

HOUSE WE BUILT

Created By  
Ali Faizaan and Max Mora

Written By  
Max Mora

FADE IN:

INSERT:

A pixel grows into a neon, wet, *House We Built* logo. It beats like a heart that's about to explode to the 4/4 rhythm of **Mr. Finger's Can You Feel It?...**

FADE TO:

EXT. UNDER THE OVERPASS OF THE 101 AND THE 10 - CONTINUOUS

Its raining a rainbow mist. A pack of beautiful women are dressed like Devo and Mad Max. They smoke joints and do molly and coke under the overpass with a mix of burners, hippies, homeless people and house heads. One emerges from the group.

LEADER

Does anyone know what the password is?

FOLLOWER

No. They haven't sent the text yet.

ANOTHER FOLLOWER

Sometimes there's a decoy.

LEADER grabs a PRETTY BOY's hair tight.

LEADER

I like your hair-

PRETTY BOY

Its-

His face glows in the light of the phone as he frantically searches through texts for the code as she licks his neck. A ping! Comes through.

CUT TO:

### CREDIT SEQUENCE

EXT. FASHION DISTRICT, DOWNTOWN, DUMPING GROUND - CONTINUOUS (HI-SPEED)

The herd walks through an abandoned lot covered with graffiti and trash toward a gashing opening of a gas tanker.

FOLLOWER

Where are we going?

ANOTHER FOLLOWER

(shrugs)

I don't know.

ROCKY

Tuh! And I'm watching this Vogue thing.

JUSTINE

Yeah, I had Nikki set it up for today so he wouldn't stand a chance of just dropping in at the wrap party.

LOCO

Ya, 72 questions, 73 questions. Can't believe he's talking about this fucking crater thing.

ROCKY

(murmurs)

Of course he is.

JUSTINE hops on her phone.

JUSTINE

(under her breath)

This version of him is more obnoxious than the last one.

JOE SABIA (O.S.)

What's the trait you most deplore in yourself?

X (O.S.)

I don't deplore myself.

ROCKY

That's ok, enough people deplore him.

He and LOCO laugh, tersely.

JUSTINE

What?

INT. GRAY ESTATE, HOLLYWOOD HILLS - CONTINUOUS

JOE SABIA

What's a city you always dreamed of traveling to?

X

One that doesn't exist yet. See, I want to build my own temple. A venue inside a crater...with the sounds of Ibiza, the women from Miami, the sun from Mykonos, DJs pilgrimaging from all over. A venue that will last till the end of time. And my legacy with it.

CARL COX

How'd you come up with that!?

X just shrugs, and continues to pump them out.

EXT. HOUSE MEDIA GROUP, STUDIO LOT, MAIN STAGE CROWD-  
CONTINUOUS

JUSTINE leaps up, throwing two hippies off of her

JUSTINE

Get the fuck off of me!

And dusts herself off, looking up at the stage in disbelief, but *headfake*, she's not actually heading there. She's looking for NIKKI. Just caught in another one of X's shitstorms. She looks to her right, then to her left. NIKKI is standing there frozen, scuffed up, t-shirt in hand. JUSTINE makes a bee-line toward her.

NIKKI

What are you doing? I said don't-

JUSTINE stops just short of her, glaring into her eyes, then softens. JUSTINE shows her a contract on her phone.

JUSTINE

Throwing you a bone. This is the contract to sell X's likeness to Spotify. He's gonna be there new AI DJ.

NIKKI

Oh shit.

JUSTINE

Stutter step. We got options. Go send if off before I remember I was going to fire you.

NIKKI

Got it.

After a moment, JUSTINE looks up at the stage and gets a sour look at her face and heads back, out of the crowd with NIKKI.

**FADE TO:** LIVE " " and X set.