

DJ looks lost. She scrolls for her Aunt's number on her phone and stares at it for a while. Mr Michael slams a coffee cup on her table, spilling some of its contents on her. This attracts the attention of everyone in the room.

MR MICHAEL

Two things I don't joke with, my coffee and my money. Are you trying to poison me?

DJ laughs hysterically

MR MICHAEL

Oh you think this is funny

DJ

Funny how you say you don't joke with your money, yet you couldn't even go through a presentation without prepping the entire room for an orgy.

MR MICHAEL

Do...

DJ

Let me finish. You bark like a dog in ill-fitting clothes treating everyone around like the shit. Fuck this sorry excuse you call a job that makes you think you have the right to poison the very air of everyone around you and fuck you Michael.

She takes her bag and other things and sashays towards the door, leaving Mr. Michael to deal with the embarrassment.