[7-Eleven. Tweek sits on the curb holding a slushie. He then receives a FaceTime call from Cartman and answers]

CARTMAN: Bro, I am *so* sorry.

TWEEK: It's fine. I'm fine.

CARTMAN: No, everyone feels like shit, dude. And we heard Craig forgot too. But don't worry, man. Craig's gonna always be there for you. Well, have a good day, Tweek. Happy anniversary.

[Cartman ends the call. It's then revealed he's at the opposite end of 7-Eleven with Butters by his side, looking at Cartman with concern. Cartman then turns to him]

CARTMAN: Okay, you happy now? I gave him my fucking apology, now let's just get this shit over with.

[He and Butters grab a sack each and quietly enter the shop, presumably to try and rob it. Meanwhile, Tweek is still lost in thought until he hears a voice]

CLYDE: Hey, Tweek.

TWEEK: GA-AGH!

[Tweek jumps in fright and looks around, believing Craig was talking to him. But he becomes disappointed to find Clyde Donovan standing beside him, followed by Pip Pirrup]

TWEEK: Uhh… wh- what do you guys want?

CLYDE: Well… you don't mind if we-

TWEEK: No, no. It's okay, you can come sit by me.

[Clyde and Pip walk over and sit between Tweek. Clyde by his left and Pip by his right. The three boys are silent for a moment until Clyde breaks the silence]

CLYDE: Still thinking about Craig, huh?

TWEEK: Uh-huh…

PIP: We've heard how Craig has been terribly busy with these club sport activities for the past few weeks. I'm sorry about this, Tweek.

TWEEK: No, it's fine. Really. But I just don't get why Craig doesn't have time to be with me like we used to.

CLYDE: Club sports, huh? Yeah, that sucks.

TWEEK: What?

CLYDE: No, no, nothing. It's cool. Just kids that get into club sports kind of aren't able to do anything ever again. Well, I mean, it's just, they get new friends and they're all club sports friends, you know. And they hang out in hotels together and go on trips. You ever seen that show, Heated Rivalry, Tweek?

TWEEK: No?

CLYDE: Yeah, it's not good. Those guys go at it pretty hardcore. But my point is though, there's like 75% chance that you'll likely never get to see Craig again. Ever…

TWEEK: Oh, god! No!

[He clutches his hands to his forehead, already stressing out. Clyde and Pip now feel even worse for Tweek, given the possibility of Craig favoring club sports over him. Suddenly, Pip then has an idea and lights up]

PIP: Unless… unless you could sign up for club sports too!

[Clyde and Tweek stand up, and look over to Pip in surprise and confusion]

TWEEK: Really? You think I should?

PIP: Oh, yes. Absolutely. That way, you and Craig can still spend time together.

[Tweek mulls over this for a few seconds before smiling]

TWEEK: You know what? I'll try it! I'm sure Craig would love to have me around doing club sports with him. I'll talk to my parents right now! Thanks, Pip!

[Tweek runs off, presumably to his house to tell his parents about signing him up]

CLYDE: Hey, wait a minute! Dude, where's my thanks?!

[Clyde gets no reply though as Tweek had already gone]

CLYDE: Are you sure this will work, Pip? He doesn't know how much it costs to get in. Plus, it takes about like fifteen towns to get there.

PIP: Well, it doesn't really matter too much. As long as Tweek's happy.

[Moments later, the doors of the store open and a man throws Cartman and Butters out. Presumably, their plan to rob the store had backfired]

SHOP ASSISTANT: And don't ever come back!

[He turns and walks back in as the doors close. Cartman and Butters then see Clyde and Pip staring at them, confused]

CARTMAN: Oh, hey guys. What's up?