

ARCHIE

Are you looking for Patrice?

EVAN

You know Patrice?

ARCHIE

Sure, she's like my best friend. Also my only friend.

EVAN

Do you know where she is?

ARCHIE

Why? You wanna do something else to publicly humiliate her and ruin her life?

EVAN

Oh. You know about that, huh?

ARCHIE

Yeah, it's already on YouTube. But I think I can help.

EVAN

Really? That would be amazing. I'd totally owe you.

ARCHIE

And then, you can do something for me? A deal, of sorts.

EVAN

*(tentative)*

Wait a second. What kind of a deal?

ARCHIE

A small deal. A no-big-deal deal. I need a date!

EVAN

Uh. Okay. And is there anyone specific you want a date with?

ARCHIE

Kendra.

EVAN

Kendra? Are you on crack?

ARCHIE

She wants me.

EVAN

Come on. There's no way I can get Kendra to go out with you.

ARCHIE

Fine then. I'll just sit next to her at your Bar Mitzvah, I'll rub my leg against hers, hope I feel it, and before long I'll be attending to *her* special needs.

EVAN

Okay, first of all, YUCK. And second of all, I don't remember inviting you to my Bar Mitzvah.

ARCHIE

Do I really need an invitation? You think your mother would throw Tiny Tim out on to the street? And so close to Christmas?

EVAN

Archie, I've really gotta go find Patrice.

*EVAN heads off.*

ARCHIE

I understand. Even though it's a sick boy's dying wish, I don't want you to feel any pressure...

*EVAN stops cold. With enormous reluctance, he turns back to face ARCHIE.*

EVAN

Dying?

ARCHIE

Oh, did that slip out?

EVAN

Really? You're dying?

ARCHIE

I have a degenerative neuromuscular disorder.

EVAN

Look, I feel terrible, really, but I can't get you a date with Kendra.

*#4 - Get Me What I Need*

I do one stupid thing, and suddenly I'm exiled to the loser table for the rest of my life. I'm on major probation here!

ARCHIE

There's exactly one person in this school who can help me, and that person is you!

THERE'S THE COOL KIDS -

THERE'S THE PREPS