wants to help. This is our thing.

(pause)

Is there anything you need to tell me?

MARK

No.

EDUARDO

What are we doing about this?

MARK

I went to a 3-L at Student Legal Services and he told me to write them back.

EDUARDO

What did you say?

CUT TO:

INT. SECOND DEPOSITION ROOM - DAY

GAGE

(reading the letter)

"When we met in January, I expressed my doubts about the site--where it stood with graphics, how much programming was left that I had not anticipated--

CUT TO:

INT. MARK'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

EDUARDO

(reading the letter)

--the lack of hardware we had to deal with, site use, the lack of promotion that would go on to successfully launch the website--

CUT TO:

INT. SECOND DEPOSITION ROOM - DAY

GAGE

This was the first time you raised any of those concerns, right?

MARK

I'd raised concerns before.

DIVYA/TYLER (NOT CAMERON)

Bullshit./Not to us.

GAGE

(quieting)

Gentlemen.

(back to MARK)

I'm talking about at the meeting in January to which this letter is referring.

MARK

Yeah.

GAGE

Let me re-phrase this. You sent my clients 16 e-mails. In the first 15, you didn't raise any concerns.

MARK

(beat)

Is that a question?

GAGE

In the 16th e-mail you raised concerns about the site's functionality. Were you leading them on for six weeks?

MARK

No.

GAGE

Why hadn't you raised any of these concerns before?

MARK  
(quietly)  
It's raining.

GAGE  
I'm sorry?

MARK  
It just started raining.

GAGE  
Mr. Zuckerberg, do I have your full attention?

MARK  
No.

GAGE  
(beat)  
Do you think I deserve it?

MARK  
What.

GAGE  
Do you think I deserve your full attention?

MARK  
I had to swear an oath before we began this deposition and I don't want to perjure myself so I have a legal obligation to say no.

GAGE  
Okay. "No" you don't think I deserve your attention.

MARK  
I think if your clients want to sit on my shoulders and call themselves tall they have a right to give it a try. But there's no requirement that I enjoy sitting here listening to people lie. You have part of my attention--you have the minimum amount. The rest of my attention is back at the offices of Facebook where my colleagues and I are doing things that no one in this room, including and especially your clients, are intellectually or creatively capable of doing. Did I adequately answer your condescending question?

GAGE just looks casually at MARK. MARK doesn't meet his gaze, or the looks from DIVYA, TYLER and CAMERON...

SY  
 (beat)  
 I've got 12:45. Why don't we say that's  
 lunch.

GAGE  
 Back at 2:30?

Everyone gets up and we

CUT TO:

INT. MARK'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

MARK  
 So, what were their names?

EDUARDO  
 (pause)  
 Their names were Christy and Alice. They  
 want to have drinks tonight.

CUT TO:

INT. MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

It's a nice men's room--mahogany stalls--in a nice club in  
 Cambridge. We HEAR the thumping of the house music coming from  
 the club.

And then one of the wooden stall doors flies open and EDUARDO  
 is shoved in, followed by CHRISTY, who did the shoving. She's  
 all over him as she presses him back against the divider.

EDUARDO's hands are sliding under CHRISTY'S white shirt and  
 finding the red bra when they hear a noise.

Someone's gone into the next stall.

EDUARDO  
 (whispering)  
 Shit.

CHRISTY  
 (whispering)  
 I don't care.

CHRISTY keeps him pinned against the divider as she reaches  
 down and unbuckles his belt.

And then he hears another noise from the stall next door. A  
 thump against the divider. CHRISTY's got his fly unzipped.

EDUARDO looks down at the space between the stalls. He sees a  
 pair of Adidas flip-flops.

Then the sound of moaning. Before EDUARDO has time to say anything, CHRISTY pulls her shirt open, revealing the red bra, and puts her hand down his pants as we

CUT TO:

INT. CLUB/MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

MARK and EDUARDO are standing guard outside the door. They're silent but very happy.

A guy comes along to use the men's room.

EDUARDO  
Sorry. It'll just be a minute. Some girls  
are freshening up in there.

CLUB GUY  
(nodding a little)  
Sweet.

The guy goes off.

EDUARDO taps MARK...

EDUARDO  
(beat)  
We have groupies.

MARK can't help a smile. Then he sees something...

MARK  
I'll be right back.

EDUARDO  
Mark, where you going?  
(beat)  
Mark?

MARK makes his way through the crowd toward a round booth. A girl is sitting there and even though her back is to MARK he can recognize her. She's with a girlfriend and three guys.

When he makes it to the booth he says--

MARK  
Erica?

ERICA, from the opening scene, turns her head and looks up to see MARK. She's looking sexy for her Friday night on the town and the three guys she's with are studs. A few more friends of theirs are standing around at the edges of the booth.

ERICA  
(pause)  
Hi.

MARK  
I saw you from over there. I didn't know  
you came to this club a lot.

ERICA  
First time.

MARK  
Mine too. Could I talk to you alone for a  
second?

ERICA  
I think I'm good right here.

MARK  
I just--I'd love to talk to you alone. If  
we could just go someplace--

ERICA  
Right here's fine.

MARK is aware of everyone else around the booth...

MARK  
(beat)  
I don't know if you heard about this new  
website I launched.

ERICA  
No.

MARK  
TheFacebook?

ERICA  
You called me a bitch on the internet,  
Mark.

MARK  
That's why I wanted to talk to you. If we  
could just--

ERICA  
On the internet.

MARK  
That's why I came over.

ERICA  
Comparing women to farm animals?

MARK  
I didn't end up doing that.

ERICA

It didn't stop you from writing it. As if every thought that tumbles through your head is so clever it would be a crime for it not to be shared. The internet's not written in pencil, Mark, it's written in ink and you published that Erica Albright was a bitch right before you made some ignorant crack about my family's name, my bra size and then rated women based on their "hotness".

REGGIE (A FRIEND OF ERICA'S)

Erica, is there a problem?

ERICA

No, there's no problem.

(pause)

You write your snide bullshit from a dark room because that's what the angry do nowadays. I was nice to you. Don't torture me for it.

MARK glances at the table of Erica's friends--

MARK

(pause)

If we could just go somewhere for a minute--

ERICA

No, I don't want to be rude to my friends.

MARK

Okay.

ERICA

Okay. Good luck with your video game.

It was an honest mistake on ERICA's part but a kidney punch to MARK.

MARK turns and goes and sees that EDUARDO has been standing and watching from a distance with CHRISTY.

EDUARDO

Hey, that was great. That was the right thing to do. You apologized, right?

MARK

(ignoring him)

We have to expand.

EDUARDO

(over the music)

What?

And MARK heads out the door.

EDUARDO watches MARK and then looks back at the girls...

ALICE  
Is he mad about something?

CUT TO:

INT. MARK'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

The door closes behind DUSTIN MOSKOVITZ and CHRIS HUGHES. MARK and EDUARDO are waiting and CHRISTY and ALICE are sitting on the couch. Everyone's got a beer.

Once the door is closed--

MARK  
We're expanding to Yale and Columbia. Dustin, I want you to share the coding work with me. Chris, you're going to be in charge of publicity and outreach and you can start by getting a story in the B.U. student newspaper. The *Bridge*.

CHRIS  
They hate doing stories about Harvard.

MARK  
Somebody at the newspaper will be a computer science major. Tell 'em Mark Zuckerberg will do 10 hours of free programming.

EDUARDO  
Why do you want a story in the B.U. newsp--

MARK  
Because I do. Here's the arrangement. Eduardo is CFO and owns 30% of the company. Dustin is Vice President and Head of Programming and his 5% of the company will come from my end. Chris is Director of Publicity and his compensation will depend on the amount of work he ends up doing. Any questions?

DUSTIN  
Who are the girls?

EDUARDO  
Christy and Alice.

DUSTIN  
Hi.



CHRISTY  
Hi.

ALICE  
Hello.

CHRIS  
Hi.

CHRISTY  
Is there anything we can do?

MARK  
No. That's it. Yale and Columbia, let's go.

EDUARDO  
And Stanford.

MARK  
What?

EDUARDO  
Stanford. It's time for them to see this in Palo Alto.

CUT TO:

INT. FIRST DEPOSITION ROOM - DAY

MARK is sitting alone in the now empty room. There's a computer on a table in the corner and MARK makes a few keystrokes and then reads the screen.

MARYLIN, the young lawyer we met early on, comes in with a plastic salad container in her hand and sits at the far end of the table from MARK, who doesn't acknowledge her.

MARYLIN  
(after a moment)  
You don't want any lunch?

MARK  
(beat)  
No.

MARYLIN  
You're welcome to some salad.

MARK  
No thank you.

MARYLIN  
This must be hard.

MARK  
Who are you?

MARYLIN  
I'm Marilyn Delpy, I introduced myself--

MARK  
I mean what do you do?

MARYLIN  
I'm a second year associate at the firm.  
My boss wanted me to sit in on the  
deposition phase.

MARK nods...

MARYLIN (CONT'D)  
What are you doing?

MARK  
Checking in to see how it's going in  
Bosnia.

MARYLIN  
Bosnia?

MARK nods...

MARYLIN (CONT'D)  
They don't have roads but they have  
Facebook?

MARK nods...

MARYLIN (CONT'D)  
You must really hate the Winklevoss's.

MARK  
I don't hate anybody.  
(pause)  
The Winklevi aren't suing me for  
intellectual property theft. They're  
suing me because for the first time in  
their lives, things didn't work out the  
way they were supposed to for them.

CUT TO:

INT. TYLER AND CAMERON'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

TYLER and CAMERON are both studying when DIVYA busts in.

DIVYA  
He's expanding.

TYLER  
What?

DIVYA  
He's expanding to Yale, Columbia and  
Stanford, it'll be in the *Crimson*  
tomorrow.

TYLER  
(beat)  
Really.

DIVYA  
Yeah.

TYLER  
So that Cease and Desist letter really  
scared the shit out of him, huh?

DIVYA  
I want to hire a lawyer to file for  
injunctive relief and get this website  
taken down now!

CAMERON  
Look--

DIVYA  
Every minute the site is up, Harvard  
Connection becomes less valuable. I want  
an injunction, I want damages, I want  
punitive relief and I want him dead.

CAMERON  
I want those things too!

DIVYA  
Then why aren't we doing anything about  
it?! Because we're gentlemen of Harvard?!

CAMERON  
Because you're not thinking about how  
it'll look.

DIVYA  
How'll it look?

CAMERON  
Like my brother and I are in skeleton  
costumes chasing the Karate Kid around a  
high school gym.

DIVYA  
He's violated Massachusetts state law.  
When he goes to Connecticut, New York and  
California he'll have violated federal  
law. And by the way, he's in violation of  
Harvard law.

CAMERON  
There's no such thing as Harvard Law.

TYLER  
 (pause--realizing)  
 Wait. Yes there is.

TYLER goes to the bookshelf and pulls down a manual.

TYLER (CONT'D)  
*Harvard Student Handbook*. Every freshman  
 is issued one of these. Somewhere in this  
 book it says--

CAMERON  
 (eureka)  
 --you can't steal from another student.  
 This is what we needed. We're going to  
 Summers.

DIVYA  
 You can't get a meeting with Larry  
 Summers.

CAMERON  
 My brother and I pay tuition at this  
 school, we carry a 3.9 GPA at this  
 school, we've won trophies for this  
 school and we'll be rowing in the  
 Olympics for this school. I want a  
 meeting with the goddam president of this  
 school.  
 (pause)  
 Why Stanford?

DIVYA  
 Why do you think?

CUT TO:

INT. A GIRL'S COLLEGE APARTMENT (PALO ALTO) - MORNING

A pretty 20 year-old co-ed, AMY, pulls a curtain open and the  
 darkened room immediately fills with un-welcomed sunlight.  
 AMY's wearing nothing but a Stanford sweatshirt as a skinny 22  
 year-old guy who's lying on her futon wakes up. There's other  
 evidence on the walls that we're at Stanford University. There  
 are also pieces of AMY's clothing strewn about.

The young man on the futon is SEAN PARKER.

AMY  
 I'm sorry, I'm late for Bio-Chem.

SEAN  
 Okay.

AMY  
 You don't know my name, do you?

SEAN  
(off the sweatshirt)  
Is it Stanford?

AMY  
I should just kick your ass. How can you  
go to a party, meet--

SEAN  
Amelia Ritter but you prefer Amy. You're  
from Orinda, your father's in commercial  
real estate and your mother's 10 years  
sober.

AMY  
(beat)  
What's my major?

SEAN  
Trombone.

AMY  
Really?

SEAN  
I remember something about a trombone.

AMY  
Tu fais l'amour à la jolie fille et la  
mets de côté.

SEAN  
French! Your major is French.

AMY  
Oui. And yours?

SEAN  
Mine? I don't have one.

AMY  
You haven't declared?

SEAN  
I don't go to school.

AMY  
You're kidding?

SEAN  
No.

AMY  
Where did you go to school?

SEAN  
William Taft Elementary for a little  
while.

AMY  
Seriously, you're not like 15 years old  
or anything are you?

SEAN  
No.  
(beat)  
You're not like--

AMY  
No. So what do you do?

SEAN  
I'm an entrepreneur.

AMY  
You're unemployed.

SEAN  
I wouldn't say that.

AMY  
What would you say?

SEAN  
That I'm an entrepreneur.

AMY  
What was your latest preneur?

SEAN  
Well...I founded an internet company that  
let folks download and share music for  
free.

AMY  
Kind of like Napster?

SEAN  
Exactly like Napster.

AMY  
What do you mean?

SEAN  
I founded Napster.

AMY  
Sean Parker founded Napster.

SEAN  
Nice to meet you.

AMY  
(pause)  
You're Sean Parker?

SEAN  
Ah ha. The shoe's on the other...

AMY  
Foot?

SEAN  
--table which has turned.

AMY  
I just slept with Sean Parker?

SEAN  
You just slept on Sean Parker.

AMY  
You're a zillionaire.

SEAN  
Not technically.

AMY  
What are you?

SEAN  
Broke. There's not a lot of money in free music. Even less when you're being sued by everyone who's ever been to the Grammys.

AMY  
This is blowing my mind.

SEAN  
I appreciate that.

AMY  
I have to hop in the shower and get ready for class.

SEAN  
Bio-chem, even though you're a French major whose name is Amy.

AMY  
You passed.

SEAN  
I'm a hard worker.

AMY  
There's juice or anything else you can find. Help yourself.

SEAN  
You mind if I check my e-mail?

AMY  
Go ahead.

AMY heads into the bathroom but leaves the door a little ajar.

SEAN steps over to AMY's pink laptop and hits a key to wake it out of sleep mode.

The shower starts running in the bathroom.

The laptop springs to life and is open to something SEAN's never seen before--a Facebook page.

He sees AMY's picture and a short profile: Her major at Stanford, courses she's taking, books she likes, clubs she's a member of...

SEAN  
(calling)  
Amy?

She can't hear him in the shower.

SEAN explores around a little more. He knows his way around a computer. He sees her "friends". Friend after friend after friend.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
(almost a whisper)  
Jesus.

He gets up and goes to the bathroom door--

SEAN (CONT'D)  
Amy?

AMY  
(calling back)  
Yeah!

SEAN  
Can you come out here?

AMY  
(calling)  
Just a second!

SEAN tries to wait but can't--

SEAN  
There's a snake in here, Amy.

AMY  
What?!



AMY grabs a towel and jumps out of the shower--

AMY (CONT'D)  
Where?!

SEAN  
There isn't a snake, but I need to ask you something.

AMY  
Are you kidding me?! I could have been killed!

SEAN  
(beat)  
How?

AMY  
(beat--not sure)  
By running too fast...and getting twisted in the curtain--What do you need to ask me?

SEAN  
I went to check my e-mail and there's a site open on your computer.

AMY  
After you passed out last night I went on theFacebook for a little bit.

SEAN  
What's that?

AMY  
TheFacebook? Stanford's had it for like two weeks now it's really awesome except it's freakishly addictive. Seriously, I'm on the thing like five times a day.

SEAN  
You mind if I grab a piece of paper and a pen?

AMY  
Is everything okay?

SEAN  
Everything's great. I just need to find you, Mark Zuckerberg.

CUT TO:

INT. LARRY SUMMERS' OUTER OFFICE - DAY

CAMERON and TYLER, in dark suits, are waiting to see the president of Harvard.

The President's office is in one of the two oldest university buildings in the country, and the SECRETARY sitting at the desk is even older. You get the sense that she thinks Harvard would be a better place if it weren't for all these students.

CAMERON

(just making small talk)  
I've never been in this building before.

SECRETARY

(without really looking up)  
This building's a hundred years older than the country it's in. So do be careful.

TYLER

We're sitting in chairs.

SECRETARY

(into phone)  
Yes.  
(into phone)  
Very good.

She hangs up the phone.

SECRETARY (CONT'D)

You can go in now.

She points to a door and CAMERON and TYLER get up, quickly straighten themselves, and walk into

INT. SUMMERS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

LARRY SUMMERS, a large man, is on the phone at his desk in his well-appointed office. A fire crackles in the sitting area and a 40-ish African-American woman, ANNE, in a pants suit is nearby going over some papers.

SUMMERS waves the boys in--

SUMMERS

(into phone)  
That's just their own stupidity, I should have been there.  
(into phone)  
Darkness is the absence of light and stupidity in that instance was the absence of me.

SUMMERS motions for them to sit and they do. They take in some of the photographs around the room--SUMMERS with BILL CLINTON, etc.

SUMMERS (CONT'D)

(into phone)  
Catherine, I have students in my office now.

(MORE)

SUMMERS (CONT'D)  
 (into phone)  
 Students.  
 (into phone)  
 Undergrads.  
 (into phone)  
 I don't know, from the looks of it they  
 want to sell me a Brooks Brothers  
 franchise.  
 (beat)  
 Alright.

SUMMERS hangs up the phone--

SUMMERS (CONT'D)  
 Good morning.

CAMERON  
 Good morning, sir. I'm Cameron Winklevoss  
 and this is my brother, Tyler.

SUMMERS reaches to the top of a pile of papers and pulls a ten-  
 page letter off the top.

SUMMERS  
 And you're here because...

There's silence while SUMMERS appears to read over the  
 letter...

SUMMERS (CONT'D)  
 Either one of you can answer.

CAMERON  
 I'm sorry, I thought you were reading the  
 letter.

SUMMERS  
 I've read the letter.

CAMERON  
 We came up with an idea for a website  
 called HarvardConnection--we've since  
 changed the name to ConnectU--and Mark  
 Zuckerberg stole that idea and--

SUMMERS  
 I understand. I'm asking what do you want  
 me to do about it.

CAMERON points to a row of Harvard Student Handbooks on the  
 bookshelf behind SUMMERS.

CAMERON  
 Well sir, in *The Harvard Student  
 Handbook*, which is distributed to each  
 freshman--under the heading "Standards of  
 Conduct in the Harvard Community"--

SUMMERS can't help an agonized sigh--

CAMERON (CONT'D)

--it says, "The College expects that all students will be honest and forthcoming in their dealings with members of this community. All students are required to respect public and private ownership. Instances of theft, misappropriation--

SUMMERS

Anne?

ANNE

Yes sir.

SUMMERS

Punch me in the face.  
(then to CAMERON)  
Go ahead.

CAMERON

(beat)  
...or unauthorized use will result in disciplinary action. Including requirement to withdraw from the college.

SUMMERS

And you memorized that instead of doing what?

CAMERON

What my brother and I came here today to ask of you, respectfully of course, is that--

TYLER

(a little frustrated with this bullshit)  
Sir, it's against University rules to steal from another student, plain and simple.

SUMMERS

You've spoken to your House Master?

CAMERON

Yes sir, and the House Master made a recommendation to the Ad Board but the Ad Board won't see us.

SUMMERS

Have you tried dealing with the other student directly?

CAMERON

Mr. Zuckerberg hasn't been responding to any of our e-mails or phone calls for the last two weeks. He doesn't answer when we knock on his door at Kirkland and the closest we've come to dealing with him face to face is when I saw him on the quad and chased him through Harvard Square.

SUMMERS

You chased him?

CAMERON

(beat)

I saw him and I know he saw me and I went after him but he disappeared.

SUMMERS

I don't see this as a University issue.

TYLER

Of course this is a University issue. There's a code of ethics and an honor code and he violated them both.

SUMMERS

You entered into a code of ethics with the university, not with each other.

TYLER

(beat)

I'm sorry President Summers, what you just said makes no sense to me at all.

SUMMERS

I'm devastated by that.

CAMERON

What my brother means is that if Mark Zuckerberg walked into our dorm room and stole our computer that would be a university issue, right?

SUMMERS

I really don't know, this office doesn't handle petty larceny.

TYLER

This isn't petty larceny.

CAMERON

(calming)

Ty--

TYLER

This idea is potentially worth millions of dollars.

SUMMERS  
Millions?

CAMERON  
Yes.

SUMMERS  
You might be letting your imaginations  
run away with you.

TYLER  
Sir, I honestly don't think you're in any  
position to make that call.

SUMMERS  
I was U.S. Treasury Secretary, I'm in  
some position to make--

TYLER  
Letting our imaginations run away with us  
is exactly what we were told to do in  
your freshmen address.

SUMMERS  
Well I would suggest that you let your  
imaginations run away with you on a new  
project.

TYLER  
You would.

SUMMERS  
Yes. Everyone at Harvard is inventing  
something. Harvard undergraduates believe  
that inventing a job is better than  
finding a job so I'll suggest again that  
the two of you come up with a new new  
project.

CAMERON  
I'm sorry, but that's not the point.

SUMMERS  
Please arrive at the point.

CAMERON  
You don't have to be an intellectual  
property expert to understand the  
difference between right and wrong.

SUMMERS  
And you're saying that I don't?

CAMERON  
Of course I'm not saying that.

TYLER  
I'm saying that.

SUMMERS  
Really.

CAMERON  
Sir--

SUMMERS  
Anne, how did they get this appointment?

ANNE  
Colleagues of their father.

SUMMERS gives a quick nod--that's what he thought.

SUMMERS  
Let me tell you something, Mr. Winklevoss and...Mr. Winklevoss. Since you're on the subject of right and wrong. This action, this meeting, the two of you being here, is wrong. It's not worthy of Harvard. It's not what Harvard saw in you. You don't get special treatment.

CAMERON  
We've never--

TYLER  
Start another project? Like we're making a diorama for the science fair?

SUMMERS  
And if you have a problem with that, Mr. Winklevoss--

CAMERON  
We've never asked for special treatment.

SUMMERS  
--the courts are always at your disposal. Is there anything else I can do for you?

TYLER  
(under his breath)  
Well you could take the Harvard Student Handbook and shoved it up--

CAMERON  
(stopping him)  
Ty.  
(to SUMMERS)  
Thank you very much for your time, sir.

CUT TO:

INT. SUMMERS OUTER OFFICE - DAY

As CAMERON and TYLER exit, TYLER closes the door a little too hard and the brass doorknob comes off in his hand. He drops it on the SECRETARY'S desk as he exits--

TYLER

I broke your 335 year old doorknob.

CUT TO:

INT. FIRST DEPOSITION ROOM - DAY

GRETCHEN

Eduardo, spring break, you and Mr. Zuckerberg took a trip to New York.

EDUARDO

Yes.

GRETCHEN

What was the purpose of the trip?

EDUARDO

As CFO, I'd set up some meetings with potential advertisers.

GRETCHEN

Who paid for the trip?

EDUARDO

It was paid for out of the thousand dollar account I'd set up a few months earlier.

GRETCHEN

At this point your thousand dollars was the only money that had been put into the company.

EDUARDO

Yes.

GRETCHEN

How did you feel the meetings went?

EDUARDO

They went terribly.

GRETCHEN

Why?

EDUARDO

Mark was asleep.

MARK

I wasn't asleep.



EDUARDO  
Can I re-phrase my answer?

GRETCHEN  
Sure.

EDUARDO  
I wish he'd been asleep.

CUT TO:

INT. AD EXECUTIVE'S OFFICE - DAY

EDUARDO, in a three-piece suit, is pitching the EXECUTIVE. MARK, in his hoodie and flip-flops, is completely detached and staring at the floor.

EDUARDO  
...and we're at 29 schools now with over 75,000 members. People who go on theFacebook tend to *stay* on longer than almost any other site, now here's the most impressive statistic--91% of people who try it once will come back. Now if you'll allow me--

EXECUTIVE  
Excuse me one second.  
(re: MARK)  
What sound is he making? Is that like a "tsk".

MARK  
It wasn't a "tsk", it was uh...hmm...like a glottal stop. Almost a gag reflex.

EXECUTIVE  
(beat)  
Guys, what is this?

CUT BACK TO:

INT. FIRST DEPOSITION ROOM - DAY

GRETCHEN  
There was one more meeting scheduled for the New York trip.

EDUARDO  
Yes. It was a dinner. It was set up through my girlfriend at the time.

GRETCHEN  
Would you say that Mark was excited about *this* meeting?

EDUARDO  
Yes, very.

CUT TO:

INT. 66 - NIGHT

66 is a hip and trendy restaurant in Tribeca. The young crowd is drinking cocktails of all different colors and wearing Prada. We FIND EDUARDO in a three-piece suit and MARK in his hoodie and flip-flops, along with EDUARDO's now-girlfriend, CHRISTY, sitting at a table with an empty seat waiting.

CHRISTY  
They're not gonna card us.

EDUARDO  
They might.

CHRISTY  
Look around.

EDUARDO  
It'll be embarrassing.

CHRISTY  
(to MARK)  
Tell him they're not gonna card us.

MARK  
They're not gonna card us.

EDUARDO  
Mark--

MARK  
Are you gonna talk about ads again?

EDUARDO  
Unless you're the Ballet Theatre of Hartford, the purpose of a business is to make a profit.

MARK  
This isn't a business yet.

EDUARDO  
That's tough for me because my job is to--  
nevermind.

MARK says nothing...

EDUARDO (CONT'D)  
(pause)  
He's 25 minutes late.

MARK

He founded Napster when he was 19, he can be late.

EDUARDO

He's not a god.

MARK

What is he?

EDUARDO

25 minutes late.

CHRISTY

I think Wardo's jealous.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. FIRST DEPOSITION ROOM - DAY

EDUARDO

I honestly wasn't jealous. I was nervous.

GRETCHEN

Why?

EDUARDO

I didn't know him at all but I'd done a search and I'd asked around. He struck me as kind of a wild card.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. 66 - NIGHT

CHRISTY

Why?

EDUARDO

He crashed out of two pretty big internet companies in spectacular fashion and he's had a reputation with drugs.

MARK

He also *founded* the companies.

EDUARDO

We don't need him.

MARK

(nodding toward the door)  
He's here.

SEAN PARKER has stepped into the restaurant and is saying hello to the hostess while hugging a waitress.

EDUARDO  
And he does own a watch.

SEAN stops at a table to shake hands with a guy in a suit and kiss his girlfriend. It's sort of an incongruous sight--this 22 year old kid who's able to work a room like Sinatra. Who the hell *is* this?

EDUARDO (CONT'D)  
(quietly)  
Take your time. And he does own a watch.

CHRISTY  
Stop it.

SEAN makes his way over to MARK's table--

SEAN  
I'm Sean Parker.

EDUARDO  
(shaking hands)  
How do you do.

SEAN  
You must be Eduardo. And Christy. And Mark, it's great to meet you.

MARK  
(almost beaming)  
Great to meet you.

SEAN  
You guys don't have anything in front of you.  
(to a passing WAITRESS)  
Tori.

EDUARDO  
We were waiting for--

WAITRESS  
Hey baby boy.

SEAN  
Can you bring out some things. The lacquered pork with that ginger confit? Tuna tartar and a lobster claws, that'll get us started. Christy, what do you like to drink?

CHRISTY  
An appletini?

SEAN  
Great. Four of those.

CUT TO:

INT. FIRST DEPOSITION ROOM - DAY

EDUARDO  
From that point on it was the Sean-athon.

SY  
The question was "What did you talk about?"

EDUARDO  
He took us through his episode with Napster.

CUT TO:

INT. 66 - NIGHT

The CAMERA is moving around the table as SEAN--in and out of MOS--is telling story after story while food is brought, drinks put down, more food brought and more drinks put down. MARK is enthralled, CHRISTY is sexy and EDUARDO is polite.

SEAN  
I didn't want to spend my 20's as a professional defendant. Who knew--the music industry doesn't have a sense of humor. We tried to sell the company to pay the 35 million they said we owed in royalties but I guess to them that was a little like selling a stolen car to pay for the stolen gas. So we said screw it and declared bankruptcy.

CHRISTY  
But you made a name for yourself.

SEAN  
And you are dry. Tori?

CHRISTY  
No, I'm good.

INT. FIRST DEPOSITION ROOM - DAY

EDUARDO (V.O.)  
And then he went on to his second business venture, which was an online rolodex that he got thrown out of by Case Equity.

INT. 66 - NIGHT

SEAN

And I wanted to do it nice this time. I put on a tie and I shined my shoes but nobody wants to take orders from a kid so let me tell you what happens to a 20 year old at the top of a hot dot com:

CUT BACK TO:

INT. FIRST DEPOSITION ROOM - DAY

EDUARDO

I'm not a psychiatrist, but--

SY

I'm glad we've got that on the record.

GRETCHEN

You're not a psychiatrist but what?

EDUARDO

A psychiatrist would say he was paranoid.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. 66 - NIGHT

SEAN

They'll hire private detectives who'll follow you day and night. You're a target for high priced escorts. I can't prove it but I know they tapped my phones. Whatever it is that's gonna trip you up you've done already. Private behavior is a relic of a time gone by. And if somehow, someday, you've managed to live your life like the Dalai Lama then they'll make shit up. Because they don't want you, they want your idea and then they want you to say thank you while you-- excuse me--wipe your chin and walk away.

MARK

That's what happened to you?

CUT BACK TO:

INT. FIRST DEPOSITION ROOM - DAY

EDUARDO

And delusional.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. 66 - NIGHT

SEAN

Yes. There'll be payback at Case. I brought down the record companies with Napster and Case's gonna suffer for their sins too.

EDUARDO

You didn't bring down the record companies. They won.

SEAN

In court.

EDUARDO

Yes.

SEAN

You want to buy a Tower Records, Eduardo?

INT. FIRST DEPOSITION ROOM - DAY

EDUARDO (V.O.)

And he told story after story about life in Silicon Valley, and parties at Stanford and down in LA, and friends who'd become millionaires, but mostly how Mark had to-- had to come to California. And then he got around to theFacebook.

INT. 66 - NIGHT

SEAN

Tell me about your progress.

EDUARDO

Well...we're in 29 schools now and we have over 75,000 members--

SEAN

(ignoring EDUARDO and going for MARK)

Tell me about the strategy you're using.

MARK

Okay. For instance, we wanted Baylor in Texas but Baylor already had a social network on campus so instead of going right after them, we made a list of every school within a hundred miles--

SEAN

--and put theFacebook on those campuses first.

MARK  
Pretty soon all the Baylor kids were  
seeing their friends on our site we were  
in.

SEAN  
That's called the Little Big Horn, that's  
smart, Mark.

EDUARDO  
Thank you, it was mine.

CHRISTY  
(to EDUARDO)  
Easy.

EDUARDO  
Settle an argument for us, would you? I  
say it's time to start making money from  
theFacebook but Mark doesn't want  
advertising. Who's right?

SEAN  
Neither of you yet. TheFacebook is cool,  
that's what it's got going for it.

MARK  
Yeah.

SEAN  
You don't want to ruin it with ads  
because ads aren't cool.

MARK  
Exactly.

SEAN  
It's like you're throwing the greatest  
party on campus and someone's telling you  
it's gotta be over at 11:00.

MARK  
That's exactly right.

SEAN  
You don't even know what the thing is  
yet.

MARK  
I said exactly that.

SEAN  
How big it can get and how far it can go.  
This is no time to take your chips down.  
A million dollars isn't cool. You know  
what's cool?



EDUARDO  
You?

CUT BACK TO:

INT. FIRST DEPOSITION ROOM - DAY

                                  EDUARDO  
A *billion* dollars.  
                                  (beat)  
And that shut everybody up.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. 66 - NIGHT

                                  SEAN  
And that's where you're headed. A billion  
dollar valuation. Unless you take bad  
advice in which case you may as well have  
come up with a chain of very successful  
yogurt shops. When you go fishing you can  
catch a lot of fish or you can catch a  
big fish. You ever walk into a guy's den  
and see a picture of him standing next to  
fourteen trout?

                                  CHRISTY  
No, he's holding a 3000 pound marlin.

                                  SEAN  
Yep.

                                  MARK  
That's a good analogy.

                                  EDUARDO  
Okay, but we all know that marlins don't  
really weigh 3000 pounds, right?

                                  CHRISTY  
Have you seen the big ones up close?

                                  EDUARDO  
I haven't but I don't think the guy's  
holding a marlin the size of a Range  
Rover. That would be a really big fish  
and a very strong guy.

                                  CHRISTY  
You think we might be getting away from  
the point?

SEAN  
I don't have a dog in this fight. I'm  
just a fan who came to say hi.

CUT TO:

INT. FIRST DEPOSITION ROOM - DAY

EDUARDO  
He owned Mark after that dinner.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. 66 - NIGHT

SEAN's signing the check.

EDUARDO (V.O.)  
He picked up the check, he told Mark  
they'd talk again soon and he was gone.  
But not before he made his biggest  
contribution to the company.

SEAN  
(signing the check)  
Drop the "the". Just Facebook. It's  
cleaner.

And SEAN heads out, patting backs and kissing waitresses along  
the way.

After a moment...

MARK  
(knocked out)  
Shit.

INT. NY TAXICAB - NIGHT

EDUARDO  
That's gotta be some kind of land speed  
record for talking.

MARK  
You want to end the party at eleven.

EDUARDO  
I'm trying to pay for the party.

MARK  
There won't be a party unless it's cool.  
(beat)  
What'd you think?

EDUARDO  
Sure, let's drop the "the".

MARK  
I meant catching the marlin instead of  
the 14 trout. Doesn't that sound good?

EDUARDO  
If you're a trout.

CUT TO:

INT. FIRST DEPOSITION ROOM - DAY

GRETCHEN  
I'm going to enter this into the record.  
Incorporation papers for Facebook, an LLC  
registered in Florida--  
(to EDUARDO for the record)  
Why Florida?

EDUARDO  
That's where my family lives.

GRETCHEN  
--and ask the respondent to stipulate  
that the articles of incorporation state  
the ownership as follows: 65 percent for  
Mark Zuckerberg, 30 percent for Eduardo  
Saverin and 5 percent for Dustin  
Moskovitz.

SY  
We stipulate.

GRETCHEN  
And that was April 13th, 2004.

SY  
You can mark it.

GRETCHEN  
(to SY)  
Do you have anything here?

SY  
Yes, thank you. Mr. Saverin, have you  
ever done anything that might be  
considered legitimate grounds for  
termination?

EDUARDO  
No.

SY  
You never did anything to embarrass the  
company or even seriously jeopardize it?

EDUARDO  
 (beat)  
 No.

SY  
 No?

EDUARDO  
 No.

SY  
 You were accused of animal cruelty.

EDUARDO  
 (pause)  
 Wait--

SY  
 You weren't?

EDUARDO  
 This isn't happening.

SY  
 I have an article here from *The Crimson*--

EDUARDO  
 Jesus Christ--

CUT TO:

INT. MARK'S DORM ROOM - DAY

MARK  
 I can't have this, Wardo.

MARK's talking about the *Crimson* article in his hand. EDUARDO is standing next to a crate that's holding--wait for it--a live chicken.

DUSTIN is sitting at the desktop computer staring at something intently.

EDUARDO  
 Oh come one, this is bullshit, this is another club playing a prank.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. FIRST DEPOSITION ROOM - DAY

EDUARDO

I'd gotten into the Phoenix. I'd been accepted and as part of my initiation I had to, for one week, carry with me at all times and take of, a chicken.

CUT TO:

INT. MARK'S DORM ROOM - DAY

MARK

They identify you as one of the founders of Facebook. "Junior Eduardo Saverin"-- I'm not the expert but being connected to torturing animals is probably bad for business.

CUT TO:

INT. FIRST DEPOSITION ROOM - DAY

EDUARDO

I did not torture the chicken, I don't torture chickens, are you crazy?

SY

No and settle down please. I have here an article from the *Crimson*--

CUT TO:

INT. MARK'S DORM ROOM - DAY

MARK

This is scathing.

DUSTIN

(without looking up)  
Nine-hundred and fifty-six.

INT. FIRST DEPOSITION ROOM - DAY

EDUARDO

(trying to be calm)  
I was having dinner in the Kirkland Dining Hall with Mark and I had the chicken with me because I had to have the chicken with me at all times. This was college.

CUT TO:

INT. MARK'S DORM ROOM - DAY

MARK  
Somebody's gonna have to answer for this.

DUSTIN  
Nine--hundred sixty-nine.

CUT TO:

INT. FIRST DEPOSITION ROOM - DAY

EDUARDO  
The dining hall was serving chicken for dinner and I had to feed *my* chicken so I just...I took little pieces of chicken and I gave it to the chicken. Someone must have seen me because the next thing I knew I was being accused of forced cannibalism.

At the end of the table, MARYLIN tries but fails to stifle a small laugh.

EDUARDO looks down the table...MARYLIN does her best to look serious.

EDUARDO (CONT'D)  
I didn't know you can't do that. I dealt with the various animal rights groups, I dealt with the Associate Dean of the College, this was all resolved.

CUT TO:

INT. MARK'S DORM ROOM - DAY

DUSTIN  
Nine-hundred and eighty-eight.

EDUARDO  
Someone from the Porc or the Fly must have reported it. For all I know it was the Winklevosses.

MARK  
Alright, let's just forget about it.

EDUARDO  
This is absurd. I'm being accused of animal cruelty. It's better to be accused of necrophilia.

MARK  
It is better to be accused of necro--

EDUARDO

I'm going to have to explain this to my father, I'm going to have to explain this to everybody, I'm going to have to--what is happening on *that*?

EDUARDO's referring to a laptop that's open and displaying images of four paintings.

MARK

I have my final coming up for "Postwar and Contemporary Art" and I haven't been to class. I'm supposed to write about those four paintings.

EDUARDO

That's a Facebook page.

MARK

Yeah, I opened it under an alias. I posted the paintings and asked people to comment. Every once in a while I hop on and stir the pot to get a good debate going.

CUT TO:

INT. FIRST DEPOSITION ROOM - DAY

GRETCHEN

Mr. Zuckerberg was cheating on his final exam?

EDUARDO

I'd rather not answer that, Gretchen.

GRETCHEN

Why not?

EDUARDO

Because I'm not suing him for cheating on his final exam that's not what friends do.

GRETCHEN

Well you just told us he was cheating.

EDUARDO

Oops.

(to MARK)

You told your lawyers I was torturing animals?!

SY

No, he didn't tell us about it at all. Our litigators are capable of finding a *Crimson* article. In fact when we raised the subject with him he defended you.

MARK  
(beat)  
Oops.

CUT TO:

INT. MARK'S DORM ROOM - DAY

DUSTIN  
Nine ninety-three, we are so close.

MARK  
That reminds me, we're gonna need more money, Wardo.

EDUARDO  
Yeah, no, I agree. More servers, more help--

MARK  
--I'm interviewing two interns to come to Palo Alto and we're gonna have to pay them something.

EDUARDO  
What?

MARK  
I already found a house for rent on a street two blocks from the Stanford campus. It's perfect and it's got a pool.

EDUARDO  
When did you decide to go to California for the summer?

MARK  
(beat)  
You mean when did I actually decide?

EDUARDO  
Somewhere in the middle of The Sean Parker Variety Hour?

MARK  
He was right. California's the place we've gotta be.

EDUARDO  
You're Jed Clampett?

MARK  
I didn't know you guys got The Beverly Hillbillies in Bra--



EDUARDO  
Yes, we got the show in Brazil, it was  
genius.

MARK  
What's your problem with Sean?

EDUARDO  
He doesn't bring anything to the table.  
He doesn't have money, Dustin's a better  
programmer--

MARK  
He's got connections to VCs.

EDUARDO  
We don't need VCs, we need advertisers  
and I've got connections to VCs.

MARK  
The real players and--

EDUARDO  
Look--

MARK  
--as someone who's just really  
embarrassed the company in a bad way I  
wouldn't--

EDUARDO  
It was the Winklevosses, Mark!

MARK  
Hang on.  
(to DUSTIN)  
Hit refresh.

DUSTIN hits "refresh" on the desk-top computer. Then smiles...

DUSTIN  
150,004.

MARK  
150,000 members, Wardo.

EDUARDO  
(beat--sincerely)  
Congratulations, dude.

MARK  
Congratulations.

EDUARDO  
(beat)  
You don't think it was strange that he  
was followed by private detectives?

MARK  
Who came up with nothing.

EDUARDO  
Enough to get him out of the company. The  
drugs, the girls--

MARK  
We don't know any of that's true.

EDUARDO  
You can read about it.

MARK  
And I can read about you torturing birds.  
Since when does reading something--

EDUARDO  
*Don't fish eat other fish?! The marlins  
and the trout?!*

DUSTIN  
What's he talking about?

MARK  
I'm interviewing interns at 10 tomorrow  
night in the CS lab. Get on board with  
this, man. You know, I don't know what  
else to say.

CUT TO:

INT. COMPUTER SCIENCE BUILDING/BASEMENT CORRIDOR - NIGHT

EDUARDO steps through double doors and stops for a moment as  
he HEARS an odd sound--RAUCOUS CHEERING from a CROWD that's  
gathered in one of the classrooms.

EDUARDO walks down to the classroom, opens the door and walks  
into--

INT. CLASSROOM - NIGHT

--where 60 or so STUDENTS are in a semi-circle, five and six  
deep, cheering on the contestants for the internship.

All the desks in the room have been moved to the sides and  
five desks with laptops set up in the middle. Next to each  
laptop is a shot glass filled with Jack Daniels.

DUSTIN's holding a watch and MARK is walking slowly back and  
forth behind the five "interviewees" who are intensely typing  
at their keyboards.

EDUARDO slowly makes his way through the crowd to MARK. He can  
see that on the computer screens are a whole lot of numbers  
and letters that neither he nor we can understand.

He stands next to MARK and watches this for a moment. Every once in a while, one of the contestants will throw back their shot of Jack Daniels which will instantly get re-filled by a PRETTY ASIAN GIRL. Throughout all this the CHEERING CONTINUES.

DUSTIN  
(waving EDUARDO over)  
Eduardo!

EDUARDO  
(pause)  
Yo. Mark?

MARK  
Yeah.

EDUARDO  
What's goin' on?

MARK  
They have 10 minutes to get root access to a Python webserver, expose its SSL encryption and then intercept all traffic over its secure port.

EDUARDO  
They're hacking.

MARK  
Yes, all behind a Pix Firewall Emulator. But here's the beauty.

EDUARDO  
You know I didn't understand anything you just said, right?

MARK  
I do know that.

EDUARDO  
What's the beauty?

MARK  
Every 10th line of code written, they have to drink a shot. And hacking's supposed to be stealth, so anytime the server detects an intrusion, the candidate responsible has to drink a shot. I also have a program running that has a pop-up window appear simultaneously on all five computers--the last candidate to hit the window has to drink a shot. Plus every three minutes they all have to drink a shot.

DUSTIN  
(calling out)  
Three minutes.

All five candidates drain their shot glasses and slam them down where they get re-filled by the pretty Asian girl.

EDUARDO

Can I ask--what part of the interns' jobs will they need to be able to do drunk?

MARK

You're right. A more relevant test might be seeing if they can keep a chicken alive for a week.

(pause)

That was mean.

EDUARDO hands MARK a thick envelope--

EDUARDO

Here.

MARK

What's this?

EDUARDO

I opened a new account and put \$18,000 in it. Will that get you through the summer?

MARK looks at EDUARDO...

Suddenly two of the candidates hands shoot up almost at the same time--

INTERN [ERIC]

Here!

INTERN [IAN]

Right here!

MARK glances over at the first screen, then the second...

MARK

Welcome to Facebook.

The place ERUPTS. The pretty ASIEN GIRL hits an mp3 player that's been hooked up to speakers and a Dr. Dre song blares out--*"California, it's time to party..."*

The two winners are hugging each other and getting wild congratulations from the crowd.

MARK looks back at EDUARDO and smiles...EDUARDO gives him a pat on the back and we

CUT TO:

INT. FIRST DEPOSITION ROOM - DAY

GRETCHEN  
\$18,000.

EDUARDO  
Yes.

GRETCHEN  
In addition to the \$1000 you'd already  
put up.

EDUARDO  
Yes.

GRETCHEN  
A total of \$19,000 now.

EDUARDO  
Yes.

MARK  
Hang on.

MARK's scratching something out on a pad...

MARK (CONT'D)  
I'm just checking your math on that. Yes,  
I got the same thing.

GRETCHEN  
May I continue?

MARK motions "yes"...

GRETCHEN (CONT'D)  
(to EDUARDO)  
After expressing misgivings about Mr.  
Zuckerberg taking the company and moving  
it to California for the summer, why did  
you put \$18,000 in an account for his  
use?

EDUARDO  
I figured we were partners and I wanted  
to be a team player. I figured Mark,  
Dustin and the new interns could work on  
the site while I was generating  
advertiser interest in New York. But  
mostly I figured...how much could go  
wrong in three months?

CUT TO:

EXT. PALO ALTO HOUSE - DAY

We're outside of this small, campus-area house as LOUD MUSIC plays. A zip line is tied from the chimney and runs down over a small swimming pool where it's attached to a telephone pole on the other side.

MARK is standing in the pool and video taping as DUSTIN, who's on the roof, grabs the handle, takes off and jumps into the pool to everyone's cheers.

We HEAR the GUYS joke about the quality of the jump.

The handle gets pulled back on a rope, an INTERN grabs it, jumps--

--and the brick chimney comes crashing down.

The INTERN drops into patio furniture as bricks from the chimney come cascading down.

No one moves--

INTERN [ERIC]  
I'm okay.

MARK  
You sure?

ERIC  
Yeah.

DUSTIN  
Yikes.

And at that moment a stray brick drops from the roof and crashes through a glass patio table.

From inside the DOORBELL RINGS--

DUSTIN (CONT'D)  
That's the doorbell.

MARK  
I didn't know we had a doorbell.

DUSTIN  
(shouting inside)  
Andrew! Get the door!

MARK  
No, he's wired in.

INTERN [IAN]  
That's gonna cut into the security deposit.

MARK walks into--

INT. PALO ALTO HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The place is computer geek paradise. Computers are everywhere, along with some of the empty boxes they came in. Pizza boxes, Chinese food containers, empty beer bottles and white boards filled with indecipherable code fill the room. There are a couple of large mattresses on the floor and a large map of the U.S. with pins and tags showing the schools where they've already put Facebook and different pins showing the schools they're going for.

As MARK walks to the door, he walks past ANDREW, who's sitting at a computer, writing code and completely oblivious to everything around him.

MARK  
(snapping his fingers)  
Andrew.

ANDREW  
Not now.

MARK  
Good boy.

MARK gets to the door and opens it.

He's stunned to see SEAN PARKER standing there with his girlfriend, SHARON.

They all look at each other for a moment--

MARK (CONT'D)  
Sean?

SEAN  
Mark? Do you live here?

MARK  
Yeah. Do you?

SEAN  
We were right across the street, we saw the chimney come--

MARK  
Yeah.

SEAN  
Is anybody hurt?

MARK  
No. You live across the street?

SHARON  
I'm Sharon.

SEAN  
This is my--Sharon. She lives across the street I was helping her move out when we saw the chimney--

MARK  
Yeah, we had a zip line to the pool.

SEAN  
You came to California.

MARK  
Yeah.

SEAN  
You made the right choice.

CUT TO:

INT. PALO ALTO HOUSE - LATER

SEAN's looking around the place. DUSTIN and the INTERNS are standing off to the side, happy to be in the presence of Sean Parker. ANDREW's still locked into his computer. MARK's off in the kitchen.

MARK (OS)  
Here you go.

A beer comes flying out of the kitchen and SEAN catches it.

MARK (OS) (CONT'D)  
Sharon.

Another beer comes flying out which SHARON had no idea was coming and so it smashes into the fireplace.

SHARON  
(pause)  
I'm so sorry. I didn't know you were--

MARK (OS)  
(calling)  
No problem. Here you go.

SHARON  
Wait--

And another bottle comes flying out that SHARON isn't ready for and it crashes to the floor.

SEAN  
This house and this team are great. It's exactly what it should be.  
(MORE)



SEAN (CONT'D)  
 (to ANDREW)  
 I'm Sean Parker.

ANDREW pays no attention as MARK comes out of the kitchen--

MARK  
 He's wired in.

SEAN  
 That's what I'm talkin' about. Where's  
 Eduardo?

MARK  
 He's got an internship in New York.

SEAN  
 (beat)  
 Eduardo didn't come out?

MARK shakes his head, "No."

CUT TO:

INT. RUBY SKYE - CONTINUOUS

An ultra-hip San Francisco nightclub. It's a hundred-year old theater that's been converted into a 21st Century hot spot for Silicon Valley's rock stars. The lower level is a giant dance floor packed with sweating 20-somethings bouncing to pounding house music. There are raised blocks where scantily dressed professional dancers perform non-stop. A huge lighting grid hangs from the ceiling shooting colored lights and lasers everywhere. Also hanging from the ceiling are two trapeze bars with two performers swinging and contorting.

The staircase leads up to the 2nd level which is all VIP tables that look out over the dance floor. Each VIP area has a couple of couches and a table covered in bottles of vodka, tequila, rum, mixers, ice, glasses and a private waitress who's happy to bend over and pour a drink for you.

And that's where we catch up with MARK and SEAN. Sitting next to SEAN is a BEAUTIFUL WOMAN and there's another standing behind him and leaning against the couch.

MARK and SEAN have to speak up above the music.

SEAN  
 I was crashing there for a little bit  
 while I'm taking care of some things. But  
 she's done for the summer so she's back  
 at her parents' place.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN #1 (BRIANNA)  
 The homeless rock star of Palo Alto.

SEAN  
What's your plan for the summer?

MARK has been subtly checking out the club and not paying attention.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
Mark?

MARK  
I'm sorry, I was looking at the architecture.

SEAN smiles...

SEAN  
I asked what your plan--

MARK  
A hundred schools by the end of the summer.

BRIANNA  
I'm going to the restroom.

SEAN  
Okay.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN #2 (KELSEY)  
I'll go with you.

The two girls exit--

MARK  
Your date looks so familiar to me.

SEAN  
She looks familiar to a lot of people.

MARK  
What do you mean?

SEAN takes a sip of his drink...

SEAN  
(simply)  
A Stanford MBA named Roy Raymond wants to buy his wife some lingerie but he's too embarrassed to shop for it in a department store. He comes up with an idea for a high end place that doesn't make you feel like a pervert. He gets a \$40,000 bank loan and borrows another forty-thousand from his in-laws, opens a store and calls it Victoria's Secret. He makes a half-million dollars his first year.

(MORE)

SEAN (CONT'D)

He starts a catalogue, opens three more stores and after five years, he sells the company to Leslie Wexner and The Limited for four million dollars. Happy ending, right? Except two years later the company's worth 500 million dollars and Roy Raymond jumps off the Golden Gate Bridge.

(beat)

Poor guy just wanted to buy his wife a pair of thigh-highs, you know?

MARK

Was that a parable?

SEAN

My date's a Victoria's Secret model, that's why she looks familiar to you.

MARK

God.

SEAN

Don't be impressed by all this, I read your blog.

MARK

Oh, you know, that was--

SEAN

You know why I started Napster? A girl I loved in high school was with the co-captain of the varsity lacrosse team and I wanted to take her from him so I decided to come up with the next big thing.

MARK

I didn't know th--

SEAN

Napster wasn't a failure. I changed the music industry for better and for always. It may not have been good business but it pissed a lot of people off. And wasn't that what your Facemash was about? They're scared of me, pal, and they're gonna be scared of you. What the VC's want is to say, "Good idea, kid. The grown-ups'll take it from here." But not this time. This is our time. This time you're gonna hand 'em a business card that says "I'm CEO...bitch", that's what I want for you, so where the hell's Eduardo?

MARK

He's in New York.

SEAN  
Suckin' up to ad execs.

MARK  
He's got an--

SEAN  
--an internship? The company's here. A billion dollar company is here. Do you live and breathe Facebook?

MARK  
Yes.

SEAN  
Wardo wants to be a businessman and for all I know he's gonna be a good one but he shouldn't be in New York kissing Madison Avenue's ass. This is a once-in-a-generation-holy-shit idea and the water under the Golden Gate is freezing cold. Look at my face and tell me I don't know what I'm talking about.

MARK  
(pause)  
Do you ever think about the girl?

SEAN  
What girl?

MARK  
The one--the girl in high school who was-- with the lacrosse thing.

SEAN  
(are you kidding?)  
No.

The girls comes back--

BRIANNA  
If you guys are gonna talk about bandwidth we need shots.

SEAN  
A hundred schools by the end of the summer?

MARK  
Yeah.

SEAN  
Tell you what, gesture of good faith. While you're getting into a hundred schools, I'll put you on two continents.

MARK  
 If you don't have a place to crash I think you should definitely come and live with us.

SEAN  
 (nods)  
 Let's line up some shots.  
 (getting the server)  
 Excuse me.

SERVER  
 Yes sir.

SEAN  
 You can take this away and bring out the 1942.

SERVER  
 Absolutely, Mr. Parker.

MARK takes this in a moment before we

CUT TO:

EXT. THE THAMES - DAY

We're looking at a stone bridge crossing a perfectly straight stretch of water against the backdrop of the medieval town of Henley, England--founded in 1179.

And after a moment of placid quiet--

--**BOOSH!**

Two razor thin skulls explode for the final, agonizing hundred-meter stretch of the ancient and prestigious Henley Royal Regatta.

The two boats are neck and neck. The port-side boat is being crewed by the two Dutch members of the Hollandia Roeiclub. The starboard boat is being crewed by a pair of identical twins wearing tank tops bearing the "H" of Harvard.

We HEAR the ROAR come up from the CROWD in the viewing section. The crowd is dressed as if for opening day at Ascot--the women in flowing dresses and wide-brimmed hats, the men in blazers and brightly colored floral ties.

But the young men in the boats can barely hear the crowd. Just their own breathing as they pull against the longest natural straight stretch of water in the world--a mile and a half torture test against the best competition they've ever faced.

And they're neck and neck. CAMERON and TYLER can't shake the Dutch.

The CROWD is going crazy. Mixed in with the British crowd is a small contingent waving the flag of Holland and a slightly larger contingent of Americans.

We'll notice a stoic man in a VIP viewing section and later we'll be introduced to him as Cameron and Tyler's father. Next to him is their mother, who can barely watch.

Back on the boats it's just the breathing as the skulls slice through the water like jet-powered knives. 50 meters now and there's still no daylight between them.

25 meters and the Dutch and American fans are going crazy-- even the British aristocracy can't help but get caught up in the closest race in the history of the competition. The FATHER is silently willing his boys one more fraction of boat speed-- the MOTHER has her hands over her mouth in praying position.

**POP!**

--the finish gun is fired into the air, the oars come out of the water and the bodies of the crewmen slump over.

CAMERON turns his head to the cheering crowd to see the Dutch group holding a giant flag and jumping up and down. The Americans bring their giant flag down and fold it up.

The two DUTCH CREW MEMBERS pump their fists in the air and hug as the two boats skim along to a gentle stop.

The MOTHER drops her head and looks down. The FATHER refuses to look away.

From CAMERON and TYLER, just the breathing.

CUT TO:

INT. AWARD CEREMONY - DAY

CAMERON and TYLER are watching as the Dutch team is having their picture taken with their newly-won trophy in the press room. TYLER doesn't want to watch anymore and steps into--

INT. RECEPTION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Where an AIDE greets him--

AIDE  
Mr. Winklevoss.

TYLER  
Tyler.

AIDE  
Tremendous race.

TYLER

Thank you.

CAMERON comes along.

TYLER (CONT'D)

This is my brother, Cameron.

AIDE

Excellent.

(to the blue-blazered man  
behind him)

Sir. His Royal Highness, Prince Albert.

PRINCE ALBERT

Ah.

AIDE

Your highness, this is Cameron and Tyler  
Winklevoss.

PRINCE ALBERT

Of course. Brilliant race. I've never  
seen a race that close.

TYLER

(beat)

Yes, sir.

PRINCE ALBERT

My grandfather, Jack Kelly, was one of  
the premiere rowers of his day. I've been  
coming to Henley for 30 years and I've  
never seen a race that close. Have you  
seen a race that close?

CAMERON is thinking about starting a war with Monaco right now  
so he lets his brother do the talking.

TYLER

(beat)

No, Your Highness. Mile and a half races  
are more commonly won by a boat length or  
two.

PRINCE ALBERT

Yes, that's absolutely right. Brutally  
close.

TYLER

May I introduce my teammates? This is  
Dave, he's our--

AIDE

(quietly to PRINCE ALBERT)

I'm sorry, you'll have to excuse us.

PRINCE ALBERT  
On to the Dutch!

CAMERON and TYLER step over to DIVYA who's waiting near the bar--

TYLER  
I'm sorry you had to fly all the way over to see that.

DIVYA  
I wouldn't have missed it, brother. How was the royalty?

CAMERON  
I just wanted him to tell me a couple more times how close the race was a couple of more times. Brutal. It was brutally close. Excruciatingly brutal. Never seen a race so excruciatingly *JESUS!*

That was an unusual outburst from CAMERON...

DIVYA  
Cam, the guy's the prince of a country the size of Nantucket, relax it's fine--

MR. WINKLEVOSS has made his way over--

MR. WINKLEVOSS  
Boys.

TYLER  
Dad.

MR. WINKLEVOSS  
Divya.

DIVYA  
Mr. Winklevoss.

MR. WINKLEVOSS  
That was a tough beat.

CAMERON  
I'm sorry, that you and mom flew all the--

MR. WINKLEVOSS  
No, don't you ever apologize to me for losing a race like that. Don't ever apologize to anyone for losing a race like that.

Another man comes along, MR. KENWRIGHT.



KENWRIGHT

Boys.

TYLER

Oh. Mr. Kenwright. Dad, this is Mr. Kenwright, the head of our host family this week.

KENWRIGHT

Pleasure to meet you.

MR. WINKLEVOSS

Good to meet you.

KENWRIGHT

I just had a phone chat with my daughter. She told me that she and her friends are already talking about the race, which they've seen via their computers. A new website called Facebook. Do you have this in America?

Everyone is frozen...

MR. WINKLEVOSS

I'm going to find your mother.

KENWRIGHT

(pause)  
Have I said something wrong?

DIVYA

(pause)  
Your daughter doesn't go to school in the States?

KENWRIGHT

No no. Cambridge. Majoring in French Literature, though I wasn't aware there was such a thing.

TYLER

(pause)  
They have Facebook at Cambridge?

KENWRIGHT

And apparently Oxford and the London School of Economics--that's where her friends are.

DIVYA

That's awesome.

KENWRIGHT

Good race, boys. Take the bitter with the better.

The men leave and CAMERON, TYLER and DIVYA are alone. CAMERON looks at them for a moment...

CAMERON

(pause)

I'm gonna watch the race film. If this online I wanna see it.

TYLER

Stop it. Stop it, Cameron. Knock it off. I don't mind that we lost to the Dutch today by less than a second. That was a good race, that was a fair race and they'll see us again. What I mind--*and what you should mind*--is showing up on Monday for a race that was run on Sunday.

(beat)

We tried talking to him ourselves, we tried writing a letter, we tried the Ad Board, and we tried the president of the University. Now I'm asking you. *For the last time!* Let's take the considerable resources at our disposal and *sue him in federal court!*

CAMERON looks at his brother and DIVYA...

DIVYA

Come on.

CAMERON

(pause)

I need a real drink.

CAMERON takes a few steps away as TYLER and DIVYA drop their heads in surrender but then CAMERON turns right back--

CAMERON (CONT'D)

Screw it. Let's gut the freakin' nerd.

DIVYA grabs CAMERON and hugs him.

TYLER

That's what I'm talking about.

INT. PALO ALTO HOUSE - NIGHT

There's a thunderstorm going on outside and rain is beating hard against the windows. DUSTIN, ANDREW and the INTERNS are hard at work writing code. Green Day is pumping from the speakers.

SEAN is pacing the house on a cordless phone while two YOUNG WOMEN--dressed to go out for a party--are at the moment each on a free computer playing each other in a game of Counter-Strike. Basically they're shooting at each other and missing and laughing their heads off.

It wouldn't appear as if the house has been cleaned since the last time we saw it and in fact there are signs of more wreckage as well as futons, pillows and blankets on the floor.

There's also a 12-foot bong that reaches the middle landing of the staircase.

SEAN  
 (into phone)  
 Check it out, I saw him today.  
 (beat)  
 Manningham, Mitchell Manningham, my Case  
 Equity guy--hang on.  
 (to the girls)  
 Are you guys using spikes or ghost  
 missiles?

GIRL #1  
 We don't know, we're just shooting at  
 each other.

The DOORBELL RINGS but no one pays attention--

SEAN  
 Use sweet kamakazis.

GIRL #1  
 Like we know what that is.

Now there's a KNOCKING at the door and we

CUT TO:

EXT. PALO ALTO HOUSE - NIGHT

Rain is soaking down on EDUARDO as he stands at the front door with a suitcase in his hand. A taxi is turning around in the driveway and heading off. EDUARDO knocks on the front door again as we

CUT BACK TO:

INT. PALO ALTO HOUSE - NIGHT

SEAN  
 (into phone)  
 I saw him getting into his turbo Carrera  
 and he saw me too, I know he did.  
 (beat)  
 Don't sweat it, I'm on a land line.

SEAN leans over one of the girls, casually hits a few keys and easily kills several of the other girl's soldiers.

GIRL #1  
 Yes!

GIRL #2  
Hey!

GIRL #1  
Bong hit!

She has to take one as a penalty.

DUSTIN  
Does, anybody hear that banging?

SEAN  
(to DUSTIN)  
You don't hear anything, you're writing code.

DUSTIN  
Dude, somebody's at the door.

SEAN goes back to the phone conversation as he heads to the door--

SEAN  
(into phone)  
It's not a dish best served cold. It's best served immediately and relentlessly.

SEAN opens the door and the soaking wet EDUARDO is standing there...

SEAN (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
I'm gonna call you back.  
(to EDUARDO)  
What's up?

EDUARDO  
(long pause)  
What's up?  
(beat)  
Mark was supposed to pick me up at the airport an hour ago, I've been calling his cell.

SEAN  
He was on a 36 hour coding tear so he took a nap for a couple of hours.

EDUARDO walks into the house and surveys the wreckage--

EDUARDO  
What happened here?

SEAN  
Not happened--happening. The next big thing.

DUSTIN  
Wardo!

EDUARDO  
Hey man.

SEAN  
(to DUSTIN)  
Back to work.

GIRL #2  
The more bad I get at this, the more  
wasted I get. I meant the more--

SEAN  
We understand.

EDUARDO  
How old are they, Sean?

SEAN  
It's not polite to ask.

EDUARDO  
Sean, how old are they?

SEAN  
You think you know me. Right?

EDUARDO  
I've read enough.

SEAN  
You know how much I've read about you?  
Nothing.

MARK comes down the stairs--

MARK  
Wardo.

EDUARDO  
I waited an hour for you at the airport.

MARK  
What time is it?

EDUARDO  
It's midnight. Or 3AM in New York where I  
just came from.

MARK  
You've gotta see some of the new stuff  
we've got. Dustin, show him the wall. I'm  
just calling it the wall.

SEAN  
Forget the wall, tell him about the  
meeting I've got set up.  
(to EDUARDO)  
You know Peter Thiel?

EDUARDO  
No.

SEAN  
No reason you should. He just runs a two-  
billion dollar hedge fund called Clarium  
Capital.

EDUARDO  
(to MARK)  
Why's he setting up meetings?

MARK  
Thiel may want to make an angel  
investment.

EDUARDO  
I don't care if he's an actual angel,  
why's he setting up business meetings?

MARK  
You've had a long flight.

EDUARDO  
No, I've had a long wait on the tarmac at  
JFK, then a long wait at the passenger  
loading and unloading zone at SFO and in  
between there was a long flight. I'm the  
business end of this company and he's a  
house guest living here rent-free on a  
generous grant from the Eduardo Saverin  
Foundation.

SEAN  
I heard about your big ticket ad buys  
lined up.

EDUARDO  
Hey, man--

SEAN  
Gary's Tuxedos, the Harvard Bartending  
Course. You're just one small step away  
from bagging Snookies Cookies, I can feel  
it.

EDUARDO  
(to MARK)  
Want to talk to me alone for a minute?

MARK  
Sure.

SEAN  
(calling out)  
Bong hit!

GIRL #2  
I'm so high.

SEAN  
You're not.

EDUARDO's followed MARK into--

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

MARK  
How's it going? How's the internship?  
How's Christy?

EDUARDO  
How's the internship?

MARK  
Yeah.

EDUARDO  
Mark...Jesus, I quit the internship.  
We've talked about this on the phone,  
were you even--I quit on my first day.

MARK  
I do remember you saying that. How's  
Christy?

EDUARDO  
Christy's crazy.

MARK  
Is that fun?

EDUARDO  
No I mean she's actually psychotic. She's  
insanely jealous, she's irrational and  
I'm frightened of her.

MARK  
Still, it's nice you have a girlfriend.

EDUARDO  
I do not want that guy representing  
himself as part of this company.

MARK  
You gotta move out here, Wardo, this is  
where it's all happening.

EDUARDO  
Did you hear what I just said?

MARK  
The connections, the energy--

EDUARDO  
Mark--

MARK  
I'm afraid if you don't come out here  
you're going to get left behind. I want--  
I want--I need you out here, please don't  
tell him I said that.

EDUARDO  
What did you just say?

MARK  
It's moving faster than any of us ever  
even imagined and--

EDUARDO  
What do you mean get left behind?

MARK  
It's moving fast and Sean even thinks  
that--

EDUARDO  
Sean is not part of the company.

MARK  
We have over 300,000 members, Wardo,  
we're in 160 schools including--

EDUARDO  
I'm aware of that.

MARK  
--five in Europe.

EDUARDO  
I'm aware of that, Mark, I'm the CFO.

MARK  
We need more servers than I ever imagined  
we'd need. We need more programmers. And  
we need more money. And he set up the  
Thiel meeting. He's set up meetings all  
around town.

EDUARDO  
He's set up other meetings?

MARK  
Yes.

EDUARDO  
Without me knowing anything about it?!



MARK  
You're in New York!

EDUARDO  
I'm in New York riding subways 14 hours a day trying to find advertisers!

MARK  
*And how's it going so far?!!*

EDUARDO  
What did you mean get left behind?

EDUARDO looks at MARK for a long moment before we

CUT TO:

INT. BANK OF AMERICA BRANCH- DAY

EDUARDO comes through the doors with single-minded intent, heads past the tellers and straight to a desk where he takes a bankbook out of his pocket and slaps it on the desk.

BANKER  
(beat)  
Can I help you?

EDUARDO  
I'd like to freeze this bank account and cancel all existing checks and lines of credit.

BANKER  
May I see some ID, please?

EDUARDO  
Yeah, sure.

CUT TO:

EXT./EST. SAN FRANCISCO SKYSCRAPER - DAY

80 stories of polished granite.

INT. THIEL'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

We're in the offices of a guy who's hero is Gordon Gekko. MARK and SEAN are waiting--seated side by side--for a verdict. SEAN's wearing his best Prada, MARK's wearing his hoodie and Adidas flip-flops.

After a moment an ASSISTANT comes out...

ASSISTANT  
Sean, he'll be right with you.

SEAN  
 No problem.  
 (to MARK)  
 You know this is where they filmed  
 Towering Inferno.

MARK  
 (pause)  
 That's comforting.

The office door opens and PETER THIEL sticks his head out--

PETER  
 Hey, guys. Come on back.

They get up and walk into--

INT. THIEL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Several of Thiel's lieutenant's are sitting around.

PETER  
 She offer you guys some waters?

SEAN  
 Oh yeah, we're cool.

MAURICE  
 Sean, come on in. You must be Mark.

MARK  
 Hi.

PETER  
 We took a look at everything and  
 congratulations. We're gonna start you  
 off with a \$500,000 investment. Maurice  
 is gonna talk to you about some corporate  
 restructuring.

MAURICE  
 We'll file as a Corporation in Delaware  
 and come up with a stock structure that  
 allows for new investors.

PETER  
 Now lemme ask you something. Who's  
 Eduardo Saverin?

CUT TO:

INT. EDUARDO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A summer sub-let. A studio apartment the size of a small tool  
 shed.

EDUARDO is asleep on top of the covers in the un-air conditioned apartment when he wakes up to the sound of a key in the door.

One lock un-locks, then another--

--and then the last.

The door opens and CHRISTY is framed by the dingy light of the hallway.

EDUARDO  
Jesus Christ.

CHRISTY  
When did you get back?

EDUARDO  
You scared me. I need you to knock.

CHRISTY  
When did you get back?

EDUARDO  
I got back this afternoon.

CHRISTY  
And when were you going to call me?

EDUARDO  
Chris, it was kind of a rough trip and I was tired and--

CHRISTY  
Or answer one of my 47 texts? Did you know I sent 47 texts?

EDUARDO  
I did, and I thought that was incredibly normal behavior.

CHRISTY  
Are you mocking me?

EDUARDO  
I brought you a present.

CHRISTY  
Why does your status say "single" on your Facebook page?

EDUARDO  
(beat)  
What?

CHRISTY  
Why does your relationship status say  
"single" on your Facebook page?

EDUARDO  
I was single when I set up the page.

CHRISTY  
And you just never bothered to change it?

EDUARDO  
(beat)  
I--

CHRISTY  
What?!

EDUARDO  
I don't know how.

CHRISTY  
Do I look stupid to you?

EDUARDO  
No. Calm down.

CHRISTY  
You're asking me to believe that the CFO  
of Facebook doesn't know how to change  
his relationship status on Facebook?

EDUARDO  
It's a little embarrassing so you should  
take it as a sign of trust that I would  
tell you that.

CHRISTY  
Go to hell.

EDUARDO  
(calming)  
Take it easy.

CHRISTY  
No, you didn't change it so you could  
screw Silicon Valley sluts every time you  
go out to see Mark.

EDUARDO  
That is not even remotely true and I can  
promise you that the Silicon Valley sluts  
don't care what anyone's relationship  
status is on Facebook. Please, open your  
present.

EDUARDO's cell phone RINGS--

CHRISTY  
Oh, your phone does work.

EDUARDO reaches for his cell but CHRISTY grabs it first to check the ID.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)  
It's Mark.

CHRISTY tosses the still ringing phone back to him--

EDUARDO  
Okay, this is gonna be tricky. Here, open your present. It's a silk scarf.

CHRISTY  
Have you ever seen me wear a scarf?

EDUARDO  
This'll be your first.

EDUARDO's gotten the gift box out of his half un-packed suitcase, tossed it to CHRISTY and finally answered the phone.

EDUARDO (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
Yeah.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. PALO ALTO HOUSE - SAME TIME

MARK  
(into his cell phone)  
You froze our account?

In the background there's a small celebration going on with SEAN, DUSTIN, the INTERNS and of course some GIRLS. Champagne is being sprayed from shaken bottles and the girls are dancing to triumphant music.

EDUARDO  
I did.

MARK  
You froze the account.

EDUARDO  
I had to get your attention, Mark.

MARK  
Do you realize that you jeopardized the entire company? Do you realize that your actions could have permanently destroyed everything I've been working on?

EDUARDO  
We've been working on.

MARK  
 Without money, the site can't function.  
 Let me tell you the difference between  
 Facebook and everybody else: *WE DON'T  
 CRASH EVER!*

What EDUARDO can't see behind his back is that CHRISTY has taken the gift box and lit it on fire with a cigarette lighter.

MARK (CONT'D)  
 If the servers are down for even a day,  
 our entire reputation is irreversibly  
 destroyed. Users are fickle. Friendster  
 has proven that fact.

And CHRISTY's now dropped the flaming cardboard box into the wastebasket where the fire grows larger. She casually kicks the basket over with her foot.

EDUARDO  
 Look--

MARK  
 Even a few people leaving would  
 reverberate through the entire user base.  
 The users are interconnected, that's the  
 whole point! College kids are online  
 because their friends are online and if  
 one domino goes, all the dominos go! Do  
 you get that?! I'm not going back to  
 Caribbean Night at A-E-Pi!

EDUARDO  
 (finally seeing the fire)  
 Holy shit!  
 (to CHRISTY)  
 What is wrong with you?

MARK  
 Did you like being nobody?! Did you like  
 being a joke?! Do you wanna go back to  
 that?!

EDUARDO  
 Hang on, hang on.

EDUARDO hits a button on his cell and tosses it down. We'll keep hearing MARK's voice as EDUARDO runs out into the hallway, grabs a fire extinguisher from its wall bracket, comes back in and sprays out the fire.

MARK  
 That was the act of a child, not a  
 businessman.  
 (MORE)

MARK (CONT'D)

And it certainly wasn't the act of a friend. You know how embarrassed I was for me to try and cash a check today? I'm not going back to that life.

(beat)

Maybe you were frustrated.

EDUARDO

(shouting)

Yeah!

MARK

Maybe you were angry.

EDUARDO

(calling out)

I was!

MARK

But I'm willing to let bygones be bygones because, Wardo, I've got some good news.

EDUARDO--with the fire now out--picks up the phone.

EDUARDO

I'm sorry. I *was* angry and maybe it was childish. But I had to get your attention.

MARK

Wardo, I said I've got some good news.

EDUARDO

What is it?

MARK

Peter Thiel's just made an angel investment of a half a million dollars.

EDUARDO

(pause)

What?

MARK

A half a million dollars and he's setting us up in an office. They want to re-incorporate the company, they want to meet you they need your signature on some documents so get your ass on the next flight back to San Francisco.

(beat)

I need my CFO.

EDUARDO

(beat--smiles)

I'm on my way.

MARK  
Wardo.

EDUARDO  
Yeah.

MARK  
We did it.

EDUARDO clicks the phone shut. After a moment...

CHRISTY  
(like nothing's happened)  
Wardo?

And EDUARDO jumps because CHRISTY was standing behind him--

EDUARDO  
*Aaggh!*

CHRISTY  
You going back there already?

EDUARDO  
Yes. Also I'm breaking up with you.

CUT TO:

INT. FACEBOOK OFFICE - DAY

A glass conference room in the corner of a glass bullpen on a high floor of a high rise.

Cartons are being unpacked, computers are everywhere along with bags of potato chips and boxes of cereal.

In the conference room, EDUARDO is sitting with three LAWYERS at a round, glass table and documents have been put out in front of him.

We can see through the glass that MARK is working at a computer nearby. SEAN is also hovering in the background.

LAWYER  
Four documents. The first two are common stock purchase agreements allowing you to buy stock in the newly re-incorporated Facebook as opposed to the old shares which are now worthless. The third is the exchange agreement, allowing you to exchange the old shares for new shares and then finally a voter holding agreement.

EDUARDO  
How many shares of stock will I own?



LAWYER  
1,328,334.

EDUARDO  
Jesus Christ.

LAWYER  
That represents a 34.4% ownership share.  
Why the increase from the original 30%?

EDUARDO  
Because you may need to dilute it to  
award shares to new investors.

LAWYER  
I like working with business majors.

EDUARDO  
Economics.

LAWYER #2  
You should know that Mark's already taken  
his percentage from 60 down to 51.

EDUARDO  
Mark doesn't care about money and he  
needs to be protected.

LAWYER  
Dustin Moskovitz owns 6.81%, Sean Parker  
6.47%--

EDUARDO  
I can live with that.

LAWYER  
And Peter Theil 7%. Would you like to use  
my pen?

CUT TO:

INT. FIRST DEPOSITION ROOM - EVENING

It's dusk now and the sky outside the room is turning purple.  
EDUARDO seems lost in thought.

GRETCHEN  
(helping)  
Eduardo?

EDUARDO looks up.

EDUARDO  
(pause)  
Could you please repeat the question?

SY

No. It was an outrageously leading question the first time around and now you want us to hear it again?

GRETCHEN

Yes, would you read it back, please.

SY

Well, go ahead.

COURT REPORTER

Counsel: "And when you signed these documents, were you aware that you were signing your own death certificate?"

EDUARDO

(pause)

No.

(pause)

It was insanely stupid of me not to have my own lawyers look over all the...the, uh...in all honesty I thought they were my lawyers.

(then to MARK)

I was your only friend. You had one friend.

(beat)

My father won't even look at me.

GRETCHEN

(beat)

Okay. Eduardo? Did Mr. Zuckerberg say anything to you after you signed the papers?

EDUARDO

There was a lot of handshaking and a lot of congratulations. He'd already told me that he wouldn't be coming back to school for at least a semester so we were saying goodbye for a while. And then before I left, he said--

CUT TO:

INT. FACEBOOK OFFICE - DAY

MARK

But you gotta come back. Somewhere around the end of November/early December. Peter wants to throw us an amazing party when we hit a million members, it's gonna be out of control. You've gotta come back for it.

EDUARDO  
 (quietly can't believe it)  
 A million members.

MARK  
 Yeah.

EDUARDO  
 Remember the algorithm on the window at  
 Kirkland?

MARK  
 Yeah.

EDUARDO  
 Yeah, I'll be here.

CUT TO:

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREET - DAY

A brand new black Escalade pulls up in front of a gleaming glass and chrome office building. SEAN is at the wheel and MARK, in the passenger seat, is wearing brightly colored pajamas with his hair a mess.

They get out of the car and huddle on the sidewalk.

MARK  
 You sure about this?

SEAN  
 You're 20 minutes late. You're going to walk in there and say you overslept and you didn't have time to get dressed. They're gonna pitch you. Case Equity is gonna pitch you. They're gonna beg you to take their money. You're gonna nod, you're gonna nod, you're gonna nod and then you're gonna say, "Which one of you is Roth--" No, not Roth, Manningham. "Which one of you is Mitchell Manningham?". And he'll say, "I am". And you say, "Sean Parker says 'Fuck you' and on walk out.

MARK  
 (pause)  
 Okay.

CUT TO:

INT. FIRST DEPOSITION ROOM - EVENING

EDUARDO

In late November I got the e-mail from Mark telling me to come out for the millionth member party.

GRETCHEN

What else did the e-mail say?

EDUARDO

It said that we had to have a business meeting. That Mark and Sean had played some kind of revenge stunt on Case Equity and that Manningham was so impressed that he was making an investment offer that was hard to turn down.

CUT TO:

INT. NEW FACEBOOK OFFICES - NIGHT

EDUARDO (V.O.)

I went out to California and I went straight to the new offices.

And it's clear that we're in the offices of a new, high-tech, very successful internet company. The Facebook logo in blue metallic letters on the wall, the maple desks, new computer monitors, carpeting, a wall covered in graffiti by an artist commissioned for the job and tons of young employees.

EDUARDO (V.O.)

I didn't know whether to dress for the party or for the business meeting so I kind of dressed for both.

We see that most of the employees, especially the women, are dressed to go to an after-work, late-night party.

EDUARDO (V.O.)

But it didn't matter.

GRETCHEN (V.O.)

Why not?

EDUARDO (V.O.)

Because I wasn't called out there for either one.

CUT TO:

INT. FIRST DEPOSITION ROOM - EVENING

GRETCHEN

What were you called out there for?

EDUARDO  
An ambush.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. NEW FACEBOOK OFFICES - NIGHT

LAWYER  
Mr. Saverin, hey.

EDUARDO turns to see the LAWYER he dealt with earlier standing by the door to a glass conference room.

LAWYER (CONT'D)  
In here. Right over here.

EDUARDO walks across the bullpen, where no one makes eye contact, and into--

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

EDUARDO (V.O.)  
At first I thought he was joking, giving me more contracts to sign. But then I started reading.

As EDUARDO reads, we rack focus to MARK, who's sitting at a computer with his back to EDUARDO, focused on his work.

And then we see SEAN step into the frame and lean against a desk a few yards away.

And then back to EDUARDO, who's almost shaking...

EDUARDO  
Wait, what is this?

LAWYER  
Well, as you know we had some new investors--

EDUARDO  
What is this?

LAWYER  
If you'll let me--

EDUARDO goes back out into--

INT. BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

EDUARDO  
Mark?

MARK doesn't look up from his computer--

EDUARDO (CONT'D)

Mark.

MARK still doesn't look up--

SEAN  
He's wired in.

EDUARDO  
(pause)  
I'm sorry?

SEAN  
He's wired in.

EDUARDO  
Is he?

SEAN  
Yes.

EDUARDO picks up MARK's laptop over his head and smashes it down on the desk, breaking it into pieces.

EDUARDO  
How 'bout now, are you still wired in?

SEAN  
(to the girl at the desk he's  
leaning against)  
Call security.

Everyone in the office is frozen, silent and watching.

EDUARDO  
You issued over 24-million new shares of  
stock.

MARK  
You were told that if new investors came  
along--

EDUARDO  
How much were your shares diluted? How  
much were his?!

CUT TO:

INT. FIRST DEPOSITION ROOM - EVENING

GRETCHEN  
What was Mr. Zuckerberg's ownership share  
diluted down to?

EDUARDO  
It wasn't.

GRETCHEN

What was Mr. Moskowitz's ownership share diluted down to?

EDUARDO

It wasn't.

GRETCHEN

What was Sean Parker's ownership share diluted down to?

EDUARDO

It wasn't.

GRETCHEN

What was Peter Thiel's ownership share diluted down to?

EDUARDO

It wasn't.

GRETCHEN

What was your ownership share diluted down to?

EDUARDO

(pause)  
Point-zero-three percent.

CUT TO:

INT. NEW FACEBOOK OFFICES - NIGHT

MARK

You signed the papers.

EDUARDO

You set me up.

MARK

You're gonna blame me because you were the business head of the company and you made a bad business deal with your own company?!

EDUARDO

It's gonna be like I'm not part of Facebook.

SEAN

It's won't be like you're not part of Facebook, you're not part of Facebook.

EDUARDO

My name's on the masthead.

SEAN  
You might wanna check again.

EDUARDO is momentarily frozen...

EDUARDO  
This is because I froze the account?

SEAN  
You think we were gonna let you parade  
around in your ridiculous suits  
pretending you were running this company?

EDUARDO  
Sorry, my Prada's at the cleaners along  
with my hoodie and my fuck-you flip-flops  
you pretentious douchebag.

SEAN  
Security's here. You'll be leaving now.

Two SECURITY GUARDS have come in--

EDUARDO  
I'm not signing those papers.

SEAN  
We'll get the signature.

EDUARDO  
(turning to MARK)  
*Tell me this isn't about me getting into  
the Phoenix!*  
(pause)

EDUARDO (CONT'D)  
You did it. I always knew you did it. You  
planted the story about the chicken.

SEAN  
(pause)  
What is he talking about?

EDUARDO  
You had me accused--

SEAN  
Seriously, what the hell's the chicken?

EDUARDO  
And I'll bet what you hated the most is  
that they identified me as a co-founder of  
Facebook--*which I am!* You better lawyer-  
up, asshole, 'cause I'm not comin' back  
for my 30 percent, I'm comin' back for  
everything!



SEAN  
 (to SECURITY)  
 Get him outa here.

EDUARDO  
 I'm going.

SEAN  
 Hang on.

SEAN hands EDUARDO a folded check.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
 I almost forgot, there's your \$19,000. I  
 wouldn't cash it, though, I drew it on  
 the account you froze.

EDUARDO looks at SEAN...then suddenly and quickly cocks his  
 fist back to punch him in the face. SEAN flinches as EDUARDO  
 holds his punch and lets out a small laugh.

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

EDUARDO exits with the security escort.

There's a long silence in the room...

SEAN  
 That's it, that's our show for tonight,  
 people. So I want to see everybody here  
 geared up for a party. We're gonna walk  
 down to the club like it's the Macy's  
 Parade. Mackey, put it up on the big  
 screen, we've gotta be almost there.

A young employee hits a remote and a few keys on his computer  
 and a huge flat-screen displays a Facebook page with a read-  
 out of the number of members.

**999,942**

There's scattered applause and excitement as everyone watches.

SEAN takes MARK aside.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
 You alright?

MARK  
 Yeah.  
 (beat)  
 You were kinda rough on him.

SEAN  
 That's life in the NFL.

MARK

You know you didn't have to be that rough on him.

SEAN

Listen, I'm putting together a party--

MARK

Sean? You didn't have to be that rough on him.

SEAN

He almost killed it. I'll send flowers. Speaking of flowers, I'm putting together a party after the party at Kappa Eta Sigma. Ashleigh's a sister.

MARK

Uh...Ashleigh?

SEAN

The intern.

MARK

No, yeah, I know who she is. Are you guys--

SEAN

Ashleigh? Me? No. A little bit. Oh no, do you like her? Dude--

MARK

No. No. I was just, no.

An intern, ASHLEIGH, comes along with a small package--

ASHLEIGH

Excuse me, Mark?

SEAN

We were just talkin' about you.

MARK

Just that you're doing a really good job.

ASHLEIGH

Thanks, I appreciate that.

(to MARK)

These came in for you.

MARK

Put them on my desk.

ASHLEIGH puts the small package on Mark's desk.

SEAN

What's the package?

MARK  
Nothing.

SEAN  
(calling out)  
Mackey!

MACKEY  
(calling back)  
Yes sir!

SEAN  
Refresh!

MACKEY hits the "refresh" key and the big screen shows--

**1,000,046**

CHEERS erupts throughout the place. SEAN grabs MARK and hugs him but MARK doesn't quite hug back...

CUT TO:

EXT. SORORITY HOUSE - NIGHT

We can hear the thumping music coming from the party inside and college kids have spilled out onto the front lawn of this pristine, four-columned house.

INT. SORORITY HOUSE - NIGHT

It's dark but we can make out people dancing. The place is packed.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

We hear the thumping music from the party. SEAN's in there with a couple of guys, ASHLEIGH and two other girls. SEAN's got his cell phone out and will snap a picture every once in a while.

FRATERNITY GUY  
Do it on anything. You can use a CD.

SORORITY GIRL #2  
You can do it off me.

The girl's sat on the bed and unbuttoned her top. Her shirt's unbuttoned all the way but we can't really see anything--just the part of her chest that's being used as a surface off of which to snort coke.

SORORITY GIRL  
Alright!

The GIRL taps out some coke from a vial onto the other girl's chest and starts passing around a rolled up 20-dollar bill for everyone to have a turn and she herself will unbutton her shirt too for the same purpose. All this while SEAN is talking.

SEAN

The next transformative development? A picture sharing application. A place where you view pictures that coincide with your social life. It is...the true digitalization of real life. You don't just go to a party anymore, you go to a party with your digital camera and your friends relive the party on Facebook. And tagging. The idea--

SORORITY GIRL #2

Would this be easier without the bra?

FRATERNITY GUY

It's worth finding out.

The girls start happily slipping off their bras--

SEAN

I've spent hours watching what people do when they log on.

ASHLEIGH

Wait, that's weird. Why did the music stop?

ASHLEIGH has a point. The music stopped in the middle of SEAN's speech and the sound outside from the party just doesn't sound like a party anymore.

SEAN

How they check their friends' status updates, checked to see which of their friends had changed their profiles, changed their photos and mostly...

ASHLEIGH

Seriously, what happened to the music?

SEAN

We lived on farms and then we lived in cities and now we're gonna live on the internet.

ASHLEIGH

Sean. Stop. I think something's going on downstairs.

SEAN stops talking...he senses it too now.

SEAN walks out of the room to the--

INT. STAIRCASE LANDING - CONTINUOUS

And out the window he sees a fleet of police cars with their lights flashing parked in front of the house. Then before he can react, the front door flies open--

POLICE with flashlights walk in--the beams of light streaking across the darkened party floor and the faces.

We HEAR muffled murmurs from the cops of "party's over" and "step to the side" and "nobody's leaving just yet", etc.

SEAN bolts back into--

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

--leaving the door open.

SEAN  
It's the cops.

And they all spring into action. The girls are putting their bras back on, SEAN is wiping down a night table with the palm of his hand to get the coke dust off.

SORORITY GIRL  
Shit.

FRATERNITY GUY  
Be cool.

They turn to see TWO POLICEMEN standing in the doorway, their flashlights scanning the room and hitting SEAN's eyes.

SEAN  
Good to see you officer. What can I do for you?

POLICEMAN  
What's goin' on?

SEAN  
(beat)  
Was the music too loud? We have a celebration going.

POLICEMAN  
Miss, I need you to button your blouse.

SEAN  
I can have them turn the music down.

One of the policemen casually takes SEAN's hand and sees that his palm looks like he just used it to erase a blackboard.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
That's not mine.

POLICEMAN  
Okay, we're gonna need identification.  
Keep your hands where we can see them.

And the handcuffs start to come out and we've got a room of terrified children.

SORORITY GIRL  
Oh my God.

We start to move in on SEAN...

POLICEMAN  
(to SEAN)  
You got anything in your pockets I should know about?

SEAN  
No sir, no.

POLICEMAN  
Don't be stupid now.

SEAN  
I don't.

POLICEMAN  
(out of SEAN's shirt pocket)  
What's this?

SEAN  
It's an Epipen.

POLICEMAN  
And this?

SEAN  
That's my inhaler.

POLICEMAN #2  
(to the GIRLS)  
How old are you?

SORORITY GIRL  
I'm 21.

ASHLEIGH  
I'm 21.

POLICEMAN  
Lying only makes it worse.

ASHLEIGH  
I'm sorry, I shouldn't have lied.

SEAN closes his eyes at hearing this news as we HEAR the sound of the cuffs lock around his wrists and we

CUT TO:

INT. NEW FACEBOOK OFFICES - NIGHT

A digital LED clock on the wall tells us it's 4:40AM.

MARK is sitting at his computer alone. No one else is in the office. The San Francisco skyline is beautiful outside the floor-to-ceiling glass.

His cell phone RINGS and he answers.

MARK  
(into phone)  
Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

SEAN, freezing with no coat on, is sitting on the bottom of the steps to the police station.

SEAN  
(into phone)  
Listen, something's happened.

We see MARK listening on his end but can't hear SEAN's end of the conversation.

MARK  
(pause)  
Shit.

SEAN  
It's alright, it's gonna be alright. I've posted bond and I wasn't doing anything. I mean, I've got allergies so I can't--

We're back on MARK's side. He listens...listens...

MARK  
Interns?

Back on SEAN's side--

SEAN  
It was just a party.

MARK  
(evenly)  
This is gonna be news, Sean, it's gonna be online any second.

SEAN  
(beat)  
I know.

MARK  
(blank)  
You know with an intern and--

SEAN  
It's cool, I've got it under control.

MARK  
(no panic)  
I'll get it under control. I'll call  
someone and see what the next move is.  
But this is gonna be news now.

SEAN  
(beat)  
You don't think Eduardo was involved do  
you? Do you think--

MARK  
No.

SEAN  
Or Manningham. One of them. Somebody.  
Somebody sent that coke in their 'cause  
it got in there. You believe me. This is  
gonna be fine, right?

MARK  
(cool as ice)  
Go home, Sean.

MARK clicks the phone shut. He sits there a moment.

He looks at the small package that Ashleigh dropped on his  
desk earlier. He opens up the brown paper wrapping and there's  
a box.

He opens the box--a thousand brand new business cards. He  
takes one of the business cards out and looks at it.

**I'm CEO...Bitch**

And over this we HEAR a woman's voice...

MARYLIN (V.O.)  
Mark?

CUT TO:



INT. FIRST DEPOSITION ROOM - NIGHT

MARK is sitting alone in the conference room. The only one left is MARYLIN, whose voice we just heard. The lights of the San Francisco skyline fill the huge picture windows.

MARYLIN

Mark?

MARK looks up at her...

MARYLIN (CONT'D)

We're done for the day.

MARK

(pause)

Yeah. Yeah. I was just sitting here.

MARYLIN

What happened to Sean?

MARK

He still owns 7% of the company. All you had all day was that salad. You want to get something to eat?

MARYLIN

I can't.

MARK

I'm not a bad guy.

MARYLIN

I know that. When's there's emotional testimony I assume 85% of it is exaggeration.

MARK

And the other 15%?

MARYLIN

Perjury. Creation myths need a devil.

MARK

What happens now?

MARYLIN

Sy and the others are having a steak on University Ave. Then they'll come back up to the office and start working on a settlement agreement to present to you.

MARK

They're gonna settle?

MARYLIN

Oh yeah. And you're gonna have to pay a little extra.

MARK

Why?

MARYLIN

So that these guys sign a non-disclosure agreement. They say one unflattering word about you in public and you own their wife and kids.

MARK

I invented Facebook.

MARYLIN

I'm talking about a jury. I specialize in voir dire--jury selection. And what the jury sees when they look at the defendant. Clothes, hair, speaking style, likability--

MARK

Likability?

MARYLIN

I've been licensed to practice law for all of 20 months and I could get a jury to believe you planted the story about Eduardo and the chicken. Watch what else. Why weren't you at Sean's sorority party that night?

MARK

You think I'm the one who called the police?

MARYLIN

Doesn't matter. I asked the question and now everybody's thinking about it. You've lost your jury in the first 10 minutes.

MARK

(pause)  
Farm animals?

MARYLIN

Yeah.

MARK

I was drunk and angry and stupid.

MARYLIN

And blogging.

MARK

And blogging.

MARYLIN

(pause)

Pay them. In the scheme of things it's a speeding ticket. That's what Sy will tell you tomorrow.

MARK

Do you think anybody would mind if I stayed and used the computer for a minute?

MARYLIN

I can't imagine it would be a problem.

MARK

Thanks. I appreciate your help today.

MARYLIN

You're not an asshole, Mark. You're just trying so hard to be.

MARYLIN, who's been putting on her coat, takes her briefcase and exits.

MARK sits down at the computer. He logs on to Facebook.

He types a name in the search box: "Erica Albright".

Erica's name and picture come up, along with Boston University, '07. Mark smiles. She's on Facebook.

He moves the mouse back and forth between two boxes: "Send a Message" and "Add as a Friend".

He clicks on "Add as a Friend".

A box comes up that reads: "Your request to add Erica Albright as a friend has been sent."

Then MARK clicks to his homepage and waits for the response.

And waits...then hits "Refresh".

**TITLE:**

**Cameron and Tyler Winklevoss received a settlement of 65 million dollars and signed a non-disclosure agreement.**

**They rowed for the U.S. Olympic Team in Beijing and placed sixth.**

MARK is still waiting...then hits "Refresh".

**Eduardo Saverin received an unknown settlement. His name has been restored to the Facebook masthead as a Co-founder.**

MARK is settling into his chair. He'll wait all night if he has to.

**Facebook has 500 million members in 207 countries. It's currently valued at 25 billion dollars.**

**Mark Zuckerberg is the youngest billionaire in the world.**

MARK waits...

And waits...

And we

SNAP TO BLACK

ROLL MAIN TITLE