

DEAN: Timbo! Over here roomie! The party headquarter's right here!

RONALD: How's it going Tim?

TIM: Hi Ronald, Dean.

DEAN: C'mon, call me Deanzie.

(Bartender: What can I get you?)

TIM: Do you have root beer?

DEAN: Do you want a nipple on that?

TIM: Ha ha. No.

RONALD: The sooner you learn to ignore this degenerate, Tim, the better off you'll be.

DEAN: Degenerate. I love it! That's me! Ok, Big Time Tim, what exactly are you looking for, pussy-wise, in Cedar Crapids?

TIM: Nothing, actually *(shows Dean a wallet photo of his girlfriend)*.

DEAN: What, why are you showing me a picture of your mom? She's hot, no offense.

TIM: She's not my mom, ok, she's my girlfriend, and we're basically pre-engaged.

DEAN: Whoa! My bad, beautiful woman, in any case. What's pre-engaged? Because if I was pre-engaged, I would be pre-porking anything with a pulse.

RONALD: What's your moral compass Ziegler, you're married yourself!

DEAN: Was married, Ronald, was.

RONALD: Aw geez, you and Patty split up? I'm sorry.

DEAN: She is an asshole. Ass fucking hole. Seventeen years of marriage, straight down the shitter. Lucky if one of them was decent. *(beat)*. What was I talking about? Who wants to get wasted? Choo choo!

RONALD: Twist my arm – Drambouie.

DEAN: Jaeger for me. What are you having?

TIM: I'm a non-drinker.

DEAN: Ohhh, that's a bummer. Timbo, you gotta strap on a set of gourds, alright?

RONALD: Come on, one won't kill ya.

TIM: Jeez, ok. If you guys are gonna beat me up, umm...*(looking at the bar)*...Cream Sherry.

DEAN: Cream Sherry? You're insane! That's the craziest thing I've ever heard! This one's weird! All right, here we go, eins, zwei, drei, in your hole! You be careful not to get to nutty there Lippy, I might have to take advantage of you.

(slaps Tim's ass)

TIM: Hey! Excuse me!

DEAN: Come on, I'm just razzing you! *(slaps his ass again)*

TIM: Cut it out! You know what? It's been a long day.

DEAN: Oh come on!

RONALD: Oh come on, he didn't mean anything by it!

TIM: Good night.