The One: Near Future Dystopia

In the Choices *book* The One*, you play as an employee for LoveCorp, an organization that defines every part of life by finding people their soulmates with brain scans. But after witnessing an odd reaction to a brain scan, you start to dig deeper, and uncover a conspiracy that will shake the world. At a charity gala with your LoveCorp assigned soulmate, Nico, you meet the head of the company, Oscar Douglas, but when you try to question him, things don't go as planned.*

INT. GALA - NIGHT

Event: It's then that you spot Oscar, leaning against the bar, drink in hand.
You [HAPPY]: There he is!
Nico [HAPPY]: And he's alone too. Now's our best shot.
Event: With a reassuring nod, {Nico} leads you over to Oscar, who smiles brightly upon seeing {him}.
Oscar [HAPPY]: {Nico}! I'm thrilled you could make it tonight. And this must be your one.
You [HAPPY]: {You} {Surname}, sir. It's wonderful to finally meet you.
Nico [HAPPY]: {You} is one of your finest love technicians. We just got paired a few days ago.
Oscar [HAPPY]: Congratulations! It's always wonderful to see the fruits of our labors.
Oscar [HAPPY]: Especially when two of our employees turn out to be perfect for each other.

CHOICE MENU: I…

Really admire your work.	Didn't see your partner here.	Hope business is going well.
You [HAPPY]: What you've done with the Soulmate Program is incredible. Though I'm sure you hear that a lot. **Oscar [HAPPY]:** I do. Though I miss the days when I could actually get into the nitty-gritty of it, troubleshooting problems on the fly. **You [SURPRISED]:** What kind of problems? **Oscar [HAPPY]:** The brain is complicated, Ms. {Surname}, almost like a computer. Learning to read the code of it is rather difficult, and we made plenty of mistakes.	**Event:** Oscar's lips turn down ever so slightly, and out of the corner of your eye, you see {Nico} shaking {his} head. **Oscar:** My wife has never been a fan of the spotlight. She much prefers to watch the red carpet at home rather than walk down it. **You [SURPRISED]:** Oh, uh... That's too	**You:** I know I'm just a minor part of the operation, but-- **Oscar [HAPPY]:** Everyone has their role to play, Ms. {Surname}, and when everyone plays it well, that is what helps us to succeed. **Nico [HAPPY]:** LoveCorp wouldn't be where it is today if not for the thousands of people who've worked there. **Oscar:** Precisely. There are always going to be folks

Oscar [HAPPY]: I mean, there was one time a chart was wildly misinterpreted because the interviewer happened to be wearing a perfume our client liked. **Nico [HAPPY]:** Still, your work laid the foundation for everything we do now.	bad. I would have loved to meet her. **Nico [HAPPY]:** But please give her our regards. **Oscar:** Of course. I'm sure she'll appreciate that.	who don't see our vision, who wish to stand in our way. **Oscar [HAPPY]:** But looking back at all of our accomplishments these last few decades, I know we will persevere.

Nico: I'm going to grab us some drinks, {You}. I'll be right back.
Event: {He} locks eyes with you and gives you a reassuring smile before leaving you and Oscar alone.
You: (Right. This is what I came here to do... Let's see what Oscar knows, and if he can help us.)
Oscar [HAPPY]: How are you enjoying your work at LoveCorp, {You}? I have to admit, being a love technician has always been a secret dream of mine.
Oscar [HAPPY]: Finding people their happily ever afters. You must find it so rewarding.
You: I do. But... There's actually something I'd like to talk to you about.
Event: You lean in slightly after glancing around to make sure no one else is listening.
You [SAD]: Lately, I've been worried that there might be some negative side effects from the brain scan tech.
Event: Oscar frowns, his eyes filling with concern as his eyebrows knit together.
Oscar [SURPRISED]: Why would you think that, {You}? I can assure you, our technology is perfectly safe.
You: It's just... I had this client, Chloe Campbell, who had a really bad nosebleed during her intake...
You [SAD]: And I found out she died a few days later in a similar incident.
Oscar: And you think the brain scan had something to do with it?

CHOICE MENU: I was hoping you could...

Tell me.	Help figure this out.
You: I mean, if this is a known issue, I'm sure you would have done something to fix whatever problems with the tech are causing it. **You [SURPRISED]:** And I totally understand if you didn't want it to get into the news and cause people to panic. **Oscar:** *If* there were problems, I would have taken immediate action and shut down operations until they could be resolved.	**You:** Whatever's going on, people are getting hurt. **You:** But if you get a team to investigate it, I'm sure they'll be able to determine what went wrong and make sure it doesn't happen again. **Oscar:** That won't be necessary.

You [SURPRISED]: But--
Oscar: I was deeply saddened to hear of Ms. Campbell's passing, of course, as I'm sure you were.
Oscar: Though I must say, I do find it odd that you and {Nico} were with Chloe Campbell when tragedy struck. Why was that, exactly?
You [SURPRISED]: (Dammit. {Harley} was right. Our names must have been in Chloe's medical report.)
You [SURPRISED]: Chloe and I hit it off at the beginning of her intake. It was... a social call.
Oscar: Touching. In that case, I'm sorry for your loss.
Event: Oscar straightens, now towering above you, and you have to look up to hold his gaze.
Oscar: I'll be blunt, {You}. What happened with Chloe Campbell was a freak accident. One you frankly shouldn't even know about.
Oscar: The professional relationship between love technicians and their clients does not call for interactions outside of intake interviews.
You [SURPRISED]: I know. It says that in Section 45B of the Love Technician Handbook. But considering what happened during her intake--
Oscar: I would have expected the one who set the curve on love tech evaluations to understand the challenges we face as a company.
Oscar: We're trying to make everyone in the world happy -- reaching that lofty of a goal won't come without setbacks.

CHOICE MENU: Sir…

I just wanted to make you aware of the situation.	Chloe died. That's not a 'setback.'	That's all I want too.
You: I'm not trying to cause any trouble. It's just, as the CEO, I'm sure that some smaller issues fly under your radar. **Oscar:** I assure you, I have been keeping abreast of the situation. **You [SURPRISED]:** Then you have to know that it seems a little strange. **You [SURPRISED]:** I don't see the harm in doing an investigation. Even if it turns out to be nothing, at least we did our due diligence. **Oscar [ANGRY]:** As a company, we cannot afford to run investigations based on every lower-level employee's whims.	**You:** How are we supposed to find people happiness if they aren't around to enjoy it? **Oscar:** We cannot prevent people from dying. **You [ANGRY]:** We can if our technology has something to do with their deaths! **Event:** Oscar scowls at you, looking more openly angry than you've seen him so far. **Oscar [ANGRY]:** It didn't.	**You:** I'm deeply passionate about helping others find happiness. That's the reason I wanted to work for LoveCorp. **Event:** Oscar nods approvingly. **Oscar:** I'm glad to hear it. **You:** But isn't part of finding people their happiness making sure that they're safe while we do it? **Event:** Oscar's expression hardens again into something almost menacing. **Oscar [ANGRY]:** As I said, our technology is perfectly safe.

Event: As if on cue, {Nico} reappears with drinks. {His} gaze immediately flicks between you and Oscar, clearly picking up the tension.
Nico [SURPRISED]: Everything okay here?
Event: You force a smile to reassure {him}.
You: Everything is fine. I just have one more question for you, Dr. Douglas.
Oscar: I do appreciate your concern, {You}.
Oscar: Like a tree, companies grow slowly, and we need conscientious workers at the roots to ensure that we reach new heights.
Event: All of a sudden, your head begins to *pound,* a bright burst of pain that reverberates through your body.
You [SAD]: Unnghh...
Event: You wince, lifting your hand to rub at your temple. Oscar frowns, looking concerned.
Oscar: Are you feeling all right, {You}?

CHOICE MENU: I'm…

Completely fine.	A little woozy.
Event: You grit your teeth, trying to ignore the ache in your skull as you stare down Oscar. You: Same as always. **Event:** But then {Nico}'s hand is on your shoulder, {his} forehead creased with concern. **Nico [SURPRISED]:** Are you sure, {You}? I know all this noise can be overstimulating. Maybe you need to take a breather.	**You:** I must have just gotten a little overheated or something. **Event:** {Nico} sets your drinks down on the bar so {he} can put a steadying hand on your shoulder. **Nico [SURPRISED]:** It is a little crowded in here. Maybe that's why.

Oscar: There should be some seating outside if you'd like to get some fresh air, {You}.
Oscar: In the meantime, I'd love a word with {Nico}... Alone.
Event: You open your mouth to refuse, but then {Nico} squeezes your shoulder and gives you a pointed look.
Nico: I'll just be a moment, {You}. I'll find you outside when I'm done.