

Cedar Rapids

Joan:

I swear, I only smoke in Cedar Rapids. Jeez, what's wrong?

Tim:

I don't know, like everything.

Joan:

So how did you get involved in the insurance game, Lippe? Oh, God. "Insurance game." Look here, see, how did you get involved in the insurance game?

Tim:

You're freaky.

Joan:

Thank you.

Tim:

It's kind of a weird story, actually. I lost my dad in a sawmill accident when I was six years old.

Joan:

Oh, my God.

Tim:

Yeah. But the insurance agent fought like a tiger with the sawmill to make sure my mom and I were taken care of, and we were. And I remember thinking, when I was a kid, I was just like, "This guy is a hero." I gotta say, I think insurance agents get a bum rap. You know? Like this river, the Cedar River, flooded a

couple of years ago. A whole city.

Joan:

I know, I remember. It was a massive disaster.

Tim:

Massive disaster, billions of dollars in damage, and wo do you think was in the trenches trying to get people's lives back in order? It was insurance agents. Not all of them, but a lot of them worked really hard to get people's lives back on track.

Joan:

Do you realize you just made it sound cool to be an insurance salesman? You are a hero, Lippe.

Tim:

Shut up. Come on, we should get back.

Joan:

No, I can tell. You're the Superman type. Kind of dweeby on the outside but a real frigging stud underneath.

Tim:

Yeah, dweeby, okay.

Joan:

They call you Insurance Man a put a big red "I" on your chest.

Tim:

Cool. Well, even if you are totally full of it, which you clearly are, it's still a nice thing to say, and I appreciate it.

Joan:

You'r welcome.