FRIDAY AFTERNOON (BIGASH)

1. BIGASH: Oh, hey. Some party, huh? (HAPPY) | Look at these pigs in their pen. This is so pathetic. (SAD) | Are we pathetic for being here? I can feel my street cred dropping at an alarming rate. (SAD)
   1. YOU (GOOD): I’ve had to vomit since they sang, “Happy Birthday”.
      1. BIGASH (GOOD): You should do it. That might knock some sense into them. (HAPPY)
   2. YOU (OKAY): Who needs street cred when we have each other?
      1. BIGASH (OKAY): I appreciate the sentiment, but I still want to throw up. (HAPPY)
   3. YOU (BAD): It seems like Borug’s going through a tough time. Maybe we should cut him some slack.
      1. BIGASH (BAD): Are you going soft on me all of a sudden? What gives? (ANGRY)
2. BIGASH: By the way, how did Borug get drunk so fast? And how many times is he going to break into song? (SAD) | I don’t think I can take much more of this. (SAD)
   1. YOU (GOOD): Let’s leave these antiques in the dust!
      1. BIGASH (GOOD): It is getting a little stuffy in here. I’m in. Where to, newbie? (BASHFUL)
   2. YOU (OKAY): Let’s blow this popsicle stand!
      1. BIGASH (OKAY): You read my mind. Let’s get the hell out of here. (HAPPY)
   3. YOU (BAD): Let’s make like a kangaroo and bounce!
      1. BIGASH (BAD): What’s a kangaroo? (SAD) | You know what? I’d rather be anywhere else at this point. Let’s go. (SAD)