



Written by

Adam T. Eyerman

Business Casserole follows Aaron 'Business' Franklin, a frustrated artist and dreamer, as he navigates a new career in Finance. Accompanied only by Ego, a physical manifestation of his own internal and more rational self, he must learn what it's like living in the real world. The world of **business**.

EPISODE ONE

'Brotherly Love'

OPEN BLACK

BUSINESS (V/O)

Life is unpredictable.

EGO (V/O)

Or maybe, and hear me out now, the things we think are 'unpredictable' are actually just things we'd prefer didn't happen.

Beat.

EGO (V/O)

But...they DO happen. So rather than preparing for them, we act surprised when things change and start saying bullshit like, "life is unpredictable". Maybe it's our way of finding acceptance when reality doesn't look the way we thought it would.

BUSINESS (V/O)

I think it's unpredictable.

EGO (V/O)

Sure, why not? Whatever helps you justify your weak-ass vision for life and your lack of follow through.

SUPER: 9 O'CLOCK AM

INT. BUSINESS'S VW RABBIT - MORNING

NPR is on the radio. Business, a tall and scruffy looking, young man of about thirty years old, is driving a Mr. Bean sized car distractedly as he peels and stuffs his face with a banana. As he does so, he starts to sing.

BUSINESS

One, two, three I'm gonna
eatta ma banana.

Four, five, six I'm-unna
make you understand, ya.

Everyday, I wanna
eatta ma banana.

Ev-er-y-day, I'm gonna
eatta my banana...

He continues singing as focus slowly shifts to the passenger's seat of the car revealing another person sitting there. This other person is called Ego, and he is a physical manifestation of Business's consciousness. (*'He' will be used as a genderless term, in this case. Ego could be played by anyone suitable*).

He watches Business sing with a slight look of disgust on his face.

BUSINESS

You're all I need!
Ma big, yellow friend -
when I get hungry
I will eat.

Rest.

You're all I need..
My favorite fruit is
a banana
all for me.

Meticulously, Ego pulls out a journal and flips it open to a page titled '*Business's Dreams / Aspirations*'. There are a few items such as '*Animator*', '*Illustrator*', or '*Voice Actor*' written down and crossed out. Ego hovers his pen over another bullet point that reads '*Musician*' and crosses it out.

Business finishes his song as he pulls into a parking garage. Once inside, he spots his brother, Evan, getting out of his car. Business parks a few spots away despite there being several empty ones closer.

BUSINESS

Geez. I fucking hate it when this happens.

He swallows the rest of his banana, loudly.

EGO

He's your brother. You hate showing
up to work at the same time as your own
flesh and blood?

BUSINESS

You make it sound like he's my child.

BUSINESS (CONT'D)

But yes, sometimes I think it might make
me throw up.

Glancing in the rearview mirror, he sees Evan grab his work
bag from his trunk, close it, then turn around. Evan spots
Business's car and begins approaching.

BUSINESS

Oh god...he saw us...

EGO

(Sung to the tune of *Here Comes The Sun*)
Here comes your bruv,
Do do do do...

INT/EXT. PARKING GARAGE - MORNING

Business gets out of his car, struggles to grab his things,
and shuts the door just as Evan reaches him. He's shorter
and slighter than Business and dresses more conservatively
than him too. For example, Business sports mid-length hair
and a beard while Evan is bald and clean shaven, like a
straight Mr. Clean. They don't say anything for a few
moments. Business makes a strange noise in his throat,
perhaps choking on a bit of the banana that he just
deep-throated.

Then, Evan takes a long, slow breath and exhales while
blinking very lethargically, as if he were high.

EVAN

Morning.

Business responds quickly almost cutting Evan off.

BUSINESS

Morning, Evan.

The brothers begin walking together through the parking
garage to the entrance of their building.

BUSINESS

So...how was...traffic?

Evan inhales slowly, exhales, and then blinks a few times
before answering.

EVAN

Uhh...Not bad.

BUSINESS

No, yeah. It was pretty chill for me too.

Beat.

BUSINESS

...And how was your night, then?
Did you do anything...um...fun?

EVAN

Uh...

Again, before responding, Evan inhales slowly, exhales, and blinks a bit.

EVAN

Nothin' much.

BUSINESS

Cool. Me neither. Nope, I didn't
do much...much either.

They continue walking as Ego chimes in with a question.
*(Only Business can see or hear him but he's always present.
Can others hear Business respond to Ego, you ask?
Situationally, perhaps. The rules are fuzzy...)*

EGO

(Condescendingly)

So why didn't you tell him about
your lovely dinner with James
and Ally last night?

BUSINESS

I can't tell him about that.

EGO

Why not?

BUSINESS

Just doesn't seem right.

EGO

Jesus Christ...

They reach the building door, but Evan waits for Business to open it, as if he were a helpless child.

INT. LOBBY - MORNING

Just inside, there is an elevator and Business hits the button to call it. It begins rattling towards the ground floor.

A few moments pass.

BUSINESS

You know what, I'm actually gonna take the stairs, I think. It's...I'm working on my heart health and all that.

Longevity...

Evan inhales, exhales, and blinks.

EVAN

Yeah, okay.

Business rushes to the stairwell as the elevator dings and opens. Behind him, Evan gets on and pushes a button before disappearing from sight.

INT. STAIRWELL - MORNING

Business sighs.

EGO

Two floors. Twenty seconds. You couldn't manage twenty more seconds with the guy?

BUSINESS

Honestly, I couldn't.

He begins walking up the stairs.

EGO

Do you ever think maybe you should try a bit harder to build a relationship with your brother? You see him everyday and say maybe ten words to him, if that.

BUSINESS

I mean, I think about it. But it's just...

EGO

Just what?

He pauses briefly after reaching the second floor landing, slightly out of breath. Ego is unphased.

BUSINESS

I don't really feel like it.

EGO

Wow. You're a terrible brother.
You know that, right?

BUSINESS

Hey now, c'mon.

EGO

You won't even try having
a real conversation with him!

BUSINESS

I have in the past! It hasn't
ALWAYS been like this with Evan. Maybe
something happened to him...mentally?

EGO

What do you mean?

BUSINESS

Like...do you think he took, like, too
big-a bong rip once and just...

Ego cuts in.

EGO

It could be better NOW if you tried
again, like, at all. Why don't you?

Someone walks past Business on the stairs as he pretends not to be talking to himself. He then proceeds into the hallway and towards the office.

INT. HALLWAY - MORNING

BUSINESS

Maybe I don't want it to be better,
huh? You ever think about that?

EGO

...And why the hell not?

INT. FRANKLIN FINANCIAL, RECEPTION - MORNING

Business and Ego move seamlessly from the hallway and into the reception area of Franklin Financial, Evan and Business's dad's financial planning firm where they both work. Hanging on the wall behind them, a sign reads *'Franklin Financial Services - We're Always Here For YOU'*.

Business greets Jasmin, his dad's longtime assistant who also acts as the firm's receptionist, on the way towards his office. She is in her mid-fifties and has soft, kind eyes surrounded by otherwise strong features giving her a conflicting no-nonsense, yet comforting, presence.

BUSINESS

Hey Jasmin. Good morning.

JASMIN

Morning, Aaron. Your brother just walked in too. Did you carpool today?

BUSINESS

We did not. Just good timing, I guess.

JASMIN

(Sarcastically)

Aww, how cute.

She smiles as he keeps walking. A few more steps and Business and Ego turn aside into a small room. Motion sensor activated LED lights flick on overhead.

INT. BUSINESS'S OFFICE - MORNING

Business tosses his things in a chair before sitting down at his desk and letting out another big sigh. Annoyed, Ego picks up Business's bags, sets them down on the ground, and takes a seat in the chair opposite him.

Business's office is organized, but certainly not immaculate. He has clutter on his desk. Piles of papers and documents that, in his mind at least, serve a purpose. Books, not all of them regarding finance, are scattered about. On the walls, he has several tasteful paintings hung, and even a few of his own drawings tacked up. They aren't very good. There is also a black and white, framed photo of the Wall Street Bull on the wall.

EGO

ANYWAY...

Remind me again how you're NOT a shitty brother even though you put in zero effort with Evan?

Oh...and try to explain your reasoning LOGICALLY if you can, please. I know that's not really your thing but...

Business shoots Ego a nasty look as he starts turning on his computer.

EGO

What? Am I wrong?

BUSINESS

Just because I have an emotional communication style that doesn't make my experiences any less valid.

EGO

Okay, okay...I hear you.

I suppose, if you could just try to explain, albeit from a...flawed perspective...your relationship with your brother, that would be helpful...

Can you do that for your old pal?

BUSINESS

'Pal' might be a bit of an overstatement.

But...yeah, sure.

Beat. He gets distracted reading an email.

EGO
(Impatiently)
Mmmhmm. Do go ahead now.

Business looks at Ego then reclines in his chair gazing upward as if he were looking for words in the ceiling tiles.

BUSINESS
Well...you see...

It's just...it's fucking hard...with Evan,
you know? It's too much work for me.

Ego laughs.

EGO
GREAT start!

BUSINESS
Can you please let me continue?
You're the one who fucking asked...

EGO
Sorry. Proceed.

BUSINESS
It's difficult to be around him.
I mean, I'm not the most outgoing guy in
the world but with Evan, oh my god, it's like
pulling teeth just standing next to him
sometimes. He makes me want to scream and
tear my throat out when he's all like...

Business does an impression of Evan.

BUSINESS
"Uh...I dunno."

Beat.

BUSINESS
He's repressed. Seriously so. And I can't
figure out how to be around that shit because
it...it makes me feel like...like I need to
repress parts of myself. Then I wanna go...

He mimes getting sick.

BUSINESS (CONT'D)

Oh so you don't have anything to say
all of a sudden?

Ego shrugs.

BUSINESS

WHAT!?!?

EGO

It is sounding a smidge like your
own personal discomfort is making
you hate your brother.

BUSINESS

I don't HATE him.

INT. SIDE BY SIDE, BUSINESS + EVAN'S OFFICES - MORNING

A swift change in perspective reveals that Evan and Business's offices are directly adjacent to one another with only a wall separating them. Evan sits at a desk roughly ten feet away from Business but neither of them can speak or interact. They are alone, together.

Simultaneously, and with the pair of them in view, Business places his head in his hands while Evan undresses a banana before laying it down on a paper towel, naked. Evan then picks up his banana and takes a small bite from the tip, slowly chewing it with his mouth open like a cow or a horse.

CUT TO BUSINESS'S OFFICE

Ego clears his throat, preparing to ask another question.

EGO

Might it be a possibility that he
feels like shit when he's around you too?

BUSINESS

It might be. But I'll never know
because he doesn't speak or express himself
or engage with anything at all. EVER.

BUSINESS (CONT'D)

To my knowledge, at least. I'd rather him tell me how he feels!

EGO

Have you ever told him how YOU feel?

BUSINESS

No, but...I think it would break him.

EGO

It COULD also break him free of the silent spell that he's under. You know, free him up a bit? Might be worth a try, if you ask me.

BUSINESS

I'm not really asking you, though. I hardly ever ASK you for advice but, regardless, I keep getting it.

EGO

I am you, in a sense.

BUSINESS

Yeah...

EGO

So tough titties, hombre. You HAVE to listen to me.

Beat.

BUSINESS

Okay...since you're so keen on doling out unsolicited advice, let me ASK you this then...

Why is it my responsibility to make an effort with Evan? Why do I have to try with HIM? I mean, Jesus, he's the older one by six years. Why doesn't he act like it for fuckin' once and take the lead. I'm TIRED.

EGO

Lazy...

BUSINESS

HE should engage ME for a change.
Initiate something! The guy doesn't even
have the social graces to, I don't know,
pick up the tab every once in a while
when we're out together.

EGO

What does that have to do with anything?

BUSINESS

He's either to slow, to dumb, or
too greedy to reach for the friggen bill from
time to time and it really ticks me off.
It's probably why he gets no hoo-hah!

EGO

My god...Where did I go wrong with you?

CUT TO SIDE-BY-SIDE OF EVAN AND BUSINESS

Evan takes another slow bite of his banana then places it
back on the paper towel. Business and Ego sit in silence.

INT. SIDE BY SIDE, OFFICES - SOMETIME LATER

A few hours go by while Business and Evan both work at
their computers, shifting occasionally. Business drinks
from a novelty ceramic mug while Evan sips from a fast food
coffee cup. Eventually, Evan rises and walks by Business's
office. They glance at each other and share a small nod,
but no words are spoken.

FADE TO BLACK

BUSINESS (V/O)

I'm just surprised I ended up here, that's
all I'm saying.

EGO (V/O)

Well you did that to yourself through a
series of choices and actions. They do make
a difference, you know? Don't blame your
circumstances on the unpredictability
of life. Sure, one's environment plays a
large part in determining...

BUSINESS (V/O)

Can you shut the fuck up already?

EGO (V/O)

Uhh...let's see - Are you enlightened?
Do you practice meditation on a daily basis?
Maybe even weekly? Can you go fifteen
minutes without looking at your phone?
Would David Lynch ever come to YOUR ass
for mindfulness advice?

BUSINESS (V/O)

I get it.

EGO (V/O)

You can quiet me down but you can't
get rid of me.

BUSINESS (V/O)

I could always kill myself?

SUPER: LUNCHTIME

INT. BUSINESS'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Evan returns with fast food. As he passes by Business's office again, they share another nod. Then, Business pulls out a lunchbox he brought from home and unzips it. A quick glimpse into Evan's office shows us both brothers have begun eating lunch, separately. Ego produces an unmarked protein bar from his pocket.

In contrast to Business's, Evan's office has less clutter but seems dirtier. It looks as though it hasn't been dusted in weeks. Diplomas and framed industry designations adorn the walls.

BUSINESS

Everyday it's the same thing. I don't
understand how he can eat that shit all
the time.

EGO

Exceptional genes?

Business takes a bite of his turkey and cheese sandwich while ignoring Ego's comment. He begins to speak again with his mouth full.

BUSINESS

Seriously. Twice a day. Fast food.
Hell! Maybe even three times a day.
I don't know what he does with himself
at night...

EGO

You could go ask him?

Ego starts eating his 'food bar' and gags slightly.

EGO

Yuckkk...

I could go for some fast food right
now...or maybe a small bite of turkey and
chee for me pleee?

He begs from Business until he glances at the remainder of his sandwich and hands it to Ego. Then, Business pulls out a bag of baby carrots and starts to snack on those instead with the unspoken understanding that feeding Ego tends to make him slightly less annoying for a while.

BUSINESS

I did ask Evan how his night was
earlier, if you recall. Outside?

Beat.

BUSINESS

In my head he's just eating
chicken nuggets and watching porn
all night like an incel.

Christ almighty...

INT. EVAN'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Quietly, Evan chomps down on his crispy chicken slop. Once again, he chews his food with his mouth wide open like when you feed a giraffe a piece of lettuce at the zoo. He glances around his office mindlessly as he eats.

CUT TO BUSINESS'S OFFICE

EGO

Do you think he's deeply closeted?

BUSINESS

No fucking way! He's too nasty for that.
I've seen his apartment. Even on a good
day there's beard trimmings all over his
bathroom and cat litter all over the floor.
It's perpetual bachelor behavior.

EGO

Gay guys can be messy too.

BUSINESS

This is different. I know it...
Too much alone time has done him dirty,
literally.

EGO

He dresses nicely, at least.

BUSINESS

Are you serious?

EGO

Yeah?

Business chuckles.

EGO

What? You disagree?

BUSINESS

Well, yes.

EGO

You don't think he looks put
together every day?

BUSINESS

I think he looks put together, but
in a sort of modern-corporate, athleisure
kind of way...stretchy slacks and those
"dress shoes"...

He does air quotes around dress shoes.

...the ones with the white striped soles.
It's like, we don't need to be ready for
golf at ANY moment, do we?

EGO

So you're a fashion snob too?

Ego has finished Business's sandwich and has now moved in
on the baby carrots.

BUSINESS

I'm...it's just...we've compensated for
tighter fitting clothes with stretchier
materials, and I don't understand why
a blazer needs to be made of plastic...

You know what? This is a broader...this isn't
an Evan specific thing...

...but the bachelor behavior...

Ego rolls his eyes as he looks for more food. Business
reaches for a plastic container with grapes in it and holds
some out for Ego to share.

BUSINESS

...When you live with roommates, a partner,
a spouse, or whatever they're gonna
call you out on shit like that. It's a
situation where a little bit of shame
goes a long way.

EGO

Now you're advocating for shaming him?

BUSINESS

You're right. Humiliation might be better.

EGO

That would just cause him to retreat
further inside himself. He needs more! He needs
love, support, a bit of gentle coaxing.

He's gesticulating with his grapes flopping around on the
vine.

BUSINESS

...And let me guess, you think I should be the one to...

EGO

I'm not saying that! I'm just stating that that's what he NEEDS. Some empathy and understanding. To help him out of his shell some.

BUSINESS

Ehh...Hermit crab ass brother.

EGO

Mind your manners!

BUSINESS

Jesus...You're one to talk. I get NO empathy from you!

EGO

Well...you used to...

Beat. They sit silently for a moment.

BUSINESS

Can't I be angry? Can't I be a teeny tiny bit angry? What is so wrong with that?

EGO

Angry at who, Evan?

BUSINESS

Yes, at Evan. Who else?

EGO

Maybe yourself for overreacting and spiraling out emotionally at every little goddamn thing.

Business looks somewhat hurt as he reaches for a can of ginger ale in his lunchbox. He cracks it open, takes a sip, and leans back in his chair.

BUSINESS

Shit! That's liquid gold.

Beat. Ego speaks again, more cautiously.

EGO

Can I have some more grapes?

Business hands him the container. Another couple of moments pass.

EGO

Listen, I want to help you here, but I...

If you could put some words
to your anger? Make me understand it...
I know we don't see things EXACTLY
the same, but I need more meat to sink
my teeth into. I need the facts to make
sense of a situation, right?

Business mumbles while not paying him much attention.

Let's...uhh...wait! I know! Why don't you put
your 'become a writer' dreams to the test and
give me your narrative of this
whole situation.

Give me your story. What do you say?

Business pauses and takes another sip of ginger ale
thoughtfully, as if he were smoking a pipe. He clears his
throat.

CUT TO EVAN'S OFFICE

Evan grabs a handful of fries, chews them slowly, and
swallows. He washes it down with a gulp of pop.

CUT TO BUSINESS'S OFFICE

BUSINESS

Uhh...okay. Well...yeah...I'm angry at Evan because...

EGO

Just the details.

BUSINESS

I guess I'm angry...well because I love the
guy. He's family, I mean. And, I don't know...

BUSINESS (CONT'D)

I want him to be different...

Ego sets down the container of grapes and leans forward.

EGO

Different how?

BUSINESS

Like, I...I wish that he were more confident. You know? I needed him to be a leader when I was younger. Even now... that I work...here. I need him to show ME how to navigate the world and figure things out. How to make mistakes. Not the other way around. Imagine me, a leader. My flighty ass a leader? It's fucking hilarious.

Beat. Ego is locked in to what Business is saying.

I mean, we used to be close. Best friends, honestly. He was my role-model when we were little. I'd order the same meals as him, try to draw the same things as him. Whatever. I'd hang out with his friends when I was a stupid twerp and he'd let me. Like...he was a good older brother...then.

Now look at us. Co-workers sitting ten feet apart and we barely even speak. Fuck man...

People change, I suppose. We're different people now. He's different. I learned to speak up. Live out. He went further inward and got lost in there, I think.

Business finishes his monologue and finds Ego's gaze, who is still staring at him.

BUSINESS

I'm rambling, aren't I?

EGO

You are. But it's good to ramble from time to time. Keeps you from ending up like...I don't know...like Evan.

BUSINESS

So does that mean you're
starting to see what I mean here?

EGO

Again, I am you, so...

BUSINESS

Sure you are.

INT. SIDE BY SIDE, BUSINESS + EVAN'S OFFICES - AFTERNOON

Business takes the last sip of his pop just as Evan finishes his fast food meal. They both throw their trash away at the same time. Before leaning back into their desks to continue working,

They each inhale slowly, exhale, and blink a few times simultaneously. They really look like brothers in this moment.

FADE TO WHITE

INT. HUDDLE ROOM - TIMELESS

Business and Ego are sitting in a small, corporate huddle room vaping. The lighting is atrocious. Bright, white overhead LEDs make the room feel like a psych ward. Although it may be terrible, it's the only place Business can get alone time when he's at work. And by alone time, that means time to reflect on the outcomes of his life thus far with Ego.

BUSINESS

I'm not gonna kill myself.

EGO

(Sarcastically)

You shouldn't. Not yet, at least.

BUSINESS

That's reassuring.

Beat.

Business takes a hit of his vape before passing it to Ego.

BUSINESS

A lot of people may call it unpredictable if I did, though. They'd be caught off guard, I think. I'd hope?

EGO

How do you want me to respond to that?

BUSINESS

I just want you to admit that some things are out of our control. That no matter how hard you plan, life might throw you a curveball every once in a while.

EGO

You just want reassurance that working as a newly-minted finance bro is okay, don't you? That choosing this over pursuing your dreams isn't the wrong choice?

BUSINESS

It's just not how I thought my life would pan out.

EGO

Well, life is unpredictable.

Ego hands the vape back to Business.

FADE TO

SUPER: 5 O'CLOCK PM (QUITTING TIME)

INT. BETWEEN EVAN + BUSINESS'S OFFICES - EVENING

More time has passed and the evening sun outside the office windows is low in the sky.

Business and Evan both get up, pack their bags quietly, and emerge from their separate cells at the same time. They almost run into each other.

BUSINESS

Woah there!

Beat. Inhale. Exhale. Blink.

EVAN

I'm headin' out.

Business takes a second to respond, giving his brother room to breathe. To think.

BUSINESS

Yeah, me too.

They walk past reception on their way out and say their goodbyes to Jasmin.

BUSINESS

Good night, Jasmin. See ya in the morning.

EVAN

Night.

JASMIN

Have a good night, boys. Get home safe.

Business and Evan continue to the elevator and Business pushes the button to call it up. They stand in silence. The doors open. They both step inside. Evan hits the 'G' button for ground and the doors close again.

INT. ELEVATOR - EVENING

BUSINESS

So...you up to anything fun tonight?

Beat. Inhale. Exhale. Blink.

EVAN

Nah. Nothin' much.

Business nods and waits patiently for him to say more. He knows there will be more if he gives Evan time.

EVAN

Uh...

Beat.

EVAN

What about you?

BUSINESS

I'm gonna grab some dinner with
friends, I think.

EVAN

Nice.

INT/EXT. PARKING GARGAGE - EVENING

The elevator doors open again and the brothers retrace
their steps from the morning into the garage and towards
the area where their cars are parked. They pause.

BUSINESS

See you tomorrow, Evan.

Beat. Inhale. Exhale. Blink.

EVAN

Yeah, see ya.

Trying To Break Your Heart by Flyte begins playing. The two
brothers split off from one another slowly.

INT. BUSINESS'S VW RABBIT - EVENING

Business arrives at his car, opens the door, and climbs in
closing the door behind him. He glances over to the
passenger seat at Ego before turning on the engine and
backing out of his parking spot. Ego looks back at him,
somewhat reassuringly. He drives away.

CUT TO BLACK

TITLE: BUSINESS CASSEROLE

CREDITS SEQUENCE

EPISODE TWO

'Wholesale'

EXT. HIGHWAY - MORNING

Sleater-Kinney's *Worry With You* plays over a busy freeway filled with morning commuters. In a sea of modern sedans and SUVs, a familiar Volkswagen Rabbit stands out from a distance.

INT/EXT. BUSINESS'S VW RABBIT - MORNING

Through the front window of Business's car, Business and Ego can be seen. Business looks tense and annoyed while Ego remains calm.

BUSINESS

Come the fuck on!

Ego glances over at Business, observing him quietly.

BUSINESS

All THIS instead of goddamn trains!?!?

Ego takes out his notebook, opens to a fresh page and begins writing. He jots down the following:

'Morning commute = NOT good for morale.'

BUSINESS

Jesus CHRIST!!!!

TITLE: BUSINESS CASSEROLE

CUT TO

INT. FRANKLIN FINANCIAL, RECEPTION - MORNING

It's 9:08am. All is quiet in the office save for the gentle clacking of keyboards being typed upon and mouses being clicked.

Suddenly, Business bustles in trailed by an out-of-breath Ego. He briskly greets Jasmin, as he passes her.

BUSINESS

Good morning, Jasmin. Is my dad in yet?

JASMIN

(Sympathetically)

Morning, Aaron. He is...and he
just got off a call.

Business winces as he checks his watch.

From the room behind Jasmin's desk, a tall, thin man of about sixty-five steps out of his office. He's wearing a monochromatic, navy blue outfit consisting of slacks and a quarter zip sweater done all the way up, eccentuating his height. His name is Frank Franklin and he is Business's father.

BUSINESS

Hey there, dad...top of the morning!

FRANK

Is it, bud? Is it the TOP of the morning?

BUSINESS

Ummm...

FRANK

...Because my watch says 9:08am and at
Franklin Financial we start our day
at 9 o'clock sharp.

BUSINESS

Right. Well, you see...

Frank holds up his hand to stop his son from speaking or trying to explain his 'tardiness'.

FRANK

Make it 9 o'clock tomorrow or I'm
docking you a PTO day.

Business looks incredulous.

BUSINESS

Dad, c'mon! What the fu...

Frank holds up his hand again.

FRANK

I mean it, Aaron. And remember, this

FRANK (CONT'D)

is a 'no swears-only prayers' office.

Got it, bud?

Business takes a deep breath before responding. Ego is still catching his.

BUSINESS

Yes. Understood.

Jasmin, who has been watching this scene play out politely, returns to her computer to continue answering emails. Ego, recovering, manages to pat Business on the back.

FRANK

Great. Now let's get to it! We've got trees to shake, boys and girls!

BUSINESS

(Sarcastically)

Yessir!

Frank pivots quickly, jumps up, and slaps the doorframe to his office as he enters it just like a teenage boy would do.

INT. BUSINESS'S OFFICE - MORNING

Business begins making his way to his own desk. When he sits down, Ego begins to speak while taking a heavily reclined seat himself.

EGO

I LOVE how much your dad pisses you off.
It's a real treat to watch.

Business turns on his computer and unpacks a few things.

BUSINESS

SO happy you get to enjoy my pain.

EGO

I'd call it a necessary shock to
your system. You need to be plucked from
that little dreamland of yours
from time to time.

BUSINESS

If roles were reversed you would
be begging for mercy.

EGO

We can switch places anytime, my friend.

BUSINESS

You think you'd do much better?

EGO

Fucking ABSOLUTELY.

Beat.

Business's computer continues to boot up as a few quiet
moments pass. Then, he swipes his forehead and looks at the
hand he just used to do so.

BUSINESS

Yuck...I think I'm over-oiling again.

Ego makes a concerned face.

EGO

Excuse me. What now?

BUSINESS

Over-oiling.

EGO

Yeah...uhh...what the hell is that?

BUSINESS

Oh...it's when my body produces TOO
much oil after a shower. My skin gets all
dried out from the soapy water.
It, like, REALLY wants to be oily so if
I shower everyday it starts juicing up a ton.

EGO

That's disgusting.

BUSINESS

Look at my hand...I could start a candle
company with all this juice.

EGO

You need to stop calling your body
oils 'juice' this instant.

Business shrugs, unconvinced, then shakes his head to refocus himself and logs into his computer. He opens up his email/calendar to begin the work day. Ego pulls out his journal and starts writing in it, presumably about the phenomenon of 'over-oiling'.

BUSINESS

Alrighty, let's see what we have
on the docket today.

Business starts clicking through his inbox with reckless abandon.

BUSINESS

Nope. Stupid. Definitely not. Eh..
I probably should do something about
this one. Yeah. Nah. I'm good. Oh...?

He pauses, suprisedly, and Ego looks up at him from his notebook.

BUSINESS

I have a meeting invite for later
today with some random people I've
never met. My dad sent it to me.

What do you think I should do?

EGO

I think you should accept.

BUSINESS

Really? These people sound fake though.

EGO

Are you sure you don't know them
from somewhere?

BUSINESS

Yes, I'm sure I don't know them.
Listen to these made up names...

BUSINESS (CONT'D)

Dawn Stumbo? Chip Grinder? Like, who even are these people?

EGO

I'm telling you. You should go.

Business considers this for a moment.

BUSINESS

Nah...can't be that important.

He moves his cursor to decline the meeting invite just as Frank shouts from his office.

FRANK (O/S)

We've got some wholesalers comin' in today for a lunch meeting so I want you all on your best behavior!

Ego looks at Business as if to say I told you so before saying it to his face.

EGO

See!?! What did I tell you?

BUSINESS

Shit.

EGO

Listen, it's for the best. You need to start meeting some folks in the biz if you're gonna do this thing for real.

C'mon...just go see what they have to say! How bad could it be?

BUSINESS

Alright! Alright...you win.

Business accepts the meeting invite.

As he leans back in his chair, disappointed that he must attend the meeting, Evan walks by with a cup of coffee and nods.

EVAN

Morning.

INT. FRANKLIN FINANCIAL, CONFERENCE ROOM - EARLY AFTERNOON

Jasmin is busy setting up the conference room for the upcoming meeting. She's tidied up a few things and placed a stack of napkins and plastic silverware at the center of a long table. Business enters and Ego slumps into a chair beside him.

BUSINESS

So, have you met these guys before?

JASMIN

These ones? No. But they're a dime a dozen. Just a bunch of squirrels looking for their nut.

Business chuckles.

BUSINESS

What do you mean?

JASMIN

I mean, they're vermin in suits and ties. They roll through here trying to sell us on some investment products we don't even use, and waste our precious time. A few of 'em I like, but most I'd rather shoot at with a BB gun to scare away.

Your dad just loves taking their meetings because they buy him fast food.

BUSINESS

Okay...okay, good to know. So next time I can just go ahead and sit out, right?

JASMIN

Unfortunately not.

BUSINESS

Are you fucking kidding me?

JASMIN

Nope.

BUSINESS

Why not? I mean, you just said so
yourself...They're wasting our time!

JASMIN

It's part of the game, Aaron. You'll see.
The schmoozing, the oozing, and the boozing.
Rich-laugh and jargon. I'm sorry, but you
gotta play or your dad will think you're
weak.

BUSINESS

Well, I think he already does so I'm not
too concerned there...

JASMIN

Just smile, nod, and laugh. You'll
be alright. And for the love of god,
pretend you like sports, okay?

Business pretends to dribble a basketball and shoot a
fadeaway jumpshot. From afar, Frank begins loudly greeting
a pair of guests entering the office. Ego, who has been
dozing off, is woken up abruptly as Business kicks his
chair.

FRANK (O/S)

Dawn! Chip! Good to see you both...
You didn't skimp on anything now did you?
I'm just joking. We're gonna be down in the
conference room. This way. Follow me.

Jasmin gives Business a reassuring smile before sliding
past him and heading back to her desk. He hears her
exchange with the 'squirrels' as she crosses their path.

JASMIN (O/S)

Good afternoon, folks. I'm Frank's
assistant, Jasmin. Please let me
know if I can get you anything
while you're here.

CHIP (O/S)

I'm all set, sweetheart. Thanks-much.

DAWN (O/S)

Oh no thank you, dear. I'm good too.

Evan enters the conference room wordlessly and sits down in the chair furthest away from the door.

EGO

Do you mind if I take a quick nap or...?

BUSINESS

If I have to be here for this so
do you, buddy.

Next, Frank enters followed by two people: one man, Chip Grinder and one woman, Dawn Stumbo. They both look slick and put together in a business-formal kind of way. Meaning, they're wearing cheaply made clothing that was far too expensive. Evan rises to greet them and Business remains standing to do the same.

FRANK

Chip. Dawn. These are my sons, Evan
and Aaron. They're my legacy once I keel over
or get hit by a semi...or whenever The Good
Lord opens his pearly gates for me.

Business and Evan shake hands and exchange pleasantries with the wholesalers. Evan doesn't say anything but sighs deeply, smiles, and nods.

BUSINESS

Hi, nice to meet you both. Thanks
for coming in.

CHIP

No, no! Thank YOU for having US. We
appreciate you boys taking some time out
of your busy day to meet with Dawn
and myself.

FRANK

It's our pleasure. Shall we start into
lunch? I'm STARVING!

DAWN

Of course, Frank. Burgers, fries,
and soda, as requested. Where
would you like them?

Frank gestures to the table enthusiastically.

FRANK

Anywhere will do, Dawn.

She places the bag down and starts doling out lunches to everyone in attendance as the others take their seats. Frank takes his usual place at the head of the table. Ego grabs the bag to see if there's any food left for him but it's empty. He curses silently to himself.

FRANK

...looks exceptional. Thank you. Just the fuel I needed.

Dawn, sits down at the table with the rest of them.

FRANK

Let's hear it then. What are you selling us on today?

Frank quickly unwraps his burger and takes a huge bite. Chip clears his throat and begins to speak.

CHIP

Thanks for the floor, Frank. To the fine gentlemen who we've just met, I want to take a minute to formally introduce ourselves.

I'm Chip Grinder, PMS Investments, and this is my colleague, Dawn Stumbo.

Dawn smiles and glances around the table.

DAWN

Hello, everyone. Thanks for the time today.

She then begins to unwrap a burger of her own as the others do the same. Besides Frank, they all do so delicately as if it's a task that requires more dexterity than it actually does. There's a politeness to moving slowly around food in a business setting. Even when you're hungry, picking at your food is expected.

Before taking the first bite of her burger, Dawn, who had been eating a mint, takes it out and places it directly in her purse without any protection. Business is the only one

to notice this. He frowns, concernedly, but bounces back quickly enough to hear Chip start speaking again.

CHIP

As I'm sure you all know, PMS is one of the industry leaders in low-cost, equity-based, leveraged solutions. We dominate the small to middle market space and typically drive a hardline alpha-beta-sharpe over delta. I'd like to paint a picture for you, if you'll humor me for a minute...

(Humor is pronounced "You-mer").

CHIP

Imagine a football field, eleven guys on each side of the line-of-scrimmage.

Chip pushes back from the table as he talks excitedly with his hands.

CHIP

ONE, TWO! SET...HIKE! ...And we're off.

Now, there's a whole lotta flashy, high-money playmakers out on the field at any given moment, but that ain't us. Wide-Receiver? Tight-End? Nope.

We're like your Left-Guard or Right-Tackle. Vitally important to the team just not the showkillers. It's our business to protect your assets, through and through, while making your clients money.

As he continues talking, focus shifts to Business, who looks engaged in Chip's salespitch with his burger in hand and his brow furrowed. He's making solid eye contact with Chip before he turns to face Ego.

BUSINESS

What is this fucking man fucking talking about right now?

EGO

I have no clue but you'd better figure

EGO (CONT'D)

it out fast because we're losing
the thread.

BUSINESS

It's fully lost already. He's said
so many words that I don't understand.
What's alpha-beticly-oh-ver-sharp?

Whose 'tight-end' are we playing with?

EGO

Hey...uhh...Let me get a bite of that burger
then I might be able to help you out here.

Business holds out his burger and Ego takes a bite, chews,
then swallows. He pretends to think for a moment.

EGO

Sorry bud, I've got absolutely nothin'.

BUSINESS

Fuck me!

Back to the meeting.

DAWN

...to reiterate what Chip was saying,
we do consistently get a fairly sizable
return over a 1-3-5 rolling average. My gut
tells me your clients aren't looking at
their spreads that closely though, but if
they were then the math IS the math,
am I right?

Everyone laughs, even Evan. Business is lost so he joins in
late and laughs for a bit too long.

DAWN

That one really got your son, Frank. I
must've been a stand-up comedian in a past
life! Who knew?

They all laugh again except Business.

FRANK

You keeping up over there, Aaron? Or
are these two blowin' your head up?

BUSINESS

Wha...oh, yeah...no...I'm right on track.

Moving averages...maths...is...ggh...

He freezes.

CHIP

Cat got your tongue, huh kid?

Business laughs uncomfortably.

BUSINESS

No...cat got...Imagine?

Silence. Frank speaks under his breath then to everyone.

FRANK

Oh my heavens...

Anyway, where were we?

The rest of the group carries on with their conversation as
Business turns back to Ego again.

BUSINESS

God...jesus, what did I just say?

Ego is fully eating Business's burger now. He talks with
his mouth full.

EGO

I...dun...dunno man. You're doin' grrreat!

BUSINESS

C'mon...I'm losing my shit here!

Back to the meeting. Frank has finished his burger and
moved onto his fries.

FRANK

Now, humor me for a second...

FRANK (CONT'D)

If I'm buying into the whole horse-and-pony show you folks are pitching, you're telling me we've got a trumped-up, equity position up close and personal? I mean, forgive me, but that's sounding like funny money to me...help make this make sense because I'm not seeing the payoff here.

Explain it to me like I'm the dumbest guy in the room.

As he says this, Frank glances over at Business who looks like a deer in headlights.

CHIP

Frank, I get what you're saying but you've gotta understand we've got LOADS of numbers to back this stuff up. We're not just robbin' Peter to pay Paul here.

Evan nods, as if he agrees.

DAWN

If you would all just humor me for a minute, I can try to set the record straight. Frank - I think you bring up a fair point. We do play our cards close to the chest, but let's call a spade a spade. The return on these products versus the risk a hypothetical investor would be taking is just too good to pass up. Let the numbers do the talking.

Frank slurps down a bit of his drink and then responds.

FRANK

I'm NOT saying this couldn't be a nice quasi-arrow in our quasi-quiver, I just think that...

Frank's words become garbled and distorted. While slowly closing in on Business, everything becomes hazy and starts to spin. He fully disassociates, and then...

Darkness.

INT. HUDDLE ROOM - TIMELESS

LED lights begin to illuminate a small room. The same huddle room Business and Ego have been in before. They're sharing a bag of potato chips and Business is drinking a ginger ale.

BUSINESS

It's a nightmare, isn't it?

EGO

What is?

BUSINESS

Work. Having a 'career'. Doing something EVERYDAY for the rest of your life and pretending to give a shit about it.

Ego rolls his eyes as he reaches for a chip.

EGO

Not this again...

BUSINESS

Exactly! That is EXACTLY how I feel every morning of my life.

I wake up, I say...oh, god, not this again!

EGO

No. I mean, like, not this conversation again.

BUSINESS

Oh...

EGO

Yeah. I swear we just discussed this.

BUSINESS

No we didn't.

EGO

We did. We talked for hours about how you weren't going to let your feelings get in the way of this career

EGO (CONT'D)

opportunity. About you tamping down your delusions of grandeur, remember?

BUSINESS

Not ringin' a bell...

EGO

Jesus...you told me you were gonna give this thing an honest go. A real college try!

It's important that you learn to keep going when you hit roadblocks. Don't you understand that? You're never going to get anywhere if you keep giving up when things get even the slightest bit difficult.

BUSINESS

Wait...are you calling me a quitter?

Ego sighs as Business stuffs a handful of chips in his face.

EGO

Yes. Yes I am. I mean, am I wrong?

He responds with his mouth full.

BUSINESS

Fulgk...yu...man!

EGO

Historically, you have not been the most consistent person in the world. Especially when it comes to goal setting, or larger, more involved life plans.

...Or work of any kind, really.

Business washes down his chips with a swig of pop.

BUSINESS

That's just...that's just a fucked up thing to say to me.

EGO

You know it's true though.

BUSINESS

No, I don't because it's not.

EGO

YOU DO because we have this conversation over and over again. Everytime, you say you understand. And EVERYTIME, we end up right back where we started - with you flaking out on something meaningful.

Business looks down and away from Ego.

Beat.

EGO

Listen, if you're NOT a quitter, go ahead, prove me wrong. I'd love to see you succeed at SOMETHING for once in your fucking life.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. THE OFFICE, CONFERENCE ROOM - AFTERNOON

Time has passed, but not much, as reality comes back into focus. Business is still in the wholesaler meeting despite disappearing into his own internal world for what felt like a few hours. Fully in the present once again, he hears his father speaking.

FRANK

...Like I'm always saying, that's what I would do if I were President, but nobody's knocking on my door.

CHIP

You'd have my vote, Frank.

DAWN

We need someone with a no-nonsense approach to business if we're ever going to get out of this mess.

Evan nods in agreement.

FRANK

Amen.

Beat.

FRANK

Well, Chip. Dawn. Thanks again for the delicious lunch. We could sit here listening to you talk all day but there are stones to be turned and money to be made. I'll have Jasmin follow-up with you two soon.

CHIP

Anytime. We appreciate the opportunity.

Chip winks at Evan and Aaron.

CHIP

...And it was nice meeting you boys...keep your pops proud now, will you?. You've got BIG shoes to fill.

What are those size 14s?

Laughing, they all stand up to shake hands and part ways. Before leaving, Business notices Dawn reach into her purse and pull out the loose mint she had placed in there earlier. She pops it in her mouth.

Business gasps slightly before swallowing his reaction with a loud gulp.

EVAN

See ya.

BUSINESS

(Recovering)

Take care. Great to meet you both and thanks again.

Chip and Dawn exit the conference room. Now, only Evan, Business, Frank, and Ego remain. Frank turns to address his sons.

FRANK

Couple of great guys, huh?. No way we're doing business with them, though.

Beat.

FRANK

Now let's get back to work, kiddies!

He turns and leaves, whistling as he goes.

INT. BUSINESS'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Evan and Business follow him, each splitting off towards their own desks. Business sits down, takes a deep breath, and rubs his eyes, clearly exhausted from pretending to know what people are talking about for over an hour. Ego stands too closely to him, with only his midsection visible.

EGO

So, what'd you think? Feeling like a big-wig yet?

BUSINESS

I feel terrible.

EGO

You'll get used to it. You're great at feeling terrible.

Business puts his head down on his desk. He looks up right into Ego's groin.

BUSINESS

Can you get your dick out of my face?

EGO

Whoops, my bad!

Ego steps back and goes to sit in his usual chair. They remain silent for a few moments.

EGO

What's the big deal? You weren't expecting to know everything in your first wholesaler meeting, were you?

Business turns his head away and doesn't respond.

EGO

Oh, c'mon! Lighten up. Everyone has

EGO (CONT'D)

to start somewhere. You're just a little behind because...cuz...you were given this job with no previous experience. So you have to play a little catch-up?

Business stays quiet.

EGO

I can do this all day, you know? Defense mechanisms are kind of my thing.

Mumbling into his folded arms, Business responds.

BUSINESS

I should've stuck with graphic design.

EGO

That's no good. A.I's coming for...

Business interrupts Ego as he let's out a moan and lays his head back down.

Eventually, he rises up slowly, and begins working at his computer without speaking. After a while of sustained silence, Ego opens his journal and begins to write.

INT. BUSINESS'S OFFICE - EVENING

Time passes as the working hour turns into the quitting hour. Frank gets up to leave.

FRANK (O/S)

Gotta split, folks! Your mother's making pot pie tonight. See you all tomorrow at 9 AM! Right, Aaron?

Frank whistles on his way towards the door.

Next, Evan goes. He slips out of the office without speaking. Just a nod and a wave as he passes by Business's office. Business doesn't see him go, or pretends not to.

Finally, Jasmin rises to leave.

JASMIN (O/S)

Goodnight, Aaron.

She doesn't hear a response.

JASMIN (O/S)

Aaron?

Still no response. She walks over to Business's office and pops in. She's wearing a jacket and carrying her bags, ready to leave for the night.

JASMIN

Aaron!

Beat.

JASMIN

Aaron. What the fuck is the matter with you, boy?

Business looks up from his computer and sees Jasmin standing in the door frame.

BUSINESS

Oh, hey Jasmin.

JASMIN

I said goodnight like five times, Aaron. Why the hell are you acting so rude?

BUSINESS

Sorry...I was just...

She responds, mocking him.

JASMIN

Sorry...I was just...moping around...

BUSINESS

What?

JASMIN

...feeling bad about myself.

BUSINESS

What the hell?

JASMIN

I'm sad because some weird-ass, plastic lookin' wholesalers came in today, and said some shit I didn't understand. Now I feel like an idiot.

BUSINESS

Ummm...

JASMIN

Is that what's going on, Aaron?

Beat.

BUSINESS

Yeah...I...I mean...yeah, pretty much.

JASMIN

Fuck that.

BUSINESS

Huh?

JASMIN

You must've gone deaf in that meeting earlier.

BUSINESS

I just...

JASMIN

Listen to me. Aaron. You're a smart kid. Don't let a couple of squirrels and their antics bring you down so low. You'll get used to 'em. They're all after the same thing...

She rubs her fingers together to indicate 'money'.

JASMIN

...or you won't and you'll learn to put on a show for 'em like me. "Excuse me mister" this, and "pardon me, would you like some" that. They should give me a fucking Tony...

BUSINESS

I...I would've never...guessed...you were pretending?

JASMIN

See? Just smile and nod, like I said.
It goes a LONG way in this business.

BUSINESS

Yeah...smile and nod.

Business takes a deep breath.

JASMIN

I'm going home, and I better
be walking in to dinner
tonight, or so help me god...

You gonna be okay?

He nods.

BUSINESS

I'll be good. Thanks, Jasmin.

Without You by Junip plays.

She smiles warmly at him and exits.

Once she's gone, Business turns off his computer, packs up his bag, stands up, puts on his coat, and pushes in his chair. He and Ego walk to the door and Business turns off the office lights.

CUT TO BLACK

CREDITS SEQUENCE

EPISODE THREE

'401 (Gay) '

INT/EXT. BUSINESS'S VW RABBIT + HIGHWAY - EARLY MORNING

Hand It Over by MGMT plays as Business drives his car with the windows down. He's wearing sunglasses and a blazer over a slightly unbuttoned oxford shirt. Ego sits shotgun and is enjoying the cool breeze blowing in from outside. They are on their way to work.

TITLE: BUSINESS CASSEROLE

The song continues to play as we pull away from the car and watch it cruise down the highway smoothly, like a fish swimming downstream.

CUT TO

INT. BUSINESS'S OFFICE - MORNING

Business returns to his desk with a fresh cup of coffee and sits down. Ego is sitting in his usual chair nearby, writing. Business takes a long, loud sip from his mug, let's out a moan of delight, and then proceeds to type out an email. He works for a moment or two longer before pausing to take another sip of coffee, once again, moaning with pleasure. Ego looks up from his journal and watches him silently. Business leans in, types a bit more, maneuvers his mouse to hit send, and sits back in his chair. He grabs the mug, takes a third sip, and moans. Then, he whispers...

BUSINESS

Mmmmm. Quiet day.

He mouths the words "I love this" without saying them aloud.

Ego responds at a normal volume.

EGO

Yeah, it really seems that way.

Business is upset by how loud he is but recovers quickly enough.

BUSINESS

(Cozily)

Nice, hot cuppa-coffee. Answering emails.

In the background, we hear the phone ring and Jasmin's voice answers it.

JASMIN (O/S)

Franklin Financial, this is Jasmin...

BUSINESS

Dad and Evan are out doing 401(k) education meetings most of the day too. ...So peaceful it's almost romantic.

EGO

(Indifferently)

Uh-huh.

Jasmin hangs up the phone and walks over to Business's office. She appears in the doorway.

JASMIN

That was your father, Aaron. He wants you to get ready to meet with some folks about their retirement savings. The meetings got moved to our office. Evan and him are on their way back now.

BUSINESS

Th-Thank you, Jasmin...

She returns to her desk.

Business's face slides from a polite smile to looking dejected. He drops his head into his hands. A few moments pass like this as Ego looks at him with mild concern. When he straightens back up in his chair, his eyes are watering slightly. He reaches for his mug, takes a sip, and bursts into tears.

INT. FRANKLIN FINANCIAL, RECEPTION - LATE MORNING

Maybe half an hour has passed since the news of Frank and Evan's return.

Business is busy preparing for his upcoming meetings. He prints papers, grabs a few items from a filing cabinet, and so on. Ego watches him without helping. Soon afterwards, Frank and Evan enter the office carrying their work bags, Frank is whistling and Evan is dead silent.

FRANK

Hello-Helloah, kiddies!

Evan nods slowly to Jasmin.

JASMIN

Good morning, Frank. Evan.

I wasn't expecting to see either
of you today.

FRANK

Don't act so excited about it! Change
of plans. The PEOPLE are coming to US.

JASMIN

Let me know if there's
anything I can do to help out.

FRANK

Just send 'em back when they get
here.

Aaron, Evan, and myself will sit with
individuals one-on-one to go over their
account balances, answer questions...
the works.

Speaking of, where's my talkative son?

Frank glances around for a sign of Business.

BUSINESS (O/S)

Back here, dad. Just getting some
things prepped for the meetings.

He hustles up to the group with his hands full of papers.
Ego stands and joins them too.

FRANK

Wonderful. What've you got?

BUSINESS

I've got plan information, summaries,
and participant statements. The
usual bullshit...

FRANK

No swears!

BUSINESS

Right...sorry, father.

Frank shakes his head angrily.

Beat.

BUSINESS

So...umm...anything...else we need?

FRANK

Nope. Nothing else, bud. You've got
enough to be dangerous. Let's do this!

He departs towards his office somewhat aggressively and
slaps the doorframe as he enters, leaving Evan, Aaron,
Jasmin, and Ego behind. Business turns to ask Evan a
question.

BUSINESS

Got any tips for a newbie, Evan? I've
never done a solo 401(k) education meeting
before and honestly, I could use the advice.

EVAN

Uh...

Beat. Inhale. Exhale. Blink.

EVAN

Not really.

Evan turns away and walks to his office. Business watches
him go.

BUSINESS

You gotta be fucking kidding me?
He's worthless...

Jasmin laughs to herself quietly as he leans into her desk.

BUSINESS

What did I ever do to deserve a
brother like that, huh? Can't even give

BUSINESS (CONT'D)

me one word of advice about
something he's been doing for years...

God...I'm feeling anxious.

Business starts to move around somewhat restlessly.

BUSINESS

Do YOU have any words of wisdom
for me before I'm thrust into the
fire of delivering life changing,
financial advice to people at
an intern-like level?

JASMIN

Stay calm. Stay present. And don't
fuck it up.

How's that?

BUSINESS

Nice...no seriously...what's the secret?

JASMIN

I'm serious. That's it.

He laughs nervously.

JASMIN

RELAX...you're gonna be just fine. You've
been studying and working on client reports
for your dad, right?

You may be new but you're
catching on quick enough. Have some
faith in yourself.

Business gulps and forces a smile before making for his
office. Ego follows closely behind him and slips inside
just as he slams the door shut.

INT. BUSINESS'S OFFICE - LATE MORNING

They sit down across from each other.

BUSINESS

Okay...okay...I can do this. I know what I'm talking about. Sort of. I'm not...a...a complete idiot. I'll be fine. You're gonna do just FINE, Aaron. You've got this, AARON!

Business starts sweating profusely and takes off his jacket.

BUSINESS

Woof...it's hot as fuck in here. Are you hot?

EGO

Damn, bro. Calm down.

You're making ME nervous.

BUSINESS

Am I?

EGO

Yeah, a little bit.

BUSINESS

(Aggressively)

Well, woopy-fucking-do I don't give a shit!

Beat. Ego is taken aback.

EGO

I'm just saying, try to relax if you can. I think it would do you some good.

BUSINESS

I can't, man. I'm freakin' out.

EGO

Well you need to try a little harder because you're sweating through your dress shirt and that's not a very professional look.

Business glances down at the dark patches of sweat underneath his arms.

BUSINESS

Shit...you're right. I'm leaking...

I just...I don't feel ready for this.
I've only been here for a few months and
I'm...I'm not cut out for facts, and figures,
and basically giving anyone advice in the
first place. Let alone FINANCIAL advice...

Oh my god. What am I doing here!?!?

Business stands up and starts pacing.

EGO

Hey...hey! I know it's your first time in
this position, but you know what?
You're gonna do great.

You've DONE the research. You've
PUT in the time and effort. Just take
some deep breaths.

Business forces himself to take a few grounding breaths. He
stops pacing and calms down slightly.

EGO

See? Was that so hard? Now, just stay
focused and present, or whatever
Jasmin said, and you'll do...

There's a knock at Business's door. Jasmin opens it peeks
her head in.

JASMIN

I'm going to send a gentleman back.
to speak with you, okay Aaron?

His name is Casey Walters.

Business puts on a brave face for Jasmin.

BUSINESS

Of course! Send him back.

Jasmin exits, closes the door, and returns to the reception
area. She greets the man as focus remains on Business.

Kate Bush's *Under Ice* starts to play.

JASMIN (O/S)

This way, sir. You're going to be meeting with one of our newest advisors, Aaron Franklin. He'll be able to answer any questions you have regarding your 401(k) benefits, or other retirement concerns...

Business sits down quickly and runs his hands through his hair a few times to make himself more presentable. He's still sweating and looks rather miserable with pasty white skin and sunken eyes. Things start to get blurry as Business's breathing becomes more rapid and inconsistent. He begins to swirl.

EGO

You don't look so good...are you okay?

A ringing sound as annoying as the Lily Potter train whistle scream in *Prisoner of Azkaban* blares loudly over Ego's muffled and distorted voice until...

Darkness.

INT. HUDDLE ROOM - TIMELESS

Back in the existential huddle room, Business and Ego are smoking cigarettes and talking. (*Each time they visit, they might be doing something more outlandish. Especially for a corporate setting*). Business is also drinking a ginger ale. His usual.

BUSINESS

I feel like a fraud. I think I'll always feel like a fraud if I keep working here.

EGO

You mean like, imposter syndrome?

BUSINESS

Yeah...

EGO

Well, doesn't everyone feel that way at some point in their career? That's

EGO (CONT'D)

why the whole, "Fake it 'til you make it."
thing exists, right?

BUSINESS

Right. For imposters...like me.

EGO

You're NOT an imposter. A nepo baby...?

Business takes a long drag from his dart while rolling his
eyes. He lets his head fall backwards and sighs deeply.

EGO

Hey, c'mon now! You're learning fast.
Finance can be hard. You should know first
hand...Remember you got that D in your
one-and-only Finance class in college?

BUSINESS

I'm screwed.

EGO

D's get degrees though, huh?

Beat. They both smoke.

BUSINESS

Situationally, I think people feel like
imposters sometimes throughout the course of
their working lives, yes. "Fake it 'til
you make it." yada-yada-yada. Whatever.

BUT...I just think that people who
really LOVE what they're doing...or...maybe not
even love, but...I don't know...feel
called to their work...somehow.

THEY might not feel like everything
they do is a lie.

EGO

Hmm.

BUSINESS

Like, people who have a knack for the shit
they're doing, or...or a talent they're

BUSINESS (CONT'D)

able to use... a vision to express.

They've gotta feel more confident in themselves, right? Some type of divine...calling... bullshit...or...destiny. Yeah, destiny.

It has to feel more natural than this.

Ego gestures broadly in Business's direction.

EGO

Okay, all of THIS is REALLY making me want to defund the arts.

Business snorts out a sip of his ginger ale.

BUSINESS

Come again?!?!

EGO

It's just sounding a little too woo-woo for my taste.

BUSINESS

(Defensively)

Please, do elaborate.

EGO

All the loose talk of following your dreams...pursuing your destiny. I think it's, I don't know, a load of crap?

BUSINESS

You're so cynical sometimes.

EGO

Listen, dreams are just that...dreams. UNLESS they're grounded in reality. A dream is just a dream until it becomes a goal with some actual planning and research to support it.

Even then, you still have to take action. Have some follow-through. Be consistent...

Business interrupts him in a sarcastic tone.

BUSINESS

Specific. Measurable. Attainable...

EGO

Joke around all you want, but I
don't think you have what it takes to
follow your "dreams". Whatever you
may THINK they are now...

Silence falls between them. After a few moments, Ego begins speaking again.

EGO

This work thing you have right in
front of you...this finance thing?
That's real.

Maybe it's the dreams making you
feel like a fraud because
they're so fucking far fetched.

Business chuckles to himself angrily as he takes another sip of his pop.

BUSINESS

Sure. Whatever.

EGO

No, really. I mean it. What concrete
steps have you taken to pursue the writing
career you SAY that you want?

Beat.

EGO

Exactly...and you already gave up
on being a designer before taking
this job. THAT was short lived!

Business shakes his head and makes a dismissive sound.

EGO

Don't even get me started on being
a musician, Mr. Jingle...

Another beat. Business ashes his cigarette and turns away from Ego completely.

EGO

It takes some real ambition to succeed at the things you think you're MEANT to do. A creatively fulfilling life and career isn't easy to pull off.

Instead of trying and failing at all that, maybe you should focus on the job that's right in front of you?

Business doesn't respond. He finishes his can of ginger ale and crushes it. Ego leans back in his chair and continues smoking.

INT. BUSINESS'S OFFICE - LATE MORNING

The ringing sound returns. Blurred vision slowly becomes more clear. Business is returning to reality. He hears Ego talking. Yelling, is more like it. There's another voice nearby, as well, one that he doesn't recognize.

EGO

Buddy! SNAP OUT OF IT! Now! C'mon!

CASEY

M...Mr. Aaron? Excuse me?

Business blinks a few times rapidly and then, shaking his head like a cartoon character, refocuses on the man sitting across from him and next to Ego.

CASEY

I...I just have a few questions about my 401(k) that I was hoping you could help me out with?

The man is older than Business. Maybe in his early 40s and he has a balding head of hair. He's thin overall with a slight beer belly. He has a soft southern accent.

Business clears his throat before responding.

BUSINESS

Umm, yes...uhh...sorry about that. My breakfast must not be...sitting right. It's Casey, correct?

Ego slumps backwards in his chair and sighs with relief.

CASEY

That's right, Casey Walters.

BUSINESS

So how can I help, Ca...

Casey cuts Business off.

CASEY

What did you have?

BUSINESS

Ex...excuse me?

CASEY

For breakfast.

BUSINESS

Oh, umm...I had cereal.

CASEY

Oh my god. I LOVE cereal.

Sugar or healthy?

Business is caught off guard by his questioning but goes along with it, even starting to relax a bit.

BUSINESS

What if I said both...would you think I was insane?

CASEY

A combo deal? That's the best of both worlds, Mr. Aaron. Just like Hannah and Miley.

BUSINESS

I think so! I like to combine a drier, bran-flake with a pop of the sweet stuff. Fruit, lactose free milk, and voila baby. That's breakfast.

Casey smiles and laughs.

CASEY

A man who prioritizes the most important meal of that day MUST be good with money, I know I read that somewhere...

Business, bolstered by Casey's statement, uses this as an opportunity to circle back to the retirement questions. Ego is watching their interaction intently now that things seem to be going alright. He produces his journal to record his observations.

BUSINESS

Speaking of money, Casey, what brings you in today? Maybe I can help answer some of your questions regarding your 401(k)?

CASEY

Sure, that'd be great, yeah...

Beat.

BUSINESS

So...anytime you're ready Casey, I'm all ears!

CASEY

Okay, well first off...

Casey stands, picks up his chair, and moves it around Business's desk so that he is sitting right next to him. He takes a seat then scoots even closer to Business.

He begins speaking, quietly.

So I gotta tell you this...listen closely...
I am seriously, like, thinkin' about
leaving this company that I work for,
but before I do, I wanna make sure
everything, you know, with my retirement...
my 401(k) is...kinda, like, set up properly.

Business sits up a little taller and in readjusting himself, tries to shift away from Casey ever so slightly.

BUSINESS

Yeah...um...so you want to just make
sure everything looks okay
before switching jobs?

CASEY

That's correct.

BUSINESS

Totally, yeah. I can take a look at things for you. Let me go ahead and pull up your account and we'll start there.

Does that sound okay?

Casey nods. Business shifts himself towards his computer and begins to search for Casey's information. As he does so, Casey closes the gap between them even more completely while trying to look at the screen.

They are both quiet for a few moments while Business types and clicks his way to what he's searching for. Ego is still focused on them.

BUSINESS

Alrighty, then. So you've got just under twenty five thousand dollars in your 401(k) account currently and are contributing enough to get your company's full match. Although that'll be something to consider when, and if, you change employers. You have to consider your potential future match.

Overall, though...it's a great start, I'd say.

Casey grabs Business's chair's armrest as he responds. Business stiffens slightly, non-sexually.

CASEY

(Happily)

A great start. Okay...okay. Yeah...
We can work with that!

BUSINESS

Yeh...yep.

Business turns to speak to Casey. Their faces are only a few inches from each other.

BUSINESS

Next, I'm going to take a look at how you're invested in the plan. We'll see

BUSINESS (CONT'D)

what kind of risk you're taking. You know, whether you're more conservative or more aggressive...

CASEY

Oh, I gotta be more aggressive, believe me.

He winks at Business when he says this. Business shifts uncomfortably in his chair. Ego closes his journal and raises his eyebrows.

BUSINESS

Okee dokey. Confirmed. You are, in fact, in an aggressive growth portfolio, as you can see here...umm...on the screen.

Business points to the screen where it says "Aggressive Growth".

CASEY

Good, that's...that's good. I'm glad you're helping me get all this figured out Mr. Aaron. It's VERY reassuring.

YOU'RE reassuring.

BUSINESS

I'm...just...uhh...you know...happy to help.

Casey places his hand on Business's shoulder. Business swallows loudly and makes a strange noise in his throat.

CASEY

Wait! Now let me ask you this...are you more of a Pre-tax or a Roth guy when it comes to your retirement savings?

Which is better for a guy like me?

BUSINESS

That's umm...that's umm...you see, a highly...debated question among us financial professionals. There...are...umm...benefits to both depending on how close you are to retirement, and your tax planning considerations...so I would...umm...well it

BUSINESS (CONT'D)

really depends on your specific needs
and circumstances.

CASEY

Hmm...Okay, interesting.

Beat.

CASEY

My bitch, ex-wife says I should just put
money in my Roth, can you believe that?

He playfully slaps Business on the arm.

CASEY

But I told her I should go both ways!

Ego, who just took a sip of coffee, spit takes.

CASEY

Like, having both isn't a bad thing, right?

He moves his hand from Business's arm to his knee before
pulling it back. Business continues to try and push the
conversation forward professionally.

BUSINESS

No...no...it's not a bad thing. It's...well, as
it stands, your company match will be
Pre-tax only. So if you contribute Roth
money, technically, you would have both
already. Does that make sense?

CASEY

Oh yeah, sure. That makes sense...

Beat.

BUSINESS

Uh...is there...anything else I can help
you with today, Casey?

CASEY

No, no I think that pretty much sums it up.

Thanks for your time, Mr. Aaron!

Casey boops Business on the nose before standing up and moving his chair back to it's original spot next to Ego.

He heads for the door, opens it, and walks out passed Jasmin, saying goodbye to her.

CASEY (O/S)

Take care, sweetie. Thank you!

JASMIN (O/S)

Goodbye, Mr. Watson. Have a great rest of your day.

Business and Ego sit in silence for several moments before Business rises from his chair, crosses his office, and closes the door. He returns to his desk and takes a seat again.

They both remain quiet until Business speaks.

BUSINESS

Well, all things considered, that went way better than expected.

EGO

(Excitedly)

I don't know what you were so nervous about. You crushed that like a pro!

BUSINESS

What can I say? I guess, like, I just have a way with people.

I'm a comforting presence in times of stress.

EGO

Hell yeah, you are!

They both sit quietly again, but are each elated reflecting on the experience of helping Casey. Eventually, Jasmin knocks on Business's office door and cracks it open, peeking in once again.

JASMIN

We have another individual who would like to speak with you, Aaron.

JASMIN (CONT'D)

A Mrs. Hannah Sommers.

Shall I send her back?

He looks up at her and smiles.

BUSINESS

Yes, please do. Thank you, Jasmin.

FADE TO

INT. HUDDLE ROOM - TIMELESS

Continuing on from their prior conversation, Business and Ego sit in the huddle room. Both of them aren't looking at one another, but rather, are staring blankly into space.

BUSINESS

So...

EGO

Hmm...?

BUSINESS

You're saying I don't have any ambition?

EGO

It's lacking.

BUSINESS

Let me get this straight...because I don't have any ambition I've ended up HERE? Here. Working with my family in the financial services industry and putting on a pair of khakis everyday? Living a life I never would've dreamt of in one-thousand years?

EGO

You don't have to wear khakis EVERY day.

Business glowers at Ego.

EGO

Yeah...I would say a lack of ambition is part of the deal.

BUSINESS

Well, fuck...

Beat.

BUSINESS

I think I have ambition.

EGO

Okay. Then what's holding you
back from using it?

Another beat.

BUSINESS

I...I don't...know.

EGO

Seriously. If it's not a lack of ambition
then what is it, really? I'm open to being
wrong about this, you know.

BUSINESS

Maybe it's...

Business pauses in the middle of his sentence.

EGO

Maybe it's what?

BUSINESS

Fear?

EGO

Fear.

BUSINESS

Yeah.

EGO

Fear of what?

BUSINESS

A fear of failure, I guess.

EGO

Why are you afraid to fail? You fail

EGO (CONT'D)

at shit everyday. I see it happen.
You've failed by giving up in the past too.

Business doesn't respond, but looks sad.

EGO

What? I mean, it's the truth!

BUSINESS

You know what? Fuck you.

Ego laughs.

EGO

I'm sorry.

BUSINESS

No you're not!

EGO

I...I'm...maybe let me...let me rephrase
my question: WHAT are you afraid to fail at?

BUSINESS

Anything I care about...

I've just...I've been SO terrified...to take
chances on the things I care about my entire
life. So...well...I just...don't. I live in fear.
When things get hard I...I get scared that
maybe I really am a fraud. Maybe there's
no way I could ever BE a success.

Then I give up.

He stops talking.

EGO

You're risking being miserable your
WHOLE life if you don't get over this
fear of failure.

BUSINESS

Yeah. I know...

INT. BUSINESS'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Business opens his office door for another person he has just had a meeting with.

BUSINESS

Have a great rest of your day, Beth.
Make it worthwhile!

Business returns to his desk chair and sits down. Ego looks at him curiously and speaks.

EGO

Make it worthwhile? Is that new?

BUSINESS

Ehh, seems kind of life affirming.

Ego shrugs just as Frank appears in Business's doorway and bangs on his open door loudly.

FRANK

Helloa, bud. How'd the meetings go?
You knock 'em dead?

BUSINESS

I mean, I think I helped out.

FRANK

Atta boy.

Beat.

FRANK

Well...not to be TOO awkward but...uhh...
good work today, Aaron.

BUSINESS

Thanks, dad.

Frank hovers for a moment then returns quickly to his office. Business reclines into his seat while staring up at the black and white, Wall Street Bull photo on his wall as Radiohead's *Black Star* plays us out.

CUT TO BLACK

CREDITS SEQUENCE

EPISODE FOUR

'Happy Hour'

INT. BUSINESS'S OFFICE - MORNING

An empty office chair.

Business enters scratching his ass and takes a seat.

Undantag by Dina Ögon plays over a timelapse of Business moving through his workday.

He cycles through the following: sending emails, writing on a legal pad of paper, reading from a thick finance tome, and taking a call on his office phone. He answers...

BUSINESS

Franklin Financial, this is Aaron.

A change in perspective.

Ego sits across the desk from Business.

He leans back and forth studying, observing, and from time to time, scribbling down notes in his journal. A look over his shoulder shows us he's documenting Business's work habits diligently.

After this stretch of work, Business takes a break to eat lunch. Something simple like a sandwich and chips from home and a ginger ale. Ego also snacks on the leftovers, when he's offered them, like a pet dog. Business reaches for his can of ginger ale and cracks it open.

INT. FRANKLIN FINANCIAL, CONFERENCE ROOM - MIDDAY

Now, Business and Ego sit beside each other in a meeting with Frank, Evan, and a few other unnamed squirrels in suits and ties.

Focus remains on the two of them as Business listens intently. He laughs at the right moments and adds commentary when he can, or more likely, when he feels confident enough about what he's saying to not make a fool of himself.

BUSINESS

...And, uh, remind me again what the drop dead is on that asset class?

SQUIRREL

About 3.9%

FRANK

We'll have to add A + B + C together
and see what we get. Make sure we aren't
drilling a dry hole. All good?

SQUIRREL

All good, Frank. I understand completely.

Frank nods at Business. A small gesture of approval for his son's contribution. Ego notices this and looks happily surprised.

They all stand and shake hands.

INT. FRANKLIN FINANCIAL, RECEPTION - LATE AFTERNOON

Business leans against the front desk as he chats with Jasmin. He's munching on some hard candies that sit in a heart-shaped dish beside him.

BUSINESS

Can you run the quarterly statements
just this once...PLEASE?

JASMIN

For the last time, Aaron, I'm not
your personal assistant. Do your own
damn work.

They both laugh.

BUSINESS

Worth a try...

He tosses some candy to Ego who's standing a few steps away leaning against the wall with the Franklin Financial sign. Ego catches a piece and pops it in his mouth. Crunch.

INT. BUSINESS'S OFFICE - EARLY EVENING

Back in Business's office, he's at it again. Typing feverishly, taking more notes, and answering the phone. Maybe he stands up to water a plant or adjust a piece of art. Ego is being just as diligent with his 'research'.

INT. PRINTER / COPIER - EARLY EVENING

A slow motion walk towards the copy machine concludes with Business placing a document on the cold, clear glass of the scanner. He hits 'scan' and the device whirs to life.

INT. BUSINESS'S OFFICE - EVENING

Finally, as the sun begins to set behind the pair, Business turns off his computer.

They both stand up and stretch, clearly feeling the toll of a hard day's work, as much as working a desk job can be considered HARD work.

As the music comes to a close the two of them make eye contact briefly and do a Predator style handshake over Business's desk.

TITLE: BUSINESS CASSEROLE

CUT TO

INT/EXT. PARKING GARAGE - EVENING

Business and Ego are walking and talking as they make their way towards Business's car.

BUSINESS

Gee whiz. What a productive day.

EGO

Yeah?

BUSINESS

What do you mean 'yeah'? You've been with me the whole time...

EGO

It's nice to hear you acknowledge it outloud, for once.

BUSINESS

Oh...well, then...yeah. I thought it was really productive. I feel like... like, maybe I'm getting the hang of this whole *business* thing.

EGO

Wow. That's great.

BUSINESS

Trust me. I know. It's crazy. Me. Me?

Business laughs to himself.

BUSINESS

Whoever said a Bachelor's Degree in
ART can't land you a solid job, huh?

EGO

Fine Art.

BUSINESS

No, actually...I lie about that on
my resume. It's just 'Art'.

EGO

Are you serious?

BUSINESS

What?

EGO

This WHOLE time I thought you
had a BFA with, like, a speciality
in painting, or drawing, or something.

BUSINESS

Nope. It's generic.

Ego pauses, hangs his head, and sighs. Then he reaches for
his notebook and crosses something out as Business watches
him.

BUSINESS

What are you always writing in that
little diary of yours?

EGO

It's a journal, and it's none of
your concern.

Business shrugs. They keep walking.

EGO

Most of the world isn't handed a lucrative career in the financial services industry by their daddy, though. You do know that right?

BUSINESS

Oh, yeah, no...I...for sure. I was just kidding.

Beat.

BUSINESS

I am feeling more confident, though. Doesn't that, kinda, jazz you up a bit?

He puts on a little display as he says this.

EGO

(Nonchalantly)

Definitely.

BUSINESS

You mean it? Cus it doesn't really sound like...

Ego interrupts him.

EGO

I mean it! I do. I think you're finally trying to take this job seriously, and that's great. I'm happy for you.

BUSINESS

Thank you.

INT. BUSINESS'S VW RABBIT - EVENING

They reach the car. Business opens the back seat door and throws down his bags. They both get in.

EGO

It's just...

BUSINESS

Ugh...it's never JUST a compliment, is it?

EGO

You HAVE to be consistent. You have to keep at this thing if it's going to work long term.

Business doesn't respond.

EGO

Listen...you've been here for a few months now and you're learning a hell of a lot but...

BUSINESS

But...?

Business starts the engine.

EGO

You have to stick with it. Don't get distracted. Try not to get swept up in other directions. Get overly emotional...that sort of thing.

Do you understand?

They back out of the parking spot. Business is looking over his shoulder so the two of them are very close to each other in his small car.

BUSINESS

You think I'm gonna bail on this too, don't you?

EGO

I didn't say...

BUSINESS

You fucking do!

EGO

NO! I just know you tend to follow your feelings most of the time and when the job gets tough, well, you do like to...

Pivot.

BUSINESS

Pivot, my sack!

Business jerks the steering wheel as they exit the parking garage sending Ego's head away from his and into the passenger's side window.

EGO

Ouch...JESUS!

He straightens back up while holding his head in pain. They continue to drive in silence.

EXT. CORPORATE PARK - DUSK

Saint Etienne's *Like a Motorway* plays over scenes of bland, uninspired office buildings that make up the corporate park where Franklin Financial is located. As the sun continues to set, interior lights begin to paint the horizon. The park sprinkler system activates, watering the yellowing grass and sparsely-planted annuals typical of these sorts of places. It's the beauty of the suburban, American landscape on full display.

CUT TO

INT/EXT. BUSINESS'S VW RABBIT + PROSPERITY - HAPPY HOUR

Business and Ego pull up to a local dive bar, Prosperity. Business puts the car in park but neither of them move.

EGO

Hey...aren't we going home?

BUSINESS

I told you. We're meeting Ellen for happy hour tonight.

Ego scrunches his face.

EGO

Ahh, right...fuck. I totally forgot.

BUSINESS

Not my problem. C'mon. We're already late.

Business opens his door and begins to exit the car but Ego doesn't budge. He pauses and turns back to face him.

BUSINESS

What, do you not wanna come in or something?

EGO

Not really...it HAS been a long day.

Beat.

EGO

Why don't you just go without me?
I'll hang out in the car and join
when I'm ready.

Business looks confused.

BUSINESS

We can do that?

EGO

Do what?

BUSINESS

Split up.

EGO

Oh yeah, of course.

Have we never...?

BUSINESS

Not. Fucking. Once.

Ego blushes.

EGO

Whoops...that's a...a slight miscommunication
on my part. Yeah...I tell you what...this
next decade of our lives or so, we're
definitely gonna spend more time apart...

Business doesn't respond he just stares at Ego with a jumbled mix of anger, annoyance, and understanding before getting up and closing the car door. The window is still rolled down. He leans towards it to speak.

BUSINESS

Okay then...I'm going in. You stay here.

EGO

Okay.

In this moment, as they separate from one another, Ego gives off the slight but noticeable energy of a lost child. Or perhaps more accurately, the false confidence of an angsty teenager pretending to be capable of navigating the world on their own. When in reality, they depend on the support and guidance of their parents more than they'd care to admit.

Business walks away and enters the bar.

INT. PROSPERTIY - HAPPY HOUR

As the door closes behind him, Business stops to scan for his friend, Ellen. Alan Jackson's *Chasin' That Neon Rainbow* is playing over the speakers.

The interior of Prosperity is dark and unrenovated. Light-up bar signs cover wood-paneled walls and sturdy tables swim in a sea of black and white, checkered, asbestos tile flooring. The place is busy but not packed. Before he can spot her, Ellen calls out to him.

ELLEN

Hey...you...Business! Over here!

Business spots her and makes his way over to the table where she is sitting while nursing a beer and a shot. As he approaches, Ellen stands up and they hug.

ELLEN

Oh my god. Look at you, Aaron.

SHIT! Spiffy as FUCCKKK.

BUSINESS

(Bashfully)

I...it's...business casual.

ELLEN

More like business casserole!

He smiles out of pity at her bad joke. She laughs, knowingly at her own poor attempt at humor.

BUSINESS

Been a minute, Ellen. How are you?

ELLEN

The usual. Keepin' it silly. You know...

They both sit down. She signals to the bartender to get another beer and shot for Business.

Ellen is in her mid-thirties and a few years older than Business. She has long, dark hair and is wearing an oversized, camouflage coat, torn black jeans, and combat boots. She wears her clothes like a uniform and not as if she's just put on a 'fit'. Anywhere her skin is exposed is covered in tattoos, except her face and neck and she has piercings in her nose, ears, and brow.

ELLEN

Mama doesn't get out much these days.

BUSINESS

Oh yeah, how's the kid?

ELLEN

Good, Aaron. She's great. She's...I just love her so much. It's unreal.

BUSINESS

That's amazing.

ELLEN

It is.

BUSINESS

Fuck, man. I'm really happy for you.

The bartender drops off Business's drinks. He raises his shot glass.

BUSINESS

Cheers. To motherhood.

ELLEN

To motherhood. Cheers.

They clink their glasses together and knock them on the table. Then, in unison, proceed to sip their shots instead of downing them. They place their drinks back on the table mostly full.

BUSINESS

Delicious. It's too good to shoot, right?

ELLEN

I would've...but you didn't, and I didn't really want to either, so that's that.

BUSINESS

It's a sipper. WHISKEY is a sipper.

ELLEN

Can we not enjoy our whiskey SLOWLY?

Business takes a sip of his beer.

BUSINESS

Exactly. The bitter maltiness of the beer compliments the warm, oakiness of the whiskey. It's like a duet...

ELLEN

Alright, enough. You're starting to sound like an asshole.

BUSINESS

I think I'm just an alcoholic.

Beat.

BUSINESS

So you're in love with your daughter.

What else is new?

ELLEN

Let's see...well, we just moved into a new place. So that's sick.

BUSINESS

Okay...damn. Where at?

ELLEN

Kind of out in the sticks. I've
FINALLY got the space to get a
goat. Those dirty, stinky little devils...

I'm so excited.

BUSINESS

As you should be.

They both drink.

BUSINESS

Was moving as much of a pain
in the ass as it always is?

ELLEN

Jesus. Fucking worse, bro. I thought
I might murder Dave this time around.
Don't get me wrong, I love the giant
but, really...

I mean...sometimes he's too big for his
own good.

Business cranes his neck backwards to imitate looking up at
Ellen's husband, Dave, who is approximately 6'8". They
laugh at this bit of physical humor.

BUSINESS

So, like, not to just invite myself
over but...

ELLEN

Oh no, absolutely. We'll have you over
as SOON as we get a little more settled.

Frankie will love seeing you too.

BUSINESS

Bingo.

Beat. They both drink again.

ELLEN

How about you? How's the new
family finance gig going?

Business makes a gesture of indifference.

BUSINESS

Eh, you know...I have good days and bad days. But, honestly, I think it's been more good lately.

Is that crazy?

Ellen raises her eyebrows in surprise as she looks at Business.

CUT TO

INT. BUSINESS'S VW RABBIT - HAPPY HOUR

Ego is sitting in Business's car quietly reading from his journal. Muffled sounds from the bar and an occasional passerby break the otherwise peaceful silence.

His notes are dense but legible. They're meticulous. Almost as if he's typed them. On one page, a few sentences can be made out. They read:

'May 22. Working hard. He's focused in a uncharacteristic way. Delusions of grandeur are scarce. This can work out, but ONLY if outside distractions are kept to a minimum. Current objective = eliminate all internal AND external roadblocks.'

Ego looks up from his journal and into the dark night in front of him. He takes a deep breath and let's out a sigh.

CUT INTO PROSPERITY

ELLEN

More good than bad, eh? I GUESS that makes it a good thing by default, but I am a little surprised.

Does that mean you and Evan are actually talking for a change?

BUSINESS

Oh, god no. Of course not. Can you imagine? I think I'm...I guess...I'm either getting used to the job.

BUSINESS (CONT'D)

Like, the whole nine to five thing
or...I don't know. Maybe I'm
ACTUALLY starting to like it?

ELLEN

Seriously?

BUSINESS

Yeah, I'm, like, really starting to get
the hang of things. I mean, it always
feels good to FEEL like you're doing
something right, RIGHT? Like you're doing
a good job at whatever you happen to
be doing. Competence is cool.

ELLEN

Yeah, it is.

BUSINESS

Like it could be making art, or being a
garbage man, or fixing computers, or...

Ellen cuts in.

ELLEN

...or being a finance bro?

BUSINESS

Even being a finance bro.

Ellen raises her voice and starts pointing at Business
while pretending to speak to the other bar patrons in a
silly, old-timey accent.

ELLEN

Heyyo! We got a finance bro over 'ere!
Take one look at the one and only Mr.
White-Collar. Step right up and see if
he really does keep a penny in his loafers!

Business, while laughing, bends down and reaches for his
shoe. He pulls an actual penny from his loafer and holds it
up to show Ellen. She starts cackling with laughter.

ELLEN

Awww...shit...

CUT OUT TO BUSINESS'S VW RABBIT

Ego is still sitting in the car but he's set his journal aside for now. He looks anxious and keeps shifting around in his seat intermittently while snapping towards the source of any noise when it occurs. He speaks to himself.

EGO

Shit.

Quickly, he peers down at his watch to check the time and then resumes his nervous movements.

CUT INTO PROSPERITY

Business and Ellen are being handed another round of beers as they continue their conversation.

ELLEN

So you're going to stick with this thing? You're gonna keep working with your dad, become a numbers guy, eventually start wearing fleece vests, and replace your morning coffee with a morning bump of Vitamin C?

BUSINESS

Geez...c'mon...

ELLEN

Sorry. Sorry...

I'm honestly not trying to criticize you. We've all gotta get our bag one way or another. Again, I'm just...I'm surprised you're...making it work.

BUSINESS

I told you I was taking this job months ago and you were supportive of it...

ELLEN

No, no...not about you taking the job in general. I think it's good. It's what you needed to do.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

What IS surprising is that you seem...
umm...well...happy about it...about the business.

You seem like you're in a pretty good
place and that was NOT true before
you started. Remember, you were VERY
conflicted about all this.

BUSINESS

Yeah...well...

Beat.

ELLEN

Can I ask you a question?

BUSINESS

Obviously. Shoot.

ELLEN

Tell me, have you come to terms with
putting off your creative pursuits for the
time being, then? You're not freelancing
or anything right now, are you?

Business drinks to avoid answering her question.

ELLEN

Do you have the space for an art practice?

BUSINESS

Uh...not really, but...

ELLEN

What about music? Are you making
time for music?

BUSINESS

I listen to it.

ELLEN

I think...damn...I KNOW how important these
things have always been to you, Aaron.

BUSINESS

THEY STILL ARE...I'm...just...

ELLEN

I would hate to see you give up on the parts of you that really make you happy. That's all I'm trying to say.

BUSINESS

I'm not...I...umm...

I'm not giving up on them, Ellen.

She looks hopeful.

ELLEN

You're not!?

BUSINESS

No.

They both drink, somewhat awkwardly.

ELLEN

Okay. Cool.

BUSINESS

I'm putting them on hold for now.

CUT OUT TO BUSINESS'S VW RABBIT

Ego looks down at his watch again and let's out another, more frustrated sigh.

EGO

Dammit. That's it. I'm going to check on him.

He opens the passenger's side door and places his feet on the concrete, standing up with some hesitation.

EXT. PROSPERITY - HAPPY HOUR

EGO

(Timidly)

Here we go.

Ego begins walking towards the entrance of the bar. When he reaches it, he hovers at the door for a moment, lit by the warm glow of streetlights and the Prosperity sign above him. He pushes in the door and enters the bar.

INT. PROSPERITY - HAPPY HOUR

Once inside, Ego glances around to find Business. He spots him sitting and conversing with Ellen. A few empty glasses are scattered on the table beside them.

EGO

There...

He approaches. As he draws near, he smiles at Business, who acknowledges him discreetly, and then takes a seat at the table attempting not to interrupt their ongoing conversation. Ellen and Business are busy talking.

BUSINESS

For now, it is what it is! I don't know what else you want me to say?

ELLEN

It sounds like a cop-out...

She stops speaking in the middle of her sentence and turns to face Ego as if she has just seen a ghost. She looks at him square in the face.

ELLEN

Excuse me...who the fuck are you!?!?

Ego goes cold. The three of them are silent as Ellen waits for a response.

ELLEN

Can't you see this table is taken?

EGO

I...uhh...

ELLEN

Aaron, do you know this prick?

After a moment or two, Business raises a hand and points at Ego cautiously. He swallows loudly before speaking.

BUSINESS

Ellen?

ELLEN

Yeah?

BUSINESS

You can see that guy sitting right there at the table with us?

ELLEN

Of course I can. What is that supposed to mean?

He blinks in amazement a few times. Ego continues to sit still as stone.

BUSINESS

So just to confirm, that seat is now occupied by someone and is NOT, in fact, empty? Like, a REAL person is sitting there? Face, hands, mouth, and all...

ELLEN

Why the hell are you being so weird about this fucker sitting at our table? Should I kick his ass?

BUSINESS

Right. Okay...

He picks up his remaining shot of whiskey and shoots it down.

Ellen asks Ego a question.

ELLEN

Look, are you his friend, or some secret lover, or something, dude? Tell me.

BUSINESS

Jesus, Ellen. He's just...

I'm not gay...I...at least I don't think.

ELLEN

I just assume everyone is.

She turns to face Ego more fully.

ELLEN

You got a name, buddy?

Business answers on Ego's behalf.

BUSINESS

It's Corky!

Ellen snorts out a mouthful of beer.

ELLEN

Come again?

BUSINESS

I SAID his name is Corky.

She looks at Business almost sympathetically.

ELLEN

That CANNOT be true.

BUSINESS

(Defensively)

Is too! That's his fucking name.

Isn't that right, Corky?

Ego doesn't respond. Ellen looks as though she's thinking something through.

ELLEN

Wait, Aaron...was that the best fake name you could come up with on the spot?

You really said, "I'm embarrassed that my dear friend Ellen is meeting my secret lover, so I'm gonna lie and say his name is CORKY?!?!"

BUSINESS

It's not...that's his real...

FUCK!!!

Business throws his head down frustratedly and rubs his face before speaking to Ego.

BUSINESS

(Miserably)

Can you PLEASE just go back to the car?

Ego stirs uncomfortably.

ELLEN

Hold on, Aaron, if your boy-toy wants to stay they can. I really just didn't want some rando sitting at our table. The more the merrier, honestly.

Let's all take a chill pill and get another round.

Ellen signals for the bartender before continuing on.

ELLEN

C'mon though, for real. This guy's name is not Corky.

Friend, lover, whatever...I just want to know who you are. I like to KNOW who I'm drinking with. I honestly don't give two shits if you're fuckin' and suckin' each other. I'm just looking for...

Business jumps in, incredulously.

BUSINESS

For the last time, we are NOT fucking and sucking!

ELLEN

Whatever you say, but you're being very defensive about all this so I don't really know if I can believe you.

Business gesticulates frustratedly for a few moments as he continues to fail at navigating the current situation.

BUSINESS

It's just...how do I...explain...

ELLEN

Oh my fucking god. Spit it out already, brother!

With Business at a loss for words, Ego chimes in timidly.

EGO

I'm like...his conscience.

Business and Ellen both turn to face Ego. They are surprised to hear his voice, finally.

He clears his throat and begins to speak again, this time with a bit more confidence.

EGO

You see, sometimes, when someone is...uniquely troubled...

Business interjects.

BUSINESS

Uniquely troubled...?

ELLEN

Shush, Aaron! Let him speak.

Ego begins again.

EGO

SOMETIMES, when someone is uniquely troubled and in need of a bit of extra help in their life...a person's mind can split to create a sort of...guide.

Business looks annoyed but Ellen, her curiosity growing, is starting to focus more on Ego as he continues on.

EGO

Whether it's motivationally or morally, a split-mind's goal it to assist an individual on the road to figuring themselves out. Giving them that little extra push, or keeping them on track during major transitional events.

Business mumbles under his breath to himself.

BUSINESS

What's...split-mind?

Ego carries on.

EGO

It's noble work really, as you can
imagine. VERY rewarding, most of
the time...

Beat.

ELLEN

So let me get this straight...you two
are...are...both...Aaron?

EGO

That's the gist, yeah.

ELLEN

Oh...kay...

EGO

We're one in the same, you see.
Two peas in a pod. Two parts
to one whole.

So really, I'm not some rando at
all, am I? I'm actually one of your
best and longest friends.

ELLEN

Yeah, gotcha...

The three of them sit without speaking for several moments
as Ellen processes this information. Business has gone
temporarily mute.

EGO

However, I'm still not entirely sure
how you're able to see me.

ELLEN

How I can...?

EGO

See me, yeah. It gave me quite
a shock earlier!

I mean, I've heard of this happening

EGO (CONT'D)
amongst other split-mind's but
it's a VERY rare occurrence. I certainly
wasn't expecting to encounter it.

Another beat.

ELLEN
Maybe...I'm...I think I'm going fucking crazy.

EGO
No. I don't think so.

Ellen laughs at this.

ELLEN
THAT'S reassuring. A figment of my
friend's imagination doesn't think I'm
going crazy.

As Ego scratches his chin while pondering the situation at
hand, Business breaks his silence.

BUSINESS
You don't...think...I'M crazy, do you Ellen?

ELLEN
A little, but that's not new.

BUSINESS
Right...

Ego reacts to this.

EGO
Listen, no one is crazy...

He's interrupted by the bartender bringing another round of
beers over for the group. Instead of her usual two, this
time she's carrying a third with her. She sets the drinks
down on the table and begins to pass them around but pauses
as she reaches for the last beer.

BARTENDER
Who's the extra for? 'Nother friend?

Ellen reaches for the extra beer.

ELLEN

Mama's gettin' DRUNK tonight.
Mama NEEDS to start double-fisting.

She grabs both beers and begins drinking from each of them, thanking the bartender with a mouth full of liquid.

ELLEN

...Th...ank yu...

BARTENDER

Okay! Go OFF, mama!

Business smiles at the bartender awkwardly as she turns to leave, then he faces Ellen.

BUSINESS

He does like beer too, you know.

Business gestures towards Ego.

BUSINESS

He likes most of the things
I like, naturally.

ELLEN

Does that mean you have to...feed him?

BUSINESS

Yeah, well...you know what they
say about feeding your ego, right?

ELLEN

This is all so fucking batshit.

She shakes her head in confusion and slides a beer over to Ego. He takes it and drinks.

INT. PROSPERITY - EVENING, SOMETIME LATER

Time has passed and more drinks have been shared between Business, Ellen, and Ego. Willie Nelson's *Whiskey River* is playing in the background as the bartender is dropping off another round.

While they aren't quite pissed yet, it's clear that a fair amount of liquid courage has been consumed between the

three of them. Inhibitions and tact have both been lowered a few notches. So it goes.

BARTENDER

You weren't kidding about getting ripped tonight, mama!

The bartender sets another two beers in front of Ellen.

BARTENDER

These brewskis are going down on you faster than a hot and horny bartender would if given the chance, queen.

She giggles to herself. Ellen takes a faux, uncomfortable sip of her fresh beer, but is actually sort of into her advances.

ELLEN

Thanks, girl. Appreciate it.

Ellen smiles at her as she heads back to the bar, grabbing a few empties on the way. Then she turns to Business.

ELLEN

I should hit that right?

BUSINESS

Does the Old Testament have an incestual bed trick in it?

ELLEN

Ew...I don't fucking know, dude.

BUSINESS

The answer's yes, Ellen. It does have one.

ELLEN

Okay? Gross. So the bible's got some nasty passages in it. Everyone knows a couple of 'em. What's your point?

BUSINESS

I'm just tryna say YES. Yes, you should hit that.

ELLEN

Weird way of sayin' it, bro.

Ellen and Business laugh together as Ego sits quietly sipping his beer and observing them.

ELLEN

So, seriously though...like what's next, Aaron?

BUSINESS

What's next...for what?!?!

ELLEN

For you!

BUSINESS

For me? I...I dunno.

ELLEN

Gotta know what's next. GOTTA know...

Beat.

ELLEN

You do this business shit for a while, stack up your coin, and then what? Try to make it as a dancer? Join the circus? Pick up the bass?

BUSINESS

The CIRCUS...can you imagine?

ELLEN

Yeah, honestly. You'd make a great clown. No offense...

Business laughs.

BUSINESS

None taken.

I...I really don't know what's next. I guess I'll ride this finance wave and see where it takes me.

He does a wave-like, dancemove with his shoulders while saying this.

ELLEN

(Sadly)

Yeah...that's what I thought.

BUSINESS

What?

Ellen doesn't respond.

BUSINESS

What's wrong, Ellen?

ELLEN

Nothing...

Beat. She stays silent.

BUSINESS

Okay, CLEARLY something's bothering you...?

ELLEN

It's just...

BUSINESS

JUST what?

ELLEN

Just...ughh...no. Nevermind.

BUSINESS

Jesus, god!

Ellen refocuses on Business and begins to soberly deliver the following message, as if it's importance to her has erased the entire night of drinking up to this point.

ELLEN

You...you know I love you Aaron, and I want what's best for you, and I...I just don't think WHAT'S BEST for you is working at this career in finance indefinitely. YOU, in particular, need to be doing something else, other than solely working this job

ELLEN (CONT'D)

with no end in sight. That might work for Evan but...not for you.

She pauses to look down at the table and gather her thoughts before beginning again. Ego, listening intently, comes to attention in his seat.

ELLEN

You need to be building something for YOURSELF. Creating SOMETHING. It's not like you to settle and I...I really think you're settling here, alright!

It...it scares the shit out of me that you don't know what comes next for you! You've always known what's next...even when the next thing is just some short-lived, half-baked idea.

Am I making myself clear enough?

Business is looking at her but doesn't immediately respond. Ego is glancing back and forth between the two of them in anticipation.

Several more moments pass before Business answers.

BUSINESS

I hear you, loud and clear. I'm just... I mean, what if that part of my life is over? What if...this job has, like...finally presented me with a chance to grow up and get straight? Would it be wrong of me to give THAT an honest go, for once?

Ego appears to relax slightly upon hearing Business's initial reply to Ellen.

ELLEN

No...no, not at all...but...

Business cuts in.

BUSINESS

I have this opportunity...this gift... to DO something worthwhile for

BUSINESS (CONT'D)

myself if I really commit. To NOT do that...
to throw it away for what, another failed
attempt at being an artist? THAT seems
selfish to me.

Ellen, who has been looking at Business the entire time he
has been speaking, breaks eye contact with him. She looks
away as if there's an invisible wedge forming between the
two, long-time friends.

Ego sits up even more in his seat, clearly pleased by
Business's rationale.

BUSINESS

You know, Ellen. I think, maybe my
dreaming days have come to an end. Maybe
all those ideas I had in my head before
were just, I don't know, pointless.

With this statement, Ellen looks broken. Like she doesn't
even recognize the person sitting across from her anymore.
She glances at Ego and notices that he's smiling at
Business, as a parent would to a small child taking their
first steps. Ellen speaks to him.

ELLEN

Hey! Is this...all you?

Ego looks at her and continues to smile, knowingly. Now
Business is the one glancing between Ellen and Ego.

ELLEN

You're the fucking wizard behind
my friend's fucking curtain, aren't you?

Ego gives her a barely detectable shrug of acknowledgement
as Business tries to keep up with them.

ELLEN

Holy shit...

She chuckles to herself.

ELLEN

I knew I should've kicked your ass
as soon as it walked in here.

BUSINESS

Woah, woah...what the fuck is this...
Can we chill out for a second?

ELLEN

Your puppet-master over there is
feeding you a load of bull, Aaron.
That's what this is.

She's pointing aggressively at Ego.

BUSINESS

What do you...

Ellen cuts him off.

ELLEN

THAT is not YOU. It might be part of
you, but it's not YOU.

BUSINESS

I...don't...

ELLEN

He's manipulating you. Getting you
to play his little games. Making you
question your own instincts so that, in time,
he's the one who's living YOUR life!

BUSINESS

No, that's...not...

ELLEN

It's true. He's got bad mojo, man.

EGO

Oh, you wish it were true, bitch!

In one swift movement, Ellen pushes herself away from the
table, grabs a knife hidden in one of her combat boots, and
stands up, armed and ready to fight.

Ego has barely moved at all. Only enough to cower away from
her slightly. He screams.

EGO

HELP!

ELLEN

There's no one here to save your
pussy-ass. WE'RE THE ONLY ONES
WHO CAN SEE YOU!

She gestures to herself and Business with her outstretched
knife.

Business pounds his fist on the table to stop the commotion
and the other bar patrons turn to see what all the ruckus
is.

BUSINESS

Let's all CALM DOWN! Ellen...sit, please.

Cooly, Ellen sheathes her knife, takes a seat, and drinks a
swig of beer. Ego tries in vain to regain his composure
after being threatened by her so blatantly. The bartender
hurries over to check on the three of them.

BARTENDER

(Cautiously)

Hey, babes. Just checking to see if
that smoke-fire just now was a fire of
passionate fun or a fire of violence 'cuz
like, we really cannot have any violence
in here, you feel?

Ellen is still staring at Ego, which from the bartender's
perspective, is just an empty seat.

BARTENDER

Mama, can I like, who-you-gonna-call you
a Ghostbuster, or???

BUSINESS

No...we don't need a Ghostbuster, thanks.
And really, we're fine. My friend
was literally just burning with passion
from her love of merry-making.

Trust me, it happens all the time.
So sorry for all that.

BARTENDER

Bet.

She backs away timidly and returns to the bar.

Business, Ellen, and Ego sit in silence until everything settles around them. Then they return to their conversation.

BUSINESS

Can one of you please explain what that was all about because I'm lost.

Ellen - what's all this about manipulation and living vicariously through me to my detriment?

EGO

Don't even bother. She's lying to you. This is gonna...

Business shushes Ego, who quiets down but does so while pouting.

BUSINESS

I'm not talking to you, am I? I'm talking to Ellen.

He waits for Ellen to respond.

ELLEN

Like I said before, I think your conscience is trying to manipulate you, and I think he's succeeding.

Business thinks about this for a moment or two before speaking.

BUSINESS

No fucking way.

ELLEN

He is.

BUSINESS

I don't believe it.

ELLEN

Well you should because it's true.

EGO

For the record, I'm not...

Business shushes him again, more aggressively this time. He then let's his head fall onto the table and smashes it repeatedly on the wood surface as Ellen and Ego watch. After a few round of this, Ellen speaks.

ELLEN

Aaron...?

He continues to bang his head on the table.

BUSINESS

Huh?

ELLEN

Can I tell you something I think you need to hear?

BUSINESS

What?

He lifts his head up and looks at his friend. He finds her eyes. They look resolute and sincere and they cut through to him immediately. Ego notices this change.

She clears her throat.

ELLEN

I've known you for a long time...

And I've always respected how imaginative you are. You see the world in a way that others don't, and that's what drew me to you in the first place. You make me think and laugh and question shit. It's endearing. It's true. It's real...

I don't want to see you lose that.

Business swallows loudly as he takes in her words.

ELLEN

You're a dreamer, Aaron. That's what you do. You dream. That's not a bad thing.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

The world needs dreamers. It's already
got enough business men...

So...you know what? I'll tell you.

Dream on. Fucking DREAM ON.

Just like Steven Tyler told us to.

Time freezes.

Ellen, Ego, and the rest of Prosperity stand still. The
only one moving is Business.

His face is fraught. He peers around, confused as to what's
going on. Maybe, he thinks to himself, there might be
others in his position. Maybe he's not the only one this is
happening to. That's not the case. He's alone.

Panicking, Business stands up and runs towards the exit of
Prosperity. He bashes through the front door expecting to
see the night sky above him and to feel fresh air on his
skin, but instead, he's met with a complete darkness.

He takes another step forward and falls into a pit. He
keeps falling. Further and further down he goes until...snap!

CUT TO BLACK

CREDITS SEQUENCE

Petula Clark's *La nuit n'en finit plus* plays us out.

EPISODE FIVE

`Jasmania'

INT. BUSINESS'S BEDROOM - MORNING

An alarm rings. Business wakes up hungover in his apartment but doesn't remember getting home from the bar with Ellen and Ego.

He stumbles out of bed over to his bedroom window, and looking outside, realizes his car is missing. He groans with displeasure before heading to the bathroom.

INT. BUSINESS'S BATHROOM - MORNING

In the bathroom, he sits down on the toilet and starts peeing (*For context, when a man goes number one he can either sit and pee or he can do it as God intended and stand and piss*). After he finishes his leak, Business proceeds to get ready for work.

While brushing his teeth, he pulls out his phone. He has a message from Ellen that reads 'WWSTD' followed by a terrifying, jump-scare inducing picture of Steven Tyler. It startles him briefly but then he laughs.

A few quiet moments pass while Business continues his morning routine. As he applies his deodorant he counts his swipes...

BUSINESS

One, two, three, four AND left,
two, three, four.

INT. BUSINESS'S LIVING ROOM / KITCHEN - MORNING

Fully dressed for the day, Business enters his living-room, kitchen area and pours himself a bowl of cereal. As he's eating, he notices a handwritten note on the counter and examines it. It says, 'Took the car into work early. Call an Uber'. Annoyed, he requests a ride then proceeds to finish his breakfast. Soon afterwards, he receives a dinging notification indicating that his Uber has arrived.

Business stands up to start collecting his things for the day ahead but before he can do so, a horn blares outside his window. He rips open the curtains to see what's going on and spots a car parked in front of his apartment building.

BUSINESS

Jesus. What the fuck. Is that...?

He double checks his phone.

BUSINESS

Grey Buick. License...HDP1178.

The horn continues to blare.

BUSINESS

Cool. My driver is a fucking
psychopath. Time is money, I guess!

Business quickly grabs the rest of his things and runs out the door.

EXT. IN FRONT OF BUSINESS'S APARTMENT - MORNING

The sun is shining outside. He reaches the car as the driver is still laying on the horn. Business calls out to him over the sound.

BUSINESS

Uber...for Aaron?!?!

Finally, the driver stops honking, glances at Business, and nods a 'yes'. He gestures to the back seat with a twitch of his head and Business climbs into the car.

INT. UBER - MORNING

Once inside and buckled in, the driver reaches for an iPad and shoves it into Business's hands without even looking back at him.

UBER DRIVER

O.K. Have fun, Aaron.

Business is confused. The iPad has simple kids games on it like tic-tac-toe or hangman but every time you make a wrong move or guess, a cutout of the driver's face appears on the screen and berates you.

The driver turns on the radio and guns it. ABBA's *Chiquitita* starts to play.

The music swells over Business's ride. Various exterior shots of buildings, landmarks, other cars, and pedestrians are interspersed with moments on the inside of the car. Some focusing on the Uber driver's blank, emotionless face as he does his job dispassionately, and others on Business, who is mindlessly playing with the iPad and not taking in any of his surroundings.

After a while, the car comes to an abrupt halt as does the music.

Much to Business's surprise, the Uber driver turns around quickly and grabs the iPad out of his hands.

UBER DRIVER

Ride over, Aaron. Have a nice day!

Coming back to reality, Business exits the Uber clumsily.

EXT. FRANKLIN FINANCIAL, OFFICE BUILDING - MORNING

Almost immediately, the car screeches away when Business is in the clear. As it disappears into traffic, Business pulls out his phone, is prompted to rate his most recent ride, and taps on 'five stars'. He walks inside.

TITLE: BUSINESS CASSEROLE

CUT TO

INT. FRANKLIN FINANCIAL, RECEPTION - MORNING

Business enters the office alone.

BUSINESS

Morning, Jasmin.

JASMIN

(Excitedly)

Good morning, Aaron!

Business is pulled out of his hungover stupor by Jasmin's more cheerful than usual tone.

BUSINESS

Woah, somebody's in a good mood today.
Did I miss something? Is my dad

BUSINESS (CONT'D)
not coming in?

She laughs.

JASMIN
No, kid. Frank IS coming in today.

BUSINESS
Well...I can count on one hand the
number of times I've seen you this
happy since I was about yay-big...

Business holds out a hand about three and a half feet from
the ground.

BUSINESS
...And NOT ONE of those times was
my father even near you.

A son remembers these things.

JASMIN
My shining star, you know me.

Your brother on the other hand...

BUSINESS
Still doesn't even know your name?

They share a laugh together at Evan's expense.

CUT TO EVAN'S OFFICE

Evan is working in his office like a robot with his mouth
hanging open. We can hear Business and Jasmin laughing from
afar.

CUT BACK TO RECEPTION

JASMIN
Oh, boy...I'm gonna miss you kid.

Business looks despondent.

BUSINESS
What the fuck? You're not leaving

BUSINESS (CONT'D)

me are you?!?!

JASMIN

NO, no! I'm not. I couldn't, YET. One day I will have to retire though, Aaron.

Business relaxes slightly.

BUSINESS

Jesus...you scared the shit out of me.

JASMIN

Sorry...

Beat.

BUSINESS

Phew. The good mood? Saying things like "I'm gonna miss you."

You're gonna give me a heart attack and the work day hasn't even started yet.

JASMIN

It's just...It's a special day.

BUSINESS

Okay...? Care to say more?

She pretends to zip her lips.

BUSINESS

Whatever...keep your secrets, then.

JASMIN

I intend to.

BUSINESS

I hope you know that if you DO plan on leaving this place anytime soon you might have to kill Frank first, or he'll never let you go.

She smiles and nods knowingly then turns back to her computer to resume her work. Business heads to his office.

INT. BUSINESS'S OFFICE - MORNING

Upon entering, Business finds Ego sitting at his desk writing furiously in his journal.

BUSINESS

Morning...

Ego stops writing and looks up at Business.

EGO

Good morning, sunshine. Imbided a little too much last night, huh?

BUSINESS

I guess...

Did you drive us home?

EGO

I did.

BUSINESS

Well, thanks, but that doesn't mean you can just take my car whenever you want.

EGO

Oh, of course not. I just...had a few things I needed to, you know, get out of the ol' noggin this morning.

He knocks on his head while saying this. Business gets the sense that Ego isn't being entirely straight with him.

BUSINESS

Sure. Can I...

He gestures towards his desk.

EGO

(Politely)

YES! Be my guest!

Ego stands up and walks around Business to take a seat in his usual chair. Business takes his jacket off and hangs it on the back of his before sitting down.

There's a somewhat uncomfortable silence between the two of them as Business boots up his computer.

EGO

So what was that all about with Jasmin?

BUSINESS

No idea.

EGO

Is it her birthday or...?

BUSINESS

No, that's next month. The 14th.

Speaking of, I should remember to get her something.

Business quickly jots down on a post-it note 'new carpal tunnel brace?'

EGO

Hmm. Curious.

BUSINESS

VERY curious. I shall be watching her closely today.

Ego shakes his head dismissively.

EGO

Nope. Don't make things creepy.

BUSINESS

Sorry. Yep. You're right.

INT. BUSINESS'S OFFICE - AROUND LUNCHTIME

After their conversation in the morning, Jasmin has kept relatively quiet. The only time she has spoken since has been either when answering the phone or greeting clients.

Typically, Business and her have several check-ins throughout the workday, but so far there has only been the one. Now, Business is half-working while occasionally glancing towards Jasmin's desk to keep tabs on her.

BUSINESS

Ehh...Nothing...

Business types on his computer. A few moments pass and he looks out at her desk again.

BUSINESS

Still nothing.

He goes back to typing. Just as he's about to glance at Jasmin's desk a third time, Ego interrupts the cycle.

EGO

She's literally doing jack-shit, other than her actual job, which you should also be doing, by the way.

Stop your spying.

BUSINESS

FUCK. I can't! Curiosity's killing my cat.

EGO

You have to try and focus...

BUSINESS

Ughh...but she's my only friend here.

He glances up longingly.

BUSINESS

I miss our little chats...

EGO

Do I mean nothing to you?

BUSINESS

Well, I'm kind of stuck with you so you don't REALLY count as a friend, unless...

EGO

Unless what?

BUSINESS

Unless you want people to think I'm crazy for talking to myself all the time.

EGO

You already do. Anyways...forget
about me, what about your brother?
You talk with him. Sometimes..

BUSINESS

You mean, Evan, the one-word-turd?

From his office, Frank calls out to Jasmin.

FRANK (O/S)

Jasmin! Yoo-hoo! I just got off the
phone with Bo Pearson. He wants to move
eighty-five out of cash and into play,
unsolicited. Can you open a ticket?

Please and thanks!

JASMIN (O/S)

Sure, Frank. I'm on it.

Business peaks out to see if anything has changed with
Jasmin's demeanor. It hasn't.

BUSINESS

Shit.

EGO

Just give up on your stalking already
and get some work done please! I don't
wanna be here late again tonight.

BUSINESS

You could just...take the car home by
yourself again. You know, 'cuz you're
doing that now.

EGO

Lay off.

BUSINESS

Excuse me...what did you say?

EGO

You heard me. Without ME your drunk
ass would still be at the fucking bar.
A little appreciation might be nice.

Beat.

BUSINESS

I SAID thank you!

Clearly unhappy, Ego chuckles to himself then looks back down at his journal. Business looks at him for a bit longer then resumes working.

JASMIN (O/S)

Frank - that order for Bo has been placed. I'm going to take my lunch now.

Frank grumbles his acknowledgment. Jasmin closes her computer, picks up her lunchbox, and exits the office.

Once she's out of sight, Business stops typing, sits up in his chair, and stares at her desk, scheming. He has an idea.

BUSINESS

I'm going to check it out. Cover me.

Ego rips himself from his journal.

EGO

What!?!? No...don't do that!

BUSINESS

She just left for lunch and it's now or never! I MUST know why my office-bestie is acting so strange.

INT. FRANKLIN FINANCIAL, RECEPTION - AROUND LUNCHTIME

He gets up and begins to approach Jasmin's vacant desk. Ego gets up reluctantly and follows.

EGO

Stop it, you idiot! This is such a violation of her privacy. If you were really her bestie you'd...

Business spins around to face Ego slowly and places his finger over his mouth.

BUSINESS

Shush.

Ego rolls his eyes, clearly annoyed and offended.

Business returns to the task at hand and continues to make his way over to Jasmin's desk. Once he arrives, he blurts out an excuse loudly enough so that his dad and brother both hear him.

BUSINESS

Hmm - does Jasmin have any extra glue sticks for glueing, like, busted envelopes or papers or, oh wait...nevermind!

Found 'em!

Frank is now slightly visible in the background. He covers the receiver of his phone with his hand and shouts out to his son.

FRANK

Quiet down, Aaron. I'm trying to talk with Paula Walsh on the phone here!

Sorry about that, Paula. My son is making a yuge ruckus outside my office.

...No, no...yeah he's 29.

Business starts examining what he can without moving anything around too much. He looks over his shoulder to see if anyone is watching and is spooked by Ego who is standing directly behind him.

BUSINESS

Jesus Christ! I didn't realize you were RIGHT fucking behind me.

EGO

I've been here the whole time!

BUSINESS

Well, a little bit of space might be nice.

Thank you!

He turns back and continues snooping.

EGO
(Anxiously)
Did you find anything yet?

BUSINESS
Look who's suddenly interested.

EGO
I just really want this to be
over already...

After a few more seconds of searching, Business's gaze lands on Jasmin's calendar, which is hanging in plain sight beside her computer. He scans the dates briefly before coming to today's outlined box. His eyes grow wide and his mouth falls open in shock.

BUSINESS
Oh my good god...

EGO
WHAT? What is it?!?! What's WRONG?

Focus shifts to the current-day calendar square, and written in the neat and legible script that only a working woman of an older generation could manage are the words '*MURDER FRANK*'.

BUSINESS
Jasmin's...planning to kill my dad...

Business and Ego are speechless. As they stand behind Jasmin's desk processing this new information Evan emerges from his office and slowly approaches them.

EVAN
Hey.

BUSINESS
Oh, fu...Hey, Evan.

EVAN
Uh...

He performs his standard inhale, exhale, and several slow blinks before speaking again.

EVAN

Did you find those gluesticks?

BUSINESS

(Confusedly)

What're you...talking...OH RIGHT...yes,
the gluesticks.

EVAN

Yeah. I got a busted envelope.

Evan holds up an impossibly torn envelope. Business digs around and quickly finds a gluestick. He hands it to his brother.

EVAN

Thanks.

Evan turns and walks back to his office. Business and Ego watch him go before returning they begin a discussion regarding Jasmin's murderous intent.

EGO

So what are you gonna do about this
whole '*MURDER FRANK*' situation?

BUSINESS

Me?!?! Why me?

EGO

Most tied to the crime.

BUSINESS

MAYBE we just...see how it plays out?

EGO

Are you joking?

Business shrugs.

EGO

You're seriously considering NOT
getting in the way of your father's

EGO (CONT'D)
assistant of over twenty years
plotting to MURDER him?

He shrugs even harder.

EGO
You can't be fucking serious right
now. This is so you! It's bullshit.

BUSINESS
I don't know! I...I think Jasmin deserves
better than Frank Franklin of Franklin
Financial, sometimes. This could be
GREAT for her! Look at how good of a
mood she was in this morning...

EGO
She can take that good mood
of hers straight to prison.

BUSINESS
Yeah...

Beat.

BUSINESS
I'm gonna need to give this a
good, long think over lunch.

EGO
This CRIME could happen at ANYTIME.
You need to take action now!

BUSINESS
All this snooping around's got me hungry...

Jasmin returns to the office.

BUSINESS
Shit!

As she walks in, Business and Ego scurry back into
Business's office before she sees them. She sits down,
opens her computer, and begins working again as if
everything were normal.

INT. BUSINESS'S OFFICE - LUNCHTIME

BUSINESS

(Quietly)

Everything seems fine for now.
I'm gonna go grab some grub.

He gets up and makes for the door. Ego rushes after him with a look of frustration on his face.

INT. BUSINESS'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON/EVENING

Business is at his desk. He isn't pretending to work anymore. At this point in the day, he has fully resorted to watching for signs that Jasmin might kill Frank. Ego is sitting beside him resting his head on his hand and looking bored.

While she still hasn't spoken to Business anymore throughout the day, nothing else has been unusual about Jasmin's behavior.

BUSINESS

Any minute now.

Beat.

BUSINESS

Here we go.

Another beat.

BUSINESS

Geez...what's the hold up, Jasmin?

Ego sits up and rubs his eyes.

EGO

Can you give it a break already? I've had enough of your procrastination antics today.

BUSINESS

I will not, "give it a break". The end of the day would be the perfect time to strike.

My dad get's up to leave and BOOM goes

the motherfucking dynamite. Then she hops in her car and drives out to a hidden cottage somewhere in the woods. It's genius, really.

EGO

God almighty...save this man.

Jasmin stirs slightly causing Business and Ego to perk up in anticipation. She continues working. They both lean back and let out sighs. Frank starts to pack up for the day.

FRANK (O/S)

It's quittin' time for ol' Frank, kiddies. Mom's making lasagna tonight. Layers of fun await me, if you catch my drift.

Frank walks into view carrying his things as he passes by Jasmin's desk. Business and Ego tense up again, expecting the worst.

FRANK

Goodnight, Jasmin. I'll be seeing YOU in the morning!

JASMIN

You too, Frank. Have a nice night.

As he exits, Frank starts to whistle jovially until the sound of his tune and his footsteps disappear. Once again, Business and Ego lean back and relax.

BUSINESS

Huh?...That was anti-climactic.

EGO

Another day of work wasted for no good, goddamn reason.

BUSINESS

It wasn't wasted. This is part of HR, clearly.

Ego rolls his eyes.

Next up, Evan walks by Business's office on his way out for the day.

EVAN

See ya.

Business nods and waves to his brother as Evan leaves the office.

He then proceeds to stand and approach Jasmin's desk for a final moment of confrontation. Ego trails him timidly. He finds her closing her computer and starting to pack up her belongings.

BUSINESS

So...like...what's up?

JASMIN

Not much, Aaron. As you can see,
I'm preparing to rid myself of
this place for the night.

BUSINESS

(Directly)

Why have you been acting weird all day?

She's confused by this accusation.

JASMIN

What do you mean?

BUSINESS

Well, you know, we usually have, like
a few little hang-out sessions where
we talk shit about Evan and Frank, or
other random bullshit...but today...

Business trails off and holds up his hands as if to say
'nothing' without actually verbalizing it.

JASMIN

(Sincerely)

Oh my, I'm sorry, Aaron.

I didn't mean anything by it. I've
had my head down trying to get through
your dad's endless list of requests.

JASMIN (CONT'D)

He was in some kinda mood today.
Good lord, I'm beat.

BUSINESS

Oh Yeah!?!

Business comes out hot but softens.

BUSINESS

Well...then, I'm...I'm sorry to hear
that you're exhausted...Do you...do you have
a busy night at home with the kids?

She chuckles. Probably at how quickly Business backed down
from any conflict with her.

JASMIN

No...not too bad tonight. Marcus is on
dinner duty and the boys are at practice.

Shit, I might have myself a martini!

BUSINESS

That sounds delicious. You
deserve it.

Beat.

JASMIN

So...was that really all this was, kid?

You came over here all hot and bothered
'cuz we didn't chat at all today?

Business starts to rub his neck uncomfortably.

BUSINESS

Well, not really...I...I just...don't really
know how to say...this...

JASMIN

Spit it out.

Business takes a deep breath before speaking to gather
himself. Ego has a nervous look of anticipation on his face
as he stands a few steps behind him. The word vomit begins.

BUSINESS

Jasmin Bailon - Do you intend to murder my father, and your boss, Frank Franklin? I saw that you had it on your calendar plain-as-day and I have been worried, and maybe...honestly...a little bit excited about it all day long. PLUS we weren't hanging out so I thought that had something to do with the whole...

Jasmin starts to laugh uncontrollably.

BUSINESS

WHY...IS...THIS...FUNNY...TO...YOU???

JASMIN

Boy...you don't know the half of it!

Beat. She continues to laugh.

BUSINESS

So...is that a yay or nay on the whole cold-blooded killer thing?

She manages to control herself enough to reply.

JASMIN

NO! No, Aaron. I'm not gonna kill your fuckin' dad...and jeopardize MY retirement? I have ten years left. TEN more working years and then I'm out of this game for good. Your dad ain't the saint he thinks he is but the pay is good enough to manage. He takes care of me just fine. I'll make it. Don't worry about me.

BUSINESS

Then why the hell do you have 'MURDER FRANK' written on your calendar?

Business is pointing at Jasmin's wall calendar.

JASMIN

You haven't been here that long, kid. Give it five or ten more years and you'll understand.

BUSINESS

Can you try to help me understand
NOW because I'm fucking confused?

Jasmin sighs and shakes her head while smiling at Business.
She closes her eyes for a second or two then reopens them
and starts to explain.

JASMIN

Every year. EVERY YEAR working here
passed...let me think...year three...maybe four?
I don't know, the exact time doesn't matter,
but here's what does...

Every year, I've allowed myself one day.
ONE DAY to think about murking
your dad.

Business is listening with reverence and fear.

JASMIN

You know how he can be. That delusional
son-of-a-bitch, Frank Franklin. He can be
fair but he can also be really tough
to deal with.

So yeah, I give myself ONE DAY to imagine
taking his white, evangelical, bible-bumpin'
holier-than-thou ass to MY fuckin' church.
One day a year, in my mind, to let that
man know who really has the power here.

...And let me tell you, it has helped
me a whole fucking lot.

I started writing it in my calendar around
year ten because who's gonna check that
shit other than me? YOU. That's who.

Business remains silent.

JASMIN

Do you understand me, Aaron?

He swallows deeply and blinks slowly before nodding his
head yes.

JASMIN

Don't let me catch you acting like your brother now.

Do you understand?

BUSINESS

Yeah, Jasmin. I...I understand.

JASMIN

Good.

Beat.

JASMIN

Now that'll have to do for tonight because I can hear that martini calling out for me at home.

*;Por favor, ven a beberme Jasmin!
Rápido, por favor.*

She starts laughing at herself and Business begins to laugh too. He leans on her desk and lets his head fall into his hands. Jasmin pats him on the shoulder.

FADE TO

INT. HUDDLE ROOM - TIMELESS

Business and Ego are discussing the length of an average career in the hyperbolic huddle room. This conversation is roughly a few days after Jasmin's special day.

Business is cooking a full breakfast on a cast iron skillet over an electric, hot plate as they talk. He's wearing an apron.

BUSINESS

Thirty years. It's a long time to do anything, isn't it? I sometimes feel like I've been around long enough and I'm only twenty-nine.

EGO

Like, you think you've lived long enough already - Is that what you mean?

BUSINESS

Yeah...

EGO

Don't you want to grow old?

BUSINESS

Not really...

EGO

No interest in the pipe and slippers?

BUSINESS

Sure, right now maybe, but in thirty years? No thanks. Take me to my grave.

EGO

Well, alright then.

BUSINESS

I'm an old soul.

EGO

Believe me...I know.

Beat.

Business plates a breakfast of fried eggs, tomatoes, and bacon and hands it Ego, who begins to eat.

BUSINESS

It's all a slog. Everybody's slogging through life, myself included.

I've put in a solid thirty. Thirty and out. Why do I need to put in another several decades, OR MORE, especially when it's just the bad parts now?

Ego responds with a mouth full of food.

EGO

Th...badd partds?

BUSINESS

Yeah, you know...work, hairloss,

BUSINESS (CONT'D)

unresolvable exhaustion, losing your
will to live, then...death.

Ego swallows a huge bite of eggs as Business plates some
for himself. He sits down across from Ego to start eating.

EGO

You're so fucking depressing.

BUSINESS

It's just...reality.

EGO

So you keep saying, but yet you
never do anything to try and change
it for yourself...or if you do, you
don't stick to it.

Now Business takes a bite and speaks with his mouthful.

BUSINESS

You're always expecting me da bee
something...I'm not! Ghesus.

EGO

I just think a touch of gratitude
or a consistent journaling practice
might work wonders for you.

BUSINESS

(Depressingly)

...Unyielding. It's all so...unyielding.

EGO

FUCK...get yourself together, man...

Get on some SSRIs or something you sad
sack of shit.

Business pulls out a french press and pours himself a cup
of coffee. *Roygbiv* by Boards of Canada plays.

BUSINESS

Would that make you disappear?

EGO

N...no...why? Do you want me to disappear?

He stares at Ego calmly as he takes a sip of his coffee.
Ego looks back at Business with a twinge of fear on his
face. Neither of them say anything else to each other.

CUT TO BLACK

CREDITS SEQUENCE

EPISODE SIX

'Ego Death'

EXT. CORPORATE PARK - GOLDEN HOUR

Robyn's *Dancing On My Own* starts playing. Worn dress shoes pound the paved surface of a parking garage before emerging onto the street. As they do, the cold, darkness of cement beams overhead turn into golden rays of evening sun. The music stops followed quickly by...

CUT TO BLACK

BUSINESS (V/O)

So, like...where did you even come from?
I can't remember...

EGO (V/O)

From the dark recesses of your mind.

Beat.

BUSINESS (V/O)

...And...and...when did we start, I don't really
know what you'd call this...hanging out?

EGO (V/O)

Right around when you started
jerking off.

BUSINESS (V/O)

Yeah...that makes sense.

CUT TO

INT. BUSINESS'S OFFICE - MIDDAY

Business is eating pretzels while typing out an email. Ego is lounging beside him. Evan walks by and enters his own office. The two brothers share a nod with one another.

Suddenly, Frank appears over Business's computer causing both him and Ego to jump slightly.

BUSINESS

Jesus...oh...hey, dad. Did you need something?

FRANK

He's my rock. I owe all of this to him.

Beat.

BUSINESS

For sure. Can I help you though...

Frank interrupts him.

FRANK

Aaron, you've been working here
at Franklin Financial for almost
a year now.

BUSINESS

I have.

Frank stares at his son before speaking again.

FRANK

(Directly)

I need you to get your securities
licenses. When are you going to sit
for your Series 7?

Business clenches his teeth and inhales sharply.

BUSINESS

Dad, you know this...this has all been a
HUGE change for me this year, and I HAVE
been studying it's just...I'm...I don't
think I'm ready for the test QUITE yet.
There's a TON of material to cover.

Frank lets Business finish his excuse and sits with it
silently for a few moments while continuing to make
intense, unbroken eye contact him. Then he responds.

FRANK

You know, bud, when I was just getting
started in this business my boss sat me
down, gave me a book thicker than *The Good
One*, and told me to start reading. He told
me I had one month to pass or else it
was bye-bye-Mister-Frankie-pie.

Let me simplify his message for you:
No license. No money. Are you starting
to catch my drift?

He pauses to let his sermon sink in. Business swallows nervously but doesn't speak.

FRANK

What I'm saying is it's
do or die time, son.

BUSINESS

Umm...so...like what does that mean, exactly?

FRANK

I'm going to give you one more month...

Business makes a loud gulping sound and Ego snaps to attention in his chair.

FRANK

...or we're going to re-evaluate
your employment here.

BUSINESS

Wait...no! Dad...please just give me...

Frank holds up his hand to silence Business.

FRANK

You have one month, bud. Better get
crackin'. Or if you'd rather, you can
start looking for one of those graphics
arts jobs again. It's your call.

He points to the huge 'Series 7 Handbook' resting on Business's desk before walking away. Business sits motionless for a while before closing his eyes and letting his head fall to meet the faux wooden surface of his desk below him.

BUSINESS

Shit...it's fucking over for me.

EGO

What...you're gonna give up just like that?

BUSINESS

You heard him! I can't pass this test
in a month. Are you out of your mind?

EGO

No...I'm out of YOUR mind.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. CORPORATE PARK - GOLDEN HOUR

Robyn's *Dancing On My Own* starts playing again. A loosened tie is pulled off and discarded from around a man's neck. A torso, now freed from the suffocating tightness of this corporate symbol begins to take deep, restorative breaths as warmth radiates all around it. The music plays a bit longer this time before stopping, and then...

CUT TO BLACK

BUSINESS (V/O)

Will we ever NOT be together again,
or is this like a 'til death do us part'
situation?

EGO (V/O)

It's kinda hard to put the bear
back in it's cage once it's loose
Haven't we already been over
all this?

BUSINESS (V/O)

No...um, yeah. I'm just double checking.

Beat.

EGO (V/O)

You're not trying to get rid of me,
are you?

Another beat.

EGO (V/O)

FUCK! You ARE, aren't you?!?!

BUSINESS (V/O)

Oh, god forbid I wonder if I might ever
be TRULY at peace in my lifetime again!
I can't keep living in my head ALL the time.

I just...I can't...

EGO (V/O)

Why the fuck not? It's gotten you
this far.

BUSINESS (V/O)

What?

EGO (V/O)

You know exactly what I mean. Why don't
you grow up already. GROW UP and do what
you're supposed to do for once. All of this
getting out of your own way to follow your
dreams is a load of horseshit, you know.
It's for suckers.

It's for delusional suckers.

CUT TO

INT. FRANKLIN FINANCIAL, RECEPTION - LATE MORNING

A day or two has passed since Frank's ultimatum.

Business is leaning against Jasmin's desk explaining the
situation to her as she multitasks. Ego keeps his distance
and leans against the wall several feet away.

BUSINESS

He's only giving me one more month,
Jasmin. One fucking month...

He sighs.

BUSINESS

What the hell am I gonna do?

Without looking away from her computer, Jasmin replies.

JASMIN

You could try to buckle down
and study?

BUSINESS

I HAVE been! But...it's...all this
material doesn't...it just doesn't
come easily, to me at least. It's
like learning a second language!

JASMIN

I think it's that way for everyone, Aaron.

BUSINESS

Well everyone else seems fluent enough.

Business looks dejected. Jasmin stops what she's doing and turns to address him.

JASMIN

You think I was fluent in this shit when I first started? Hell no! I didn't have the luxury of working for my dad either. I had NO background in financial services whatsoever but damned if I wasn't licensed within six months. I just did what I had to do. Marcus was so annoyed with me then...we barely saw each other.

BUSINESS

Damn. You're making me feel, I don't know...kinda...bad about myself.

Jasmin chuckles but remains direct with him.

JASMIN

I love you, kid, but sometimes, you've really got your head stuck in the clouds. Life isn't always about doing what feels good in the moment. Sometimes, you have to make sacrifices.

BUSINESS

Geez. You're starting to sound like...

He cuts himself off.

BUSINESS

Nevermind.

Frank can be heard whistling as he returns from a meeting. He briefly stops by Jasmin and Business on the way to his office.

FRANK

Helloa, kiddies. Are we working hard
or hardly working?

BUSINESS

Hey, dad.

JASMIN

Hi, Frank. How was your meeting?

Frank and Jasmin strike up a conversation. Business slips away and heads back to his desk sluggishly. Ego lurches behind him, much further away than he usually is.

As he passes Evan's office, he sees him slowly chewing a bite of his naked banana with an open mouth. Business turns away and sighs before plopping down in his desk chair.

INT. BUSINESS'S OFFICE - LATE MORNING

Business closes his eyes and begins to breath deeply. Upon seeing this, Ego quietly cracks open his journal and starts to write.

Rather unintentionally, Business enters a sort of meditative state. Images and memories begin to swirl through his head as the office LEDs overhead dim. Alt-J's cover of *House of the Rising Sun* begins to play while a single stage-light sends out a solitary ray, illuminating him in a warm, radiant glow.

A chorus of voices, all jumbled together, ring out in Business's head but it's Ego's voice he recognizes first. It sounds distant and slightly distorted to him.

EGO (V/O)

All of this getting out of your
own way to follow your dreams is a
load of horseshit, you know. It's
for suckers. It's for delusional
suckers.

Business, by focusing on his breath, manages to return to himself as Ego's voice fades back amongst the others.

Next, he hears his father's voice, which greets his ears with its usual, overly confident tenor.

FRANK (V/O)

Let me simplify the message for you:
No license. No money. Are you starting
to catch my drift?

You have ONE MONTH, bud.

Once again, Business is able to let go and return to his own mind for just a second before yet another voice rises above the rest. This time it's Jasmin's. Her comforting cadence meets him head on.

JASMIN (V/O)

I love you, kid, but sometimes,
you've really got your head stuck in
the clouds.

SOMETIMES, you have to make
sacrifices in life..

All of a sudden, Jasmin's voice fades away making way for another to come through.

Business hears his friend Ellen's voice like she's in the office with him. He opens his eyes and she is sitting opposite him in the chair where Ego sits.

ELLEN

The world needs dreamers, Aaron.
It's already got enough mediocre
business men.

So dream on. Fucking DREAM ON.

Just like Steven Tyler told us...

Ellen's face transforms into Steven Tyler's disgustingly beautiful face before fading away like dust in the wind.

Finally, as the music swells, Business is left alone. Alone to his own thoughts with no interruptions. No outside voices bearing down on him.

There's no Ego, no Frank, no Jasmin, nor Ellen. He feels calm. He can hear it. He can hear his own voice. It speaks to him clearly and with no pretense. It's not the voice of Business, it's just Aaron.

AARON

Wake up. Wake up, Aaron. WAKE UP.

He has tears rolling down his cheeks. He feels connected to himself in a way he hasn't felt in years. Since he was a small child, maybe. Business closes his eyes again and inhales deeply before being interrupted by yet another voice.

The lights flash on and he's sitting in his office like nothing has happened. Everything is back to normal again. Ego is sitting across from him writing. Evan is standing in the doorway to Business's office.

EVAN

Hey...

Business doesn't, or can't, respond. Evan does his usual routine. He inhales, exhales, and blinks slowly.

EVAN

Do you...uh...have the reports done
for the Jarvis account?

CUT TO BLACK

INT. HUDDLE ROOM - TIMELESS

Business and Ego are sitting face to face in the huddle room they often visit. There isn't any friendliness between them this time. No smoking. No shared snacks or drinks. Just the two of them alone, talking.

EGO

I can see your dreams too.
Did you know that?

BUSINESS

No.

EGO

No. Of course not. Why would you?
You never ask ME anything unless
it benefits you.

BUSINESS

Jesus...you've had such a chip

BUSINESS (CONT'D)

on your shoulder ever since...ever since
that night we got drinks with Ellen.

What's going on?

EGO

Have you ever considered that maybe
you're not so easy to be around?

BUSINESS

I'm a TREAT to be around.

Ego laughs in Business's face.

EGO

ANYWAYS...

I can see your dreams. I've
been keeping track of them all this time
and guess what? They're pointless.

They are pointless, and stupid, and I don't
think you will ever amount to anything more
than what you've had handed to you on
a silver fucking platter.

Business looks affronted.

BUSINESS

W...wow...what...

What happened to us being friends?

EGO

That ship has sailed.

CUT TO

INT. THE OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

A few hours have passed. Business is drinking a cup of
coffee to stave off any afternoon drowsiness when Ego, who
is sulking in the corner, stands up abruptly.

EGO

I'm taking a walk.

Business continues working at his computer and drinking coffee. He responds without moving.

BUSINESS

Okay? Knock yourself out.

EGO

I will.

BUSINESS

Great. Go on then.

EGO

Fine.

Ego hesitates for a second longer allowing Business to look up at him and wave.

BUSINESS

Buh, bye now!

Ego clenches his teeth before storming out of Business's office and passed Jasmin into the hallway.

Business watches him disappear then resumes his work while taking another sip of coffee. However, as he's typing, something on Ego's chair catches his eye: it's Ego's journal that he's left behind.

Business stops what he's doing, gets up from his desk, and approaches the worn, leather notebook. He mumbles something under his breath as he picks it up.

BUSINESS

Wittle baby's...diary...hmm...

He undoes the small clasp keeping the book closed and begins to flip through its pages.

Inside, towards the front of the journal, Ego's notes are orderly and legible. Sections are broken down by years of Business's life, and there are page headings for subjects such as 'Dreams / Aspirations', 'Goals', 'Habits', or 'Routines'. He's noted problem areas and how to address them as well as laid out plans for achieving each individual goal. Business spends a few moments looking through these but finds a lot of the writing redacted.

As he continues moving through Ego's journal to more current entries, things begin to change. The organization starts to slip and the language becomes increasingly erratic. Business notices that the focus of his writing is less on himself and how he can improve and more centered on Ego's own experience of their shared existence.

Finally, Business reaches the most current entry in Ego's journal. The page is smudged and messy, but he can make out some of the words. They read, 'Not working out...not working out. Time to live, but how can I when...' The rest is illegible. Business closes the book and sets it back down on Ego's chair where he found it.

He returns to his desk and crashes into his seat. Confusedly, he shakes his head as if the motion will help him comprehend what he's just read more clearly. He takes a slow, drawn out sip of his coffee before speaking to himself.

BUSINESS

What the fuck?

CUT TO

EXT. CORPORATE PARK - LATE AFTERNOON

Esprit.Wav by George Clanton plays.

Ego is outside Franklin Financial sitting on a bench alone. He has his hands folded in his lap and his gaze fixed upon them.

Soon afterwards, he looks up at the sky with a blank expression on his face, and with his eyes fixed on the cloudless blue expanse overhead, he raises both of his slightly trembling hands to where he can see them.

He stares at his body and thinks to himself how twisted it is that his reality is so intrinsically tied to someone else's and how unfair that is. After all, he exists too. He's sitting on a bench looking at his own flesh and blood isn't he?

Therefore, shouldn't what he wants be just as important as anyone else's wishes or desires?

CUT TO

INT. BUSINESS'S OFFICE - EARLY EVENING

It's around 4:30pm and Business is attempting to tie-off a few loose ends at work before heading home for the day when Ego renters his office. He doesn't sit down as Business looks up at him.

BUSINESS

Oh...hey. How was your walk?

Ego ignores this question.

EGO

Listen, I've been thinking...

BUSINESS

There's a surprise. When are you not?

Ego takes a deep breath, seemingly to repress his anger.

EGO

As I was SAYING, I've been thinking about something important that you might want to consider.

BUSINESS

Yeah...about that...

Business gestures towards Ego's journal. Ego's face rushes with a mix of shame and anger but he fails to respond.

BUSINESS

Say whatever you need to already.
I'm busy finishing up for the day here.

Ego is holding back emotion as he speaks.

EGO

Oh I wasn't really sure because you're never doing what you should be doing anyway.

BUSINESS

You're just pissed. Lay off me.

EGO

No.

BUSINESS

Whatever...

Business goes back to writing his email. Ego moves in closer but it doesn't deter him. As he types, he reads his words aloud.

BUSINESS

...please find the statements attached
and call with any further questions.

Best Regards,

Aaron Franklin

He hits send and looks up to find Ego only a few inches away from him.

BUSINESS

Holy shit.

Beat.

EGO

I think...I think that...I should be
the one living your life.

BUSINESS

Uhh...ummm...what did you just say?

Ego leans forward slightly now and comes face to face with Business.

EGO

It should be me, Aaron. Not you.

Hearing Ego address him by name causes Business to go cold.

Rather than feeling slightly annoyed, he now feels somewhat fearful. He rolls his desk chair away from Ego slightly.

BUSINESS

What's...what's wrong, buddy?

EGO

I am NOT your FUCKING buddy.

BUSINESS

O...o...kay...

EGO

I am your fucking EVERYTHING.

BUSINESS

Sure I...you mean a lot to me...but...

EGO

Shut up...Shut the FUCK up!

Business is fully scared at this point but remains in his chair. The best he can do to get away from Ego is to keep rolling further away as he encroaches on him.

EGO

Shut up FOR ONCE and let ME do the talking.

You would be dead and buried by now if it wasn't for me you helpless, fucking man-child. ME! The steady-hand behind all of your stupid, emotional decisions.

Business backs into the corner of his office so that he can't roll any further. Ego stands down slightly but begins to pace in front of him as he talks, like a madman.

EGO

OH MY GOD! If it weren't for ME, you wouldn't even be HERE, working at Franklin Financial in the first place, and OH, wopty-fuckin-doo you're about to fuck that up too, aren't you?

BUSINESS

Why...why are you rhyming?

EGO

I mean, Jesus Christ, just study for the fucking test you insignificant little bitch! For the love of god, take one OUNCE of responsibility and don't screw up the

EGO (CONT'D)

first real opportunity you've ever had in
your silly, little life.

Business looks like he is about to cry. Ego scoffs and then
continues to unload on him.

EGO

I'm so done with your antics. I've been
trying SO hard to keep your head straight
for YEARS and all you've done is fuck
things up.

YOU are a selfish sack of shit.

Ego stops his pacing and stands up straight facing
Business.

EGO

It's over. I'm done. Hand over
the keys now, Aaron.

BUSINESS

Wh...what?

Ego holds out his hand as if Business has a physical 'key
to his life' that he can give to him.

BUSINESS

I don't...I don't understand...what you...

EGO

NOW. It's my turn to drive.

Business stands up nervously and tries get away from Ego
but there's nowhere to go.

EGO

FUCKING NOW!

Robyn's *Dancing On My Own* starts playing again. This time
it will play all the way through. This is the beginning of
the end. Or is it only just the beginning?

BUSINESS

WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME!?!?!?!?!?!?

Ego, full of rage, charges at Business but he dodges causing Ego to crash directly into his desk chair. Ego stumbles back to his feet angrily and locks onto to him again. This time, Business screams loudly.

BUSINESS

AHHHHH!!!!!!!

As he wails, the wall between what is reality and what is in Business's head becomes heavily blurred.

The others in the office, Frank, Evan, and Jasmin, can hear him yell and are deeply concerned. Ego charges Business again and tackles him into a wall. The framed picture of the 'Wall Street Bull' crashes down on top of them as they wrestle each other. Jasmin comes running to see what's happening.

JASMIN

What the hell is going on in...Aaron?

From her perspective, she sees Business squirming around on the ground and throwing punches at the air.

Finally, Business lands a blow on Ego stalling him for long enough to get back to his feet. As they both regain their composure, Ego grabs the mug of coffee Business was drinking earlier and hurls it at him. Business ducks in time and stands up quickly to face Ego and Jasmin is shocked to see a mug explode of its own accord behind Business.

Then, Business squares himself off, going from a stance of terrified self-defence to composed and ready to fight. Ego notices this change in his target causing his demeanor to shift. He suddenly seems less confident about his attempt to kill Business.

Just then, Frank arrives on the scene and stands next to Jasmin who is still watching things unfold.

FRANK

Bud, what's going on...is everything o...kay...

Frank takes in the chaos of Business's office.

Meanwhile, undeterred and resolved to finish things, Business goes on the offensive. He charges Ego who has begun to cower.

Business tackles him to the ground hard as Ego let's out a somewhat pathetic squeal. They fall into a pile of papers, documents, file folders, and other miscellaneous office supplies.

After Business stands up, he stares down at the spot on the ground where they both fell. To his surprise and delight, Ego is gone. Disappeared like magic. There's no trace of him at all. A disheveled Business then turns to see his father and co-worker watching him in utter confusion. He runs by them and they watch him go. As he passes Evan's office, his brother looks up at him and nods approvingly.

EVAN

(Confidently)

Woah. Cool.

Business keeps running. He runs out of the office, down the stairs, and exits into the parking garage. He stops for a moment to catch his breath before starting to run again. As he leaves the parking garage the warmth of the sun hits his face.

He feels alive. He's invigorated. He's hopeful. He tears of his tie and takes a deep breath of the fresh air all around him.

Business throws up his arms in celebration and starts running again. He runs across the busy, corporate park where the offices of Franklin Financial reside. People are leaving the premises at the end of another work day and he glides passed them. These other nine-to-fivers stare at him with apprehension and confined jealousy. The evening sun all around slowly fades into white as *Dancing On My Own* comes to an end.

FADE TO

EXT. THE FREEWAY - HIGH NOON

David Byrne and Brian Eno's *Strange Overtones* plays over a scene of flowing highway traffic. The sun is high in the sky. It's a gorgeous day.

In the distance, a Volkswagen Rabbit is visible. As it cruises alongside the other vehicles focus remains fixed on the tiny, old hatchback.

PAN TO BUSINESS'S VW RABBIT

A slow pan down to the car's window reveals Business behind the wheel. He's dressed differently than we have seen him in the past, wearing jeans and a t-shirt as opposed to his typical work clothes, and he looks lighter in mood too. The passenger seat is empty.

He continues driving and eventually takes an exit to get off the highway. A few more turns and Business finds his way into the parking lot of a small coffee shop. He hops out of his car, grabs a bag, and heads inside.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - NOON

Once inside, Business spots Ellen set up at a table facing the windows. They greet each other, then Business sits down and pulls out a laptop. As his computer boots up, he looks outside, smiling and admiring the beautiful weather. He takes a breath in and exhales a sense of peace. He feels happy.

However, while looking out the window, he sees someone familiar walking on the sidewalk outside the coffee shop. His peaceful bliss recedes immediately as their face becomes more recognizable. He knows this person all too well because the person is him. It's his Ego.

Business shouts.

BUSINESS

What the fu...!?!?

His scream is cut short as we cut to black.

TITLE: BUSINESS CASSEROLE

CREDITS SEQUENCE

END OF SHOW