

SWEAT – STAN/JESSIE

STAN – Hey, you know, Freddy was on the line with my old man. He trained me. Yeah. As a matter of fact, when I got injured, it was Freddy who shut down the mill. Yeah – if it wasn't for him, I would'a lost my entire leg.

JESSIE – Hey Stan, quit yapping and get me another gimlet.

STAN – You're joking. Absolutely not.

JESSIE – What? Are you the bartender on tonight?

STAN – Not giving you another drink.

JESSIE – C'mon, gimme another drink! You gave her a drink. Why can't I have one?

STAN – Because, that's how it goes. You've had enough.

JESSIE – you got a fucking problem.

STAN – No. You got a fucking problem.

JESSIE – You can't talk to me that way. My husband –

STAN – You mean your ex

JESSIE – All I gotta do is make one phone call and he'll wipe that smile off your fucking face.

STAN – Yeah? Go ahead. Here – use my phone. Wake up his beautiful young wife, what's her name again? Tiffany?

JESSIE – You're an asshole

STAN – Take her home!

JESSIE – you fucking cripple.

STAN – Nice Language – that's why it's time for you to go home. Nighty Night.

JESSIE – I'll kick your ass, gimp