

13 - Side 2 - Evan and Patrice (Part 1 & 2)

Patrice: I can't believe someone finally moved in next door. I thought that house was haunted

Evan: Mom said we had to move as far away from New York as possible

Patrice: Wow. Sounds like the divorce got ugly.

Evan: Ugly? My dad totally ruined our lives. So mum drags me away from my home and friends and now I have to have my Bar Mitzvah in Appleton Indiana!

Patrice: If it's so awful, just don't have it.

Evan: Yeah right! Try telling my Mom that! For Jews, your Bar Mitzvah is the one day everything in your life is supposed to be happy and perfect.

Patrice: See, Catholics don't have that day. It would go against everything we believe in.

Evan: Besides, how hot your party is totally sets up how popular you'll be. So I need this one to be the best! The best DJ in the best ballroom at the best hotel...

Patrice: Which is is Best Western...

Evan: Come on, Patrice. There's got to be someplace in this town.

Patrice: Sorry, but your choices are like my life here: limited.

Evan: Limited to what?

Patrice: Come on, I'll show you the hillside where everyone waits for the Resurrection

Evan: Patrice, wait.

Patrice: I'm not talking to you.

Evan: Look, we're all going to the movies on Friday night. Why don't you come? You can't stay mad at me forever.

Patrice: Just because Archie asked me to forgive you doesn't mean I will. Honestly, why would I go anywhere with you, ever?

Evan: Because I messed up big time, and I want to make it up to you by asking you out.

Patrice: Asking me out?

Evan: Out.

Patrice: As in - "out" out?

Evan: That would work.

Patrice: I'll think about it. Don't get your hopes up. I doubt it. Probably not.