

MASTER BEDROOM

M.J. is on the floor, doing sit-ups. She wears a tee-shirt, sweatpants. The FAUCET runs O.S., stops.

M.J.  
You okay in there?

CASSIE  
Never better.  
(softly)  
Actually, I've had better days.

M.J.  
I kinda figured that when I bumped  
into you in the tavern.

CASSIE  
Yes, about that. Thank you for not  
telling anyone.

M.J.  
We're even. I wasted about twenty  
dollars in paper towels. Besides,  
they're just uncivilized apes. The  
less they know the better.

Cassie straightens, glances over.

CASSIE  
(grins)  
I disagree, I would have to say that  
Julian is fairly civilized...for an  
ape.

M.J.

A spark in her eyes.

M.J.  
Yeah, I guess. He taught me  
everything I know about investigative  
Journalism. He believed in me when  
no one else would...So, you two known  
each other a while?

CASSIE  
Ten years...approximately.

M.J.  
(nervously)  
Is there...a past there?

CASSIE  
Is it that obvious?

M.J.

I am a woman, despite what Rico says.

M.J. barely breaks stride.

CASSIE

What got you interested in  
bodybuilding? If you don't mind me--

M.J.

My dad.

CASSIE

Oh, was he a bodybuilder?

M.J. stops, stares.

M.J.

No, he was an abusive son-of-a-bitch.

(beat)

Until I laid him out. Broke his jaw  
after he called my mom a little whore.

CASSIE

Oh.

M.J.

Never again.