FRIDAY AFTERNOON (BIGASH)

1. GRAAG: Salutations. Are you enjoying the party? There’s nothing I love more than a wasted Friday afternoon. | That was meant as an ironic joke. Was it sufficiently humorous?
   1. YOU (GOOD): You slay me, master.
      1. BIGASH (GOOD): Your word choice is impeccable. You know just what to say to send me into a frenzy.
   2. YOU (OKAY): Almost, but some further research into the subject couldn’t hurt.
      1. BIGASH (OKAY): I appreciate your honesty. Constructive criticism is how we grow.
   3. YOU (BAD): That is, by far, the funniest thing I’ve ever heard in my entire life.
      1. BIGASH (BAD): I suggest you watch your patronizing tone.
2. BIGASH: I’m incredibly disappointed that corporate signed off on this event. Look at Borug, dancing and smiling like a buffoon. What a disgrace. I will not stand for this egregious waste of my time any longer!
   1. YOU (GOOD): Perhaps we should find a more productive use of our time. Perhaps in the janitor’s closet?
      1. BIGASH (GOOD): I like the way you think. Perhaps afterwards we accompany each other to some sort of—meal. Take my hand, apprentice.
   2. YOU (OKAY): Now we have no choice but to stay late and work through the evening.
      1. BIGASH (OKAY): Yes, perhaps I should look on the brighter side of things. The anticipation will make it all the sweeter when the work day comes to a rousing climax.
   3. YOU (BAD): Do you want to get out of here?
      1. BIGASH (BAD): And leave work early! You’re being irrational. Perhaps afterwards, though.