1. FRIDAY: BEFORE THE PARTY (BIGASH)
   1. BIGASH: Well, you’ve made it through your first week. I’m surprised you’ve lasted this long. (HAPPY) | Then again, I’m surprised I’VE lasted this long. (SAD)
      1. YOU (GOOD): You can’t dismantle the establishment on ideals and teenage angst alone.
         1. BIGASH (GOOD): I couldn’t have said it better myself. (BASHFUL)
      2. YOU (OKAY): At least the party will allow us to get drunk at work.
         1. BIGASH (OKAY): You haven’t been getting drunk at work already? (HAPPY)
            1. YOU (BAD): Well, I’m glad you did.

BIGASH (BAD): Please stop. You’re going to make me sick. (SAD)

* 1. BIGASH: What’s up? (HAPPY)
     1. YOU: Are you excited for the party?
        1. BIGASH: I’m excited to get paid to sit around and eat cake for the afternoon. (HAPPY) | I’m less excited about the speeches Borug is bound to give after a few drinks. (SAD)
           1. YOU (GOOD): Maybe it’ll inspire some future Power Goblin material?

BIGASH (GOOD): Maybe. I’ll have to bring a notebook with me. Straight from the mouth of the establishment, huh? (HAPPY)

* + - * 1. YOU (OKAY): I expect to spend most of my waking energy trying not to laugh.

BIGASH (OKAY): Same. I’m not sure how successful that’s going to be, though. (HAPPY)

* + - * 1. YOU (BAD): It’s too bad we have to go. I’d rather be working.

BIGASH (BAD): So the life of a drone suits you, then? Maybe you’re not who I thought you were. (SAD)

* + 1. YOU: What are you doing after work?
       1. BIGASH: It totally depends on how spiritually exhausting this party is. There’s a strong chance it’ll put me out of commission altogether. (SAD) | Why do you ask? (HAPPY)
          1. YOU (GOOD): I was wondering if you wanted to check out this band I heard about called Screaming Hobbits. Apparently, their keyboard player is a quadruple amputee and plays with his face.

BIGASH (GOOD): That sounds insane! I would hate to miss that. (BASHFUL)

* + - * 1. YOU (OKAY): I was wondering if you wanted to go to the Dark Gate later and throw bottles at the big door.

BIGASH (OKAY): I used to do that all the time as a teenager! Brings back a lot of memories. (HAPPY) | We’ll see. (HAPPY)

* + - * 1. YOU (BAD): I was wondering if you wanted to get dinner later. Orclebee’s has half-priced appetizers after seven.

BIGASH (BAD): You put that trash in your body? (ANGRY) | I’m not sure how hungry I’ll be after the party anyway, but I appreciate the offer! (HAPPY)

* + 1. YOU: Can I join your band?
       1. BIGASH: Where’s this coming from? I didn’t peg you as a musician, but we are looking for a new drummer. (HAPPY) | Do you have any prior experience? (HAPPY)
          1. YOU (GOOD): No, but I hit very, very hard.

BIGASH (GOOD): That’s exactly what I wanted to hear. Musical talent is for robots and old, dead orcs in powdered wigs. (HAPPY) | You’ve got the right attitude. I’ll see what the other members say. (BASHFUL)

* + - * 1. YOU (OKAY): No, but I’m willing to learn!

BIGASH (OKAY): I appreciate your enthusiasm, but I’ll have to talk to the other members first. We have a few interesting offers already. (HAPPY) | One of them’s a dead guy! Can you imagine that? Having a dead dude play drums in our band? (HAPPY)

* + - * 1. YOU (BAD): Does twelve years of jazz camp and a stint at the Juliorc Academy count?

BIGASH (BAD): That sounds impressive and all, but it’s not quite what we’re looking for. (SAD) | I’m sure skill and precision are great for jazz, but Power Goblin is all about raw, primal fury. (HAPPY) | Do you think you can manage that? (HAPPY)

* 1. BIGASH: Anyway, I should probably get going so I can powder my nose before the party. (HAPPY) | That was a joke. See you soon. (HAPPY)