

makeshift altar. It was actually a few cafeteria tables, two on the bottom and one on top and the whole thing draped in fabric. The altar was <sup>came in</sup> filled with candles, photos, bowls of dry food, plates with cooked food, even a box of Pop Tarts. They were the favorite foods and things a loved one used to enjoy. A bit rasquache, but still.

Evie wondered if Dee Dee had brought anything to offer for her mother. Since she's been back, neither she or Dee Dee had brought up the subject, her mother's passing. Evie began to wonder if that was one of the reasons why Dee Dee hadn't returned to messages when she lived in Mexico. Had Evie bothered her too much about her mother's death? She was beginning to wonder.

Evie had brought a few things for the altar. **A pipe** in honor of her great grandpa Rudy, who was a fire captain in Rio Estates, and for her **great tia, Conchita**, a piece of pan dulce from her father's bakery. Not the fat free kind, of course. **She'd be rolling over in her grave.**

Dee Dee was right. The clothes she had brought back from Mexico were incredible. Evie, even with a <sup>her</sup> lightly penciled moustache and unbrow, felt festive and a bit glamorous. Her full skirt had a hand embroidered flower motif stitched with sequins. She wore a frilly off the shoulder blouse, lots of vintage glass beads around her neck, and a pair of small hoop gold earrings, her first. Who even knows if Frida actually dressed that way, Evie was into it.

Dee Dee's costume was slightly similar, minus the unbrow and moustache. While Evie's hair was pinned under a dark thick wig with two braids woven on top Dee Dee's long blonde hair was loose and flowing. Of course, her whole costume was a bit

tight in some parts and showy in others. Would Cristina have worn red fishnets and so much red lipstick? To Evie, she looked more Can Can girl than Coyacan chica.

Evie looked around the gym, hoping Alex might already be there, but he was definitely going to be a no-show. Well, she thought, a school dance probably wasn't the best place to open a new line of communication. *could this be phrased better?* Hadn't he gotten her message? She kept pulling her cell out of her little black velvet purse ~~and checked and rechecked~~ *checking and rechecking for a call from* her cell phone, searching for his familiar 805 number, but it never showed. Is this how Dee Dee felt, she wondered, waiting and waiting for Rocio to call? Is this what is like to have a boyfriend? *No* thank you.

"Let's go get some pan muerto," Dee Dee suggested.

"Definitely," Evie said. "You know, it all came from my dad's bakery."

"Oh, yeah?" Dee Dee asked as they headed toward the refreshment table. "Hey, check out your dad!"

Evie looked over. Oh my God. Was that really her father? Arranging dead bread with two of his employees? She rushed over to him.

"Dad!" Evie whispered sternly to her father. "What are you doing here?"

"Don't worry," He was used to Evie's melodrama. "I'm just leaving. Joe called in sick and we had to get all this bread here."

"Dad, *please*," Evie looked around the gym in a panic. "Does anyone know you're my dad?"

"Hi, Mr. Gomez!" Dee Dee came up from behind. Other students looked over at him, then at Evie.

“Well they do now!” He smirked. “Hey there, Dee Dee. Oh, you sure look cute. Who are you supposed to be?”

“Dad, It’s not important. *Please.*”

“Okay, okay. Jeez,” he said. “I remember the times you wanted me to stay at school with you. Remember that Dee Dee? When you two started kindergarten at Rio Real and Evie was crying because she was so scared? Remember she didn’t want me to leave?”

“Oh, yeah,” Dee Dee made an exaggerated sad face and looked over at Evie.

“Oh, poor Evie!”

“Dad, stop it!” Evie looked around other students around the table. “Please, just leave.”

“Okay, okay.” Ruben Gomez finally gathered his trays and said goodbye to the girls. Finally Evie could relax.

“You’re too harsh on her dad,” Dee Dee observed. “I think it’s cute the way he wants to help at the dance. I wish my father was more involved.”

“No you don’t. Trust me.” Evie said. “Besides, it’s not so much about helping out at the dance or the community. It’s one of his busiest times of year. He supplies all the dead bread for all the celebrations in the whole tri-county area.”

“Well,” Dee Dee smacked her lips. “Let’s see if they have some champurrado or something. No offense, but this bread’s *dead*.”

“I’ll make *sure* I tell my dad that,” Evie said sarcastically.

Dee Dee took her arm and they crossed the gym to look for champurrado or something and that’s what they found, *something*.



“Eyeew,” Dee Dee made a face when she took a sip from her styrofoam cup.

“What is this?”

“The senior class version of champurrado,” Evie observed. It was a watery gruel of corn and chocolate.

Just then, Fabby and her date, Arnie, came up to the table.

“Oh, you two look so cute!” Fabby cried. She was dressed as Marilyn Monroe.

“What are you?” Arnie looked over Dee Dee and Evie. “Mexican lesbians?”

“*What?*” Evie said.

“No,” Dee Dee replied, indignant. “We’re Frida and her sister Cristina. Can’t you tell?”

“Not really,” Arnie said. “But hey, didn’t Frida have sex with her sister?”

“No, stupid.” Fabby said.

“But I saw the movie,” he protested.

“Arnie, *no*.” Fabby eyes looked upward. “Cristina slept with Frida’s husband, Diego Rivera. You know who *he* is, right?”

“We had a Diego,” Dee Dee asserted. She was more concerned on getting her portrayal right, than promoting scandalous history. “But he flaked on us.”

As Dee Dee talked with Fabby and Arnie, **Evie saw Jose in the dark hall**

## **DESCRIBE BETTER**

He was dressed as a perfect Joey Ramone in a black leather jacket, black straight legs and dark oval glasses. He even dyed his hair black. He held Mexican film star, Maria Felix, better known as Alejandra de los Santos, tightly in his arms.

As soon as Fabby and Arnie left, Evie felt there was no more stalling. She wanted to know what Dee Dee knew about Jose and Alejandra.

"How long has that been going on?" Evie nudged Dee Dee.

Dee Dee looked over. "What, them talking?" It was true. They were now just talking.

"No, them being together."

"What are you talking about?" Dee Dee was painfully oblivious. She bobbed her head to the DJ and picked at her dead bread. "Alejandra has a boyfriend. You know that. They're just talking."

"Dela, are you blind?" And just as Evie was about to tell her what she had seen at La Pantera, "No, look, watch them.

"Evie, I'm not gonna watch them all night, hoping to catch something."

Dee Dee's attention was pulled away by Sangro Denise

"Ay! Que chiste!" She came up behind Dee Dee. "You make a great Cristina!

Don't be stealing any husbands tonight!"

"Only if they look like frogs," Dee Dee mused in reference to Diego Rivera's so called amphibian-like features.

**But Evie couldn't take her eyes off of Jose. She was pissed. How lucky was he, she thought, that Raquel hated to go to school functions? And how could Dee Dee not see, if anything, how incredibly tight he was holding Alejandra? REWRITE  
ENDING**

\* \* \*

Despite her mind being on Alex, Jose being a cheating asshole and her father being embarrassing (should she go on?) Evie actually had a good time at the dance.

People thought her costume was really cute and cool. But poor Dee Dee. All night she had to explain who she was supposed to be.

Evie ended up dancing a lot. Once with Auggie Lopez, who was in her Spanish class and twice with Brian Wilcox, who was <sup>aparently</sup> on the swim club. And of course, all the Sangros danced together, in a circle. Evie suddenly felt she actually had more friends than she thought at Villanova. It had been so long since she danced. It felt great to let loose.

Finally, before she knew it, the DJ announced the last songs for the evening. It was going to be time to end the dance.

“Hey, are you into going to Charlene’s dorm?” Dee Dee asked Evie. “She having an after party.” <sup>15</sup>

“How?” Evie asked. Villanova had a strict policy against get togethers in student housing, no guests after 9 pm, and absolutely no guests of the opposite sex.

“It’s on the DL,” Dee Dee said knowingly. “Oh,” she felt her ear. “I lost an earring. Gracie will kill me. I gotta go back in and look for it.”

“Are you serious?” Evie asked. “Let me go with you.”

No, it’s okay. I know it’s in the bathroom. On the counter.” She gave Evie the car keys. “Here, go ahead and wait in the car, if you want. Then we can walk over to Charlene’s dorm.”

Evie took the keys and headed out to ~~Dee Dee’s car~~, where everyone else had the made the parking lot a party area.

the parking lot which some of  
the other  
students had made  
into a party area  
Describe more please!

“Evie?

She looked up. It was Raquel.

“Raquel?” Evie asked. She was coming up from the side of her mother’s car. Her eyes were puffy and bloodshot. She looked horribly out of place in her faded jeans and gray sweatshirt in a parking lot full of laughter and colorful costumes.

Evie couldn’t believe it. She had no time to think. “What’s wrong? Are you okay?”

“No, I’m not okay.

She reached into the inside of her jacket.

What was she gonna pull out a gun? Slow down, too many episodes of CSI: Miami.

Raquel pulled out a strip of paper. It was actually photo stock. The photo from the pictures from the photo booth at Fabby’s birthday party.

Evie’s heart dropped.

“You were right,” Raquel looked at the photo. “You were right and I was in denial.

“Raquel...”

“He’s such an asshole.

Evie looked at the photo strip. Sure enough, in living black and white there was Jose sandwiched between her and Alejandra de los Santos. **You could see the sadness in her eyes.** The final and third photo, she looked shocked and Jose’s face was scrunched into hers. It was clear that he pounced on her. His lips smacked hard against Evie’s mouth.

“I found it in his wallet.”



“His wallet?”

“Yeah, what an idiot. He knows we have total access. I’m sure he get’s a kick showing it off to his friends.”

Had he shown Alex? Evie wondered.

“But something’s going on, that’s for sure.”

“What do you mean?”

“Jose told me he couldn’t hang out tonight and,” Raquel gave Evie a look. “What I mean is, Mondo just go back from visiting his cousin in Humbolt. *Humbolt*, you know what I mean?”

“Uh huh.” Humbolt was known for its hearty weed harvest.

“And we were all gonna hang out tonight. Me, Mondo and Jose and Jose turned *that* down”

“Oh, yeah,” Evie sighed. “I definitely know what you mean.”

Raquel leaned against a car and pulled out a cigarette.

“He’s just been doing that a lot lately. Flaking on me and then when you called me—”

“Right”

“Sorry about that Evie.

“Me too.

Raquel leans over to hug Evie and when she does, she pulls back.

#### SEPARATE SCENE – THE FIGHT BETWEEN JOSE AND RAQUEL

She stopped and looked over Evie’s shoulder.



“What the fuck!”

Evie turned around and saw Jose and Alejandra, coming out of the gym. Jose had his arm around Alejandra's shoulders and Alejandra's body was turned into Jose's. Her fingers played with his dyed black hair.

“You asshole!”

Jose looked up. “Whoa!” He immediately pulled his arm from around Alejandra. “Whoa, whoa baby.” Jose went toward Raquel. “It's not what you think.”

She held her arms out to push him away. “How do you know what I think!” Raquel yelled. She slapped his chest. “Don't touch me. Don't even come near me. You lying ass hole!”

“Lying? When did I ever lie to you?”

“Don't be an idiot.”

“Yeah, I'm always on idiot, Raquel.

“Because you are.

“Come on, Jose.

“Don't tell him what to do.

They argued and Raquel takes off into the darkness

MUCH LONGER

Jose was about to follow her, but Alejandra pulled him back. “Just let her cool down.” She said. “Really. Just let her go.”

Jose looked over at Evie. “You little bitch. You had to go and open your trap, didn't you?”

“I didn't say anything,” Evie protested.

Would Jose  
really say  
this?

"Yeah, right." He came right up into Evie face. She leaned back into a parked car.. He wasn't going to hit her, was he? No, he couldn't. She was a girl, yet his face was inches from hers. She could actually feel his anger breathing down her face. Because of his dark shades, she couldn't see his eyes but she could definitely see his fists tighten up. Evie closed her eyes and braced herself. *He is going to hit me.*

Just then, Dee Dee came out of the gym.

"Jose!" She ran over to the both of them "What the hell are you doing?!" With what seemed to be all her strength she pushed Jose away. "Jose, you will be so sorry if you lay a hand on her! I swear!"

*could mis be even stronger language coming from DeeDee?*  
"I wasn't gonna do anything," he suddenly backed off. "She aint even worth it."

"It didn't look that way." Dee Dee stood between him and Evie.

"Man," He waved them both aside. "I do not need this **hen party**." He rubbed his hair with both hands and turned to leave.

"Josito," Alejandra called out. "Wait up."

"Alejandra," Dee Dee snapped. "How could you not do anything?"

"Dee Dee," Alejandra said. "You are over reacting. He wasn't going to do anything to Evie."

*9*  
"You could have fooled me." Evie finally exhaled. Her body was still shaking.

"What's going on?" Dee Dee asked.

*15*  
"Jose pissed cause Raquel found out about him and Alejandra," Evie said. "She was just here."

"Raquel was?"

Yeah, just a minute ago. She just took off."

Evie laughed. The camera flash went off.

Alejandra pounded Jose's shoulder and pouted. "Jose! You didn't make a goofy face!"

"Okay, okay." Jose looked straight at the camera. "Now the last one I want you ladies to throw Papa a kiss, right here on each cheek." He tilted his head up.

Alejandra put her arms around Jose and puckered up. She was getting ready for the timer, but when the camera flash went off, Jose turned his entire head towards Evie and pressed his face into hers. He slid his tongue deep into her mouth and at the same time, moved his hand higher, around her chest and rubbed his hand slowly across her breast.

**Evie felt a dangerous thread shoot across her body.**

*she*  
"Jose!" Evie jerked away.

"Oh, Evie," He leaned back into Alejandra and just laughed. "Don't be such a prude."

"I'm not a prude," Evie wiped her mouth. "You're an asshole!"

*↗*  
"Hey," Alejandra pouted. "What's going on?!" She obviously hadn't seen exactly what Jose had just done.

Evie started to get up from the booth's seat.

"Where you going?" Jose held on to her hand.

"Out of here," Evie crossed her arms, covering her chest.

"What's wrong, Evelina?" Alejandra asked. "Camera *shy*?"

"Yeah," Evie glared at her. "*Exactly.*" She looked behind her, at the party. "I



gotta go to the bathroom.”

Alejandra put her skinny arms around Jose again. “Okay, come back, yeah?”

Evie didn’t answer. She stepped out and Alejandra wasted no time with closing the booth’s curtain.

“Hey, Evie,” Jose poked his head out from the curtain.

Evie looked back. “Yeah?”

“You be a good,” He looked at her firmly. “Okay?”

“What do you mean?”

“You know what I mean.”

And unfortunately, she did. She wasn’t to say anything to Rockell.

Evie left the grinding, slobbery couple to themselves and she made her way to the back exit of La Pantera. She needed fresh air and a lot of it. She couldn’t believe what had just happened. She could taste the cigarette smoke from Jose’s mouth inside hers.

And that Jose, with Alejandra de los Santos? How long had *that* been going on? Did Dee Dee know about them? Did Rockell know, or even suspect? No, there was no way Rockell would put up with such crap. *No way.*

She felt so disgusted about herself. Who did she think she was? With Jose on her mouth? God, how could she do that to Rockell? To herself? She deserved a much better first kiss. Much better. She looked at her phone. Why hadn’t Alex returned her text message?

Evie paced the back parking lot. It was already close to midnight and most of the shops and taco bars on the main drag were shutting down, giving the whole downtown a

bit of a ghost town feel. Evie felt even lonelier and to be honest, a bit frightened. She wasn't used to hanging around the downtown area alone. She wanted to be home, in her bed, immediately. But how would she get back? Ride back home with backstabbing Dee Dee? ~~Arrogant Boy?~~ <sup>Deer</sup> Two ~~timing~~ <sup>times</sup> Jose? ~~Looks like~~ <sup>she</sup> she was running out of options.. It did cross Evie's mind to call her mother. Her mother always told Evie that if there was ever an emergency, any type of emergency, she could always call home and she would go and pick her up. No questions asked. Was this an emergency?

Evie figured it really wasn't, so she flipped open her phone and dialed 411. She was surprised to get an actual live person.

"Can you connect me with a taxi service?" she asked the operator.

Living in a three auto household and having friends with cars, Evie never had the opportunity to use a taxi in Rio Estates. The only time she used a cab was when the whole family visited Sabrina at Stanford and they all made shopping trips into San Francisco. Her mother, always overwhelmed by the one-way, vertical streets, would, to Evie's delight, spring for a taxi.

"I'm sorry," The operator didn't sound so sorry. "We can't recommend a business. You have to give us a name."

"Okay, um," Evie thought out loud. "How about Yellow ... Yellow Checkered Cab? Service?" An obvious business sounding name. There had to be at least one listed in all of Ventura County.

"Do you have a street address?" The operator asked impatiently.

"Uh, do you have anything downtown?"

"I'm sorry, but I need an address."

what if Jose tells him? God, that would suck, big time.

“That’s *all*?” Alex was exasperated. “First you cancel on me, twice, you don’t answer my texts and then you drag me out of bed ‘cause you’re having a bad night?”

“No, it’s just...” Evie trailed off. “Wait, what texts?”

“I send you two text messages tonight. You never replied.”

“What? Alex, I didn’t get any messages.” She pulled out her phone from her bag and checked her text history. “No,” she told him. “Nothing.”

“Well, I sent them.”

“What did they say?”

“Nothing” Alex looked straight ahead, at the road. “It doesn’t matter now.”

“Alex,” Evie looked out his truck’s window. “I’m having a really tough time here. It’s like I just don’t know who my friends are any more.”

Alex was quiet for a long time before he spoke up. “Maybe they don’t know who you are.”

“What is that suppose to mean?”

“I dunno, Evie. You tell me.”

“I have *no* idea what you are talking about.”

“Okay, well, first you try to be a badass,” Alex started. “With your blue hair and everything, then you hook up with Dee Dee and Alejandra and that crew and then you try to be like them.”

“I’m not trying to be like them!”

“Oh, really?” He looked at her sandals and then at her hair. “You could have fooled me.”



Evie clicked off. She looked at her cell. She was losing time. Should she just call her mother? She walked back in La Pantera and peered into the back lounge area. Guests were still **dancing** to **the horrible () and waiters** were still taking orders. The party was far from ending. She checked the time on her cell phone. It was nearly midnight. She had thirty minutes to get home.

She went back outside and she realized that if she wanted to get home, right away, there was only one person she could rely on and that was Alex. Yeah, he hadn't texted her back, but he still was the reliable, trustworthy Alex.

She sped dialed his number.

"Hullo?" His voice sounded groggy when he answered. She had clearly woken him up.

"Alex, it's me, Evelina." Evie felt embarrassed. "I hate to bother you. But do you think you can you come get me? I'm stuck downtown."

"Evie," his voice already sounded apologetic. Not a good sign. He was getting ready to turn her down. "I've already crashed. I'm doing dawn tomorrow."

"Please?" Evie begged. "I don't have a ride and I, I just ..."

"You just what?" he asked.

"Just please, Alex..."

"Evie," Alex sounded more awake. "Are you okay?"

"No," Evie's voice started to crack.

"Okay, Evie," **Alex yawned.** "I'll be there."

*Said quickly*

Evie waited in the front of La Pantera for Alex and as she walked back and forth

on the sidewalk, she felt even more embarrassed that she had called him. The abalone necklace issue was on the back of her mind. Why, why, why did he give it to Dee Dee?  
MORE

When Alex finally pulled up, Evie got in the cab of his truck and couldn't bear to look at him. It's almost as though she was afraid he could read her thoughts. She felt horribly ashamed what had just happened between her and Jose.

She flipped open her cell and looked at the time. 12:13 am.

"Alex," she tried to focus on something else. "I only have 15 minutes to get home."

Alex looked over at her. "Are you kidding me? Don't I even get a thank you?"

"Oh, right, Of course," Couldn't she do anything right? "Thanks, Alex. I mean it. I'll make this up to you." She leaned over and started to unbuckle the slinky slinks off her feet.

"Don't worry about it." *he told her*

"No, really," Evie promised. "Let me take you out or something. Like the Coastal Creamery or something."

Alex frowned. "What would I get at the Coastal Creamery? You know I'm lactose intolerant."

"Oh, yeah, That's right." Evie looked out the window. *Tonta!*

Alex yawned as soon as they were at a red light at the intersection. "So, what's this all about?"

Evie tilted her head into her hand. "It's just been a bad night." All of a sudden she felt reluctant to mention who the whole night was, especially the part about Jose. God,

Fooled him? What, was she trying to be fooling everyone tonight?

“Alex,” she pulled on the side of her blonde hair. “*This* was *my* decision.”

“It would be cool if it really was, but I don’t think it was. Like I’ve said before, I don’t care what you do with your hair, but I don’t get it. You’re smart and one of the coolest girls I know and I don’t know why you are letting everyone lead you around.”

Evie sat back in her seat and crossed her arms. Why was Alex lecturing her? Who gave him the authority to issue reality checks? ~~What did he know about being a good friend?~~ Look what he did with the abalone shell he had promised to give her. Yeah, nice friend. She looked out the window and could feel her eyes begin to well up. ~~Do not cry.~~  
Do. Not. Cry

“I mean, when’s the last time you’ve ~~even been out to~~ <sup>hung at</sup> Sea Street?” Alex continued. <sup>learn</sup> “Let alone try to surf? Have you even tried out the new board I helped you picked out? You were going on and on how you wanted to surf and I took all this time to help you pick out —“

“Oh, sorry if I wasted your time, *Alex*.”

“No, it’s not that. I’m just saying I spent the time helping you because I was actually looking forward to doing something with someone, with you.” He shook his head. “Maybe you need to take a long good hard look at herself in the mirror.”

“I need to take a good look at myself? What about you, Alex?”

“Me? Evie, just remember who is driving you home. Just remember who *you* woke up in the middle of the night and who *you* called to get up and come out and drive *you* home. I really like you Evie, but sometimes you can be so self absorbed.”



"Self absorbed? You know what, Alex?" She unsnapped her seat belt. "Don't do me any favors." She motioned to a Pollo Loco up ahead on the boulevard. "Just drop me off here."

"Oh, Evie, come on. I'm not gonna leave you here. Don't be silly."

"No, I mean it." Evie was near a breaking point. "I don't need a fucking lift from you. You call yourself a friend? Giving things you promise to me to someone else!"

"What?" Alex looked confused. "What are you talking about?"

She couldn't even start about the abalone necklace.

"Alex! Let me out...*now!*" Evie yelled.

"Evie," Alex was perplexed. "~~What the hell are you talking about?~~"

"Alex!" She yelled louder. "Let me out!"

"Evie, come on..."

"Okay, okay," He finally slowed down and pulled into the parking lot. "Have it your way."

He parked his truck and looked around the lot. The interior lights were on in Pollo Loco, but the eating area looked vacant. "Are you gonna be okay?"

"Like you really care." She grabbed the sandals and slammed the car door.

Alex let his truck idle a bit as he waited for Evie to change her mind and get back into his car, but she didn't. She stormed *briefly and all.* to the other side of building to get out of his sight.

But when Evie got to the side entrance, she discovered that Pollo Loco was closed. Only its Twenty-four hour drive thru service was open, as a lone cook indicated to her from the kitchen and by that time, Alex had already driven away. *Crap.* She sat

grimly on the concrete curb near the <sup>empty</sup> poorly lit, ~~unattended~~ order window. MORE

## HORRIBLE

“Scuse me,” a voice crackled over the loud speaker. “But this is for car drive through only.”

Evie whipped around and glared at the attendant. “I *know!*”

She looked down at her feet and saw that she had at least three throbbing blisters, large, pink **and full of liquid**. How could this night have gone so wrong? Why does it seem, lately, that every night goes badly?

She flipped open her phone. The time was 12:23 am. She would never make home in time for her curfew. She punched in her home phone number.

“Mom,” she said as soon as the other end picked up. “Can you come get me?”

13

The next morning Evie still couldn’t shake off her funk from the night before. She *had* brushed her teeth and gargled with mouthwash as soon as she got home, *all* to get the residue of Jose out of her mouth. Her eyes were *still* swollen **from an entire night of crying** and she wondered if her parents, whose room was just down the hall, had heard her. She was exhausted.

It was all a blur after she got out of Alex’s truck. Her mother had picked her up at El Pollo Loco and, thankfully, stuck to her promise of “No Questions Asked.” She didn’t even point out that it was almost 1 am by the time she picked up Evie. Evie wondered if the “No Questions Asked” rule applied the morning after. God, it would be just like her mother to start ragging on her first thing in the morning after such a horrendous night.

Evie's cell vibrated.

*Alex?*

But she saw it was Dee Dee. Evie looked at her cell. None of this, ~~her getting~~ attacked by Jose, would have happened if Dee Dee hadn't bailed on her last night. And Evie wouldn't have even wanted to be bailed on by Dee Dee if Dee Dee hadn't accepted the shell necklace from Alex. Wait, so was this all Alex's fault? No, but Jose was with Alejandra and nobody, except them, had control over that. But Dee Dee *must've* known about Alejandra and Jose and why hadn't she told Evie? Hmmm...it looked like all the blame fell back on Dee Dee. Rockell was right. Dee Dee was not the sweet girl they used *know*.  
trust.

She let her cell go unanswered, but seconds later it started vibrating again. She knew once Dee Dee's ~~phone~~ *was* *mode* on redial, she would not give up. Evie finally flipped her phone open.

"Hey, chica." Dee Dee was munching on something firm and crispy. Pita Chips? Chicharrones? Dee Dee was crazy about pork rinds as a kid. "Que paso? You just took off last night without saying goodbye. I was so worried."

So worried? How could she even eat when she was supposedly "so worried?" It annoyed Evie even more.

"I told Natalia I was leaving," Evie lied. "I had to get home for my curfew and I didn't wanna bug you. She didn't tell you?"

"Nuh uh."