

DEWEY: Owwww! I think I broke my back! Someone get my bag. Don't look at me when I'm down.

*DEWEY looks through his satchell and hands out CDs to them. LAWRENCE is hanging back.*

DEWEY: Here! The history of Jimi Hendrix by tomorrow! You! Les Claypool, listen to track three, it's incredible.

*ZACK receives his CDs.*

ZACK: Are we going to compete against other schools?

DEWEY: There's no question that a win will go on your permanent record. Hello, Harvard. Hello, Yale. Yo. But I can't put in a good word for you unless you clean this place up! I mean, what am I not paying you guys for? Roadies? All of you! Clean up! (*seeing TOMIKA all alone*) What's wrong?

*TOMIKA just shakes her head.*

DEWEY (CONT'D): Tomika? Something is wrong. Tell your old pal, Mr Schneebly. Come on, you can talk to me.

MARCY: You haven't given her a job.

DEWEY: Sure. OK. Can you sing? Do you want to be a backupsinger with Marcy and Shonelle?

*Again, the girl shakes her head.*

DEWEY: Then what do you want to do if you don't want to sing?

*But she just can't say...*

LAWRENCE: Mr Schneebly, can I speak with you a moment?

DEWEY: (*to TOMIKA*) Think about what you want to do, and we'll talk about this later. (*to LAWRENCE*) What up homey?

LAWRENCE: I don't think I should be in the band.

DEWEY: Why not?

LAWRENCE: I'm not cool. People in bands are cool. I'm not cool.

DEWEY: Dude, you're cool. The way you play? Why do you say you're not cool?

LAWRENCE: Nobody ever talks to me. I have no friends. Except Tomika, and she doesn't speak.

DEWEY: Those days are over. Trust me.

LAWRENCE: You don't understand what it's like. You're too cool. (*LAWRENCE walks away.*)

DEWEY: Hey! Come back here! Pop a squat next to papa. You think I don't understand what it's like? To be fat and lonely, to have no friends, to be left out of everything? Believe me, kid, I understand better than you know.

LAWRENCE: I never said I was fat.

DEWEY: Fat or thin, by the time I'm done with you, you'll be so cool you'll be a walking popsicle. You'll be King Cool of all you survey.

LAWRENCE: Honest?

DEWEY: Honest.

LAWRENCE: OK. I'll do it.