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. | Then again, I’m surprised I’VE lasted this long.
      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.
      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?
            1. YOU (BAD): Well, I’m glad you did.

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

* 1. BIGASH: What’s up?
     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. I’m less excited about the speeches Borug is bound to give after a few drinks.
           1. YOU (GOOD): Maybe it’ll inspire some future Dwarf Crotch material?

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

* + - * 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.

* + - * 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.

* + 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. | Why do you ask?
          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.

* + - * 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. | We’ll see.

* + - * 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? | I’m not sure how hungry I’ll be after the party anyway, but I appreciate the offer!

* + 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. | Do you have any prior experience?
          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. | You’ve got the right attitude. I’ll see what the other members say.

* + - * 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. | One of them’s a dead guy! Can you imagine that? Having a dead dude play drums in our band?

* + - * 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. I’m sure skill and precision are great for jazz, but Dwarf Crotch is all about raw, primal fury. | Do you think you can manage that?

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