



GIVE THEM AN INCH...

BACK TO WORK 3

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OH, SHIT! SORRY,
ARE YOU OKAY?



WAIT... YOU'RE...
AREN'T YOU AERIS'S
BOYFRIEND?

YEAH,
I'M PAUL

OH MY GOD, I'M SO
SORRY FOR WHAT HAPPENED
AT THE CHRISTMAS PARTY! I WAS REALLY
DRUNK AND I DIDN'T MEAN TO BE,
Y'KNOW, A TAD FORWARD.

A woman with long, wavy red hair and red lipstick is wearing a shimmering silver, spaghetti-strap dress. She is looking towards a man on her right. The man has short, wavy grey hair and is wearing a dark blue suit jacket over a light blue shirt and a striped tie. He is looking back at her with his hand raised to his forehead. They are standing in a hallway with a wooden door in the background.

BUT... SORRY, I DON'T MEAN TO BE RUDE BUT YOU HAVE HAD THE HEIGHT TRANSFER TREATMENT, HAVEN'T YOU? I REMEMBER YOU BEING TALLER AND... I WASN'T THAT DRUNK, WAS I?

YEAH, YEAH I DID. UM, SEVEN INCHES TRANSFERRED.

WOW. THAT'S... THAT'S A LOT. WE ACTUALLY DID A LOT OF THE PATENT WORK FOR THEM HERE WHEN THEY WERE STARTING OUT. IT'S THE PROJECT THAT AE RI AND I -

ARE YOU SERIOUSLY TRYING TO STEAL MY BOYFRIEND AGAIN?



WHA-WHAT
THE FUCK?



WHAT'S WRONG, CHAR?
NOT FEELING LIKE THE
'FULL PACKAGE'
ANYMORE?

THAT IS WHAT YOU SAID
TO MY BOYFRIEND, ISN'T IT?
YOU WERE THE FULL PACKAGE AND
I WAS... WHAT? A MIDGET, RIGHT?
DO I STILL LOOK LIKE A MIDGET,
BITCH?





BECAUSE, FROM UP
HERE YOU'RE LOOKING A
LITTLE SHORT OF BEING ANY
KIND OF PACKAGE.

I OUTGREW YOU PROFESSIONALLY, AND GUESS WHAT?! I'M OUTGROWING YOU PHYSICALLY TOO.






COME ON, TRY.
TRY AND PUSH ME
OFF.

RI, SHE WASN'T
TRYING ANYTHING. SHE
WAS APOLOGISING.



I REMEMBER OVERHEARING
YOU TALKING ABOUT BEING BUSTY.
IT'S FUNNY THOUGH, I CAN'T SEE
ANY BOOBS HERE?



OH! OH, I FEEL THEM NOW!
THOSE LITTLE MOSQUITO BITES
HIDDEN UNDER MY TITS. REAL TITS.
THEY MUST BE FUCKING
TINY, CHAR!

WHAT ARE YOU SO PROUD OF?
A PAIR OF LIL' D CUPS? FUCK ME, THESE...
THESE ARE A REAL WOMAN'S TITS. YOU'RE JUST A
STUPID, FLAT, LITTLE WHORE. YOU TRIED TO SLEEP
YOUR WAY TO THE TOP, THINKING YOU WERE
HOT SHIT, BUT I CAME AND PUT YOU IN
YOUR FUCKING PLACE.



FEEL THAT? IT'S NOT LIKE YOUR FAT, LAZY ASS. I BUILT THIS. I FUCKING WORKED FOR THIS. I MADE MYSELF BIGGER. AND BETTER. AND FUCKING STRONGER. AND I'M NOT DONE YET. I PLANNED THIS ALL SO I COULD DO WHATEVER THE FUCK I WANT. YOU THOUGHT I WAS A BITCH BEFORE? YOU THOUGHT -


FUCK YOUUUUUU.



STOP.

DON'T GET INVOLVED.

SHE SAID IT HERSELF, YOU'VE WON. IT'S OVER. SHE SAID SORRY. YOU BEAT THE BULLY.

A man in a dark blue suit, light blue shirt, and striped tie stands on a wooden floor, looking surprised with his mouth open. A woman with long black hair, seen from behind, reaches out her right hand towards his chest. The scene is set in a brightly lit hallway with a wooden door in the background.

WHOSE SIDE
ARE YOU ON?

FIX YOURSELF UP AND
GET DOWNSTAIRS. AND IF YOU'RE
GONNA CRY, MAKE IT LOOK LIKE IT'S
FOR JUSTIN. HE'S GIVING HIS
SPEECH.

