1. MONDAY: MEET BIGASH
   1. BIGASH: What are you looking at?
      1. YOU (GOOD): You. Is that a problem?
         1. BIGASH (GOOD): Of course not—I like you confidence. Have a seat.
      2. YOU (OKAY): Nothing! Didn’t mean to stare. Can I sit down?
         1. BIGASH (OKAY): Damn, dude. I was just messing with you. You can sit wherever you want.
      3. YOU (BAD): Your heads. Anyone sitting here?
         1. BIGASH (BAD): No, unfortunately. You get right to it, don’t you?
   2. BIGASH: What’s up?
      1. YOU: How do you like working here?
         1. BIGASH: It pays the bills. You can’t dismantle the machine on teenage angst and ideals alone.
            1. YOU (GOOD): Don’t I know it, sister.
2. BIGASH (GOOD): Right? Everyone else in this office is such a square. They don’t get it. | Glad to know I have a comrade in this hell hole.
   * + - 1. YOU (OKAY): Yeah, but sometimes it seems hopeless.
       1. BIGASH (OKAY): That’s why we have to keep fighting! I used to feel the same way when I first started working here.
          1. YOU (BAD): I guess we all have to grow up sometimes.

BIGASH (BAD): Are you serious? The moment I grow up is the moment I die. | Don’t be such a downer.

* + 1. YOU: What’s Borug like as a boss?
       1. BIGASH: Ugh, what a drone. Don’t get me started. | He’s been Second Tower’s bitch since day one, and he takes it out on all of us. The only comfort he has in this world is his stupid coffee.
          1. YOU (GOOD): It’s shameful. Lone wolves like us shouldn’t have to answer to sheep.

BIGASH (GOOD): Tell me about it! I will NOT be ground into the dust. | Us lone wolves need to stick together.

* + - * 1. YOU (OKAY): As we are slaves to Borug, so is he to his vices. I pity him, comrade.

BIGASH (OKAY): I never thought of it that way. It’s sad, isn’t it?

* + - * 1. YOU (BAD): Yeah, what a jerk. He can take that coffee and shove it up his orc butt.

BIGASH (BAD): … | I guess? I’m not sure how that would work…

* + 1. YOU: Anyone I should watch out for around the office?
       1. BIGASH: You mean besides everyone? | I guess if I had to pick one, it’d be Graag. Graag Prudish. She’s a huge kiss ass, but there’s something…else. Something very off that I can’t quite put my finger on it. | My advice? Keep your distance.
          1. YOU (GOOD): Why should I trust you?

BIGASH (GOOD): You shouldn’t. No one should trust anyone. Cynicism is a healthy part of a well-balanced breakfast.

* + - * 1. YOU (OKAY): Yikes, I’ll take your word for it.

BIGASH (OKAY): Be careful. Blind trust is how they get you. I could be lying to you right now. | … | I’m kidding. You need to lighten up!

* + - * 1. YOU (BAD): Are you sure you’re not just jealous?

BIGASH (BAD): Ha. As if. | How could I be jealous of someone that tightly wound? Don’t blame me if you’re in the splash zone when she snaps.

* + 1. BIGASH: Well, I should probably be getting back to it. Borug’s been on everybody’s ass about the big meeting on Wednesday—I almost threw up in my mouth thinking about it. | See you around.