

MAJOR CLOUT
4/18/19

written by

Devin Anthony Blake

LOGLINE: A teenage prankster hits the big time when one of his youtube videos goes viral but begins to doubt himself after joining an ammorol video collective of media influncers.

735 Anderson Hill Road, Mailbox 871
917-572-4137
devinblake054@gmail.com

ACT ONE

BLACK. Our world is made of dark nothingness. Then... We are SHAKEN.

CHILD (O.S.)
Is this...?

More shaking, but methodical.

CHILD (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Wait... Dad, did you-

YOUNGER CHILD (O.S.)
Open it, already!

CHILD (O.S.)
Shut up, Casey!

WOMAN (O.S.)
Hey! Be nice, both of you!

The sound of paper tearing and tossed away.

CHILD (O.S.)
Oh my-

The black is torn down the middle by a child's hand, splitting the screen. It PRIES away half the black, revealing: The shocked face of our main character;

ERIC JENKOWSKI, 10, white, rebellious.

He peels more away giddily, giving us a wider view of-

INT. JENCHOWSKI LIVING ROOM - CHRISTMAS MORNING (CONTINUOUS)

As Eric tears his present apart with glee, watched by his father, **AL**, mid 50s, his mother, **HALEY**, early 50s, and younger brother, **CASEY**, age 7. Eric rushes to his dad with the present in hand.

ERIC
You got it?! You actually got it for me?!

AL
You've been talkin' about it since last Christmas. Had to shut you up.

ERIC
Terry's gonna be soooo jealous. Thanks, Dad!

He embraces him warmly.

HALEY
(lovingly)
Awwwww!

She takes a picture of them with an old school film camera.

HALEY (CONT'D)
Oh, that's going to come out
beautiful.

AL
(to Eric)
I'm not going to regret this am I?

ERIC
Naaah.

BLACK.

iPHONE 3 VIDEO

The camera pulls out to show Eric's toothy grin and eventually his whole face. He moves it away more, showing he's in front of-

EXT. JENKOWSKI HOME - DAY

A modest home surrounded by nothing but snow for miles. Eric, strikes a pose in his puffy jacket for the camera.

ERIC
YOUTUUUUUBE! My name is ELITE ERIC!
Prepare to be amazed by the deepest
sledding slope in all of
Appalachia. Watch my little
brother, Casey, risk it all by-

He looks off camera.

ERIC (CONT'D)
(to Casey)
Get in position, dumbass.

CASEY sits on the porch with his sled. Eric approaches him.

CASEY
We didn't spend a long time on the
ramp...

They both look out. The driveway is steep and at the end of it is a HAPHAZARD LOOKING RAMP.

ERIC
Don't worry, there's a snow bank
down there.

CASEY
Then why don't you do it?

ERIC
It's my phone. I'm recording. Duh.

CASEY
Eh...

ERIC
You can't back out now! The
channel is gonna *blow up* after
this! Just like Australian dude who
threw that party. Or Fred!

He's not budging.

ERIC (CONT'D)
(long beat)
If you do it, I'll let you be
player one.

Casey looks at him in shock.

SECONDS LATER

Our position is aimed at Casey holding his sled at the top of
the driveway.

ERIC (O.S.)
And... Go!

He sets off the driveway.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Woah. He's gonna go so far.

He builds speed fast. The sled crashes directly into the
ramp. Casey spills out and tumbles into a snow bank. We turn
back to Eric, cracking up.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Oh my god! Dude, dude! Casey! That
looked like it was out of Jackass!

Behind him, Al exits the home.

AL
What was that?

ERIC

Oh shit.

AL

Eric? What the hell are you doing?
Go help your brother right now!

Al grabs him, causing the phone and our view to tumble to the ground.

ERIC (O.S.)

Dad, stop!

The feed cuts out.

TITLE: **MAJOR CLOUT**

INTRO CREDITS MONTAGE:

Of Eric's over the top videos through the years, each one more elaborate and with a different Youtube Name; all to the chagrin of his peers, family, school, and neighborhood. (Set to "Bad Reputation" by Joan Jett), such as:

- blowing up the toilet in his parents bathroom with his friend, **TERRY**, age 10, nerdy.

TERRY

Holy fuck!

ERIC

Terry, did you see that?!

- lightning himself on fire and jumping into a pool.
- Eric and Terry flying drones into trees
- Eric vlogging

ERIC (CONT'D)

Alright youtube, so Matty Golddiger 84 is a copycat. He's copying my videos which is almost flattering if he weren't a complete bag of douche!

- hopping in random parked cars and scaring people with a clown mask
- changing school computers to play polka music
- doing intense eating challenges

ERIC (CONT'D)
I'm eating 100 cups of jello in 60s
seconds!

- Eric vlogging again

ERIC (CONT'D)
The Elite Eric Army is two k strong
and will fuck your shit!

- flying drones through complicated obstacle courses in his
house, terriozing his fsmily.

- Eric, now age 18, livestreaming his video chat with an
anoyomous user.

ERIC (CONT'D)
-And your last video got like,
what, eight hundred views. You're a
jabroni!

ANOYMOUS USER (O.S.)
Keep talking shit kid, we'll send a
swat team to your house and kill
your whole family.

ERIC
(long beat)
What?

ANOYMOUS USER
You heard us. We'll track your IP
address and get your shit stack
raided. They'll put a bullet in
your dog and-

Eric unplugs his computer, scared stiff. He slowly peers out
his window and sees a car drive off in the night. He breathes
a sigh of relief.

AL (LAPPING)
Eric?

INT. KITCHEN (JENKOWSKI HOME) - LATER

Eric holds his phone, mesmerized by a video, while holding a
fork full of food. Al, Haley, and Casey all stare at him with
concern.

AL
Eric! Put your phone down for a
damn second, I'm talking to you.

ERIC
Yea?

AL
How was work?

ERIC
Uh...

INT. SONIC - KITCHEN - (FLASHBACK)

THREE LINE COOKS fry tenders and flip burgers. Eric struggles to get by on roller skates and scoops the order.

ERIC
Where's this going to?

LINE COOK #1
Lot eight.

LINE COOK #3
Ay, Lourie wants to talk to you.

ERIC
About what?

He's grabs the order, and runs into Lourie.

LOURIE
One of the cooks told me you ate three burgers during your last shift.

ERIC
They were extras, it-

LOURIE
It's against company policy.

ERIC
C'mon, Lourie. I didn't have anything to eat all day!

LOURIE
It's coming out of your paycheck.

Lourie walks off. Eric groans, then slips and falls.

BACK TO DINNER

Eric find a fry in his hair and eats it.

ERIC

Eh.

HALEY

How's the college search going?

ERIC

It's going okay. I submitted my portfolio to NYU and USC.

HALEY

Oh, your portfolio? When can I have a screening?

ERIC

You've already seen all of it, Mom. It's just highlights from my channel.

Al nearly chokes on his food.

AL

Wha-What? Eric, you can't send that stuff into a university!

Eric...

HALEY

ERIC

Why not?

CASEY

Because they'll know you're stupid.

Eric elbows Casey.

AL

Because they'll think you're crazy.

ERIC

Dad, this is the twenty first century. Standards have changed since before Christ was born.

AL

No one is gonna be impressed with those videos, son.

ERIC

Says you. I was able to buy my car with the money I got from those videos.

INSERT:

Of Eric's JUNKER CAR sitting in the garage. Unprovoked, the front bumper falls off.

BACK TO KITCHEN

Al grumbles. Eric steams. Haley is torn between the tension.

CASEY
I made it to the semifinals in the
JV tennis tournament.

No one reacts. Casey goes back to eating.

INT. ERIC'S ROOM - LATER

Eric vlogging again.

ERIC
This one's been in the making for a
couple of months now and let me
tell you... I can't wait for y'all
to see what I got in store. Elite!
Eric! Out!

He signs off and shuts his laptop, revealing a picture of him and his father from Christmas.

A beat.

He opens his laptop again and begins scrolling on Youtube, watching into the wee hours of the morning. He looks out the window to see the SUNRISE. He synchronizes his watch, launching it into a COUNTDOWN.

INT. SCHOOL BIOLOGY LAB - THE NEXT MORNING

Rows and rows of numbered plants sit atop the desk. We land on a brown, nearly dead plant being measured by **AMY**, late teens. She precisely measures the length of the plants with a ruler.

AMY
Specimen five's peak has dropped
point two centimet-

A DRONE whizzes by her. She yelps. Reveal Eric piloting the drone with his phone.

AMY (CONT'D)
Hey! Can you put that down for a
minute?! He lands the drone.

ERIC
 Sorry. Here, tell me the
 measurement.

AMY
 It's-

An assault FIRES! She ducks in fear. She looks up to see the
 source: Eric, sitting in his char, snickering at his IPAD.

ON SCREEN:

FREDDY aka MAJOR CLOUT, mid 20s, a chill, nearly burnt out
 youtube influencer. He's at a firing range and holding an AR-
 15.

FREDDY (IPAD)
 What's good Youtube Soldiers, Major
 Clout comin in hot! Today, the
 Clout Collective hitting the firing
 range. I've rented out the premiere
 firing range in the southern Ca-

CAMERA PERSON (O.S.)
 Hey, maybe turn the safety on?
 You're waving that around alot..

AMY (V.O.)
 Are you even logging the data in
 the app?

Eric snaps out of his his trance. He gives an affirmative
 nod, then goes back to watching the screen.

AMY
 Are you sure? Because it looks like
 you're watching some dumb shit on
 Youtube.

ERIC
 Keep measuring.

AMY
 Jankowski. it's eight am. Can you
 PLEASE just be helpful this one
 time so that I can get an A and get
 into Stamford?

The iPad blares more gunfire.

CAMERA PERSON (IPAD)
 (panic)
 Why're you firing?!

FREDDY (IPAD)
Cuz I'm not a pussy!

CAMERA PERSON (IPAD)
You're not even wearing ear
protection!

Eric's remains glued to his screen. He looks up to see her
glaring at him.

ERIC
I'll lower it.

He smiles and goes back to the screen. She tugs hard on his
ear, painfully pulling him in close.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Woah! Let go!

AMY
Listen, you Bart Simpson
wannabe, My G.P.A isn't gonna
suffer because you can't
punch some numbers. I'm
already waking up early just
to salvage this project. Pull
your weight.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Jeez, Amy! Alright!

AMY
It is not alright! Our control
plant is dead because you're an
absentee partner. Switch the apps!
Switch em!

He switches the apps. She releases him.

ERIC
Spaz.

AMY (CONT'D)
Douche.

She goes back to measuring the plants. Eric punches data in
begrudgingly.

AMY (CONT'D)
(beat)
Specimen six has grown point four
centimeters...

ERIC
Here, I'm gonna take a piss.

AMY
Are you serious? Why are you taking
your backpack?

Eric shrugs.

ERIC
It's a big piss!

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Eric opens his locker. It's a mess. He shifts the pile of grossness to the side. There's a small hole in the back of his locker. He digs in his backpack and pulls out a MOUSE. He sets it outside the hole.

ERIC
Go, Fifel, go!

The mouse scurries in the hole. Eric closes his locker, revealing PRINCIPAL MONTGOMERY, late 50s, black, large, intimidating.

PRINCIPAL MONTGOMERY
Jankowski...

ERIC
(scared)
Principal Montgomery... Hi.

PRINCIPAL MONTGOMERY
School doesn't start for an hour.
What're you doing here?

ERIC
I came in early to work on a group project.

PRINCIPAL MONTGOMERY
Really now?

ERIC
Yup. Trying to make a more concentrated effort in my academics before applying to university, sir.

PRINCIPAL MONTGOMERY
Hm. That's good to hear.

Principal Montgomery walks off. Eric takes out a disposable camera and swiftly slap it in a ceiling corner.

CAMERA P.O.V:

Eric gives a middle finger to the camera before getting more coverage.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Bored and apathetic **HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS** sit through class. A figure enters the frame, eclipsing our view of the class. **MRS. BEARWICK**, a heavysset woman in her late 50s, makes a stand at the front of the class.

MRS. BEARWICK
Really? Hm? No one? Hm? Not one of
you did the reading?

She skulks down the isle, probing the youth.

MRS. BEARWICK (CONT'D)
Did you do it, Cagney? What about
you, Keith? I don't know if you all
have checked the calendar but we
still have a month left in the
semester.

Surveying the class, her eyes are drawn to a student hidden behind a propped up textbook.

MRS. BEARWICK (CONT'D)
What about you, Eric?

He doesn't respond. He's watching more Major Clout videos with his headphones in.

ON ERIC'S PHONE SCREEN:

Major Clout lounging poolside with **DRAYMOND**, early 20s, black, aloof.

MAJOR CLOUT
How you liking the Clout
Collective, 420Blaziken?

DRAYMOND
It's alright.

They dap. Models come out and edm music plays as thy dance.

She lifts his book to reveal Eric. Caught, he looks like a deer in the headlights.

MRS. BEARWICK
This is a new low.

She holds her hand out.

ERIC
No...

MRS. BEARWICK

Eric!

He begrudgingly hands over the phone.

MRS. BEARWICK (CONT'D)

Hm. Honestly...

She makes her way to her desk, dropping the phone in the drawer. He reaches out, grasping at the air.

INT. LIBRARY - MINUTES LATER

Antsy, Eric's eyes shift as Terry eats across from him a table in a far corner. He checks his watch

TERRY

My parents are gonna have to pay out of state tuition but there were more hot girls in my group than our entire town. NYU's pretty cool, you should've applied early, Eric.

Terry cracks up at his phone.

TERRY (CONT'D)

(re: phone)

Have you seen Rachel Kassinger's snap?

ON SCREEN

Phone P.O.V of Eric getting caught. Laughing and skull emoji's surround him along with the text:

LMAO ELITE ERICS DUMBASS

BACK TO LIBRARY

He shoves it in Eric's face. Eric doesn't react.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Probably haven't it since your phone is sitting pretty in Bearwick's desk.

ERIC

Whatever. I'm a nobody and so are you. Everyone here is.

TERRY

Woah... What's with you?

ERIC
 Bearwick taking my phone... It's
 fucked everything. I thought I'd be
 at a safe distance.

TERRY
 Huh?

ERIC
 Terry, you know how badly I wanna
 go viral, right?

TERRY
 Uh, yea. It's kind of annoying.

ERIC
 Well, old friend... I think I've
 flown to close to the sun this
 time.

TERRY
 Another prank? What is it this
 time? Did you hack Principal
 Montgomery's email?

ERIC
 No, that would've been too easy...

FLASHBACK

- of Eric in SEPTEMBER putting together the stink bombs.
- Acquiring blueprints of the school

ERIC (CONT'D)
 This has been in the works for
 months...

We shift up into the VENTILATION SYSTEM, passing roaches and
 bats, to find a RUBE GOLDBERG ESQUE MACHINE. The mouse
 arrives to a block of cheese. Following the cheese is a long
 line of pulleys, tracks, levers, spark timers, and weights.
 The end all to a stick aimed at a GLASS ORB OF GREEN GAS.

BACK TO LIBRARY

Eric checks his watch. Terry grows more unsure of him.

ERIC (CONT'D)
 When that bell rings, I will have
 eight minutes to get my phone and
 to my vantage point. Or I'll be
 stuck with everyone else.

TERRY

(beat)

Dude, what are you talking about?

ERIC

I can't tell you, Terry. What've I've got planned why it's... It's diabolical. I know I've gone too far this time. And I don't wanna stop.

TERRY

Eric? You're scaring me.

ERIC

I know. I'm scaring me too... But the rush, the views I'll g-

The school bell rings. With a knowing smile, Eric gets up and grabs his backpack. He makes his way to the door.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Don't go to class, Terry. Run. Run as fast as you can. Because once I get my phone back, it's over. Elite Eric is going viral TODAY.

He slides out the door, leaving the frightened Terry.

IN THE VENTS

The mouse takes it's last three bites through the cheese. It runs through a passage, causing a spark to light a match which causes the orb to roll along a track,

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

We follow Eric as he pushes against the current of exiting students. He checks his watch. He has five minutes.

INT. CLASSROOM - MINUTES LATER

Through the crowd of exiting students, Eric pushes his way into the classroom. He locks eyes with Mrs. Bearwick.

ERIC

Liz... You know what I'm here for.

MRS. BEARWICK

Please do not call me Liz, it's inappropriate.

She retrieves the phone. He reaches for it she but pulls it back.

MRS. BEARWICK (CONT'D)
 Before I give this back to you I want to know What makes you think you could've gotten away with this? Hm? Hiding behind a textbook in plain sight... Do you think I'm stupid? Hm?

ERIC
 What? No, no... You're a teacher Mrs. Bearwick. If you were stupid they wouldn't let you teach.

MRS. BEARWICK
 Is this a joke to you? I've confiscated your phone over a dozen times this year. This has been a consistent issue with you! Why do you keep checking your watch?

ERIC
 Listen, you're right. I apologize. Honestly, I thought the morning announcements were still on. I really am sorry.

MRS. BEARWICK
 (long beat)
 This won't happening again, will it, Mr. Jankowski?

Timecheck. Two minutes.

IN THE VENTS

The orb slows in speed towards what seems to be a bottomless casyam, coming to an ominous crawl.

BACK IN CLASS

ERIC
 No. Never. I promise.

She hands it to him. Eric takes his phone with glee.

ERIC (CONT'D)
 (to himself)
 Not if I get over a million views...

IN THE VENTS

The orb comes to stop, teetering on the edge of the abyss.

EXT. SCHOOL - MINUTES LATER

Outside of the school, Eric checks his watch. It beeps. Zero hour. He opens an app and presses an "activate live stream button".

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Unbeknownst to the students below, the cameras taped in the corner of the ceiling begin to blink red,

CAMERA P.O.V

- Of students still getting to class
- Getting lunch in the cafeterias
- Principal Montgomery and Mrs. Bearwick sip coffee and sharing an intimate moment in the teacher's lounge.

MRS. BEARWICK
Jerry... You didn't!

PRINCIPAL MONTGOMERY
I did. She kicked me out but... I did it. For you.

He grasps her. She melts in his embrace. Above them...

IN THE VENTS

The ball of green gas continues to teeter on the edge of the abyss, then falls. It shatters next to a vent right above the two intertwined teachers, releasing the putrid gas.

MRS. BEARWICK
What was that?

It begins to seep into EVERY VENT IN THE SCHOOL. AND SEEP OUT EVERYWHERE.

CAMERA P.O.V

IN THE CAFETERIA

Students begins to smell something foul. Some start to heave.

IN THE LIBRARY

The same happens here.

IN CLASSROOMS... IN THE GYM... IN THE TEACHER'S LOUNGE

MRS. BEARWICK (CONT'D)
 Goodness, what is that sm-

She chokes on the smell. Principal Montgomery covers his nose.

EXT. SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

Adjusting his camera angle, Eric waits.

ERIC
 Any second... Any second no-

A student flies through the door, falling and puking on the ground. A stampede of students all screaming and heaving erupt from the doors. Laughing with glee, Eric records students as they PUKE and CRY.

A large, hairy hand grips his shoulder. It's Principal Montgomery.

ERIC (CONT'D)
 Principal Montgomery...? Shit.

PRINCIPAL MONTGOMERY
 Shit indeed, Jankowski.

The Principal snatches the drone, flying by.

EXT. PRINCIPALS OFFICE - NIGHT

A janitor with a gas mask on mops the floors of the puke covered floors in the now gaseous hallways by the Principals office. He dry heaves from the smell.

PRINCIPAL MONTGOMERY (O.S.)
 He's caused over three thousand of dollars in damages to the school.

INT. PRINCIPALS OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

HALEY
 Is this true?

ERIC
 (beat, to Montgomery)
 You can't prove I did it. Those cameras could be anyone's.

MRS. BEARWICK

We have a written statement from Terry MacDonald saying you were planning something suspicious.

ERIC

Terry ratted on me?

PRINCIPAL MONTGOMERY

We also have access to the livestream you posted of the gassing.

Principal Montgomery turns his laptop to the Jankowski's

ERIC

What?

PRINCIPAL MONTGOMERY

Yes, Eric, we've known about your Youtube channel for some time.

ERIC

You're subscribed to me?

MRS. BEARWICK

Really interesting, kids these days, posting everything online. Hoping to be seen and yet face no consequences.

PRINCIPAL MONTGOMERY

If he was black, he'd have been arrested multiple times by now.

ERIC

Okay, okay... You got me. I set off a stink bomb. Cut me a break, it was a senior prank!

AL

It's three months till graduation... Cut him a break.

PRINCIPAL MONTGOMERY

Several people were hospitalized.

Eric's parents look at him with horror.

HALEY

(to Eric)

Eric, you hurt people?

ERIC

I'll do community service! Please,
Principal Montgomery.

PRINCIPAL MONTGOMERY

That won't be happening. See,
Jankowski clan, This isn't the
first time Eric here has proved
himself to be a... Distraction.
However, nothing he did before was
irredeemable. Immature and
Sophomoric? Sure. But this?

(beat)

He's crossed the Rubicon.

(to Eric)

Eric Jankowski, you are hereby
expelled from Tiltwood High. You
have twenty minutes to retrieve
your belongings from your locker
before security escorts you off
campus.

ERIC

You're expelling me?! That's
overboard, man...

AL

This is serious, Eric.

Neither of Eric's now solemn parents can look him in the eye.
He's not getting out of this one and he knows it; hanging his
head in shame.

INT. ERIC'S ROOM - NIGHT

As Al and Haley argue downstairs, Eric rushes in and throws
himself on the bed, tears in his eyes. His phone rings. He
stifles his cry and answers.

SPONSOR #1 (PHONE)

Hello, is this Elite Eric? I'm
reaching out from EDU Birdie to see
if you-

He hangs up.

ERIC

Fuckin robocallers.

EXT. SONIC - PARKING LOT - LATER

A JUNKER CAR parks. Eric gets out. From his trunk, he lamely retrieves a pair of ROLLER SKATES. He closes the trunk.

INT. SONIC - KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Depressed, Eric skates over and grabs the order. His phone rings. He answers.

ERIC

Hello?

SPONSOR #1 (PHONE)

Hello, is this Elite Eric? I'm reaching out from Square Space to see if you would be interested in being sponsored by us.

ERIC

Sponsored?

SPONSOR #1 (PHONE)

Yes! Your channel has viewers that are right in our target demographic.

Lourie enters and spots an infraction.

LOURIE

Eric, get off the phone I'm gonna need you to come in tomorrow morning.

He hangs up and brushes off the call.

EXT. PARKING LOT - MINUTES LATER

Eric skates out with the order to the car.

ERIC

Two bacon cheeses...

MAN #1

Thanks, man.

He checks the bag for all his food. He looks at Eric and catches something familiar when he sees his face.

MAN #1 (CONT'D)

Oh shit... Oh shit! You're Elite Eric!

ERIC

What?

MAN #1

Elite Eric! Yo, lemme get a selfie.

ERIC

Uh, you watch my channel?

The man leans out the car window with his phone, snapping a selfie.

MAN #1

I started today, I saw you on Major Clout! I can't believe this. Good shit, man!

He pulls off, leaving a confused Eric in the parking lot.

ERIC

Weird.

Thinking... He opens his Youtube page and his jaw drops.

ON SCREEN:

His channel now has a five hundred thousand subscribers.

Eric freaks and scrolls through. He hits a link and sees his GAS VIDEO was reposted by MAJOR CLOUT

FREDDY

What up, YouTube soldier Today we got a special viewer video coming from Elite Eric of Madison, Virginia.

Footage of the gassing plays. Freddy laughs heartily. The comments and likes are off the charts.

A single tear escapes Eric's eye.

INT. SONIC - MINUTES LATER

Business as usual. Eric BURSTS into the doors, drawing all eyes in the room. He has his phone aimed at him in one hand and in the other a portable speaker playing "New Level" by A\$AP Ferg.

Roller skates hanging from his hip, he struts up to the cashier counter.

ERIC (CONT'D)
 (to phone)
 I hate this place, but the food is
 on point.

LINE COOK #1
 I'm about to whip this kid's ass.

LINE COOK #2
 For real.

LINE COOK #3
 Hold up, hold up. I'm getting
 Lourie.

INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Lourie balances the store's checkbook. There's a knock on his
 door. He opens it to see a non plused line cook and Eric
 filling cups of milkshake while eating another burger.

LINE COOK #3
 Yo, one of the bus boys is havin' a
 breakdown or something.

ERIC
 (to phone)
 Strawberry... Hot Fudge...

Lourie is confused, but investigates.

GIDEON
 Eric. Why are you harassing the
 cooks and eating company products.

He fills another.

ERIC
 Vanilla...

GIDEON
 What're you doing.

Another.

ERIC
 Banana Cheesecake...

GIDEON
 Stop that.

Another.

ERIC
Classic...

GIDEON
Stop or you're fired.

ERIC
Already quit, man. You can't fire
what you don't employ. That's like
trying to divide by zero or
something.

He collects them all in bags, making a grand exit as
"Milkshake" by Kellis starts to play into-

EXT. SONIC PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

His graceful strut slowly turns into a mad dash towards his
car.

ERIC
(to phone)
Did you all see that?! I just
booned all those milkshakes and he
didn't do shit!

EXT. JANKOWSKI HOMEFRONT - NIGHT

Eric parks his car in the driveway. He goes in the back to
get the bags while, unbeknownst to him, two **FANS** come into
frame, standing on his lawn, staring directly at him.

FAN #1
Oh, yo it's him.

FAN #2
Woah.

Eric turns around. They don't say anything.

ERIC
Hey...
(long beat)
What're you guys doing?

FAN #1
Are you Elite Eric?

ERIC
Yea...

FAN #2

Oh shit!

(to Fan #1)

I told you man, I said I walk by that house all the time. And here it is.

ERIC

Uh... Can you all go? Like, I live here. With my family. Respect my privacy and everything.

FAN #2

Oh, yea sorry, Our bad.

FAN #1

Yea. We'll go.

(beat)

Can we get a selfie though?

ERIC

(long beat)

Yea, yea.

They take a group selfie.

FAN #1

Smart move with the name change, you kinda sounded like a porn star.

INT. JANKOWSKI LIVING ROOM - LATER

Eric enters, bags in tow, only to see his Dad rushing to the front door with a pistol and his Mom not to far behind with a bat.

ERIC

Woah! What the hell!

HALEY

Eric, hide in your room!

AL

Move son, there are some people trying to break into our house.

ERIC

Wait! They were fans!

AL

What? Of who?

ERIC
Of me, Dad. It's because of my
videos. I got reposted by Major
Clout and-

HALEY
You put our house on the internet?
Why?

ERIC
For a video. That's actually... The
answer to all those questions.

AL
That's it! You're deleting that
damn thing. I'm taking your
computer.

Al stomps upstairs. Eric cases after him into-

INT. ERIC'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Al grabs Eric's laptop from his desk.

ERIC
Dad, no, I made three thousand
dollars. In one day.

Eric shows him his phone. Al is dumbfounded.

ERIC (CONT'D)
See? Now, I won't have to work at
Sonic.

AL
Won't have to work?

ERIC
Yea, I quit,-

AL
YOU QUIT YOUR JOB?! Eric, this is
crazy! The world doesn't work like
that?

ERIC
You saw! I made 3k!

Al drops the laptop and scowls. The air is still. Eric looks
to Haley. She shakes her head, lamenting. She is not with
him. He marches out upstairs.

AL

I don't understand any of this. If this is really what you're gonna do under my roof... From now on you're paying rent! five hundred, first of the month.

ERIC (O.S.)

Fine. Send me the bill, I can afford it now.

The air is still. Al leaves and Eric slams the door behind him. His phone rings again. It's restricted number. He declines. It does again. Irritated, he answers.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Hello?!

WOMAN'S VOICE (PHONE)

Is this Eric Jankowski?

ERIC

Yes! Who is this?!

SANDRA (PHONE)

My name is Sandra, I represent Freddie McGennis, the C.E.O. of Freddy Clout LLC.

ERIC

(beat)

Bullshit.

SANDRA

I'm sorry?

ERIC

How'd you get my number?

SANDRA (PHONE)

Well, the Freddy is a Youtube partner. You also have it posted in your channel's bio.

He gets on his laptop and checks his page. It is.

ERIC

Shit...

He deletes it.

ERIC (CONT'D)
 (skeptically)
 Wait, so how do you know Major
 Clout?

SANDRA (PHONE)
 I'm like his agent, basically.
 Manager? It's hard to tell
 sometimes.

ERIC
 Prove it.

SANDRA
 Um, ok... I was in the video posted
 today. We went to the pier in Santa
 Monica and then Freddy jumped off!

He investigates on his computer.

ON SCREEN:

Major Clout standing atop the edge of the SANTA MONICA PIER.
 He's surrounded by a massive, guffawing crowd. He hypes them
 up.

SANDRA (VIDEO) (CONT'D)
 Oh my god, is he actually gonna do
 it.

OTHER WOMAN (VIDEO)
 Nah.

He does a backflip off the pier.

SANDRA (VIDEO)
 Oh my god!

The crowd goes wild. Police officers run by them.

SANDRA (O.S.) (PHONE)
 That's me! I'm the girl on the
 right of the camera.

BACK TO ERIC

He pauses the playback on her.

ERIC
 Alright, you sound like her. But do
 you look like her? I've seen
 Catfish, you could have a voice
 modulator or-

She hangs up. Eric's like wtf. Then his phone rings. Facetime. He answers.

ON SCREEN:

It's her.

SANDRA (FACETIME)

See?

INTERCUT WITH PHONE SCREEN

He holds his phone besides the computer to compare them. It's her.

ERIC

No way?! You're wearing the exact same thing!

SANDRA (FACETIME)

Well, it did happen, like, a couple of hours ago.

ERIC

(excitedly)

Oh my god, really?!

(pulling back)

I mean cool... That's what's up.

SANDRA (FACETIME)

Very "what's up." Anyhow, I'm calling because Freddie wanted to invite you to like, a "Youtube Hangout". You know, like, come out to the Compound, spend the day chillin'. We have a this new dirt bike course and a pool-

ERIC

Sandra, Sandra, Sandra... That sounds amazing... But most of my money is tied up right now. I haven't even withdrew the money from the balloon video yet.

SANDRA (FACETIME)

Of course, whenever fits your schedule. Also, we can like, totally fly you out.

He wasn't expecting that. Amazed, he sits down.

ERIC

Wow. Wow... Yea I'll let you know,
things are kind of crazy right now
with the videos and my parents-...

He eyes fall on the picture above his desk of him and his
father from all those years ago. He plucks it, looking with
nostalgia. Reality hits. He puts it down.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Actually... How's tomorrow sound?

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWOINT. LAX AIRPORT - GROUND TRANSPORT - DAY

An airplane takes off in the distance. Eric walks out of the doors, bags in tow. He looks around before spotting an Escalade with a license plate reading: CLOUT.

He approaches the window. The driver doesn't look up from his phone.

DRIVER
Mr. Jankowski?

ERIC
Yerp.

DRIVER
Hop in.

EXT/INT. ESCALADE (MOVING) - MINUTES LATER

Eric marvels at Los Angeles from the backseat of the car. The driver takes notice.

DRIVER
First time in L.A.?

ERIC
First time out of Virginia....

The driver whistles in amazement.

DRIVER
Well, buckle up kid.

Eric smiles with gleeful whimsy.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
(beat)
No, seriously buckle your seatbelt.
I don't wanna get a ticket. .

He does so.

EXT. CLOUT COMPOUND GATES - LATER

The driver pulls up to the gates. He scans his phone at the security kiosk, opening them.

EXT. CLOUT COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS

We follow the car into an enormous courtyard filled with fancy cars and a water fountain. It stops at the doors of a massive mansion.

DRIVER

Don't worry about your suitcase,
someone's bringing it to your room.

Eric gets out of the car and it pulls off into one of the garages.

ERIC

Cool.

He walks up the stairs towards the door. Next to it, he notices a sign.

ERIC (CONT'D)

(reading sign)

Attention by entering this premises
you agree to your likeness being
used in Freddy Clout's photography,
being filmed-

SANDRA, late 20s, bubbly, precise, and pleasant, opens the door.

SANDRA

Eric! O. M. G! So great to finally
meet you! I'm Sandra, we talked
over the phone. Please, please,
come in.

INT. CLOUT COMPOUND - ATRIUM - CONTINUOUS

Eric steps into the grand mansion. Sandra leads him down a massive hallway.

SANDRA

Freddy's still asleep, he had a
long night... I'll go ahead and let
him know you're here. You can hang
in the living room until he comes
down. Can I get you anything?
Water, Seltzer, Kombucha?

INT. LIVING ROOM (CLOUT COMPOUND) - MINUTES LATER

A super soldier kicks an alien in half on the largest television you've ever seen.

TELEVISION
SUPREME KILL!

On the couch, **DRAYMOND**, early 20s, games intensely with a headset on, controlling the super soldier through a terrain of mayhem.

SUPERIMPOSE: DRAYMOND JACKSON a.k.a 420Blazekin

- competitive gamer
- 1st Place: Smash EVO 2021
- soundcloud rapper
- subscriber count: 5 million.

DRAYMOND
(to headset)
Yo, did you peep that? Tell me you
peeped that kill!

Eric walks in with a bottle of water and sits on the couch.

TELEVISION (O.S.)
DOUBLE SUPREME KILL! TRIPLE SUPREME
KILL!

ERIC
Ohhhh, nice! Go for the bug guy up
there.

DRAYMOND
Good looks.

Draymond executes... A loud CRUNCH comes from the television.

TELEVISION (O.S.)
SUPREME QUADRUPLE KILL! MATCH OVER.
MVP: FOUR-TWENTY BLAZIKEN.

DRAYMOND
(to headset)
That's right, that's right. Four-
twenty Blaziken,-

He looks to Eric and recognizes something familiar.

DRAYMOND (CONT'D)
Hey, you're the man from... From...

Eric nods as he tries to find the words.

DRAYMOND (CONT'D)
You did the stink bomb video.

ERIC
Guilty. Eric.

DRAYMOND
Cool. I'm Draymond. You get in a lot of trouble for that video?

ERIC
Only expelled.

DRAYMOND
Damn. What was in that stink bomb?

ERIC
Oh, uh, 2 week old pork, vinegar, peanut butter, mayo, some glowy stuff I found in the woods.

DRAYMOND
No way... Man, that shit was hysterical... I got kinda nauseous just watching the livestream...
(re: game)
You wanna hop in?

INT. LIVING ROOM (CLOUT COMPOUND) - A BIT LATER

Draymond and Eric play in sync with one another, having a blast.

ERIC
Take this power up!

DRAYMOND
Bet. Grab the sniper rifle!

ERIC
BOOM, HEADSHOT!

AT THE ELEVATOR

Ding!... Ding!... Ding!

The doors part, revealing MAJOR CLOUT aka **FREDDY**, slightly disheveled but still carrying a smug, boyish swagger.

SUPERIMPOSE: FREDDY MCGINNES a.k.a MAJOR CLOUT

- digital media influencer, youtube personality

- making youtube videos since 2006
- ~~disney sitcom star~~

Subscriber count: 77 million.

FREDDY

Yo!

ERIC

Ma...Major...

FREDDY

What's going on, man? I invite you over, you come inside and start playing games without even saying hello. Bogus.

Freddy smirks. Eric is starstruck.

DRAYMOND

He's putting more points up than you ever had.

FREDDY

Shut up.

(to Eric)

C'mon. Lemme give you a tour of the place.

DRAYMOND

(to Eric)

Deuces, man.

He and Eric dap before Freddy guides Eric into..

INT. CLOUT COMPOUND HALLWAYS - CONTINUOUS

Eric marvels at the interior of the mansion. It's a model of expensive post modern architecture. Multiple stories. Movie posters and art installations. Halls that seem to go on forever.

ERIC

Wow...

FREDDY

Yea, we're gonna do something with the paint now that I kicked my parents out.

ERIC

You kicked out your parents?!

FREDDY

We're expanding. Had to make room.
They're chilling in Orlando, don't
worry.

INT. THEATRE ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Eric and Freddy walk into the home theatre in the midst of a
screening of Citizen Kane.

FREDDY

4k theatre for those private
screenings or I'm just trying to
watch some Family Guy.

Among the seating, Eric spots **ALYSSA VEGA**, late teens,
munching on popcorn.

SUPERIMPOSE: ALYSSA VEGA a.k.a PASSIVELYAGGRESSIVELYALYSSA

- makeup influencer
- creates monster movie masks for sale
- live streams movie & marijuana strain reviews
- top photo like count: 2.4 million

FREDDY (CONT'D)

Yo, Alyssa, this is Eric, the stink
bomb kid!

ALYSSA

Hey.

ERIC

What're you watching?

ALYSSA

Citizen Kane.

FREDDY

Hmm... Never heard of it.
(to Eric)
Have you?

ERIC

Nah.

ALYSSA

It's literally regarded as one of
the greatest movies of all time.

FREDDY
Honestly, I don't think movies got
good until Fight Club came out.

Alyssa rolls her eyes and goes back to watching. Freddy
laughs and Eric laughs along with him.

ALYSSA
Can you two jerk each other off
somewhere else? I'm live tweeting
this for the anniversary and need
to concentrate.

FREDDY
Kind of an ice queen.

EXT. TOPIARY GARDEN - MINUTES LATER

A giant topiary butterfly. Eric and Freddy walk by just as
it's head is cut off with shears. **MADI** and **MADDIE**, early 20s,
identical twins, Irish, take apart the bush with a cold
intensity.

FREDDY
We just added this next to our real
garden. Personally, I hate these
things, but two do it from sun up
to sun down.

They stop in unison and look at them. They begin waving.

SUPERIMPOSE: MADI & MADDIE PACKETT a.k.a THE PACKET PACKAGE

- 2/3rds of a set of triplets.
- known for viral topiary art.
- Numbers #1 & #2 in the western hemisphere for rock paper
scissors, respectively.
- subscriber count: 1.1 million.

ERIC
(slightly scared)
Uh, who are they?

FREDDY
Yea, the Packet triplets are new...

ERIC
Triplets?

EXT. POOL - A BIT LATER

From up high on the diving board, **GREGOR PACKETT**, early 20s, albino, executes a perfect swan dive from the diving board.

SUPERMPOSE: GREGOR PACKETT a.k.a... GREGOR PACKETT

- third Packet triplet.
- Olympic diving hopeful
- #3 in western hemisphere for rock paper scissors.
- subscriber count: 900,000

Eric records him from outside the pool with Freddy.

FREDDY

Yea, Gregor could go to the Olympics if he didn't smoke much weed, the vampire.

Gregor resurfaces.

GREGOR

How was that one?

ERIC

10/10!

Gregor smiles.

INT. GYM - A BIT LATER

Deadlifting a massive weight, **TIFFANY**, mid 20s, Filipino, executes the move. Various CAMERA PEOPLE record her, snapping pictures.

SUPERIMPOSE: TIFFANY MENDOZA a.k.a TIFF DA TANK

- model, body builder, & personal trainer
- stunt woman
- deadlift record: ~~250~~ 275 lbs
- subscriber count: 2.2 million

Eric and Freddy watch in the corner.

ERIC

I don't think I've ever seen a woman that strong before.

FREDDY

(to Eric)

Tif's a beast. We used to do two a days. Not gonna lie, haven't been in the gym for a minute, but I'm planning on getting back in shape.

ERIC

Same. Those late night pizza rolls went straight to my gut.

Tiffany lets the weight drop.

TIFFANY

(to cameras)

And that's 275!

CAMERA PERSON

That a new record?

She flexes, proud.

TIFFANY

Mhm...

INT. MUSIC STUDIO - A BIT LATER

SADAY ALIYEV, middle eastern, early 20s, adjust some knobs on his soundboard, altering his trap instrumental.

SUPERIMPOSE: SADAY ALIYEV a.k.a MAESTRO ALIYEV

- music producer and adrenaline junkie
- played Coachella three years in a row
- has song with Post Malone
- subscriber count: 2 million

As Eric peers over Saday's shoulder, Freddy stands in the booth.

FREDDY

Saday and I will hop in the booth sometimes.

SADAY

Mostly diss tracks.

ERIC

Who's this one for?

SADAY

Andy Milonaukas. He's been talkin's
mad shit on twitter.

INT. BASKETBALL COURT - MINUTES LATER

FREDDY

Basketball Court. Lebron's kid
comes here to practice on weekends.

ERIC

This place is amazing...

FREDDY

I had to put stick my flag
somewhere and figured why not in
Beverly Hills? Sunck all my sitcom
cash into this place.

INT. KITCHEN - A BIT LATER

Freddy walks Eric into the kitchen where dozens of chefs are
prepping, sauteeing, baking, and cooking.

ERIC

This is bigger than a restaurant.

FREDDY

I know, right? Tiffany is on a keto
kick so she's having three of them
do meal prep. Also Connor has his
challenges.

Freddy points out **CONNOR WEIS**, mid 20s, Italian, a glutton,
arguing with multiple chefs.

CONNOR

No, and I'm telling you all, I need
three dozen pizza hot pockets and a
pound of calamari doesn't take 3
hours to prepare. I'll do it myself
if I have to!

SUPERIMPOSE: CONNOR WEIS a.k.a MANEATER

ERIC

He's gonna eat all of that at once?

FREDDY

Wouldn't put it past him. He keeps
the chefs on their toes. The food
is always bomb though.

ERIC

Cool! You think I could get in on that calamari? I haven't eaten since the flight.

FREDDY

Oh, nah. We ain't eatin' here. I'm takin' you to my favorite restaurant.

Freddy facetimes Sandra. She answers.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

Sandra! What are the chances we can get a table at El Queso in 45 minutes.

SANDRA (FACETIME)

Well, the manager and I are like, besties. I was her little at USC. Getting their in 45 though? It's rush hour, getting downtown will be a nightmare.

FREDDY

Fuck... Really? Maaaaaaan, I was out. Where did the day go?
(to Eric)
Tryin' ride in the Clout Copter?

Eric's jaw drops.

ERIC

You...? You have a helicopter?

Freddy gives him a wink.

INT. UBER (MOVING) - A BIT LATER

FREDDY

And what I'm saying is, at that trajectory, getting an actual chopper isn't out of the question.

ERIC

Oh yea, for sure.

SANDRA

Feasible, but not necessarily the smartest move budget wise.

FREDDY
Are you kidding? Think of the views
our reveal vid would get! It'd pay
for itself!

INT. RESTAURANT - LATER

An affluent restaurant. Producers and influences smooze as they dine. Freddy and Sandra smile at Eric taking a bite of his fancy meal. It's good.

FREDDY
What do you think?

ERIC
(full mouth)
Srrrr mmd.

FREDDY
Best fried catfish in L.A. I told
you.

ERIC
You were right.

Freddy and Sandra share a glance.

FREDDY
Man, I'm happy you made it out. I
was so syked when Sandra told me
you were able to make it so soon. I
saw your drone video on the front
page and I was like "who is this
guy?"! I'm serious, bro. You've got
the juice man. You make all those
videos by yourself?

ERIC
My brother helped me sometimes. And
Ter- You know what, he doesn't
matter. We don't hang anymore. He's
an asshole and barely did anything.

FREDDY
See, that's why I fuck with you.
You're like me. We. Do. Everything.
We're versatile. O.G.s. Making
videos back when there wasn't any
money in it.

ERIC
I mean, for me there never really
was. At least not compared to you.
(MORE)

ERIC (CONT'D)

I was making videos on the low for years till you reposted me.

SANDRA

We know, we went back in your feed.

(beat)

Eric, what's your plan?

ERIC

My plan?

SANDRA

Yea, like, you've got some sponsors now but that buzz from us shouting you out isn't gonna last forever.

FREDDY

Fifteen seconds of fame goes by quicker than you think, bro.

ERIC

I mean... I guess I wasn't really thinking about it.

SANDRA

Take my advice. Always be thinking about your next move.

FREDDY

She's right, man. Take me for instance. When I was a kid, I always was thinking about how the next thing I did would be bigger and better than my last. Got hot off youtube, got my own show, leave show after two seasons, came back to youtube with even more tv cred. It was a-

FREDDY (CONT'D)

-No Brainer.

ERIC

No brainer...

Freddy nods with satisfaction.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

I'm looking to level up Major Clout. And after what me and the team saw in your videos, we think you can help us get there.

The young boy's world fades away. Everything he's ever wanted, right in front of him. All his years of making videos flash before him.

FREDDY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 What do you say? You wanna join the
 Clout Collective? Grab the number
 one spot with us? If stuff pops
 off, maybe we could even be Youtube
 Partners!

He snaps back. Freddy and Sandra are staring at him with
 hungry eyes.

FREDDY (CONT'D)
 Eric... You in?

Eric wipes his mouth, hands and extends his palm in record
 speed.

ERIC
 Yea man, I'm in.

They DAP. Sandra squeals with excitement.

INT. CLOUT COMPOUND - ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Sandra opens the door and let's Eric in.

ERIC
 This isn't a joke right? It'd be
 really messed up if this was a
 prank.

SANDRA
 It's not a joke.

ERIC
 I mean, I wouldn't be that mad.
 Today was sick. You can let me no.

FREDDY
 It's no joke.

He flicks on the house light, revealing the Collective doors
 as well as other celebrities, models, youtubers, and
 influencers.

EVERYONE
 (to Eric)
 SURPRISE!!!

Eric is shocked.

FREDDY
 (to Eric)
 Welcome to the club, pal.
 (MORE)

FREDDY (CONT'D)
 (to Saday)
 Saday! Load up the playlist!

Saday gives a thumbs up and presses a button on his phone. Soon the house is filled with music; Freddy's finished diss track. Eric is speechless, overwhelmed by the extravagance.

FREDDY (CONT'D)
 (to Eric)
 You want a drink?

ERIC
 (beat)
 Is that cool?

FREDDY
 Depends. How old are you?

ERIC
 Eighteen?

FREDDY
 EH! Wrong! If someone asks you that, you say old enough.

Sandra hands the two cocktails.

ERIC
 For real?

SANDRA
 Of course! A welcoming gift! We'll have you sign some documents later, but don't sweat that!!

He sips from his drink as she talks. And likes it. He drinks more and nods.

SANDRA (CONT'D)
 We have your room set up upstairs, we're gonna hook you up with a clout card to get you some new clothes. You can go back home to get you stuff, but stick with the collective so we can get some brand saturation going-

Freddy throws his arms around the two.

FREDDY
 Business later. Celebrate, now!
 (to party)
 A TOAST! TO THE NEWEST MEMBER OF
 THE CLOUT COLLECTIVE: ELITE ERIC!

The party erupts in joy. Freddy and Eric cheers and take gulp drinks, slamming them on the ground.

INT. ERIC'S ROOM (CLOUT COMPOUND) - THE NEXT DAY

Fast asleep on a humongous bed is Eric, sprawled out. There's a bucket next to his bed. He snaps up, looking at the decked out room. He takes a deep breath and falls back into the pillow.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Brushing his teeth... He notices a ROBE on the door hanger.

INT. HALLWAYS - CONTINUOUS

Eric walks through the now grimey mansion with his major clout robe on.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

He moseys in, finding Alyssa eating some cereal at the counter while on her laptop.

ERIC
Hey...?

ALYSSA
Alyssa.

ERIC
Alyssa. Where's the cereal?

ALYSSA
Fifth cupboard from the left.

He grabs some.

ERIC
Bowls?

ALYSSA
Dishwasher. Milk's in the fridge.

He makes himself a bowl sits across from her. He tries to avoid looking at her.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)
(long beat)
Do you wanna watch with me instead
of watching me watch something?

He sits next to her.

ERIC
I wasn't watching you.

ALYSSA
Sure.

He peers at her screen.

ON SCREEN

An 80's horror movie monster tears a teenager in half.

ERIC
Oh, you like Blood Cabin movies?

ALYSSA
Not really. it's one of the few
movie franchises that still use
practical effects. The movie is
dumb but the costume is a work of
art.

ERIC
Being dumb is what makes it *good*
though!

ALYSSA
You've seen this?

ERIC
Like eight times, yea.

ALYSSA
You've watched a movie you think is
dumb eight times?

ERIC
Yes? That shit is so funny.

A shrill SHRIEK echoes from the-

INT. LIVING ROOM (CLOUT COMPOUND) - CONTINUOUS

Tiffany screams from laughter. Eric and Alyssa come in.

ALYSSA

What's up?

REVEAL Freddy, puppeteering a passed out **SOULJA BOY** on the couch. Sandra, Rod, and the Triplets all crack up laughing.

ERIC

Is that Soulja Boy?!

FREDDY

Yea bro, we did shots with him last night. Do you not remember?

FLASHBACK

Of Freddy, Eric, and Soulja Boy doing shots at the party.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

So, if we get the Vidcon nod, I could so get one. I'm trying to take flight lessons and everything.

SOULJA BOY

I feel ya, man. That's what's up.

Eric looks like he's gonna be sick and runs off.

BACK TO LIVING ROOM

ERIC

Barely.

Freddy starts making Soulja Boy do the crank that dance.

FREDDY

Now I mean youuuu, crank that soulja, now I mean youuuu crank tht soulja

The group erupts with laughter. Except Alyssa.

ALYSSA

Ugh, whatever. I'll call him an uber. Again.

ERIC

This has happened more than once?

ALYSSA

Yes. It sucks. Trust me.

She gives him a knowing look before leaving.

TIFFANY

At least he didn't pass out in *my*
bed this time.

MADDIE

Yea.

MADI

Yea.

EXT. BASKETBALL COURT (CLOUT COMPOUND) - AFTERNOON

Weaving the ball through his legs up and down the court with ease, Draymond to rap to a hip hop beat playing from a speaker. Eric records him from the grass.

DRAYMOND

MAKIN' BASKETS, PUTTIN RAPPERS IN
CASKETS. I'M FANTASTIC, FLIPPIN
BRICKS, GYMNASTICS.

He shoots a deep three. It hits rim.

DRAYMOND (CONT'D)

Shit!

ERIC

Ahh!

ERIC (CONT'D)

That one was actually kinda close!

DRAYMOND

I'll get it this next one.

He runs off to grab the ball.

ERIC

I don't know, man. We've been at
this for a while, I need to charge
my phone.

It rolls to the side door. He reaches for it.

DRAYMOND

Alright, alright, we'll get a
couple of more tries and-

The door opens. It's Sandra. She picks up the ball.

SANDRA

Hey Eric, can I borrow you for a
second?

DRAYMOND

What? No! We're *this* close to
getting-

SANDRA
 (to Draymond)
 Contract stuff, it'll take awhile.

She takes the shot and sinks it, shutting him up.

SANDRA (CONT'D)
 Work on your arc, maybe?

She smiles at Eric and gestures him to come in.

DRAYMOND
 But? How did she?...? What?

Eric shrugs at Draymond, following Sandra inside.

INT. MEETING ROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Freddy puffs on his juul at the long table while staring at a large television screening a video of him sending off a flaming barge on a lake.

FREDDY (TELEVISION)
 (Viking accent)
 He was a noble warrior. Never swam
 from a fight. He told me this is
 what he wanted.

Freddy cracks up at his own joke. Sandra and Eric enter.

SANDRA
 (to Eric)
 -but then I tore my ACL so now I
 just shoot around on the weekends!

ERIC
 Damn, you could've gone pro!
 (re: television, to
 Freddy)
 Oh, you're watching the Viking
 funeral for Sir Swims-A-Lot?!

Eric jumps in his seat. Sandra takes hers.

FREDDY
 Hell yea, it's the second
 anniversary. That fish used to get
 me so many views, bro...

He pauses the playback.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

Saw you and Draymond out there.
Guy's got handles but can't shoot
for shit. I totally schooled him on
one on one.

He slides over his juul.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

It's some THC infused Bubblegum
yadda yadda fruity bullshit. It's
good, try it.

Eric takes a puff.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

Told you it was good. California,
man. We get those for free, you
know, great brand deal. I wanted to
talk some logistics stuff with you.
Sign some papers, get you
represented, you know.

Eric nods while puffing. Someone sets down an INSANE LOOKING
BONG on the table, startling him. He chokes on the vapor.
It's **JOE**, mid 20s, white, a large man from Buffalo.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

Eric, this is Joe. I've known him
since middle school.

Joe takes a seat and pulls a grinder from his pocket. He
packs the bong with weed and smokes.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

Joe...
(beat, re: Eric)
Joe!

JOE

Oh. Right.

He takes another rip from the bong before pulling a stack of
malaligned papers with numerous sticky tabs from his backpack
and plopping them in front of Eric.

JOE (CONT'D)

Legal documents to officially be
represented by Major Clout LLC. Be
sure to read through all of it and
initial at each tab.

Eric coughs meekly. He is stoned... but attempts to go through anyway. Focusing, his tomato red eyes zero into LARGE LAW JARGON.

ERIC
(beat)
I can't read all this.

JOE
Just initial along the stickies.

Eric thumbs through the multitude of sticky notes in the document.

ERIC
But...

FREDDY
C'mon man, we all had to go through it. Take another hit, turn your brain off, and just sign your name.

Freddy tosses Eric the vape. Eric hesitates but inhales... He begins initialing his name... Over... And Over.... And Over...

INT. ERIC'S ROOM - NIGHT

A large yawn escapes from Eric's mouth as he unpacks his suitcases.

ERIC
(into phone)
Seriously, Mom. Everything's fine, I'm just tired.
(long beat)
No, I don't wanna speak to Casey.
(beat)
Because I just saw him like last week.

His phone gets a notification.

--CLOUT MEETING--

ERIC (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Another meeting?

--PACK A DAY BAG--

ERIC (CONT'D)
What?

--BRING PASSPORT & SWIM WEAR--

ERIC (CONT'D)
 (beat, to phone)
 Uh, Mom? I gotta go, I think we're
 about to go swimming...
 (beat)
 I didn't eat *that* much.
 (beat)
 That wasn't me who puked in the
 pool, it was Casey!
 (long beat)
 Okay, maybe it was me, but that was
 two years ago. Listen I'll talk to
 you later, love you, bye.

EXT. CABANA BACKYARD - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: TURKS AND CAICOS

The expensive drone flys out of the back door of the Cabana door. Eric, in his trunks, follows it; controlling it with his phone... To a large pool. Members of the Collective chill hile Freddy, Draymond, and Saday play monkey in the middle in the pool.

FREDDY
 (re: Eric)
 Ah, finally!
 (to Collective)
 Ay, I got an announcement!

The Collective turn their attention to Freddy.

FREDDY (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
 (to Eric)
 Flip record on that point, we're
 posting this.

Eric fumbles the controls, but gets it.

ERIC
 Got it!

DRONE P.O.V

FREDDY
 (To Collective)
 We had a big year in the Clout Collective. Lots of new faces. We've really glowed up as a group and each one of you is vital to the functioning of the Clout Collectiv.
 (MORE)

FREDDY (CONT'D)
 And the beautiful, kind people at
 Youtube HQ have taken note. They
 reached out to Sandra and I-

DRAYMOND (O.S.)
 Nigga, get to the point!

FREDDY
 We're hosting Vidcon!

The Collective goes wild, hugging, jumping in the pool. Eric cheers. Freddy reveals he has a bottle of champagne and pops it.

FREDDY (CONT'D)
 (To Drone)
 Now since we've been granted this
 opportunity, we need to ramp up
 collective synergy I'm giving each
 member of the collective 10k to
 spend on whatever!

Eric and the rest of the Collective lose their minds.

FREDDY (CONT'D)
 That way Eric can buy some new
 clothes. And we're gonna be hopping
 into each to each other's videos
 each day leading up to VidCon! And
 if you ain't subscribed to the
 Clout Collective, get a life!

He grabs the bottle of champagne and tosses it at the drone. It connects and the drone smashes to the ground, broken.

END DRONE P.O.V

Eric rushes to the broken drone.

ERIC
 Nightwing, no!

He cradles it. He looks up. Freddy is standing over him, smirking.

FREDDY
 Just get a new one, I gave you the
 cash.

ERIC
 Oh... Yea.

Freddy grabs two beers from the freezer.

FREDDY
Two months VidCon.

He smiles and pats Eric on the back, forcing a beer into his hands.

FREDDY (CONT'D)
Next stop, most subscribed baby.

Eric takes a sip from the beer...

GO PRO/PHONE VIDEO MONTAGE

- Eric shopping, buying fancy clothes with Alyssa and Draymond
- Eric doing eating challenges with Connor
- Eric gaming with Draymond
- pulling mouse trap pranks on Saday.
- Saday flinging himself onto mouse traps... putting his tongue on them as Eric records with glee.

ERIC
He chose the weekly live challenge!
He chose to do this! This man is
insane and I love it!

- The collective at a waterpark, signing autographs for many kids and teens.
- Eric, Draymond, and Alyssa smoking on the basketball court.
- Eric and Alyssa going to see a horror movie.
- GOPRO footage of the collective at a water park
- Eric flying his drone around himself and the Collective... Revealing them to be at Machu Pichu.
- The collective partying in a yacht
- Gregor swimming laps around Eric
- Alyssa painting Eric's nails
- Eric and the Quadruplets riding atvs around the property
- Eric and Alyssa pouring chili on Draymond

- The collective at an animal reserve, driving among giraffes.

INT. KITCHEN - CLOUT COMPOUND - NIGHT

The collective surrounds member Tiffany as she sits at the table, singing "Happy Birthday". She smiles as a giant cake is presented to her by a chef.

COLLECTIVE
 ...Happy Birthday dear Megan, Happy
 Birthday to You!

Freddy slams her head into the cake. He livestreams the collective's laughter. The Collective grows quiet... Alysa shakes her head. Tiffany begins to cry. Maddy and Madi comfort her.

FREDDY
 Oh, it was a joke, it was a joke!

Draymond taps Eric on the shoulder.

DRAYMOND
 This took a nose dive. Wanna bail
 and make smores?

EXT. FIRE PIT (CLOUT COMPUND) - A BIT LATER

Eric and Draymond cook smores over the fire.

DRAYMOND
 I wouldn't wanna piss Tiffany off
 either... I mean, what was he
 thinking?

ERIC
 They're supposed to be tight too,
 she's an O.G. You should've seen
 the face Alyssa made when he did
 it... Christ...

DRAYMOND
 Yea... You know she likes you,
 right?

ERIC
 Who, Alyssa? Nah... She's just
 nice.

DRAYMOND

Exactly. She's not nice to anyone!
I'm cool with her and she's not
even that nice to me.

ERIC

Whatever...
(long beat)
You think so?

DRAYMOND

Definitely. How can you not tell?

ERIC

I don't know. I guess no one's ever
really liked me before.

DRAYMOND

That's fucking sad, yo.

ERIC

I know.

DRAYMOND

Well, hey, no more of that. Girls
love some Clout. Guys too.

ERIC

Not for me...

DRAYMOND

Hey, man, don't judge. Success is
sexy.

FREDDY (O.S.)

Facts.

Freddy approaches them.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

Yo, Dray. Can we talk shop?

Draymond and Freddy parlay. Eric watches as Freddy whispers something to Draymond. Draymond looks at Freddy disappointedly and walks off shaking his head. Freddy turns to Eric, who turns to his smore.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

My man, My man.

ERIC

Yo.

FREDDY
Smore time?

ERIC
(full mouth)
S'more time.

FREDDY
Tight. You know, people here love
you, man. You're fitting right in.

ERIC
Hey, you're my people. I grew up
watching your videos.

FREDDY
I can tell... When I saw your
channel, bro I thought "this kid
reminds me of me when I was
younger."

ERIC
Are you serious?

FREDDY
Yea, yea, no lie. Like, a me that
wasn't on tv and super famous
already.

ERIC
Word. That was basically my
aesthetic anyway.

Freddy stumbles sitting down.

ERIC (CONT'D)
You okay?

FREDDY
Yea, man, just celebrating! Got a
call from Youtube HQ a couple of
hours ago. New subscriber ranks
should be up online...

He checks his phone.

FREDDY (CONT'D)
Oh, like right now. We broke the
Top 5 Most Subscribed!

ERIC
Nice! That's a big payday.

FREDDY

We gotta step it up even more. We're gonna have the VidCon boost, but if we keep pushing it, we'll snag number 1 in a year.. You getting me, Eric? That means front page, daily. Everyone and their grandma is on Youtube. It's like a utility. It's gonna be like we're the faces of water. A-List. You skip all the grinding. You get paid just to wear something, or eat somewhere.

ERIC

Sounds like a fast pass for life.

FREDDY

We're this close man. I can feel it in my fucking bones.

Eric takes a satisfied bite from his s'more.

ERIC

I'm hype.

INT. HALLWAY (CLOUT COMPOUND) - NIGHT

Eric walks through the hallway wiping chocolate off his shirt. He hears crying and peers into the room its emitting from, finding Draymond comforting a hysterical Megan.

DRAYMOND

Meg... You can't leave... I'll be alone with all these white people, they'll eat me alive.

MEGAN

I'm serious, Dray... I'm tired of being disrespected!

FREDDY

Freddy pushed it, he's sorry-

TIFFANY

Exactly. Freddy pushed it. He always pushes it! He's let the clout go to his head! Ugh, it makes me so mad!

She punches a hole in the wall. Draymond tenses up. So does Eric.

DRAYMOND

C'mon...

TIFFANY

You weren't there in the beginning.
I'm the last O.G member, Dray. I
was at ground zero when he first
thought of bring people in.

DRAYMOND

What do you mean?

TIFFANY

Everyone else left but me. And he
still treats me like shit!...

As Eric peeps, Alyssa comes up behind him.

ALYSSA

(to Eric)

What're you doing?

ERIC

Ah!!

Eric falls into the door. He looks up to see a tearful Megan.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Oh. Hey.

OUTSIDE TIFFANY'S DOOR - SECONDS LATER

A DUMBBELL FLIES THROUGH THE WALL.

MEGAN

EVERYONE GET OUT! I HATE THIS
PLACE!! GET OUT, GET OUT, GET
OUT!!!

Eric, Alyssa, and Draymond scramble through the door in fear
as another dumbbell comes flying through the wall to-

THE FLOOR BELOW

Connor walks by eating a large pretzel. He spots the dumbbell
on the floor.

CONNOR

What's this doin-

The second dumbbell hits him in the arm. He goes down.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

AGGHHHHHHH!...

INT. HOT ONES SET - DAY

Freddy and Connor sit with **SEAN EVANS**, the host of talk show **HOT ONES**, in the middle of a interview. Connor is devouring wings while telling his story.

CONNOR

(tearing up)

I walked into the living room doing my daily live pretzel stream when I came across the first one. I wondered aloud where it had come from, but by then... It was too late.

FREDDY

Fucking. Scary, man! We just hope Tif gets the help she needs during her retirement.

SEAN

Yea, wow, that's pretty crazy.

(to Camera)

If you can, donate to their gofundme. Half the proceeds go to those injured in dumbbell accidents, and the other to Connor's medical bills.

FREDDY

Thanks, Sean.

CONNOR

(full mouth)

Mffmpf moou.

Behind the crew members, Eric and Draymond watch from chairs drinking eating wings.

DRAYMOND

This is fucked up. They're dogging her.

ERIC

Dude. She threw dumbbells at us.

DRAYMOND

She was breaking down.

ERIC

Connor nearly lost his arm.

They look to see Connor eating from a huge pile of wings. He attempts to use his other arm to grab milk, but it's in the sling. He sobs.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Look at him! He's crippled, and so is his video schedule. All because she freaked out over a prank.

DRAYMOND

(beat)

Tif said he can't share the spotlight.

ERIC

What?

DRAYMOND

Freddy, he's cuts down anyone he sees as a threat, that's why none of the original Clout Collective is still here, dude. Tif spelled it all out for me and it makes sense.

Eric considers this. He gets a text from Alyssa.

ON SCREEN:

ALYSSA (TEXT)

HELP ME WITH A VID WHEN YOU'RE
BACK? :]

He gives the message a thumbs up and smiles before turning back to Draymond.

DRAYMOND

When was the last time you had a video he wasn't in? He keeps us close to control us, that why he bumps into all our videos. It makes sense, man.

ERIC

You've been watching too many conspiracy videos.

DRAYMOND

All I know is my last solo stream on Fortnite got hit four million viewers.

ERIC

You're ruining Hot Ones. We love Hot Ones and you ruining it.

DRAYMOND

Mark my words.

ERIC
Today was supposed to be special.
These wings are spoiled now.
Spoiled!

INT. ALYSSA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Using harsh brush strokes, Alyssa decorates Eric's face with elaborate makeup.

ALYSSA
You sure you're ok?

ERIC
Yea! Ow... Or, or, when that monkey
threw its poop at Freddy at the
Wildlife Preserve.

ALYSSA
Ohh! That was a good one. How about
the time you puked in the pool when
Gregor was practicing for the
Olympic trials?

ERIC
I had a big breakfast...

ALYSSA
Yea, we saw... Thanks for letting
me paint your face. I needed
another live dummy for my time
trial.

ERIC
Anything for you. And the arts, I
mean.

ALYSSA
Good save.

ERIC
I mean it. Their important. I made
a mug in pottery class I still use.
How do I look?

ALYSSA
Disgusting. How do you feel?

ERIC
My nose itches.

She scratches his nose.

ALYSSA
I meant inside.

ERIC
Oh... Uh...

ALYSSA
So you're fine being in the makeup
chair for two hours but are still
too masculine to talk about your
feelings?

ERIC
Chill, I just don't get asked that
a lot.

ALYSSA
Your friends back home sound great.

ERIC
Most the people from my town suck.

ALYSSA
Most people suck.

ERIC
Yea! But there was this one kid I
was cool with... He snitched on me
and got me expelled!

ALYSSA
Snitches get stitches. You should
stab him.

ERIC
He'd deserve it...

ALYSSA
I wasn't close with anyone in
highschool, you know. Everyone from
Newark sucks too.

They share a smile at him and holds up a mirror to his face.
He looks a clown.

ERIC
Oh, woah!

ALYSSA
You like it?

ERIC
Yea, I look sick!

He pulls out his phone and takes a picture with Alyssa.

ERIC (CONT'D)
What am I exactly, though?

ALYSSA
Oh, this is just me bringing out
your aura with makeup.

ERIC
I look like an idiot. I need a red
nose.

They laugh... She grabs his nose. He kisses her. She kisses
him back.

EXT. POOL - AFTERNOON

Draymond stands shirtless in a shallow inflatable kiddie pool
nervously. Eric approaches him.

ERIC
(to Draymond)
You good, man? What's this live
challenge about ?

DRAYMOND
He didn't tell you?

ERIC
Nah, what is it?

DRAYMOND
Man, he's-

FREDDY (O.S.)
You sluts ready?!

DRAYMOND
I told you, man... you. Just get
over there. I'm trying to get this
done fast.

Eric reluctantly assumes position and readies his phone.
Freddy comes out in his camo adidas tracksuit, texting on his
phone.

FREDDY
(to Draymond)
Get your game face on.

Draymond masks himself with a relaxed composure.

FREDDY (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
 (to Eric)
 Camera ready?

Eric hesitates.

ERIC
 Yea.

FREDDY
 Fire. Esketit!

INTERCUT W/ ERIC'S IPHONE CAMERA P.O.V.

Freddy's phone blares an air horn noise.

FREDDY (CONT'D) (AMPED)
 What's going on Soldiers of YouTube
 fortune? Major Clout here with
 420Blaziken.

DRAYMOND
 (cool)
 What's good, Youtube?

FREDDY
 Welcome to this week's live
 challenge! Me and the the boys in
 the Compund's R&D department have
 been cooking this one up for a
 while now and when we brought it to
 the rest of the collective Draymond
 was trill enough to volunteer.

DRAYMOND
 (teasing)
 You said if I didn't do it you'd
 kick me out of the house!

FREDDY
 (gritted teeth)
 They didn't need to know that.

DRAYMOND
 Whoops.

They both feign smiles for the camera, like it's a bit.

FREDDY
 What they do need to know, is what
 the ducking challenge is! We got an
 inflatable kiddie pool here,
 shipped overnight by the homies at
 Amazon.

(MORE)

FREDDY (CONT'D)
 You know I had to spring for the-
 (sing-songy))
 Prime subscription!
 (normal)
 -I also copped

Freddy pulls a TASER from his pocket.

FREDDY (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
 This Taser Bolt, also shipped by,
 you guessed it: Mother. Ducking.
 Amazon Prime!

DRAYMOND
 Glory be to Bezos.

FREDDY
 Amen to that my brotha!

DRAYMOND (CONT'D)
 I'm gonna fill this kiddie pool
 here with 50,000 volts and Run&Gun
 is gonna see how long he can take
 it.

FREDDY
 You ready?

DRAYMOND
 (to camera)
 Nope.

FREDDY
 Dope. Esketti!

Freddy raises the taser and takes aim at the pool. Draymond eyes it with fear. Eric winces.

DRAYMOND (CONT'D)
 Oh, shi- And remember, don't try
 this at home. Unless you record it.

With a wink to the camera, he fires into the pool.

DRAYMOND (CONT'D)
 Oh shit!

Draymond immediately hops out. Freddy throws up his hands in disappointment.

FREDDY
 Oh c'mon! That was nothing!

ERIC (O.S.)
What's that set to?

FREDDY
Not even that high!

DRAYMOND
No way, that shit hurts!

FREDDY
Dude, it's the weekly live
challenge. It wouldn't be a
challenge if it didn't hurt.

Draymond sheepishly gets back in the pool.

FREDDY (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
That a boy.

Freddy fires again. Draymond curses and hops in pain.

ERIC
Ah, fuck, fuck!

FREDDY
Careful with those f-bombs bro. We
don't wanna get the stream flagged.

FREDDY (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
I'm just preparing you for the real
world, Draymond!

DRAYMOND
(struggling)
Wha-, Jesus!

He slips and falls out of the pool.

MAJOR
Oh, wipe-out...
(beat, to Eric)
Time?

JOSHUA
Eleven seconds.

FREDDY
(to camera)
Hear that soldiers? Eleven seconds!
Beat that!

Draymond gets on his feet.

DRAYMOND

(mocking))

Woah. Think of the children,
 Freddy! I don't know if you're
 gonna beat my time, with that
 attitude.

FREDDY

(to Draymond)

I'm not hopping... around like a
 little bunny bitch...

(to Eric)

Time?!

ERIC

Ah, damn. I stopped counting.

DRAYMOND

We start over, then? Yea?

Freddy buckles, collapsing into the pool. Draymond stops.

FREDDY

No!

DRAYMOND

Bet.

(to camera)

That's it for the weekly challenge!
 I'm 420Blaizken, peace out!

Eric lowers his phone.

FREDDY

Holy fucking Christ!

DRAYMOND

Hold on...

(beat)

You're not out of the water.

Draymond and Freddy share a tense moment of eye contact.

MAJOR

Don't ev-

Draymond pulls the trigger. Freddy thrashes with pain in the
 pool.

ERIC

Shit, shit, stop!

DRAYMOND

What? Nah, man's needs to gives us
a good 15 seconds. Ain't that
right, Freddy?

FREDDY

(agony)

I said stop it! I own you! Stop or
I'll send you back to your
grandma's house in the ghetto!

Offended, Draymond flings the taser into the distance and
walks away. Freddy looks at the bewildered Eric, out of
breath and grimacing. He looks at Eric's phone. Freddy crawls
out of the pool.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

You cut, right?!

Eric checks his phone. He's still live streaming. *FUCK.*

MONTAGE

On THE PHILIP DEFRANCO SHOW

PHILIP DEFRANCO

And the first thing I wanna talk
about today is a harrowing video
posted today by the Clout
Collective-

On THE H3H3 PODCAST

ELLA KLEIN

What was he even thinking? Like
what kind of challenge is that.
That's... Torture.

ETHAN KLEIN

He wasn't thinking. Now he's
fucking dead. Career-wise.

On PEWDIEPIE'S STREAM

PEWDIEPIE

Yea, even I'm saying that was
pretty bad... It was looked like, I
don't know, personal?

On THE JOE ROGAN PODCAST

JOE ROGAN (TELEVISION)

He's fucking stupid!

The playback pauses, revealing we're in-

INT. MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

As Freddy fumes, remote in hand. Eric, Sandra, Alyssa and the remaining members of the Collective all sit around the table. Tense and skittish; they're in damage control mode.

FREDDY

Not Joe Rogan! Agh!

Freddy tosses the remote at the screen, shattering it.

ALYSSA

Just stop watching!

SANDRA

(to Freddy)

Alyssa's totally right,-

FREDDY

No!

(to room)

You all need to understand.

(re: television)

That? That's bad for all of us.

ALYSSA

We know. Now stop being a shithead and breaking our stuff.

FREDDY

Not until we fix this! I need ideas, and I need them fast. We need to do damage control or this whole Collective is sunk!

MADI

What if... We had a bake sale?

FREDDY

(beat, to Sandra)

SANDRA! THINK!

SANDRA

Okay... What if, we like, made a video... Like when Tiffany left?

FREDDY

Yes! Do I have any interviews scheduled?

SANDRA
The Breakfast Club cancelled...

FREDDY
No...

SANDRA
We could do it through! Make it in house.
(re: collective)
We have six collaborators, we can do it.

FREDDY
Yea... Yea... I need you all to think of a time where Draymond was kind of a dick to you. Everyone has one of those stories right?

Eric can't believe Freddy.

SADAY
(long beat)
Um... One time he drank all my ginger ale.

ERIC
Saday, Connor drank all your ginger ale.

CONNOR
(to Saday)
It's true. I'm a coward and couldn't tell you.

FREDDY
That's okay. You guys are creative! Make up a story! Just make it halfway believable.

ALYSSA
We suck.

ERIC
Thank you! Why are we trying to say Draymond sucks, you were the uncool one!

FREDDY
No, Draymond sucks! He shocked me in the kiddie pool for over ten seconds! He only went six!

ERIC
I'm getting Draymond and we're
squashing this.

Eric leaves in a huff.

INT. DRAYMOND'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Draymond packs his bags. Eric enters his room.

ERIC
Hey.

Draymond keeps packing.

ERIC (CONT'D)
C'mon, dog talk to me.

DRAYMOND
Don't dawg me, man.

ERIC
You gotta get in there, they're
talking about pulling a Megan with
you!

DRAYMOND
I'm not surprised. That's how Major
Clout gets down. They pull you in,
fatten you up, and cut you off once
your get too big for your britches.
Freddy's scared of me, Eric.

ERIC
Draymond...

DRAYMOND
He is! And he's scared of you too.
He's scared of everyone in this
house. That why he has them under
contract.

ERIC
Where are you going?

DRAYMOND
To my Grandma's in Queens. Like he
said, I was in her basement before
I came here.

DRAYMOND (CONT'D)
Dude, don't move out!

DRAYMOND (CONT'D)
 Why? So you can keep your new,
 cool, black best friend?

ERIC
 (beat)
 No... I...

DRAYMOND
 Tif was right. I'm not sticking
 around with this egomaniac in
 charge.

ERIC
 I-I'm gonna talk to Freddy.

BACK TO MEETING ROOM

Freddy paces while everyone sits on the edge of their seats.

FREDDY
 Please... Please reconsider

AMAZON ALEXA
 No, Freddy. What you streamed today
 was highly offensive. Consider
 yourself lucky, as we are only
 being so lenient due to our long
 stand relationship. Please shape
 up.

They hang up. The collective holds their breath. Freddy hangs
 his head in shame. Eric comes back.

ERIC
 Guys, Draymond is...

He sees the group shellshocked.

ERIC (CONT'D)
 Woah, what's up?

FREDDY
 They... Banned us from VidCon.
 Because of Draymond.

ERIC
 It was your idea to do that stupid
 challenge. Now he's trying to
 leave!

FREDDY
Eric, I don't think you understand.
Draymond's out of the collective.

ERIC
What?

FREDDY
Yea, he's done here.
(to room)
Are we not all on the same page?

The group murmurs affirmatively, dumbfounding Eric.

FREDDY (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
Right now, we are focusing on me. I
mean the brand. I am the brand.
It's my name. Matter of fact, no
more Freddy. You wanna talk to me,
call me Major.

SANDRA
Freddy...

FREDDY
Major, Sandra. We just lost out on
the biggest opportunity any
collective's ever had! We gotta
stay on it, or the algorithm will
vaporize us. Am I clear?

SANDRA
(beat)
Crystal, Major.

The Collective nods along with her.

FREDDY
(to Eric)
See?

INT. ERIC'S ROOM - LATER

From his window, Eric watches with remorse as Draymond puts his bags in a car and is driven away. He turns to see Alyssa leaning in his doorway with a joint.

EXT. POOL - NIGHT

Alyssa and Eric share the joint while floating on a pool float inflatable; starting up at their stars.

ERIC
I think... I think I'm going back
home.

ALYSSA
Oh yea?

ERIC
Just for a bit. I need to get my
stuff. Feelin homesick.

ALYSSA
Don't blame you. We could all use
some fresh air.

ERIC
Yea...

She gets up and swims away, leaving him as he stares off into
the night.

ALYSSA (O.S.)
Just come back, ok?

He doesn't respond.

INT. UBER (MOVING) - NIGHT

Eric sulks in the back of an uber on a rainy night. It pulls
up in front of his parents house.

INT. JANKOWSKI LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

He walks in with some bags. Haley and Al come down, shocked
to see him. Al smirks.

AL
The prodigal son returns...

HALEY
Shut up.

Eric falls to his knees. His mother rushes to him.

HALEY (CONT'D)
Eric! Get up!

ERIC
Mom, I think I really messed up
this time...

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREEINT. ERIC'S ROOM - LATER

With great focus, Eric stares at the ceiling while laying on his bed. The room is bare; his former life has now been packed into boxes that Casey rifles through.

ERIC
They're my clothes, Casey. They
have sentimental value.

CASEY
Dude, come on! You're gonna get so
much merch now, you can let me get
a couple of shirts.

Casey finds a **STINK-BOMB**.

CASEY (CONT'D)
What's this?

ERIC
Stink bomb, Leftover from the
Toppling of Tiltwood.

CASEY
This thing feels... Evil.

ERIC
Yea, that's an extra potent one. If
I'd used that one... I'd definitely
have gone to jail.

Eric plucks it from his hands and tosses it in his bag.

HALEY (O.S)
Eric! You have a visitor!

INT. ATRIUM - SECONDS LATER

Eric enters to see Terry hugging Haley.

TERRY
Good to see ya, Mrs. J.

She leaves.

ERIC
You don't get to call her Mrs. J,
not anymore.

TERRY

Hey! You get expelled two months before graduation and next thing I know you're moving to L.A to make Youtube videos?

ERIC

Pretty much? That's always been the dream, remember?

TERRY

Yea, I just never thought it would... Did you really sign with Major Clout?

ERIC

Yea. Official member of the Clout Collective. It's... dope. I'm grabbing all my stuff.

TERRY

Woah.

(beat)

You weren't even gonna say bye?

Eric tries to respond, but can't think of any words. He resigns.

TERRY (CONT'D)

What's with you, dude?

ERIC

(long beat)

You didn't have my back when shit hit the fan, man.

TERRY

What do you mean? When you gassed out the school?

ERIC

I know you ratted on me to Bearwick!

Eric pushes past him-

BACK TO ERIC'S ROOM

Eric rushes in with Terry behind him.

TERRY

What? No I didn't!

ERIC
They said you told them I planted
the stink bomb!

TERRY
Dude. They lied. You didn't even
tell me what you were doing. I ran
away after we talked in the
library, I thought you were gonna
shoot up the school.

ERIC
Oh...
(beat)
WHAT?! You thought I was going to-!
What?!

TERRY
I don't know, you sounded crazy
dude, I booked it and didn't look
back!

ERIC
What the fuck? You thought I was
gonna shoot up the school and
didn't say anything?! Why?!

TERRY
Because I'm your friend.

ERIC
...Then how did they know to use me
you against me?

TERRY
Probably because they know I'm...
Your friend.

Terry turns to Casey for help. Casey sees Terry has opened a
can of worms; taking his loot and running out of the room.

TERRY (CONT'D)
Alright so... You hated everyone in
school, right?

ERIC
Yea... but-

TERRY
Remember that time when Garrett
invited us to go bowling?

FLASHBACK

Of Eric, Terry, and some other teens at a bowling alley. Eric goes up while recording himself. He wildly throws the ball, causing it to hit a screen. Some of them gasps, a few laugh.

He records it, cracking up.

ERIC (LAPPING)
Oh... Oh, yea... That was lame.

TERRY (LAPPING)
Or At Grace Shifflet's birthday?

ERIC (LAPPING)
I wasn't invited. Remember?

FLASHBACK

TERRY (LAPPING)
Junior year.

Of Terry and some other students at a girl's birthday party, singing happy birthday. Meanwhile, Eric blasts an air horn standing on chair, recording himself once again.

ERIC
Yea, Yea, we at Grace Shif's b-day!

More air horns. The teens hate it but he doesn't notice.

ERIC (LAPPING) (CONT'D)
Umm... Was that me?

TERRY (LAPPING)
Yes.

BACK TO ERIC'S ROOM

ERIC
Honestly man, I barely remember any of those. What's your point?

TERRY
That's my point.

ERIC
Huh?

TERRY
You don't even remember those because you were only cared about if it was gonna get you views or not. Not if the people around you thought you were shitty for doing for being obnoxious.

A beat. Eric gets hit with truck of self-awareness. And it scares him.

ERIC

You wanted to go viral too!

TERRY

Yea, but I never thought it'd actually happen! That's why I actually study, and went to clubs. I won the science fair, Eric. You didn't actually try to be level with anyone. You were only cool with me because I got you. The school bluffed and you dry snitched on yourself.

ERIC

Well, Terry, I have three million subscribers who are all my friend now, so you can get the fuck out of my house.

TERRY

(beat)

I just thought you knew man. Sorry.

Hurt, Terry exits, not seeing Al eavesdropping against the wall as he leaves. Eric comes to the door.

ERIC

And unsubscribe from me!

He and Al lock eyes. Al turns away. Eric closes his door.

INT. JENCHOWSKI LIVING ROOM - LATER

Inhaling food, Eric fills his gullet as his family watches him with concern.

HALEY

You look pale, sweetie.

AL

Probably from all the recreationalized marijuana out there.

HALEY

Are you having fun?

ERIC

(beat)

I was at first but... Everyone's not as cool as I thought they were.

CASEY

I saw Tiffany had a shit fit and left.

ERIC

Yea... I'm dead. We've gone abroad like six times in the past three months.

AL

I haven't been on a vacation in twenty years.

ERIC

It's not a vacation, Dad. This is my job. And if you want a vacation I can-

AL

No.

Silence...

CASEY

Sucks it's not what it's cracked up to be... Can you get me and my friend tickets to Clout-Con?

ERIC

What's Clout-Con?

CASEY

You don't know your own convention?

ERIC

Convention?

Casey shows him his phone.

ON SCREEN:

Freddy addresses the camera in a camo robe by a roaring fireplace with a large storybook.

FREDDY

Hey there Youtube soldiers, as you may have heard... The Clout Collective is no longer going to be attending Vidcon.

The video cuts to reveal the other members of the Clout Collective sitting in front of him like kindergardeners.

ERIC (O.S.)

Woah.

CASEY (O.S.)

Yea, it's a weird announcement video.

SADAY

That's bullshit!

MADDY

Yea!

FREDDY

I'm sorry, Clout Kids, but the people in charge have made their decision. The fat lady has sung.

GREGOR

The Clout Collective should have it's own conventiton!

ALYSSA

Yea. Right across the street from Vidcon. Anyone who is any will pull up.

FREDDY

You kids have so much spunk... And don't you know, this book is all about some people with some Clout and their convention!

CONNOR

Read it, Major! Read it!

BACK TO ERIC'S HORRIFIED FACE

FREDDY (VIDEO)

Clout Con, August 10th-12th at the Kraft Hotel! Buy a VIP ticket for a special swag bag...

ERIC

Oh... My... Shit... Those are the same days as VidCon.

CASEY

No shit. You really are off the grid.

EXT. KRAFT HOTEL - DAY

A haphazard roller coaster. A LAUNCHPAD with a HELICOPTER. The exterior of the Hotel draped in a banner reading CLOUT. Eric walks past all of these as well and a stretched too thin staff setting up for a massive event.

Befuddled by what's going on around him, he walks-

INT. HUGE HOTEL - DAY

-into the lavish hotel, plastered with cut outs the collective. Also bustling with people, Alyssa cuts through the traffic to meet him. They hug.

ALYSSA

I've been texting you! How was home?

ERIC

Sorry, I turned my phone off for... Reasons. It was shitty, anyway.

ALYSSA

Over there, too?

ERIC

My dad and I. We just... Wait, what exactly is going on here?

ALYSSA

Honestly...

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - NIGHT

Brimming with volatile energy, Freddy commands various **ASSITANTS** to set up the ballroom.

ALYSSA (LAPPING)

He's gone insane.

FREDDY

You, get the speakers set up. You and you, bring the catering table to the left side of the room. I changed my mind. Make sure you angle the projector that way.

The collective watches at a table from afar.

ERIC

I see what you mean...

MADDY
How much adderall is he on?

MADI
I think he ran out. He's just on
coke now.

GREGOR
Fuck... I hope he doesn't do all of
it.

ERIC
You guys went along with this?

MADI
We didn't have a choice. He just
started rambling about how he could
throw a better convention than
VidCon and we kept nodding. Next
thing you know, we're having a
convention.

SADAY
Everyone's tweeting about it,
though!

Sandra, now showing a much more aggressive and almost
glitchy, grabs a tight hold on Eric.

Ah!	ERIC	SANDRA
		Eric! There you are! Here, I need to get you up to speed, I'm DM'ing you all the promo materials for Clout Con, post them on your socials, now!

ERIC (CONT'D)
I thought we already sold out?

SANDRA
We added more tickets.

ERIC
Why?

Freddy appears, putting Eric in a too-rough chokehold.

FREDDY
Because the people want it! And I
want it! And we can do it, Boy
Wonder.

He releases him.

FREDDY (CONT'D)
 Alright, chill! I'm chill. How was home?

ERIC
 Good...
 (re: ballroom)
 You've been busy.

FREDDY
 Damn straight. Tried to keep you filled in but you never responded.

ERIC
 Yea, I turned off my phone. I needed to unplug.

FREDDY
 Word. Never do that again.

Freddy laughs. Eric can't tell if he's being serious, so he laughs too.

FREDDY (CONT'D)
 Stop laughing. I'm deadass.

Eric stops. Freddy stares through him before breaking out into laughter and putting him in a chokehold again.

FREDDY (CONT'D)
 Oh, how've I've missed you, my Boy Wonder.

ERIC
 What?

FREDDY
 Oh, nothing. Just excited about Clout Con. Pre sales hit 4k yesterday. Tomorrow this whole place is gonna be filled to the brim with people who WORSHIP us.

ERIC
 (gritted teeth)
 Sounds great...

FREDDY
 Fuck yea it does. That's why we're turning up again tonight. Because tomorrow... WE BECOME GODS.

Freddy gives him a manic smile. Eric gives him a nervous one back.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

The Collective, along with Soulja Boy, party in the hotel room. Freddy regales some **GROUPIES**.

FREDDY
(boastful)
And then I'm gonna take a selfie
from the pilot's seat!

Eric sits on a bed, looking around the room at the other members of the collective, unsure. Alyssa hands Eric a bong, surprising him.

ALYSSA
Loosen up a bit?

ERIC
You're telling me to loosen up?

ALYSSA
Okay... Just wanted to provide some
comfort to what looks to be a sad
boy.

He reaches for the bong, but decides against it. Alyssa sits down next to him and takes a rip.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)
What's up?

ERIC
I'm exhausted... Perma-baked... Not
sure I really wanna be here anymore
but I don't know if I have anything
at home to go back too.

She takes another rip.

ALYSSA
That's a lot.

ERIC
(sarcastic)
Thanks...

ALYSSA
No, princess. I'm talking about
that.

Eric turns to see Madi and Maddy putting cigs out on Freddy's arm right before the beat drops in a song.

FREDDY

Ugh! I said after the beat dropped!

He offers his other arm.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

Saday, restart the song!

(to twins)

Again.

(to Eric)

Eric, come film this!

ERIC

Uh, I'm okay, Freddy.

FREDDY

It's Major!

ALYSSA

(whisp, to Eric)

Yea, he's gone full Colonel Kurtz.

ERIC

(whisp, to Alyssa)

I don't know what that means.

(to Freddy)

Oh, sorry, "Major"!

ALYSSA

(to Freddy)

Why're you doin' that, "Major"?

FREDDY

So I'll never forget this!

(to Eric)

That's also why we need video
evidence need this on snapchat,
Elite Eric!

ERIC

I think it's ok! Just relish the
memory.

FREDDY

Well, I think it's in your
contract! Get over here.

Eric and Alyssa share a concerned look. He joins the chaos
and preps his phone.

INT. HOTEL BATHROOM - LATER

Freddy pours vodka over his wounds. Eric turns his head away but records. The Collective can be heard partying in the main room still.

ERIC

Ugh, why are you doing this?

FREDDY

There aren't any tattoo shops open!
And I wanna remember this night.

He pushes the bottle towards Eric.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

Drink!

ERIC

Alright, fine. Jeez... Don't you think you should ease up a bit on that? You're kinda all over the place.

FREDDY

(proud)

Please! I'm on my A game when I'm sauced. You know, after season two, every episode of WASP HIGH I did, I was drunk.

ERIC

I... You know what? That actually doesn't surprise me.

FREDDY

Yea, well, with parents like mine? I needed to be.

ERIC

(beat)

Do you still talk to them?

FREDDY

Who?

ERIC

Your parents.

FREDDY

Nah... Why would I wanna be controlled?

Eric can't help but give Freddy a dirty look. Freddy bandages himself.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

What?

ERIC

You know what.

FREDDY

That shit with Dray...

ERIC

That was a messed up challenge.

FREDDY

Your right. I mean... The premise was decent.

ERIC

For a Saw movie, maybe.

FREDDY

But Eric... We still made money off it, Eric. Before it was demonetized, which was your fault. The subscribers loved it. That video helped pay for all this.

ERIC

I'm not recording shit like that again. And I don't wanna record this!

FREDDY

Hey, you'll record what I tell you to record.

ERIC

You're drunk.

FREDDY

Yea, I'm lit. You should be excited, bro. You weren't there when we were planning it but we finessed the whole system... We throwin Conventions for the cheat, you feel me. So much profit. That's the real next level. We can keep doin this, do live shows, live performances...

ERIC

Sounds like you just wanna live in
a show.

FREDDY

Hell yea. The world's a show, man.
You get it. And this is my show...
Tomorrow, everyone's gonna see.
You... My parents... The world...
It's gonna be epic...

A beat. Eric sees Freddy for what he is. Freddy shakes
himself out of his rambling.

FREDDY (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Ugh, I'm passing out here. Turn
that off will ya?

Eric puts down the camera and gets up. Freddy pulls a baggie
out of his pocket and fixes himself some lines of cocaine.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

Bumpski?

ERIC

I would but... I'm crazy jet
legged... Think I might go to bed.
Rest up for tomorrow.

FREDDY

Whatever, Pussy. We're gonna show
em all, tomorrow. Gonna show em all
cuz i'm gonna-

-he does a line-

FREDDY (CONT'D)

(sing songy)

Fly like an eagle! Do do do do!

Fed up, Eric walks out-

INT. HOTEL SUITE - CONTINUOUS

-to the collective cheering Connor on as he jumps on the bed.

SADAY

Do it! Do it!

MADDY

Do it, pussy!

Connor elbow drops onto the end table and bounces off hard.
He's broken his other arm. The collective laughs and groans.
Eric looks on confused.. then keeps looking for Alyssa.

Saday jumps on the bed while looking at his iphone.

SADAY (CONT'D)
Yoo... We hit 6k RSVPS!!

MADI
Wooo!

GREGOR
Cheers!

ERIC
(to room)
Where's Alyssa?!

The Collective shrugs.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Yo, maybe check on Freddy, he's
doing a lot of coke and-

GREGOR
Oh he's still got some?

Gregor walks into the bathroom. Eric becomes frustrated and takes out his phone, opening his messages with Alyssa.

ERIC (TEXT)
Hey, wht room r u in?

Send. He takes in the room... And leaves.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Eric stumbles down the hallway, drunkenly. He checks his phone. He has hundreds of notifications, but no text from Alyssa.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Eric throws himself on the bed, eyes closed. He puts his phone on the nightstand.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Light pours in from the window onto a passed out Eric. There's a knock on his door. He wakes up and groggily answers it to find a **YOUNG BOY**.

ERIC
Um...

YOUNG BOY
 Holy crap! It's Elite Eric!
 (to friends)
 Hey guys, it's Elite Eric!

A **GANG OF KIDS** rush to the front of the door and stand in awe of Eric.

KIDS
 WOOOOOOOW.....

ERIC
 Uh... Hi.

They kids go berserk, freaking out to each other. Eric closes the door. A similar, ominous chatter comes from outside his window. Eric creeps towards and looks out to see an **OVERSTUFFED AND ANGRY CROWD OF THOUSANDS**.

MADI (LAPPING)
 The live-stream-scream-queen
 herself,

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

ON STAGE

The crowd cheers as MADI and MADDY stand at the podium.

MADDY
 And welcome, Passively-
 Aggressively-Alyssa!

The crowd cheers and Alyssa walks out, waving, taking her seat at the panel among the other members of the Collective.

MADI
 Followed by the newest member of
 the Clout Collective...!

The light show goes crazy with and cool guitar rift, the spotlight lands but... No one comes out.

BACK TO ERIC

As he jolts back from the window, pale.

MADDY (LAPPING)
 Elite Eric!

He checks his phone. It won't turn on. He sees it's not plugged in and facepalms.

ERIC

Shit!

He digs through his suitcase, pulling out bag, pulling out clothes, his drone, a stink bomb, before finding a charger. He plugs in his phone.

BACK TO THE BALLROOM

MADDY

And give it up for the Major himself... MAJOR CLOUT!

Freddy walks out smug,

FREDDY

WHAT IS UP SAN DIEGO!?!?!

THE CROWD ERUPTS WITH FERVOR FOR THEIR IDOL.

CROWD

MAJOR CLOUT! MAJOR CLOUT! MAJOR CLOUT!

Freddy basks in adoration but then looks out and sees.. A packed **CROWD of PARENTS and PRE-ADOLESCENTS.**

FREDDY

(to himself, through
gritted teeth)

What the fuck...

(to Crowd)

Are you ready to see what VicdCon couldn't handle?!

The Collective hype him up.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

Let's peep the newest video, edited by our own Elite Eric... R.I.P, he had a long flight.

FAN (O.S.)

I LOVE YOU MAJOR CLOUT!!

INT. BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Sandra tries to maintain order between the multitude of **VIDEOGRAPHERS** and **STAFF** vying for her attention.

SANDRA

People, be patient, please form an orderly line!

The HOTEL MANAGER approaches her.

SANDRA (CONT'D)
 (to Hotel Manager)
 Where is your staff?

HOTEL MANAGER
 Occupied! With the thousand of
 occupants now occupying my
 occupancies.

SANDRA
 We should've went with the Hilton.

HOTEL MANAGER
 Maybe you should've.

Sandra nearly snatches the girl but decides against it. She pull out her phone.

ONSTAGE:

Alyssa gets a text and walks offstage.

BACK TO ERIC

Eric waits nervously. His phone lights up. Missed messages and notifications flood his device. He can't bear to look and groans.

He looks back out the window. The crowd has only grown in number. He turns back... And he focuses on the stink bomb.

INT. HOTEL STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Alyssa sneaks past a horde of children, distracted by their goodie bags.

KID #1
 Aren't you Passively-Aggressively-
 Alyssa?

ALYSSA
 No.. I'm just cosplaying...

KID #2
 You don't have to lie.

KID #1
 We're not subscribed to you but
 just wanted to know.

ALYSSA
 (beat)
 Oh... Yea.

KID #3
 Do you know where Saday is?

KID #4
 Oh, or Tiffany?

ALYSSA
 No...

The kids go back to looking at their goodie bags. Alyssa goes back up there stairs.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)
 (to herself)
 Seriously? Tiffany isn't even part
 of the-! Whatever...

BACK TO ERIC

Eric tinkers with something on the bed desk when there's a knock on the door.

ERIC
 No habla puerta!

His phone rings. He peers at it and answers.

ALYSSA (PHONE)
 Let me the fuck in.

He opens the door. She enters and he shuts it quickly.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)
 It's full on children of the corn
 out there! You can't go three feet
 without stepping on someone's
 spawn... Oh god, what's that smell?

ERIC
 Yea, I didn't think the crowd would
 be this big. There's like seven
 middle schools out there, what
 gives?

ALYSSA
 Really? Didn't you start watching
 Freddy when you were like 10?

ERIC
 Yea.

ALYSSA

So, yea. That's his demo. The only people buying tickets that fast were using their allowances and birthday money.

She looks out the window.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

Holy fucking shit, I don't wanna go back down there. You can't even breathe.

ERIC

Well,
(re: stink bomb)
It's about to get harder.

ALYSSA

What is that?

ERIC

A quadruple stuffed stink bomb on a delayed timer. It's my swan song.

ALYSSA

Swan song?

ERIC

One last prank. I'm out, Alyssa. I'm out, and you should leave too.

ALYSSA

Eric...

BACK TO BACKSTAGE

Sandra is confronted by the hotel manager and Fire Marshall.

HOTEL MANAGER

(to Sandra)
Sandra, this is the Fire Marshall. I've informed him that three of my staff has been bitten by your clientele!!

Sandra sends a text.

ON STAGE

The screen plays a hyper edited montage of the groups antics. Freddy watches anxiously. He gets a text from Sandra.

ON SCREEN:

SANDRA (TEXT)
*The Fire Marshall and some Police
 are here.*

Holding in his rage, he takes the podium.

FREDDY
 (to crowd)
 WHO WANTS MERCH?!

The crowd bellows positively.

FREDDY (CONT'D)
 SEE Y'ALL OUTSIDE!

Freddy quickly rushes the confused of Collective of the stage.

FREDDY (CONT'D)
 Get to the chopper if you don't
 wanna go to jail!

They go along with it.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Eric and Alyssa argue as they descend.

ERIC
 You can find a way out of it.

ALYSSA
 It's not that easy.

ERIC
 I'm eating my contract.

ALYSSA
 I can't afford to eat mine

Ding. The door opens to chaos in the lobby. Kids crawling everywhere. Throwing candy at each other. Eating cut outs. Lighting small fires.

ERIC
 Can you afford to stay here?

She gives him a knowing look and run, leaving the bomb in the elevator.

BACK TO THE STAGE

INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

Freddy swings open the doors to find boxes and boxes of merch. He, Sandra, the Collective, and Souljia Boy board.

FREDDY
If you want to ride start tossing
this junk.

Saday grabs a shirt and tosses it-

OUTSIDE

Hitting a KID in the face. They gasp. Soon more and more shirts fly out and fans circle the chopper as it's blades begin to spin.

INSIDE

The Collective unloads merch by the handfuls, tossing it to rabid fans. Freddy starts priming the controls and buckles in.

SANDRA
(to Freddy)
You're actually gonna fly this?!

FREDDY
Hell yea!

He pulls out his phone.

SANDRA
Um...

PHONE
SYNC COMPLETE.

OUTSIDE

The helicopter blades begin to rotate.

BACK INSIDE THE HELICOPTER

FREDDY
Yes!

He gets a notification.

ON SCREEN:

A snapchat of Eric pointing at the stink bomb and making funny faces. The caption reads "Smell ya later".

FREDDY (CONT'D)
The hell?

NOTIFICATION: WEIGHT LIMIT EXCEEDED

FREDDY (CONT'D)
 (to collective)
 We're still too heavy!

MADI
 There's no more merch to toss!

SANDRA
 We're have to lose more weight!

Every member begins to turn to Soulja Boy

SOULJA BOY
 Ay... C'mon y'all, shit's wilin'
 out there, I ain't got my Draco on
 me or-

EXT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

Soulja Boy is thrown from the helicopter to the rabid crowd just as Eric and Alyssa exit the Hotel. They see the Major in the pilot's chair/

ALYSSA
 Are they... Trying to leave in
 that?!

ERIC
 Yup. He's lost it.

INT. HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

The stink bomb goes off, filling the lobby with a green gas. The fans start to cover their noses and cough. Many of them begin to tear up.

EXT. KRAFT HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Freddy primes to take off when a TEENAGER jumps on the front window.

TEENAGER
 I'm ghost ridin on the Clout
 Copter! Yeet!

FREDDY
 Ah, where's the windshield
 wipers!...

(MORE)

FREDDY (CONT'D)
 (to Gregor)
 Gregor! Take care of this!

GREGOR
 Why me? Why not Saday? Or one of my
 two sisters?

Hey! MADI Gregor! MADDIE

Eric claws his way on board.

ERIC
 Freddy, stop!

FREDDY
 You!

Eric rushes to grab Freddy's device but Freddy shifts the controls. The helicopter rises fast. The other members of the Collective spill out.

ERIC
 No!...

Except for Eric as he grasps the passenger chair...

OUTSIDE

The helicopter flies back wildly, uncentered. The crowd ducks and screams.

INT. BASEMENT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Draymond plays his PlayStation in a cramped storage room.

DRAYMOND
 (into headset)
 Nah... The sequel sucked. Let's see
 what the chat is saying...
 (reading)
 "Are you looking at the Clout
 Convention Stream?"
 (beat)
 Nah, I ain't looking at that shit.
 Those clout chasers are what-
 (reading)
 Woah, woah, what?

He reads more... And it surprises him.

INT. TELEVISION ROOM - SECONDS LATER

DRAYMOND

Nana, turn to channel-?

He looks to see his **NANA** passed out on the couch snoring with the remote in hand. He takes it and turns to CNN.

ON SCREEN:

DON LEMON reports as the ticker reads "YOUTUBE PERSONALITIES INCITE LARGE SCALE RIOT IN SAN DIEGO"

DON LEMON

-inside and around the Kraft Hotel, the crowd appears to be made up of... Mostly pre-adolescensents? Due to the there being a... "Youtube Celebrity CONvention" at the Hotel... We have reports the Hotel has been in fact contaminated with some sort of chemical agent producing a strong... Smell...
(whisper, to off camera)
Are you for real?

INT. JENCHOWSKI LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Al, Haley, and Casey watch the same broadcast in fear.

DON LEMON (O.S.)

(to camera)

All Youtube personalites have been accounted for save for Eric "Elite Eric" Jankowski and Fred "Major Clout" McGuinness, both believed to be inside the unstable helicopter.

CASEY

Wow... Did anyone see that coming?

INT/EXT. HELICOPTER (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

Eric wrestles with Freddy for control of the helicopter as it spins wildly in the air.

FREDDY

Let go!!

OUTSIDE

The helicopter crashes through the roller coaster structure. It crumbles, sending the coasters tumbling to the ground.

INSIDE

FREDDY (CONT'D)
You ruined my convention!

ERIC
This wasn't a convention, you took a bunch of people's money to have a shitty carnival!

FREDDY
Shut up! You're out of the Collective!

ERIC
Good! It sucks! I quit anyway!

FREDDY
You suck!

OUTSIDE

The helicopter spins towards the hotel wildly.

FREDDY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
You're just like everyone else!

Some of the crowd flees while other's record the helicopter with their phones as-

PHONE P.O.V.

It comes close to crashing into the hotel but whizzes by, ripping off the clout banner.

INT. JANKOWSKI LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Al puts on his jacket as Haley and Casey sit on the edge of their seats.

OUTSIDE

He leaves and gets into his truck, taking off down the road.

INT. TILTWOOD GYM - CONTINUOUS

All done up for graduation. Terry sits in his cap and gown staring at his phone.

ON SCREEN:

The same CNN feed of the helicopter flying haphazardly... straight up.

INSIDE THE HELICOPTER

Struggling against each other, Eric accidentally unclips Freddy's seat belt, causing him to spill out of his seat and drop his phone. He tumbles back, falling out. Eric looks out-

OUTSIDE THE HELICOPTER

-seeing Freddy hanging onto the bottom of the helicopter; it's ascent begins to slow... And then for a moment, everything is weightless. Freddy looks down to see the havoc he has wrought. Eric snatches the phone just as the helicopter starts to plummet.

ON THE GROUND

Alyssa and the rest of the collective look on in shock.

INSIDE THE HELICOPTER

Eric attempts to use the phone while falling... He tries to center himself, closing his eyes.

OUTSIDE

The blades begin to rotate...

INSIDE

Eric opens his eyes. He's in the fetal position in the helicopter.

OUTSIDE

The helicopter hovers a few feet above the hotel. Freddy holds on for dear life.

ON THE GROUND

Alyssa, the Collective and the rest of the crowd cheer.

AT THE JANKOWSKI HOUSE

Casey and Haley hug in relief.

AT DRAYMOND'S HOUSE

Draymond leaps with glee-

DRAYMOND
 Whoo, hell ya!

-waking his Nana.

NANA
 Huh, what?

AT TERRY'S GRADUATION

Terry smiles widely at his phone.

PRINCIPAL MONTGOMERY
 Amy McInthire...

Amy steps forward right as Terry shoots up and cheers, drawing the audiences attention. He sits back down awkwardly.

BACK ON THE ROOF

Freddy's grip loosens. He falls... About two feet onto the roof. His ankle bends and he falls in pain.

FREDDY
 Shit, my ankle!

He tries to crawl but hears... Laughter. He looks up to see Eric laughing at him, hanging halfway out the helicopter's window.

INSIDE THE HELICOPTER

Eric grabs his phone and records Freddy. He receives a phone call.

ON SCREEN:

AL WOULD LIKE TO TALK...

Eric answers.

AL (PHONE)
 Eric?!

ERIC
 Hey, Dad.

INTER CUT: INT. TRUCK (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

Al drives in a panic.

AL

Uh, are you okay? Because, you sound calm, and we, your mother and Casey and I, we were-

ERIC

Yea, Dad. It's really alright. No. I'm okay, Dad. It's me, remember? Nothing to worry about.

AL

Ok, son... I love you.

EXT. SAN DIEGO SKYLINE - CONTINUOUS

The Clout Copter hovers over the hotel, which now has a huge green sink cloud surrounding it. News and Police helicopters surround it.

EXT. KRAFT HOTEL - NIGHT

HAZMAT TEAMS clean up around the hotel. **PARAMEDICS** give medical attention at tents and ambulances. Sandra and The Hotel Manager argue with the **FIRE MARSHALL**.

HOTEL MANAGER

She told me it was going to be two thousand people! I would have never agreed to have this many people come to my hotel

SANDRA

That is so totally false information! You were with me every step of the way and I have the receipts to prove it!

Other members of the Collective talk on the phone, murmuring about management and contracts. Eric and Alyssa talk while drinking hot coco on a gurney.

ERIC

Hot chocolate always makes traumatizing events less traumatic.

Alyssa appreciates his humor.

ALYSSA

Scientifically proven.

SUNBURNED PARENT (O.S.)

THERE WAS NO ONE IN CHARGE! CHAOS!

They turn to see a crowd of **Disgruntled PEOPLE**.

FAN #3

I want my money back!

FAN #4

Who is reimbursing me for the hotel?

CANDY COVERED CHILD

I CAN'T FIND MY PARENTS!

SWAT TEAM MEMBER

Someone threw their ice cream at my shield...

SWAT TEAM MEMBER #2

Oh, gross, it's mint.

A **NEWS REPORTER**, 30s, female, aggressive, enters.

NEWS REPORTER

Panic at the Kraft Hotel here in downtown San Diego.

SUNBURNED PARENT

I AM SUING SO MANY PEOPLE! I'M CALLING MY LAWYER RIGHT NOW, AND THIS MAJOR CLOUT BETTER DO THE SAME!!

The News Reporter approaches Eric and Alyssa.

NEWS REPORTER

Here we have two Youtube celebrities responsible for today's events! Anything to say?

ALYSSA

We didn't consent to being interviewed.

NEWS REPORTER

Don't you think you did when you decided to broadcast your life to the world?

ALYSSA

No.

ERIC

You can film me!

NEWS REPORTER

Amazing!

(to camera person)

Here, here, get the framing!

NEWS CAMERA P.O.V

Of Eric and the News Reporter. Eric cheeses for the camera.

NEWS REPORTER (CONT'D)

What do you have to say to those threatening your organization with litigation following today's events.

ERIC

Oh... I think they're gonna wanna talk to Joe about that.

INT. MEETING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Joe flips through various legal documents showing pictures taken from the Clout Convention as well as subpoenas and contracts as he talks to someone across from him.

JOE

So, I don't think we can beat the reckless endangerment of a child charges, since there's five thousand of them... The Hotel is going to take some heat from the Fire Marshall off of us, but it still technically was an event run by Major Clout LLC... Plus they're still charging us for all the damage done during the stink bombing.

A fist slams on the table. REVEAL Freddy across from him, tired and disgruntled. He doesn't look like he's slept in days and has an ankle monitor.

FREDDY

The bombing was Elite Eric's fault! He should be paying for this, that traitor!

JOE

(beat)

Yea...

(beat)

Alyssa and Two of the Triplets said they want out and have contractd a firm to analyz their contracts. Honestly, I was pretty high when I typed them up, so they will probably be able to find a way out of them.

(MORE)

JOE (CONT'D)

Overall, we've lost a third of our revenue and you'll be on house arrest for another four months.

FREDDY

Four months... Four months?!

JOE

Best case scenario.

FREDDY

I've been stuck in this place for six months! And you haven't done anything to help me! You! Your supposed my grade A, best friend lawyer and instead your a mooch who smokes my weed all day!!

He pushes all the documents off the table in a rage. Joe looks him in the eye with a blank face before calmly packing his bong and standing up. He heads for the door.

JOE

By the way... We hit most subscribed yesterday.

Joe pulls a rollout blower form his pocket and blows it.

JOE (CONT'D)

Congratulations.

Freddy shuts up. Joe leaves him. Alone.

FREDDY

(long beat, to himself)
What? We... I... Hit most subscribed...?

He starts to laugh. A slowly, deep chortle, just to himself... It escalates into HIGH PITCHED CACKLING. He's gone mad.

EXT. CLOUT COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS

Joe walks out of the mansion, now grimey from the parties and lack of care. He gets in his car and drives away as Freddy CACKLES in the background.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Rows and rows of STUDENTS are handed back test reading FLIGHT MANUAL... We finally land on Eric. He's got a 100.

EXT. AIRFIELD - LATER

A helicopter flies high above the Appalachian Mountains.

INSIDE THE HELICOPTER

Is Eric, giddy as can be, with his **FLIGHT PARTNER**. Eric records some footage of the flight from his phone.

INT. ERIC'S ROOM (JENCHOWSKI) - DAY

Eric facetimes with Alyssa while uploading a video at his computer.

ALYSSA

-But he's a pretty big name director and he let's me push all the Squibb buttons so it's not so bad.

ERIC

That sounds great!

His computer pings. "**FIRST FLIGHT**" has been uploaded.

ERIC (CONT'D)

And... Done! It's up.

ALYSSA

Congrats, babe! That's a big step.

ERIC

Yea. I'm just gonna let it sit. Check back in a week, maybe.

ALYSSA

It's okay if you cheat...

ERIC

Did you just-

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

Don't even.

AL (O.S.)

Eric!

Eric turns around to see his dad in the doorway.

AL (CONT'D)

Terry's car just pulled up in the driveway.

Eric looks out the window to see Terry, now dressed like a hipster. He waves at Eric.

ERIC
Thanks, Dad.

His father leaves.

ALYSSA (PHONE)
Talk to you later?

ERIC
Mhmmm.

He makes a kissy face at the camera and he hangs up, leaving his desk. There's a ping. A beat. He comes back to the desk. He has a notification.

ON SCREEN:

420BLAZIKEN LIKED YOUR POST!

SCREEN'S P.O.V:

Eric smiles at the screen and shuts his laptop, cutting us to

BLACK. THE END