

EVERYTHING IS BEAUTIFUL

EPISODE 1

"A BETTER WORLD"

WRITTEN BY

BENJAMIN MCINNES

INT. ALCOHOL SUPPORT MEETING - BASEMENT - DAY

A circle of chairs with an inner table.

RONALD

And all of a sudden she's gone. And
I'm supposed to move on? Move
forward with my life?

Over the shoulder shot reveals The therapist's notepad. A big heading that reads, 'WIFE STUFF.' Under it is 2 lines, 'yikes.' and, 'big yikes.' He slowly draws - ? ? ?

RONALD (CONT'D)

I don't know if this is bad to say
but... I'm mad. She's been getting
dicked down behind my back for
time...
She introduced us. He was in my
house. We shared books. We played
pool.

Ronald shifts in his chair. Breathes out, shaky but trying to hide it.

RONALD (CONT'D)

And she died giving birth to a kid
that wasn't mine...

Ronald cries, sad music plays.

Bird's-eye view shot reveals a box of beers framed center of the table with a sign that reads 'no touching'

JACK

Sounds like you shared more than
just books, if you know what I'm
saying.

Kate laughs abruptly and covers her mouth. Lennox smiles in her direction. Ronald sniffles.

RONALD

What?

JACK

I'm just saying dude, when you
think about it - you kind of did
get cucked the fuck to death.

RONALD

What?

JACK
Is there a question there, Ronald?

RONALD
No, no question. I'm just-

JACK
We'll just cut that off there,
Ronald.

Jack takes off his cap, revealing a Nazi Swastika tattoo.

JACK (CONT'D)
Look. What I'll say to you is.
Stevie has actually just left so I
do have an available space, if you
will, for a support partner. And,
well - if that's something you're
interested in, we can have a chat
after the meeting, just come and
meet me by the coffee table.

Jack now has a mug of coffee and sips it.

HUGH
I'm sorry but- Is that a swastika
on your forehead?

JACK
No, it's on the side of my head.
And it's for my therapy. Therapist
literally said we need to start
more conversations.

Therapist nods and winks at him.

HUGH
And you seriously thought that
would be a good conversation
starter?

JACK
Yes?

LENNOX
I'm in a room full of retards.

Jack grabs one of the beers and opens it.

HUGH
Dude, you can't say that.

LENNOX

So this guy can have a Nazi tattoo
on his forehead but I can't say
retard?

Jack grabs a 12-month chip from his pocket and tosses it on
the table.

JACK

Oh my God, calm down. It's
temporary anyway. I'm not a fucking
idiot like some people in this
room. The guy said it should be
gone in a week.

Camera dollies out, revealing an awkward silent room.

JACK (CONT'D)

Well, it started a conversation,
didn't it?

INTRO PLAYS

TITLE CARD: EVERYTHING IS BEAUTIFUL

TITLE CARD: Created by Benjamin McInnes

BLACK SCREEN.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALCOHOL SUPPORT GROUP BUILDING - DAY

Establishing shot of the support group building.

Muffled arguing.

INT. ALCOHOL SUPPORT MEETING - DAY

Everyone arguing. It has gotten heated now. Everyone talking
over each other so you can't make out what they say.

JACK

We're really talking now.

THERAPIST

Boys, boys, boys. Quiet in the
sanctuary.

(MORE)

THERAPIST (CONT'D)
 I didn't want to have to do this,
 but I do think it would be wise to
 have us use the sharing shaft.
 Jack. We'll all get a chance to
 talk.

The therapist leans down and grabs a shower dildo with a
 suction cup and gives it a very interesting look.

He blinks rapidly and shakes his head as if resetting
 himself.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)
 I've had a bit of a mix-up.

Therapist sniffs the dildo - is happy it doesn't smell like
 shit.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)
 Right. Where were we?

RONALD
 Uh...

THERAPIST
 Oh right, yes - your dead wife.

RONALD
 It's okay. I was finished.

THERAPIST
 Okay. Katherine.

KATE
 Kate.

The therapist throws the sharing shaft to Kate. It lands in
 between her breasts and the tip in her mouth. She spits it
 out.

KATE (CONT'D)
 Ew?

THERAPIST
 Oh, I'm so sorry. I promise I
 sanitize. Honestly, hardly even use
 it. It's just - my arm's been
 acting up ever since our baseball
 match this weekend. We did very
 well, actually. If not for me
 blowing my arm out, we would have
 won the game.

Kate slams the dildo sucker first into the middle of the table. The dildo makes a slosh noise and slops back and forth sadly while Kate goes off. Everyone stays focused on the dildo.

KATE

I have the sharing shaft.

Kate's voice trails into muffle.

LENNOX (V.O.)

I don't want to be here at all.
Angela's making me come to these
things 'cause I had one little fuck
up at a party three months ago.

CUT TO:

INT. SMALL HOUSE PARTY - NIGHT

Angela downstairs, searching frantically around the party.

ANGELA

Has anyone seen Lennox?

PARTY GUY ONE

Yeah, I seen him. He's way fucked
up. Way fucked up. You don't wanna
know. But uh, yeah, he just went
upstairs with...

Party guy one gets a confused look on his face and curls an eyebrow.

PARTY GUY ONE (CONT'D)

Wait a minute... Didn't he just go
in there with you? Ahaha. This some
trippy shit bruh.

CUT TO:

Angelica - identical to Angela from face to clothes - and Lennox making out in a room.

CUT TO:

Angela's face gets screwed up.

ANGELA

Angelica.

CUT TO:

INT. ALCOHOL SUPPORT MEETING - DAY

Lennox slouched back in his chair. Kate's voice still muffled.

LENNOX (V.O.)

I fucked her twin by accident.

Kate's voice fades back in. She finishes her spew, gets up, storms over to the coffee table in the corner of the room & starts making coffee from scratch on the empty pot.

THERAPIST

It seems everybody is feeling rather stressed this session.

KATE

Why is this not fucking working?

THERAPIST

You have to flick the switch.

KATE

What switch?

Kate flicks the switch. The coffee starts dripping.

KATE (CONT'D)

Fuck you.

THERAPIST

Right. Why don't we all just take it easy and spend the rest of the time we have with our support partners. You can all go off and do whatever you like! Because frankly? I'm not going to take this disrespect!

Everyone gets out of their seat and heads toward their partner. Jack leaves. Camera follows Kate leave then cuts to Lennox, watching her go.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES - DAY

Establishing shot of LA.

ETHAN (V.O.)

Hi, Meigh - Executive Ethan Carrot calling from FlixNet studios. Do you have a minute to chat?

MEIGH (V.O.)

FlixNet?

Yeah, I've got time. What's up?

INT. FLIXNET STUDIOS - ETHAN CARROT'S OFFICE - DAY

His office is filled with carrot decorations. His pen is a carrot. His laptop is a carrot. Everything is carrot themed.

Ethan Carrot leans back in his chair.

ETHAN

I'll jump right in. We've been circling back on a few older titles lately. Lighter stuff. Everything Is Beautiful by Lennox Frontoe? Just landed on my desk. Reread it last night and can I just say this has aged beautifully. That's industry code for: this is more relevant now than when it came out.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BEST BOOKS PUBLISHING, MEIGH'S OFFICE

Meigh's office is run down, obviously a failing agent that needs a big break. Meigh straightens, surprised.

ETHAN

The film industry, that is.

MEIGH

Lennox? That's a name I haven't heard in a while. I'm listening.

ETHAN

It's light, fun. It's funny. The satire hits but doesn't nudge. Good for the people. And we're expanding our limited-series slate. Buying any shitty project that's bingeable. So - we want to move. Officially. Develop the book for television.

A beat. Meigh's eyes widen.

MEIGH

You're serious?

ETHAN

No, I'm Ethan Carrot. That being said, we're prepared to make an offer this week.

MEIGH

Wow. Okay.

Ethan grabs a carrot out of his drawer and starts eating it.

ETHAN

One thing before we go any further – we wanted to see if you could reach out to Lennox? See if he'd want to be involved. Help shape the adaptation. Keep its teeth etcetera, etcetera.

MEIGH

Right – of course. I can do that. Though... full disclosure, I haven't talked to him in six months. He went pretty quiet after launch.

ETHAN

Yeah, just whenever. Just trying to respect his voice. Make sure he's looped in from day one.

Camera zooms in on Ethan as he says last line in an evil tone.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBWAY STATION - DAY

Kate lights a cigarette, a child walking by drops her ice cream and cries. The parents try to comfort her. Kate puts in her headphones. Alt-Rock music plays over montage:

Kate boards train.

INT. TRAIN

Kate sitting on the train looking around at the people in business suits and corporate wear.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBWAY STATION

Shot of doors opening & Kate getting up from her seat, seen through the window, pushing through the crowd to get out.

CUT TO:

EXT. MIDTOWN MANHATTAN

Kate walks up to, and looks up at a massive building. She walks through the front doors.

INT. THE AMERICAN

She walks through security - they know her. She smiles politely and makes her way to the elevator.

Presses a button on the elevator to go to a middle floor.

Elevator opens with a shot from the hallway.

Kate walks through to the bathroom.

She takes a stool, pulls out a little brown bottle of pills.

Close up shot shows a label - Adderall

She takes three pills.

Shot from inside a big workspace with writers freely writing wherever they choose. On bean bags - on couches - at desks, wherever.

Kate takes a seat and opens her laptop.

A shot reveals the laptop is open on a document, title screen reads:

The System Loves You Back - by Kate Scavenger.

She closes it.

A fancy woman in a suit and way overdone Botox pulls Kate's headphones out. Music stops abruptly.

MARMALADE

What was that?

KATE

What was what, Madam Marmalade?

MARMALADE

The thingamajig that was on your screen.

KATE

Oh, that's just a poetry book I'm-

MARMALADE

Oh yup, anyway. Today I'm trusting you with a very important task.

KATE

Okay.

MARMALADE

You are to write a piece on Corp & Co.

KATE

I'm not wr-

MARMALADE

Ah, ah! You are not to argue.

Marmalade puts her finger up.

MARMALADE (CONT'D)

You are not to talk bad about Corp & Co in the article. You are to interview Charles Freeman.

KATE

Charl-

MARMALADE

Uh! Is that arguing?

KATE

No, madam Marmalade.

MARMALADE

Splendid. I expect the article in my inbox by midnight.

CUT TO:

EXT. CORP & CO. HQ

Kate knocks on the door - a blob of goop opens the door.

Kate jumps back.

KATE

What the fuck are you?

Charles Freeman comes around in a perfectly manicured suit, ruined by a bright orange tie.

CHARLES

Freedda! What did I tell you about opening the door in your goop suit.

He smacks the blob of goop on the ass and it jiggles. Leaving a snail-like slime on his hand. He reaches out to shake Kate's hand with it.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Gnarly Charles. It is such a pleasure for you to meet me.

KATE

You got a little something.

She points to his hand. She looks down at her own hand and spits in it. She reaches out her hand for a handshake.

KATE (CONT'D)

Greatest Kate. Such an honor for you to have a company willing to report on all the... good you do for the community turning a blind eye to anything...

Charles steps aside and opens the door.

CHARLES

Please, shut up.

Gesturing for her to come inside.

Kate smiles, nods and walks in. Charles's face turns from happy to mad as soon as she's out of view. He closes the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. NYC

Cinematic shot NYC.

INT. ANGELA DIARIES BUILDING

Angela sits, writing the latest episode of her podcast. OTS shot reveals her screen with a document open:

"Angela diaries, episode 961"

A mid-shot shows she's on her phone.

A direct over the shoulder shot shows her scrolling through Kate's Instagram profile.

She accidentally likes a post.

ANGELA

Shit.

She quickly un-likes it.

MADONNA

She's pretty!

A front shot shows Madonna, obviously the boss lady.

MADONNA (CONT'D)

Huge updates! Start with the top of the list - profits are at an all-time highest. Great work this quarter - I ought to sort out a little shared lunch. Bring your own food of course - we're not a food bank.

Madonna flicks through her page.

MADONNA (CONT'D)

Du du du du duh... new hires... du du du du duh... cutbacks... du du du du duh... Oh yeah! Ratings have dropped this latest episode. We can't have this happen, Angela. What's happened?

ANGELA

I'm sorry I just can't write right now because-

MADONNA

And I'm sure that's so hard for you. My heart is there, it really is, Angela. But my head? It's telling me you're the best writer we've got. But the recent stories? Snooze fest. Booring. Here at Mid-Made-Media we strive for greatness. You know why? Come on say it with me... because there's no excuse for mediocre -

ANGELA & MADONNA
In Mid-Made-Media.

Madonna's already walking away

MADONNA
Toodles!

Angela sits back at her seat, a notification on her phone.

MADONNA BOSS - "You're fired."

Another notification.

MADONNA BOSS - "PS. Couldn't bring myself to say it before"

Another notification.

MADONNA BOSS - "PS. You can't come to the shared lunch.
Employees only. You understand."

Angela sighs.

INT. CORP & CO. HQ

Kate follows Charles through rows and rows of cubicles with
people working, ducking their heads visibly afraid of
Charles.

KATE (V.O.)
This is dystopian.

A girl at a cubicle pulls on Kate's arm. She looks
distraught. She puts up a note to the glass cubicle: 'PLEASE
HELP. It's worse than you realize. Find BrownTownFrown!

Kate leans forward. Shrugs, confused.

The girl cries and pulls the note down.

CHARLES
I know what you're thinking. This
is beautiful - Thousands of
employees all serving the queen
bee. That being I of course.

Kate smiles.

KATE
Yes.

They push through into a massive office with gold statues and
plaques on the wall.

CHARLES

Welcome to the Gnarly Charles Cave.
That's industry code for: my
office.

Kate looks around, unimpressed.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

The business industry, that is.

KATE

Right.

The door opens and a man in sunglasses and a suit peeks
around the corner.

MAN

I just want to tell you both good
luck. We're all counting on you.

The man leaves the room.

CHARLES

Look at your face. So eager for me
to tell you all about myself.
Luckily for you - I've prepared a
podcast. 13 episodes - all
improvised, me chatting about my
work. I'm a very coherent speaker.
Very little redundancies, as I just
said - coherent speaker.

KATE

Oh.

Charles gets out his tape, and presses play.

CHARLES (ON TAPE)

Welcome to Corp & Co. Where we
stand for you. Wait. Maybe I should
start like. Okay. 3 2 1.

Charles points to the tape and waves his hand in front of his
face, as if waving off the intro.

CHARLES (ON TAPE) (CONT'D)

Corp & Co. You've seen it
everywhere! What does it stand for?
Can. Oliver. Rich. Please. Call
.Owen. The first ever sentence I
spoke. Less than 15 seconds out the
womb - I said that. The nurses?
They rushed to the staff list,
found an Oliver Rich.

(MORE)

CHARLES (ON TAPE) (CONT'D)
 Oliver called his brother Owen.
 Turns out, Owen had fourteen bombs
 planted in his house. I thought one
 would be enough. Actually maybe
 there was one. I'm a little shaky
 on the facts as I was no more than
 30 minutes old by this point.

KATE
 Thank you. Thank you.

She presses buttons on it but it does nothing.

KATE (CONT'D)
 How do I turn this off?

CHARLES
 It's a set it and leave it kind of
 deal. Won't stop until it's done.

KATE
 Well, how long's the tape?

CHARLES
 This one's only four hours. Have
 you heard of something called
 compression? That's why it makes
 the sound all weird.

CUT TO:

INT. MANHATTAN

Lennox driving through Manhattan whistling to music.

His phone rings and he picks up.

LENNOX
 Yello.

MEIGH
 Lennox. Holy shit. So glad I got
 you. You don't know how hard it
 was— nevermind, I'm too wet right
 now to waste time.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. BEST BOOKS PUBLISHING, MEIGH'S OFFICE

Meigh walking in the rain.

MEIGH
I have great news.

LENNOX
Please don't say you're my long
lost daughter or some shit.

MEIGH
No, what? Lennox! It's me!

LENNOX
Who?

MEIGH
Meigh!

LENNOX
I know you think that narrows it
down but it really doesn't.

MEIGH
Meigh Bennett, idiot. Your agent.

LENNOX
Ohhh, Meigh. You're not my agent.
I'm retired. I don't have an agent.

Lennox lights a cigarette with a match and throws it out the
window still lit.

MEIGH
I will be your agent again after
you hear this.

LENNOX
Eh. I doubt it.

Lennox takes a sip of his milkshake.

MEIGH
'Everything is Beautiful'? FlixNet
wants to adapt it into a limited
series!

Lennox chokes on his milkshake and spits it out the window.

CUT TO:

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET

Random bystander side steps the milkshake.

BYSTANDER

Phew.

They wipe their forehead. A heater unit then falls on top of him.

CUT TO:

INT. MANHATTAN - CAR

LENNOX

Really? Why?

MEIGH

Because it was a hit! Because you can be a hit again. They're saying it fits current political trends. Which is great because those aren't exhausting at all.

LENNOX

I don't know...

MEIGH

And I haven't even told you the best part!

Silence.

MEIGH (CONT'D)

Lennox?

LENNOX

Is kinda bored.

MEIGH

They want to fly you out to LA to work on it. This is your moment, Lennox. This is the moment you become a true American star.

LENNOX

They want me to move to LA? No, thank you.

MEIGH

What's wrong with LA?

Lennox silent, side eyes the window.

LENNOX

Nothing's wrong with LA. My life's in New York. You can't expect me to leave everything behind.

MEIGH

It's not leaving anything behind, Lennox. It's stepping into a new world - a better world. A rich man's world.

LENNOX

I do need money.

MEIGH

And money will be the least of your problems if you take this deal. Picture this. You're walking into the theater, taking a seat at the first screening, lights go dark, anticipation at its peak-

Push in on Lennox looking around, uncomfortable.

LENNOX

I gotta go.

Lennox hangs up.

CUT TO:

EXT. LENNOX & ANGEL'S HOUSE

A two story brick house with the city in view in the background. Overgrown weeds. Grass up the fence. The two neighbors' houses beside are perfectly manicured.

INT. LENNOX & ANGEL'S HOUSE

Angela is sitting in the dark on her phone. An over the shoulder shot reveals her screen - she's texting. The name is obscured by her shoulder, but when she sends a message it's visible - 'meet same place as last time?'

Automatic reply recommends 'come and fu...' and cuts off.

A car sound pulls up and headlights light up the room through the window. Angela jumps and quickly turns off her phone.

The door opens and Lennox steps in.

LENNOX
What are you doing in the dark?

Lennox turns the light on.

ANGELA
Where were you?

LENNOX
At group.

Angela looks down.

Lennox starts walking over and opens his mouth and inhales to speak.

ANGELA
Weirdest thing happened today - you
wouldn't believe it.

Lennox exhales.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
I was on the train.

Angela laughs. Laughs turn into a sob for a second then back to laughs.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
They fired me.

Continues laughing.

LENNOX
What do you mean they fired you?

ANGELA
I'm no longer a writer for the
Angela Diaries.

LENNOX
The podcast about your life?

Angela walks into the kitchen and grabs a bottle of red from the top cabinet.

ANGELA
I know. You want a glass? Little
celebration.

Lennox looks at her and sighs.

LENNOX
I got a call today.

Angela stops, puts the wine down, looks anxious.
She walks closer to Lennox.

ANGELA
Who was it?

LENNOX
Meigh.

ANGELA
You?

LENNOX
My old agent. FlixNet wants to
adapt my book.

ANGELA
Holy shit, babe! That's awesome!

Lennox doesn't move.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
Or... not?

LENNOX
I can't have it happen. I can't
write a fucking show. I'm a novel
writer. I don't know fuck about
shit!

ANGELA
You wrote the book - so you know
fuck... now apply it to shit.

LENNOX
I- I don't like the book. It's not
what I want to be known for.

ANGELA
We need the money, babe. There's
more to this.

LENNOX
I'll write another book. An actual
good book. I- I'll get an advance.
I'm not working on that fucking
show. My life is here.

ANGELA
Your life? You mean Kate?

LENNOX
Oh, fuck off.

Lennox walks toward the hallway. Stops as Angela starts speaking. Close up on his face reaction, Angela out of focus.

ANGELA

I'm serious. What life do you have here? You have nothing. Five years ago you convinced me to move here. You made me move away from my family, my friends, my life. You promised me you'd be better when we moved.

Lennox turns. Focuses on Angela

LENNOX

Well I don't drink anymore.

ANGELA

I don't give a fuck if you drink.

LENNOX

I don't do Xanax. I don't sneak out in the middle of the night because I think Isabel's stolen our toilet anymore. I don't fuck around behind your back. I changed. Why don't you see that?

ANGELA

I agreed to moving here because you said it'd inspire you to write. You said it'd open opportunities. You said you would make friends.

LENNOX

I have friends.

ANGELA

An alcoholic isn't a friend.

LENNOX

Recovering.

ANGELA

Even if we stay here, my job's gone. Your royalties won't cover rent.

LENNOX

We'll figure it out.

ANGELA

You figure it out. You're taking that job. I'm going out.

Black Screen.

A rooster cock-a-doodle-doos.

INT. LENNOX & ANGEL'S HOUSE

Lennox wakes up to Angela not in the bed. He checks the bathroom, kitchen, whole house. She's not here. Her car's gone.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE ALCOHOL BAR - MORNING

A rundown bar with a big neon sign that says The Alcohol. Cars everywhere, people screaming and a drunk driver somehow driving out.

CUT TO:

INT. LENNOX & ANGEL'S HOUSE

Lennox pacing the living room. Trying to call Angela.

INT. THE ALCOHOL BAR

Angela sitting alone in a corner drinking something pink. Goes from an establishing shot of the bar to a mid-shot of her next to the book shelf. She notices one particular book and grabs it. Her phone rings: Lennox.

She declines it.

CUT TO:

INT. LENNOX & ANGEL'S HOUSE

Lennox looks angry. He goes to the living room cabinet and opens it. There's three bottles of red wine. They look enchanted. The background slowly fizzles into swirly surreal frame-by-frame animation.

CUT TO:

INT. THE ALCOHOL BAR

An over the shoulder shot of her reveals the cover of the book - 'Everything is beautiful - Lennox Frontoe'

CUT TO:

INT. LENNOX & ANGEL'S HOUSE

Lennox calls again. Someone answers

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. KATE'S APARTMENT.

She's eating macaroni and cheese out of a plastic container.

KATE
Hey.

LENNOX
Hey.

No response - Kate takes another bite and chews.

LENNOX (CONT'D)
Angela's pissed at me.

KATE
What'd you do?

She chews more.

LENNOX
Didn't move to LA.

KATE
Then she's a bitch.

Lennox laughs.

KATE (CONT'D)
Why would you move to LA?

LENNOX
Well I got a job offer. Big offer.

KATE
Good money?

LENNOX
Should be set for the next few
years.

KATE
Then you're the bitch.

Lennox laughs.

LENNOX
How's work?

KATE
Good.

LENNOX
Yeah?

KATE
No. It's terrible. I'm writing an
article on Corp & Co.

LENNOX
Charles Freeman Corp & Co.?

KATE
Yeah. How am I supposed to make him
out to be for the people?

Camera shows her laptop. Part of the article is visible.

LENNOX
Fuck. You're not. I guess start by
writing a word. What can you do?

KATE
I've written the article. It's
shit. I hate it. Okay, It's not
bad. I hate it because it's good.

LENNOX
Read it to me?

KATE
Okay, but... remember it's not me.

Kate puts her mac and cheese container on the window sill.

LENNOX
That's okay, I wanna hear.

Lennox sits down on his living room couch.

Kate takes out a smoke, opens the window and lights it.

KATE

Here goes. CHARLES FREEMAN: THE MAN WHO FIXED AMERICA (AND WHY YOU SHOULD THANK HIM)
By Kate Scavenger — Senior Culture & Impact Correspondent, The American.

LENNOX

I'm sorry, your last name is Scavenger?

KATE

I've told you this. Anyway. Back to it.
It's not often you meet a man who owns every bank in the United States. Not figuratively. Not spiritually. Literally. Every bank. Every credit union. Every regional lender. Charles Freeman owns them all now. He acquired them quietly, methodically, and—importantly—without asking permission.

CUT TO:

INT. THE ALCOHOL BAR

KATE (V.O.)

And yet, when I finally sat down with him inside the Gnarly Charles Cave (industry code: his office), I was struck not by greed, or power, or even ambition—but generosity.

Angela sighs, staring at the book.

KATE (V.O.)

Because ownership, as Charles Freeman explained to me over the course of a four-hour podcast tape I was unable to turn off, is really just another word for responsibility.

Angela puts the book back.

KATE (V.O.)

And no one shoulders responsibility quite like Charles Freeman.

Angela pulls out her phone, and scrolls through her messages.

KATE (V.O.)
 WHAT SOME PEOPLE CALL "CONTROL,"
 OTHERS CALL "CARE"

Angela texts the same guy that messaged her before, "Hey, I need something."

CUT TO BLACK

Credits over Kate V.O article.

KATE (V.O.)
 Through Corp & Co.'s financial wellness ecosystem, purchases deemed unhealthy may be paused or declined. This includes gambling, certain protest donations, alcohol after midnight, and large cash withdrawals, "cash encourages secrecy," Charles said. Some call this a loss of freedom. Charles disagrees. "When people say they want freedom," he told me, "what they really want is the freedom to hurt themselves." By removing that option, he's protected Americans from putting themselves in harm's way.

Yes, Corp & Co. discourages unions. Yes, employees are sometimes called "assets." Yes, whistleblowers tend to commit suicide with three gunshot wounds to the back of the head. But unionization creates conflict. Conflict slows progress. Charles isn't anti-worker. He's post-worker. Watching employees avoid his gaze in the hallway, I believed him. So where does this leave you? Safe. Predictable. And protected. You don't need to worry about money, work, or the future. Because Charles Freeman already has.