

DEWEY: Temping?

PATTY: Teaching! A substitute teacher is not a temp!

DEWEY: He's a baby sitter.

NED: I'd like to see you try it!

DEWEY: Sweet comeback, bro.

PATTY: I don't care what you think of us, Dewey. Pay some rent!

DEWEY: Tell her, Ned! The Battle of the bands is in three weeks! I need every penny I make!

PATTY: So do we! And you know what? It belongs to us! Why don't you sell that stupid guitar?

DEWEY: (*Lunging for guitar*) Nooooo! Would you ask Picasso to sell his guitar?

PATTY: Oh my God. You're an idiot.

DEWEY: Ned? Help me here. You can't have forgotten what I'm playing for. What's happened to you? You used to be a blood sucking, cross-dressing incubus from Maggot Death!

NED: I may look like a satanic sex god, but that's not who I am anymore.

PATTY: He's moved on, Dewey. It's called "growing up"! You should try it

*PATTY exits*

DEWEY: I don't want to try! Ned?! I've been mooching off you for years and it's never been a problem before.

NED: Come on. If you don't pay rent, Patty might leave me.

DEWEY: So I shouldn't pay the rent then?

NED: Dewey. I may never get another girlfriend. (*cue music*)