

# GING.er

By Matt Bader

**Medium:** Film

**Characters:** Daniel Pemberdant is an 18 year old computer science freshman at Harvard. Preston Colton Tisdale IV "Colton" is a 21 year old gay socialite from LA. Colton's parents are filthy rich, but they are out of touch with their son. Colton has aspirations of his own. Dan is here to feed upon those aspirations with his social media startup GING.er and is hoping to land an investment.

**Time/Setting:** September 2nd, 2019 in an alternate America. Dan and Colton are sitting next to each other at the bar of The Executive Suite, an uber expensive gay bar in Los Angeles. Midnight.

**INT. NIGHTCLUB - MIDNIGHT**

DAN

Remind me again why we had to do  
this at a gay bar?

COLTON

I do better business when I'm  
horny.

DAN

How exactly does that work?

COLTON

I don't know, it just does...  
(pause)  
Does it bother you?

DAN

No.

COLTON

Good.  
(Another pause.)  
You like what you see?

DAN

Oh yeah, you know. Wonderful  
atmosphere.

COLTON

(suggestively)  
I mean... you like... what you see?...

DAN

(beat)  
I'm afraid I don't swing that way,  
Colton.

COLTON

But if you did?...

Come on, you don't gotta be gay to  
appreciate the goods, honey.

DAN

I suppose...

COLTON

So?...

DAN

Well, of course I like what I see,  
how could anyone not? Even an idiot  
knows a Michelangelo when he sees  
one.

COLTON

(Exclaiming gleefully)

Ahhhhhhh! Yes bitch, that is what I  
like to see!

He takes a shot, then passes a glass to Dan.

COLTON (CONT'D)

Here, take a drink.

DAN

What's in it?

COLTON

Don't ask, just drink it.

Dan takes a sip.

DAN

Mhmm, that's good!

COLTON

You betchyour ass it is. Come on  
Danny boy you've gotta loosen up.  
You wanna do business with the gays,  
this is how we do business.

DAN

Uh huh...

Dan looks at his drink for a moment.

He downs it in one chug.

COLTON

Woah Dan, Jesus that's a lot. Live it up a little at a time, hun.

Dan finishes the drink and grimaces.

COLTON (CONT'D)

How do you feel?

Pause... Dan smiles.

DAN

-Like I'm ready for another.

COLTON

YAAAAAAAAAAS! Bartender, get this bitch a drink! Doesn't matter what, I'll pay for it.

Colton takes a sip of his drink. Then puts his glass down and shifts into business mode.

COLTON (CONT'D)

So what's this big idea? And why'd you fly all the way over here to tell me about it?

Dan takes out a pen and scribbles fervently into a cocktail napkin.

COLTON (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

Dan continues scribbling.

DAN

Facebook, Twitter, Instagram, Snapchat, you use them, they collect your data, they filter commercials to you based on what you click but you have to click it. And you click or swipe things because you want to see people's content, but you have to follow them before you can see their

content; before the corporations  
can collect your data.

He stops writing, turns the napkin over, and looks up at  
Colton.

DAN (CONT'D)

Colton, what if there was a social  
media platform that knew what you  
wanted to see before you did? And  
what if  
it could feed you what you wanted  
instantly, without a click, or a  
swipe, without the firing of a  
single motor neuron?

COLTON

That would be pretty addicting. But  
what's gonna stop Facebook and  
Twitter from copying you and eating  
you up just like they ate up  
Vine?-- If they haven't thought  
about doing this already...

DAN

Oh, they've thought about it, and  
they've wanted to do it...

He starts playing with the napkin.

DAN (CONT'D)

But they haven't been able to  
figure out the algorithm.

Dan dangles the napkin in between them.. Colton

COLTON

And you have?

DAN

You betchyour ass I have.

COLTON

Daniel Pemberdant, the hottest gay men in LA are strutting around in this bar, but you are without a doubt its most arousing creature.

Pause.

DAN

Zuckerberg, Pichai, Cook, Gates, these are the gods of the digital age. And \*this\* is a ticket into the pantheon.

Colton reaches for the napkin but Dan pulls it back.

DAN (CONT'D)

Only I need a lot of money to get started, and I hear your daddy's got some deep pockets. So I'm willing to write another name on this ticket in exchange for some of that cash. What do you say?

COLTON

I say we go back to my place right now and we shake on it.

DAN

Right now?

COLTON

Right. Now.

DAN

What's the offer?

COLTON

A million dollars.

DAN

Nope.

COLTON

A million and a half.

DAN

No. Not even close.

COLTON

You're being insane. Where else are you gonna get that kind of money?

DAN

(With emphasis)

Ticket to the pantheon.

COLTON

Not without money it's not. 1.5 million, that's some pretty good money honey.

DAN

Do you know what "good" means, Colton? It means "approved by God." How much would you pay to be able to decide for the world what's right from wrong?-- Because that's the kind of power I'm talking about. And I'm not about to whore it out for what Oprah makes in a week. I'm offering a name on the ticket. And you know it. So make me a fucking offer.

COLTON

One hundred million.

(Pause.)

And a bottle of whatever you want from my liquor cabinet.

Pregnant pause.

Dan slides the napkin forward facedown.

DAN

I'm in town until Saturday. Call me when you wanna have another sit down.

Dan gets up and begins to leave. Colton hurriedly looks at what's written on the napkin. He looks up at Dan in confusion.

DAN (CONT'D)

(playfully)

Sorry. I don't shake on the first date.

Colton looks back at the slightly crumpled cocktail napkin.

It's just many iterations of Dan's phone number scrawled all over it. One iteration is in the center of the napkin, and is easy to read.

Colton looks back up and watches Dan walk away...

--SCENE--