

Rico rummages through the refrigerator...a stick of butter, a bruised apple, three cans of soda. The interior light flickers. He glances back at the liquors, shakes his head. He grabs a can, SLAMS the door.

RICO
Yeah, nice people.

Rico approaches the master bedroom, nearly collides with Cassie.

RICO (CONT'D)
I come bearing a gift.

M.J.
Bye Rico!

RICO
Ah c'mon. It's much more fun here than with Doc Dick-less.

He offers the soda. He's turned down.

RICO (CONT'D)
Say, I never got to go to no sleepovers.

Rico fondles the sleeve of Cassie's oversized tee-shirt. She reacts, squeezes his wrist in a moment of self-defense.

RICO (CONT'D)
Ow, take it easy will ya!

He retracts his wrist.

RICO (CONT'D)
Damn, where'd ya learn that?

Rico massages his wrist.

CASSIE
I'm so sorry. You surprised me.
Are you okay?

M.J.
Nice going Rico.

RICO
I'll live.

CASSIE
If you will excuse me.
(turns towards Rico)
Are you sure you're okay?

RICO

Are you kidding me? I like a woman
who's rough.

He steps inside.

CASSIE

(to M.J.)

Good luck.

RICO

Ah, c'mon, where ya going? The
party's just starting.

(towards M.J.)

Looks like we got the whole room to
ourselves.

M.J.

Look, you've already had your fifteen
minutes of Morgan Jane.

RICO

Ah, but no means yes.