FRIDAY AFTERNOON (BIGASH)

1. BIGASH: Oh, hey. Some party, huh? | Look at these pigs in their pen. This is so pathetic. | Are we pathetic for being here? I can feel my street cred dropping at an alarming rate.
   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.
   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.
   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?
2. BIGASH: By the way, how did Borug get drunk so fast? And how many times is he going to break into song? | I don’t think I can take much more of this.
   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?
   2. YOU (OKAY): Let’s blow this popsicle stand!
      1. BIGASH (OKAY): You read my mind. Let’s get the hell out of here.
   3. YOU (BAD): Let’s make like a kangaroo and bounce!
      1. BIGASH (BAD): What’s a kangaroo? You know what? Who cares. Let’s go.