

INT. UPSCALE OFFICE - DAY

An irritated LIAM is carefully searching the desk as TRISHA frantically rifles through a bag on the chair.

LIAM

This is *ridiculous*. You owe me  
three caramel frappuccinos for this-

TRISHA

Shh, make sure you leave everything  
like you found it! Ugh, where would  
his assistant have put them...

Liam is examining a bizarre KNOTTED SCULPTURE.

LIAM

You think it's some kind of award?

TRISHA

Focus! They're not in his inbox?

LIAM

You want me to check a fourth time?  
What were you thinking - printing  
*hard copies* of your nudes?! Did we  
fall through a wormhole into 1997?

TRISHA

It's a new thing me and Ben do, we -

LIAM

(fake gagging)

Please, no, the last thing I need  
is an image of Ben's little piggy  
in laserjet ink. If you're gonna  
avoid the Cloud, at least stick to  
aughts technology - one thumb drive  
and we wouldn't be in this mess -

TRISHA

I thought I got them all out of the  
copier!

LIAM

If we get fired, you're giving me  
your severance -

Footsteps. Liam and Trisha freeze. They pass, and Liam fans at his armpits.

LIAM (CONT'D)

I'm *soaking*, my nervous system is  
not calibrated for recon - wait -

He spies a folder peeking out of the desk. Flips it open.

LIAM (CONT'D)  
I FOUND THEM!!

They do a silent victory dance.

TRISHA  
Slip them out and let's go!

LIAM  
(examining pictures)  
Girl - these are pretty good. How'd  
you get that angle - selfie stick?

TRISHA  
LIAM!!

LIAM  
Seriously, give me some tips -  
(off her murderous look)  
Fine.

He holds the pictures just out of Trisha's reach.

LIAM (CONT'D)  
Repeat after me: I will not use  
workplace ink to fax pics of my  
Krabby Patty to my boyfriend.

Trisha tears them from his hands.

LIAM (CONT'D)  
(under his breath)  
You'd better make good on those  
fraps.