

INT. OPEN PLAN OFFICE.

Mike comes over to Dave's desk.

MIKE

Dave! You're good with computers.

DAVE

Well I am head of I.T. Mike. It's sort of my job.

MIKE

Right... I've made a terrible mistake. I've had this microchip implanted into my brain. What it does is every time I have a thought it automatically converts it into an SMS text message and uploads it to Twitter. It was supposed to be a time saver but now I can't turn it off.

DAVE

What? So if I go on to your Twitter page I'll see everything you've been thinking?

MIKE

Yeah... but don't!

Dave smiles and immediately starts loading up Twitter on his PC with Mike protesting.

DAVE

My God! This is filthy!

MIKE

I know, I don't know how to filter out all the rude thoughts. I need help!

DAVE

You're not wrong! Do you really want to do THAT to Maureen?!

Dave points to a tweet on the screen.

MIKE

Is there anything, you know, I.T. related you can do?

DAVE

Hmmm. Normally with a hardware problem I'd want to pop your head open and take a look inside. How do you feel about that?

A ping noise comes from Dave's PC (As if a new Tweet has arrived on Mike's page). Dave hears it, looks over and reads the Tweet.

DAVE

Oh... well Fuck you too then!