

MILLY THOMAS

CLICKBAIT

CHLOE: What a surprise.

GINA: Not now, Chloe.

CHLOE sighs and hands GINA a can of hairspray and a hairbrush with a long handle.

What's this?

CHLOE: These are for the video you're making.

Pause.

GINA: What video?

CHLOE: 'What video?'

NICOLA moans from the other side of the door. Pause.

GINA: Thanks, Chlo. She's done her hair already.

CHLOE: They're not for her hair.

Pause.

I reckon if you have full on toys it might be a bit scary, or whatever. These might be crap. It's just a suggestion. I figured since it's the first one you're doing. Like a homemade one. I dunno ... I just thought they were ... relatable.

Pause.

I can help.

Pause.

GINA: Chloe, you're a child and this is grown up stuff.

CHLOE: You're making porn. And I want to help. Gina, I know what sex is. I've seen porn. I masturbate. I don't get what the big deal is. We're all adults now. It's a society thing. I am an adult because life already has adult expectations of me. So there.

GINA: This isn't a game, Chloe. You wouldn't know the first thing.

CHLOE: Please. What experience do you have? You man the phones at Foxtons. How are you going to do this? *(Beat.)* Are you quitting your job?

GINA: It's important she's supervised.

CHLOE: The fuck? Who the fuck do you think you are? If you can work for Nicola then I can work for Nicola. Do you even want this? Because I'd love this. And if you don't want this then you should probably say.

NICOLA moans.

GINA: If Nicola wants this. Then yes.

Pause.

CHLOE: Okay. Then I get to help.

GINA: *(Beat.)* What could you help with?

CHLOE: I want social media. Branding's really important. I saw it on *The Apprentice*. Plus it's my dream job.

GINA: What is?

CHLOE: I want to be a ghost tweeter.

GINA: That's not a thing.

CHLOE: Then I feel sorry for you and this is going to fail because you're a lot naiver than I thought because if we can get her trending again we might be in a position to crowdsource user-generated content which strengthens brands and I'm not sure you even know what that means. *(Beat.)* She's my sister too. I'm not leaving. And if you don't let me in I'll tell mum.

Silence.

GINA: Don't tell Mum.

CHLOE pushes past GINA and barges in.

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CLICKBAIT

COMMENTS E

Comments.

TROLL: Her cunt must reek.

TROLL: These comments are truly saddening. This blog is meant to help. That is all. Tim, 49, Wiltshire.

TROLL: Holy fuck I've never seen ne! take hairbrush that deep

TROLL: so cute she is so bashful with the hairbrush like she has naughty secret to share from her room very attractive ;)

TROLL: Oh I'm sorry little Instagram white girl that we fucked up your day by telling the truth you fucking whore I will cut a hole in your cheek and rape it until I'm done. Fuck you.

SCENE EIGHT

Six months later. NICOLA has just walked in. ADAM is sitting on the end of the bed with a laptop.

NICOLA: Oh my god.

ADAM: It's not what it looks like.

NICOLA: Okay.

ADAM: It isn't. I wasn't wanking. I – God, Nicola, you can't just walk in.

NICOLA: It's my room.

NICOLA sits down next to him. He can't look at her.

Fuck, Adam. We agreed you wouldn't watch them.

ADAM: I'm so fucking embarrassed.

NICOLA: You're embarrassed?

ADAM: Don't say that.

NICOLA: Why didn't you tell me?

ADAM: How the fuck could I?

NICOLA: We agreed you wouldn't watch them.

ADAM: If it were that simple, Nic, then I wouldn't watch them. But it's not.

NICOLA: Hang on, how have you been watching them? Have you been paying for them?

Pause.

Adam, the videos are really expensive.

ADAM: I don't give a fuck. It's not about the money. I just ... They're out there. And when I sit on the tube every time I look up I sit there looking at the men. And I think, which of you's seen her. Who's watching her. Who's seen her naked.

NICOLA: I don't think that.

ADAM: I keep picturing them cumming watching you and it's like ... It's like they're fucking you and I don't know. Like they're raping you but I don't know and you're smiling and laughing while they're sliding out of you and you're covered in their cum and I don't know. And I can't bear it. You're walking around and their cum's all over you and I don't know. Why do you pretend you're single?

NICOLA: *(Beat.)* Adam. Because – because it makes the brand stronger. Because more people watch them then, because money, Adam.

ADAM: I can give you money.

NICOLA: I don't care about that.

ADAM: If you don't care about it then tell them you've got a boyfriend.

NICOLA: You know I can't do that. *(Beat.)* I love you.

ADAM: Like you love canning?

NICOLA: Don't.

ADAM: When was the last time we slept together?

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NICOLA: That's not fair.

ADAM: See? You never want to.

NICOLA: I'm tired.

ADAM: Be tired with me then. Let's have tired lazy sex, that'd be nice. I'd bloody love that.

NICOLA: I need a shower.

ADAM: I could join you?

NICOLA: No, on my own.

ADAM: You have a lot of fun on your own.

NICOLA: Meaning?

ADAM: You look so happy.

NICOLA: They're not real. They're like fucking ... Facebook. You know? They're not real.

ADAM: They are real, Nicola, because you're doing it.

NICOLA: The feelings aren't real. What I look like I'm feeling isn't real.

ADAM: Then why am I feeling everything?

SCENE NINE

A year later. NICOLA's bedroom. NICOLA is signing pictures of herself. GINA is on a headset taking a call. CHLOE enters and sits down with her school bag. She gets her books out and takes the laptop from GINA while she's on the phone. It's a familiar action.

GINA: What's that?

Yes, of course, only I've just had a look over the contract and the wording here's rather vague.

Sure. Sure, I hear what you're saying. I totally do, it's just we'd want to talk minutiae about what's being –

Right. If you're telling me, please do correct me if I've got this wrong, but if you're telling me that's the sole area your readership are interested in, what with you being a niche publication, with, albeit a very wide, uh, readership, then that's what's being referred to in the wording?

Ah, I would, only our schedule's rammmed and we're trying to –

Ha, yes. Nightmare.

Thank you.

She wildly gestures at CHLOE. CHLOE starts typing like a demon. She runs over with the laptop and shows GINA the screen.

Well it's been lovely talking to you, James.

GINA gives CHLOE the thumbs up as she sits back down.

Thank you, James. We'll ring you by tomorrow to confirm.

Okay?

Yep, you too. Bye.

GINA takes the headset off and gives it to CHLOE.

Well, you're not doing that.

NICOLA: Oh?

GINA: They're into pee. Why were we even talking to them?

Who contacted them?

CHLOE: I did. It's a lot of money they're offering. Geen.

Nic can always say no.

CHLOE takes a water bottle out of her bag and pours it into a glass by the side of NICOLA's bed. It's a green liquid.

CHLOE arranges the glass and puts a colourful straw in it from her bag. She snaps a photo with her phone.

I heart green juice. Hashtag healthy hashtag thursday hashtag love yourself hashtag inside and out hashtag libido hashtag healthy is hot.

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She shows it to NICOLA and GINA.

GINA: Not clickbaity enough.

CHLOE: Okay. Got it. You'll never guess what's in this? Hashtag my secret weapon hashtag comment for clues hashtag healthy hashtag thursday hashtag love yourself hashtag inside and out hashtag libido hashtag healthy is hot!

GINA: Perfect. Tweet it.

CHLOE: No, wait. I'm adding hashtag waistline. Boom.

NICOLA goes to take a sip.

Oh don't, Nic, it's paint. Oh, fuck. *(Beat.)* I forgot.

NICOLA: What?

CHLOE: I took an offer from Lovebox. They rang this morning and couriered over a crate of toys. They've said we get to proof the final edit before it goes out tomorrow, but it's an exclusive with Nicola Barker road testing their new products. It's for their private channels. They've said if they can just get a shot of you enjoying each toy? Oh, except ... There was one. Oh yep, the butt plug. They're all in the same price range pretty much, apart from the butt plug which is weighted and vibrates so they're keen to flog that one.

GINA: When did you take this?

CHLOE: A week ago.

GINA: A week ago?

CHLOE: I'm sorry, I've been rushed off my feet. I forgot.

GINA: *How* did you take this?

CHLOE: At school. *(Beat.)* I might have said I was you.

GINA: Chloe.

CHLOE: Sorry.

NICOLA: Where are the toys?

CHLOE: They couriered them.

GINA: To school?

CHLOE: I had them delivered to modern languages. No-one goes there.

GINA: Bloody hell.

CHLOE: I'm sorry. I forgot to mention it. It's only going to take half an hour. I worked it out. Three toys and finish with the butt plug.

NICOLA: I had the rest of that left over curry for lunch.

CHLOE: Oh.

NICOLA: For fuck's sake. And you're saying they need this by tomorrow?

CHLOE: By tonight. I'm so sorry, Nic. I totally forgot. I had coursework -

NICOLA: I don't feel comfortable using a plug knowing -

GINA: Shit.

NICOLA: It's okay. Right. This is what we're going to do -

GINA: Well, we're calling Lovebox and cancelling.

CHLOE: Um, Geen ... We've been playing kiss chase with Lovebox for two weeks. I'm not losing this because Nic's got no self control.

NICOLA: Self control? I was eating lunch.

GINA: We're cancelling.

CHLOE: I took an advance.

GINA: // What?

NICOLA: // Sorry?

CHLOE: It'll be in the company account. They transferred half up front. I signed it off.

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GINA: Jesus Christ, Chloe.

NICOLA: Make yourself useful.

CHLOE: Like how?

NICOLA: Go and run me a shallow bath and make sure Mumm doesn't come in. Luke warm.

CHLOE leaves the room.

GINA: What's your plan?

NICOLA: A makeshift bidet it is.

GINA: You can't give yourself an enema.

NICOLA: I've done it before.

GINA: Chloe's a little shit. This is all a bit ...

NICOLA: What?

GINA: You're tired.

NICOLA: I'm working.

GINA: You're knackered.

NICOLA: I'm not.

GINA: You look awful.

NICOLA: Cheers.

GINA: Nicola, do you want to do this forever?

Pause.

NICOLA: ...

GINA: Did you know that we've made a hundred and seventy k?

CHLOE re-enters with the toys.

CHLOE: Bath's running. I got you a nice new razor head. Be careful. Geen and I will test the batteries and get the towels and wipes and stuff.

NICOLA: Thanks.

CHLOE: Is there anything you'd like?

NICOLA: Um ... Could I have some water?

CHLOE: Sure. And for after?

NICOLA: A cup of tea?

CHLOE: Yup.

GINA: I'm sorry, but I'm not going to sit here and pretend that everything's okay. She's got dark circles under her eyes. We are gambling with her reproductive health.

CHLOE: You sound like a sex ed VHS.

NICOLA: Look, I am a bit tired, but I'm fine. Everyone gets tired at work. I love my job.

GINA: You can't do this forever, Nicola. We could get out now. You could buy somewhere for you and Adam to live.

CHLOE: She's just getting started. If this is what she can make in a year then what can she make in two? Three? Supply and demand, Gina.

GINA: Yes, but we cannot keep up with the demand because the supply is our sister.

CHLOE: I know, I'm just saying that the very fact that demand is high is one fucking solid reason for her to stay in the business.

GINA: This isn't your decision.

CHLOE: Well it is actually, because all three of us have a stake in this.

NICOLA: Actually it's mine.

CHLOE: Right.

NICOLA: And I don't want to stop now.

CHLOE: Thank you.

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GINA: Why, though? Why don't you want to stop?

NICOLA: Because ... It's ours, because ... Look, if there were a hundred more 'me's then yeah, sure I'd consider stepping back, but there aren't, so I'm not going to. And neither are you. Can you just test the fucking batteries please. I'll be in the bathroom.

NICOLA exits.

GINA: She's exhausted and you're not helping.

CHLOE: You know what's not helping? Reminding her how exhausted she is right before she cans. Now stay and help me or go and have a glass of red with mum. Your call. *(Beat.)* Chill the fuck out. Have a wank. It won't kill you.

GINA exits. CHLOE is left looking at the toys.

COMMENTS F

Comments:

TROLL: LOVED this thanks Nic :)

TROLL: never felt comfortable using a plug before will def pick one up

TROLL: u look so hot when u cum I wanna take your nipple in my mouth

TROLL: I could take you out to dinner treat u real nice

TROLL: Yum Ive got that plug in now no more haribo for me lol #anal #catcleanfuckclean

TROLL: A huge thank you from all of us here at Lovebox to naughty Nicola for road testing our new range. Come and get 'em while they're hot ladies! Xx

TROLL: I want to take that plug and use it on you until there's absolutely no way you could ever have children

CLICKBAIT

SCENE TEN

A few days later. The three sisters are watching a laptop. NICOLA and GINA are horrified.

CHLOE: So?

NICOLA: What the fuck?

CHLOE: I haven't uploaded it. I just thought I'd make it and then you guys could approve it. *(Beat.)* I think it's quite good.

GINA: Delete it.

CHLOE: Hey. Why?

GINA: I feel sick. You look at me right now, Chloe Barker, and don't you dare lie to me. Have you uploaded this anywhere?

NICOLA: Have you got this on any other device?

CHLOE: No. I just - It's just on my laptop. I made it to show you guys.

GINA: Delete it now.

NICOLA: Fucking delete it, Chloe.

CHLOE: Okay. *(Beat.)* Right, it's deleted.

GINA: Are you sure? Empty the trash can. Lower right corner.

CHLOE: I've already emptied the bloody trash can, I know how to use a computer. I'm not fifty. There. It's done.

NICOLA: *(Beat.)* What the fuck were you thinking?

CHLOE: I was helping.

NICOLA: How the fuck was that helping?

CHLOE: I'm helping the business.

GINA: You're helping no one.

CHLOE: You know I read the emails, right?

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GINA: ...

NICOLA: What emails?

CHLOE: I see the stuff we get through. *(Beats.)* We could have made double – triple what we've made in a year.

GINA: You're a child, Chloe.

CHLOE: I'd have done it. If you didn't want to. I don't feel squeamish about making out with Nic. Just holding a vibrator to her. No big deal.

NICOLA: Gina?

GINA: They were inappropriate requests.

NICOLA: But you didn't think to tell me?

CHLOE: Some of them weren't inappropriate. Some of them wanted to see me.

GINA: That is the very definition of inappropriate.

CHLOE: Just 'coz the thought of having an orgasm makes you wanna vom doesn't mean I feel that way. Look, we can't get those bookings back. You haven't protected anybody by pretending those requests didn't come in. You keep saying how tired Nic is.

NICOLA: Gina?

CHLOE: Sorry, Nic, you are tired and you're losing weight in a gross way not a hot way. *I'm* not tired.

NICOLA: Excuse me?

CHLOE: You said 'if there were more of you'.

NICOLA: Yeah, more of *me* not more of *you*.

GINA: This is absolutely ridiculous. I refuse to have a conversation about letting you earn.

CHLOE: But there's a market.

GINA: How do I get this through your thick skull? What you made was child porn.

CHLOE: I'm not a child.

GINA: Yes, you are. In the eyes of the law you're a child. That was child pornography. You made child pornography. We were in possession of child – You would have been taken into care. We would have been arrested.

CHLOE: I'm trying to be proactive here. I'm just trying to save the business.

NICOLA: It doesn't need saving.

CHLOE: It does, Nic, because you're up against your self-by date. We're not getting the web count or the revenue that we used to and I reckon it might have something to do with the fact that I've seen you yawn in a video.

NICOLA: The fuck?

CHLOE: I can help. Look, our demand is greater than our supply.

GINA: Obviously.

CHLOE: *(To NICOLA.)* Then there needs to be more of you. And if you won't employ me then we need to employ other people. Then, if you're tired, we can showcase more young talent and slowly phase you out.

NICOLA: No one's phasing me out.

GINA: What are you asking, Chloe? You want me to run a brothel?

CHLOE: You wouldn't be running a brothel. It's basically the same thing you're doing now.

NICOLA: You are not currently running a brothel.

GINA: No, I –

NICOLA: Um, Gina, I just want it known at this point that I'm not a prostitute.

GINA: Oh God, of course you're –

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NICOLA: I work in sex. I am not a sex worker.

GINA: I know that.

NICOLA: Then why are we talking about brothels?

GINA: I didn't mean -

NICOLA: Good, because I don't sleep with other people for money.

CHLOE: She doesn't sleep with other people for money, Gina.

GINA: I am aware.

CHLOE: Nicola's not a prostitute and you wouldn't be running a brothel.

NICOLA: But on a practical level -

CHLOE: Sex tapes.

GINA: A sex tape business.

CHLOE: That's what we're doing now with a clientele of one. I don't see how it's different.

GINA: It's hugely different.

CHLOE: How?

GINA: Because Nicola's our sister.

CHLOE: We're family, I get that, but that's all a bit mafia. I reckon we can afford to branch out. With Nic at the helm.

NICOLA: How?

CHLOE: You're still the face of the brand. Still totally crucial to the business, still making videos if that's what you want? I'm just saying that we could be dominating the market.

GINA: We are.

CHLOE: I mean the mass market. Consumer generated stuff. I'm just saying we need to think about why this was successful in the first place.

NICOLA: Go on.

CHLOE: I reckon your appeal is that you look piss ordinary.

NICOLA: Cheers.

CHLOE: It's true though. You're not ugly and you're not a Kardashian. You look like a normal person. A normal person that makes porn. People went nuts because it was a real life girls gone wild. Imagine opening this up to other people.

GINA: Okay, but it's porn.

CHLOE: What are we making now? *(Beat.)* What about couples?

NICOLA: Couples?

CHLOE: If they want videos but made in a safe way that's fun. Pitch it high end. I dunno. Just a thought. We could make it like a pop up studio. We could make a few.

GINA: How long have you been planning this, Chloe?

NICOLA: *(To GINA.)* How much did you say we'd made?

GINA: Over my cold dead body, Nicola.

CHLOE: Walk away then. Go back to work. Try and get your old job back after what you've been doing. I dare you. I just won't go back to school. I'll help you Nicola.

NICOLA: We need to think about this properly. A studio then. Good lighting, clean, comfortable. A safe space for girls and boys to have a fucking good time.

CHLOE: Only we can't do it, 'coz Gina wants out.

GINA: I don't want out. I just think we should all slow down.

CHLOE: It's cool, you want out and I want in. No judgement.

NICOLA: Isn't this what you wanted, Gina? For me to stop camming?

GINA: I've never said that.

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NICOLA: I like this.

NICOLA gets up.

GINA: Where are you going?

NICOLA: I'm calling Nationwide. Oh and Gina? I want full access to the email accounts from now on please.

GINA: For fuck's sake.

CHLOE: Now everyone can be a Nicola.

COMMENTS G

Comments.

TROLL: Lol so cryptic

TROLL: What do you think it means?

TROLL: I reckon it's like a sex shop you know?

TROLL: Nope I reckon its like a place for people to fuck

TROLL: That would be mental

TROLL: they're announcing on 30th via live cam

TROLL: TEXT 5003 TO DONATE £2 TO THE SYRIAN
CRISIS. WE ARE ALL HUMAN BEINGS ON THIS
EARTH.

TROLL: Does this mean I get to see her wet pussy still or nah?

SCENE ELEVEN

A year later. NICOLA and ADAM stand inside a prototype booth. They can explore the booth. Feel the walls. Let themselves imagine.

ADAM: I think this is nuts.

NICOLA: Are you joking?

ADAM: Is this wipe clean? How much did this cost?

NICOLA: It's high quality.

ADAM: How much?

NICOLA: Okay ... Well nearly all -

ADAM: All?

NICOLA: We made fifty of them.

ADAM: Fifty?

NICOLA: Fucking look at it, Adam. It's amazing.

ADAM: It's not amazing. It'll tell you what it was though. It was a flat in London. It was a house in Guilford. It was Chloe's university fees. It was your university fees.

NICOLA: That's not fair, there's no way I could go to university after that.

ADAM: You could start over.

NICOLA: What the fuck do you think I'm doing? Are you getting this? Other people are gonna use these. Not me. I'm retiring. I might have to do maybe one last teeny weeny bit of promotion so we get a queue going. Just to drum up business and then before long people won't know what they're queuing for. Like Apple. And then I move into admin. I'm CEO. CEO of Protest.

ADAM: Protest?

NICOLA: Yeah. Protest. Go Pro. Test your limits. I kind of like it.

ADAM: And you think everything you just described to me is stopping?

NICOLA: What's the alternative? Lose every single penny? To have put all manner of things up my vagina for absolutely nothing?

ADAM: Nobody made you.

NICOLA: Nobody's making me now but me but what choice do I have?

ADAM: We jack this in and buy a flat and I take that job at Santander.

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NICOLA: You would hate it.

ADAM: I wouldn't, actually. You'd hate it. But that's okay. I'm not like you.

NICOLA: No.

ADAM: What?

NICOLA: No, you're just sick of sharing me with people. And you've got it into your head that this is still sharing.

ADAM: No, Nicola, it's not about fucking sharing. It's about sex. It's about morals. It's about ... It's always about sex. And I want it to be about us.

NICOLA: It is. I'm doing this with you.

ADAM: You're doing this in spite of me. You have a choice.

NICOLA: Look, I have to go in to come out. I have to burrow in deep to emerge the other side. Can't you see that? I'm successful. I'm a fucking success. I'm not leaving.

ADAM: But there'll always be something, Nic.

Pause.

Why do you never stay at mine?

NICOLA: What?

ADAM: You just ... doesn't matter.

Silence.

NICOLA: Don't go to Santander. *(Beat.)* Come to Protest.

ADAM: What?

NICOLA: Come and work for me.

ADAM: Are you out of your mind?

NICOLA: No.

ADAM: I'm not a pimp.

CLICKBATT

NICOLA: Well that's handy, because I need an accountant and I'm not a prostitute.

ADAM: Of course, I meant - sorry.

NICOLA: We're a family company, we love each other and you're fucking good at numbers. It makes perfect sense. However much they've offered you, I can offer you more.

ADAM: It's not about the money.

NICOLA: I thought you'd be pleased. You'd be exec of a brand new start up. What are your course mates doing right now?

ADAM: Nic, I need to think.

NICOLA: It's as simple as this. We're gonna do this. Whether you join or not. And we're gonna make a bomb. And you'd get me. All of me. And a fuck tonne more money. *(Beat.)* Now are you in or are you in?

SCENE TWELVE

Three years later. A small conference room. Loud sofas. Very clean. Florence. A girl, KAT, is sat on the sofa. She's very tense. CHLOE enters.

CHLOE: She'll be with you in a moment, Kat.

KAT: Alright.

CHLOE: In the meantime can I get you a tea or coffee?

KAT: Coke.

CHLOE: Hmm?

KAT: Have you got a coke?

CHLOE: Yep, that's no problem, Kat. *(Beat.)* Is your partner?

KAT: Ex-partner.

CHLOE: Oh dear. I'm so sorry. Are you on speaking terms?

KAT: No.

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CHLOE: You've come to the right place, Kat. You've done all the right things. This reflects a lot worse on him than you.

KAT: Her.

CHLOE: Her. *(Beat. She passes her a tissue from a box on a side table.)* It's a nasty, horrible thing that's happened. Did you guys have one of those expensive civil wedding things?

KAT: *(Beat.)* No.

CHLOE: Dry those tears. I'll get you your coke now.

She leaves the office. KAT is left alone for a moment.

NICOLA enters.

NICOLA: Hi Kat, my name's Nicola Barker, I'm CEO of Protest.

KAT: Hi.

NICOLA: Before we start I just want to say thank you so much for coming in. I'm so glad you did. So, do you wanna tell me what's happened?

KAT: It's / in my email -

NICOLA: / In your email, yes but I'd love to hear it from you, if you don't mind? Only so I can really get a sense of what's gone on here. I'm here to listen to you today and to see how best to move forward.

KAT: Well, I ... I - My girlfriend and I ... My ex-girlfriend and I ...

NICOLA offers up the tissue box. KAT holds up the tissue that CHLOE gave her. NICOLA nods and pops the tissue box back on the table.

Me and her made a video.

NICOLA: Okay.

KAT: It was ... um ... Sorry.

NICOLA: Take your time.

KAT: We made it together for our anniversary.

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NICOLA: In which booth?

KAT: That one on Dean street. We got an hour.

NICOLA: And did you use any of our themes?

KAT: We ...

NICOLA: There's No Judgement, here. Kat.

KAT: We used Arabian Nights.

NICOLA: Okay. *(Beat.)* Kat? You know what I'm going to say, don't you?

KAT: // No judgement.

NICOLA: // No Judgement.

KAT: Yeah. Thanks.

KAT is visibly relaxing.

It's proper nice here.

NICOLA: Well, we're a family company. Family values. It's a lovely place to work.

KAT: Seems it.

NICOLA: We're all very happy here.

KAT: Yeah?

NICOLA: So, how long was the finished edit?

KAT: Twenty minutes thirty four seconds.

NICOLA: And you used our editing suite facilities?

KAT: Yeah.

NICOLA: Fantastic. They're good aren't they?

KAT: Yeah, really -

NICOLA: And then tell me about how you discovered that this had happened, Kat.