

It was all Evie wanted to say. She didn't want to get into it with Dee Dee.

"I am not exaggerating," Dee Dee insisted. "And I cannot bear another day sharing the kiddie end with that bitch. I *have* to learn how to swim." She checked her side mirror and sped up on Highway 33. "So, I asked Alejandro over tonight. He is so sweet. He's going to teach me."

"You asked Alex over? To your house?" *9, 17, 21*
~~Evie was a bit surprised.~~ She hadn't even been to Dee Dee's house yet. When did she and Alex get so chummy? Sure, he's been her knight in shining armor lately and he had offered to teach Dee Dee to swim at the welcome back party, but she didn't think he was really serious.

"Yeah, around seven." Dee Dee said. "You should come over too. My parents are going to the opening of the Hispanic Heritage Museum, in Santa Barbara, so we'll have the whole house to ourselves."

~~Evie couldn't help but notice that her invitation to Dee Dee's was a secondary thought.~~ *knowing*
Dee Dee had already asked Alex, keeping in mind they would have "the whole house" to themselves. *Evie was just an afterthought...*
~~Was something going on that Evie didn't see? Alex did seem very attentive to Dee Dee.~~

Evie couldn't help but feel suddenly possessive. The Flojos were *her* pals, or at least, they used to be. They weren't just some fast food friends that anyone, including Dee Dee, could drive up and order.

"So, Dee Dee," Evie asked. "How are things with you and Rocio?"

"Rocio?" Dee Dee said. "Buen. Why?"

"Just wondering," Evie said. She twirled the click wheel on her iPod. "You haven't really mentioned him, lately."

"Well, I've just been busy. I mean, it has been my first week of school, but I still talk to him every night and --" She looked over at Evie suspiciously. "Wait, what is this all about? Do you think I like Alex?"

"No, not at all." Evie felt caught. "I was just asking."

"Evie, I *have* a boyfriend, back in D.F." Dee Dee looked over at Evie. "Sounds like someone is a little *posesiva*, no?"

Evie shook her head quickly, "Me? With Alex? Please!"

"Evie," Dee Dee started cautiously. "Don't take this wrong..."

Uh oh. Here we go again.

"But have you had a boyfriend yet?"

"I've had boyfriends," ~~Evie got more defensive.~~

"I'm not talking Aaron Sean and his Valentine you got all gooey over in Miss Temple's class."

"No, I know what you mean. I actually met a guy, just this summer and--"

"What guy?" ~~Dee Dee~~ pried.

"Well, if you let me finish," Evie tried to think. What was ShaggyMA's real name? She always just thought of him as Shaggy which was cute, in a Scoobie Doo kind of way, but that she realized she didn't know his name. What did the MA stand for? For all she knew he could be Shaggy Miguel de Allende or Shaggy Mal Adjusted. Or worse, Shaggy Mammoth Monkey Ass. Ew.

"His name is Sean," ~~Evie made up a name.~~ "And he lives in Santa Cruz." Did that sound convincing?

"Santa Cruz?" Dee Dee face turned sour. "Evie, that's five hours north of here."

or Beat this!

Evie felt her face get hot?

ired

How can he even be a boyfriend?"

"Dela," Evie said. "You're one to talk. Rocio lives in friggin' D.F."

"Yes, but we were going to the same school long before I moved. We're exclusive and we've been intimate and we've already scheduled all our school vacations so we can be together. Have you even been intimate with this *Sean*?" She threw Evie a quick glance.

"None of your business," Evie said.

"When we were kids, you and Raquel always pegged me as **la inocente**, guess I proved you two wrong," Dee Dee said smugly.

"Okay, Dee Dee," Evie started. "You've proven your point."

"You know Evie," Dee Dee continued. "I was talking to Alejandra and—"

"What?" As soon as she heard Alejandra's name, Evie became livid. "You were talking to her about *me*? Dee Dee, *don't*. You don't know Alejandra well enough to be talking about me. You shouldn't be talking about me to anyone, anyway."

"Okay, okay..." Dee Dee heard Evie loud and clear. "You don't have to get your *chones* in a bunch!"

~~And so the topic was dropped.~~

Evie looked out the car window. Why was it that everyone felt it was so utterly important to have man in your life? Why was everyone so into her business? And what, more importantly, did the MA in Shaggy's screen name stand for?

But more importantly, Evie wanted to know why she even cared. Alex has always been her friend, just her friend, right? And, wouldn't she, if anything, want two friends to get together.

Just to prove she wasn't so *posesiva*, Evie passed on Dee Dee's invitation to go swimming at her house.

"Are you sure you can't come?" Dee Dee asked again later on the phone. "I was thinking you could sleep over and we could make Elephant Eyes in the morning. Like we used to do as kids." *for breakfast*

"No, I can't." Evie lied. She didn't want Dee Dee thinking it mattered to her what she or Alex did on their own time, ~~even though a breakfast of grilled toast with an egg fried in the middle was enticing.~~ "I'm really tired. Besides, I owe some emails."

"Oh, to Sean?" Dee Dee teased.

But as Friday evening ~~set in~~, Evie couldn't help but feel how the single diners at the Boston Market counter looked to her – detached, desperate, resigned to a life of loneliness.

She logged on to her computer to check her MySpace account just to reassure herself that is did have people in her life. "Rio Chica has 270 friends." Yeah, right. As she looked over the artsy driven photos of attractive "friends" from other parts of the country and the world, what did it really matter? She was, after all, home on a Friday night and she wasn't even on restriction. *too many?*

But Evie's mood was instantly lifted when she went into to her favorite chat room Shaggy was online. So she didn't have a man in her life, but A little male attention never hurt anyone. *how did she meet mes friends?*

?
are they in a chat room or just IMing each other?

ShaggyMA: Hey chica, long time no hear. Sup?

~~She typed a message back to him right away.~~

RioChica: School, drama, the usual. Hows surf in Norcal?

“Evie?” It was her mother, bringing in folded clothes. P. Kitty was at her heels.

“You’re not going out tonight?”

“Nuh-uh,” Evie didn’t look up from her screen. “Dee Dee asked me to sleep over, but I’m just gonna stay in.” She anxiously waited for ShaggyMA’s response.

ShaggyMA: 4 ft. Cold as balls.

~~Okay, so his webiquette could use some work.~~

“How is she getting along at Villanova?” Her mother put the clothes on the edge of the bed where she sat, uninvited.

“Who?” Evie asked.

“Dee Dee,” her mother said.

“Oh, just fine,” Evie answered.

And she meant it, in the strongest sense of the word. Not fine as in “it’ll do” or just some flip answer, but fine as in... *choice*, excellent. Dee Dee *was* getting on divinely at Villanova. She had a renewed friendship with Evie, her stable of Sangros, Alex’s attention, and she didn’t even seem to give a rat’s ass about Raquel or the inner turmoil she was causing for Evie because of it. Yeah, *que* fine.

awk
good point
but
rephrase

But one thing that wasn't fine, as Evie saw, was who had just entered the chat -- LadyLeche. Ugh. Evie was a hater of sexed up screen names. Milk Lady? What did *that* mean?

LadyLeche: I got something to warm you up!

ShaggyMA: I bit u do

LadyLeche: U wanna bite me? Where?

"We should really have her over again." Evie's mother continued on about Dee Dee. "She's grown into one very lovely young woman."

"Uh huh," Evie said absentmindedly. She tried to regain Shaggy's attention.

RioChica: You should come to Sea St. You'd love it.

"You know," Evie's mother got up. "Sabrina called for you again. You should call her."

Evie rolled her eyes. The last thing she wanted to do was phone her sister and hear all about her active social life -- sorority sisters, love sick frat boys she's had to fend off and how she's oh so terrified that her precious GPA is dipping to a 3.8. She waited for Shaggy's response.

"Maybe I'll send her an email," Evie said.

"Evie," Her mother's **voice deepened**. "An email's not the same as a phone call. You should call your sister. She sounded a bit homesick."

Well, I'm home sick too. Sick of this home! Please, leave me alone!

But ShaggyMA was already in the throes of LadyLeche's ^{WC} fleshy language. They both simultaneously logged off, indicating to Evie that they probably both took their conversation and libidos to a private chat room.

"Okay," Evie felt **deflated**. She couldn't even attract the attention of an online male. Was her font style or size not alluring enough? Should she switch from Times New Roman to something with more cleavage and curves? ^{haha!}

She finally turned around to face her mother. "I'll give Sabrina a call." At that point, she'd say or do anything her mother wanted to hear.

"She'd like that," Her mother smiled to herself as she left the room.

But just as Evie was about to log off, she heard her buddy list alert go off again. Shaggy? No. Evie was surprised to see it was SexyMexy08. What was Raquel doing on her computer on a Friday night at, Evie looked at the screen's clock, 9 pm? She was always with Jose on Fridays. It had been a full week of school and neither one of them had talked to each other. Evie was sure that Raquel knew that she was online. She waited. Maybe Raquel would send her a message, most likely in all caps.

Evie waited and finally figured she could at least say hello. After all, they were "buddies" on each other's list for some reason

RioChica: Hi

^{What does that mean?}
Too Cas? She deleted the message and started over.

RioChica: Hello Raquel

Too formal. Maybe something more upbeat and silly? That'd be more Raquel's style. And after their argument on Monday, it might be a better ice breaker. She deleted and started over.

RioChica: Oh La chica? Que onda?

Oh my God! What was she thinking? Super Sangro! She quickly deleted the whole thing. Sweet and sentimental was the way to go.

RioChica: Hey, Rocky, I miss you. Remember the time--

This
is
really
good

But it was too late. Raquel logged off. Shit! Evie took too much time thinking for the perfect message. What was the quote Mrs. Cleary had used in **Comparative Lit?**

"He who hesitates is...?" Well, something about ^{now} wasting time was not good.

Evie turned off her computer and grabbed P.Kitty off the ground.

"It's just you and me tonight, precious P." Evie snuggled her face into his gray fur. "Let's go get us a snack."

She carried P. Kitty and headed downstairs to find **anything that wasn't a fruit or a vegetable** when she noticed Lindsay in the den. She was folding more laundry and watching her favorite TV show, *La Tormenta*.

"What's happening now?" Evie asked in reference to the night's episode. Not that she was so interested, but it's always polite to ask when you're barging in on someone

else's *novela*.

"Shhhhhh," Lindsay didn't take her eyes off the den's TV screen – "Tell you at commercial."

Evie moved some laundry to the side and stretched out on the couch. Great, even Lindsay had her own Friday night agenda.

"You're not going out with your friends?" Lindsay finally asked when an Esai Morales came on to make an announcement for home insurance. She turned down the volume with the remote.

awk "make an important announcement about insurance"

"Nah," Evie **She dangled a sock in front of P. Kitty.** "Raquel's mad at me."

"*Imagite?*" Lindsay said sarcastically. "That's nothing new."

"Yeah, she's in hater mode"

"Mande?" Lindsay asked, confused.

"She's all mad 'cause I'm friends with Dee Dee. She's a playa hater."

"Playa? Why does she hate the beach?"

"No," Evie laughed. "Playa, like player, like... a popular person."

"Oh." Lindsay still seemed not to understand. "Y Dee Dee?"

"She's hanging out with Alex," Evie said as she finally clued in to **P. Kitty. He was not interested in jumping up over some average gym sock.**

"Oh, on a date?"

↑
cute

"No," Evie said. "They're just hanging out."

"But it's a Friday evening," Lindsay pressed.

Maybe it was better to leave her alone, engrossed in her soap?

"Lindsay," Evie was getting irritated. "Just because a guy and girl spend time

together, doesn't mean they're on a date. It's not like that here. Nowadays."

"Hmmpf." Lindsay said before turning the volume up. *La Tormenta* was back on "Oh-kay."

But Evie suddenly felt it wasn't simply okay. Even Lindsay saw how it was so *Not sure what Lindsay said implied this...*
seemingly important to have a man. *awk* Was Evie such the loser? Was there something she didn't see and Lindsay did? **And** what did she care if Alex and Dee Dee were becoming more than friends? She should be happy for them. She was happy for Raquel when she hooked up with Jose, right? Even if she did feel like the third wheel at times.

Evie gave up on P. Kitty's finicky mood and before she knew it, she, herself, was caught up in the torrent of *La Tormenta*. ~~She welcomed the distraction.~~ *was about*

The night's episode ~~involved~~ a beautiful, big breasted, small waisted brunette who had consistently ignored the advances of a dapper banker. He was the owner of pin striped suits and a thick moustache. He had offered her his unconditional love, sparkling jewels and even a house by the sea, but the beautiful, big breasted, small waisted brunette wasn't interest in any of it or him. One night the dapper banker was alone, drinking sherry in front of the grand fireplace of his mansion. He was distraught that he would never win the love from the beautiful, big breasted, small waisted brunette but then, all of a sudden there was a tap at his door. What was this? Was it she, the beautiful big breasted small waisted brunette? No, it was a new neighbor who has just moved in down the road. She was a beautiful, big boobied, thick waisted blonde and she needed help. His help. She couldn't light her pilot light. '*Puedes ayudar con mi fuego?*' she asked him to help her light her fire in husky espanol. By the end of the episode, the dapper banker with the moustache and the pin striped suits had fallen head over heels in love with the beautiful,

big breasted, thick waisted blonde. And the beautiful, big breasted, small waisted brunette? She was forever alone...to lead the life of an old maid, with her sick, aging cat.

"Ay," Lindsay sobbed. "*La tormenta...*"

Evie looked up at Lindsay, then down at P. Kitty

"Mom!" she cried out in a panic. "Can you drop me off at Dee Dee's?"

* * *

↑
Great!

When they were all kids, the de LaFuentes's house was on the end of Camino del Rio, right between the Gomezes and the Diazes. But now four years later, the de LaFuente's new home was on Calle Cortez, a somewhat posher street in Rio Estates. The home addresses were actually hand painted on oval ceramic plates and two large Royal Palms, at the entrance of the street, made for a grand introduction to the tree lined cul de sac..

Evie's mother pulled up to the de LaFuentes house and noticed a number of shiny late model cars parked in the driveway right away.

"Well," Her mother looked up in surprised envy. "I know Frank had done well in D.F., but *this* well?"

She was right. The de LaFuentes new home large, with two columns on both sides of a custom carved front door. In the middle of their circular brick drive way, spotlights showcased flowing water, bubbling from a three tiered stone fountain. Their former home, as well as the Diazes and Gomezes, was painted adobe beige, but now the de LaFuentes new home was a light peach stucco, fresh and different with enough foliage on

where
a large column on each side of old house the
had been like the Diaz's

the front lawn to re-create an entire native Mexican desert. From full sized Agave plants to over sized (**type?**) cacti still in wooden crates, the plans for a future landscaping extravaganza were definitely in the works.

"This must all be Graciela's doing," Evie's mother assumed with a slight air of disapproval. "Margaret was never so show offy with appearances. All this desert stuff... didn't Frank say she was from the North?"

"I dunno," Evie answered. She could really care less. Her mother was uptight over someone's front yard?

Because there wasn't any room in the driveway to park her Saab, Evie's mother parked down the slope on Calle Cortez. She looked up at the de LaFuente's home again. "Maybe I should go in and say hello," she thought out loud. "I haven't really talked to Frank since my brunch."

"Mom, *no*." Evie pleaded. She knew her mother just wanted to check out their new digs. Besides, she didn't want her to know that Dee Dee's parents were out for the evening. "I'm already late. Please, can't I just have some time with Dee Dee? By myself?"

"Okay, Evie, okay." Her mother put her Saab in Park, but did not turn off the engine.

Evie grabbed her overnight bag and sprinted up to the house, quickly, before her mother could change her mind.

The de LaFuentes doorbell announced Evie's arrival with the heavy leaden **church** chimes. Moments later, a young woman in jeans and a Garfield sweatshirt

opened the door. She was in her mid twenties and Evie assumed she was the de LaFuentes housekeeper.

"Hi," Evie greeted. "I'm here to see Dee Dee?"

"Quien?" The woman's eyes creased. *brow?*

"Oh," Evie corrected herself. "Dela."

"Oh, si," the young woman nodded as she let Evie in. "Soy Marcela."

Evie soon learned that Marcela didn't speak much English. But she didn't really need to vocalize her feelings. Her face conveyed annoyance as she led Evie through the de LaFuente's home, which was still pretty much vacant from their move. Hundreds of cardboard boxes of every size covered floor and the stairway and the only piece of furniture in the Great Room was an oversized white leather sofa still covered in plastic. A large framed portrait of a younger Graciela, with heavy lined eyelids, a' la the 60s, had ~~yet to be hung~~ *g* and was propped against a wall, which, like all the other walls were dotted with spackle, ready for a paint job. Evie also noticed a lot of terra cotta planters, large and expensive looking. Graciela *must* have a green thumb, Evie thought, or at least a thumb green from counting out all the bills to pay a **care takeer for interior plant maintenance.** *← good!*

As Evie followed Marcela through the kitchen, she noticed puddles of water on the beige tile floor, evidence that Dee Dee and Alex must have been rough housing it earlier in the evening. No wonder Marcela seemed aggravated. What housekeeper wants to work a Friday night, mopping up after some careless kids?

But when they reached the back door, they both heard a scream. Evie jumped back, ~~a bit startled~~ *g*, Marcela, however, just looked up in more annoyance. The scream

was quickly followed by ^{muffled} loud, filtered laughter and Evie realized that there were other people, not just Dee Dee and Alex, out in the backyard. Perhaps Dee Dee's parents decided to stay in? ^{ew} But when Marcela pulled the blinds to one side and slid the sliding glass door open, ^{Evie gasped} Evie found the shock of her life. The backyard was full of tall, busty, striped haired...Sangros. All four of them. ^{we} Larger than life, there, in Dee Dee's backyard. Fabby, Charlene, Denise and Alejandra ^{there}— in Dee Dee's back yard. There was Fabby, on the edge of the pool with one leg dangling in, Charlene kicking it on the top step of the pool, Denise floating on a purple plastic float with a red plastic cup in her hand and Alejandra entering the pool house. Evie felt her ^{jaw?} mouth drop to the concrete. Her first instinct was to sneak back into the house, call her mother and make her drive back and pick her up as fast as **her speedometer allowed.**

But it was too late. Dee Dee had already seen her and waved her outside.

"Evie!" She called out. "You came! Come join the party!"

"Well, I just came by to—" Evie started. But it was no use. She couldn't think of a reasonable excuse quick enough. And to her surprise, Marcela had already shut the sliding door closed and pulled the blinds back in place. ^{Wait, was that a click? Did} Marcela actually lock the door? ^{Yeah, I know how you feel...}

Dee Dee sauntered over and like all the other Sangros, she was wearing a micro bikini (hers, hot pink) and large gold hoop earrings. The suit was *so* small, practically child size, and for a minute Evie thought that maybe it was the same **Garanimals** bathing suit that Dee Dee had worn as a kid. ^{Wa!}

"Mira," Dee Dee held up a bottle in a paper bag and smiled slyly. "Denise brought some Silver Patron. You want a shot?" ^{I don't know what this is! Should I?}

"Uh, not really." Evie could detect a tinge of liquor on Dee Dee's breath. "I really can't stay long."

Dee Dee looked over at Evie's overnight bag and tugged on the strap. "But what's all this for? Aren't you staying over?"

"Well..." What could she say? Her mother had already left.

"I thought Alex was here? Evie scratched the side of her neck nervously and looked around. Another familiar face might ease the blow.

"He is. There, with Charlene," Dee Dee motioned with her chin. "She can't swim either." Alex was in the shallow end of the pool with Charlene who wore a metallic gold bikini, Metallic gold? It looked like it belonged more in a Mystikal video than in a suburban backyard pool party. Maybe that was the same thing? Charlene flailed about as Alex desperately tried to balance her with his arms under her back. Evie did a double take. Wow, Katie's C-cups overfloweth. And Alex? Evie noticed how pink his neck was. That was one thing she knew about Alex, When he got nervous, his neck turned a bright pink. the color of a ...

"Nice suit. Flojo," Alejandra approached Evie and Dee Dee. She swirled the ice in her Styrofoam cup. was walking towards Evie & Dee Dee

Evie **instantly** felt dwarfed between the towering Dee Dee and Alejandra. She didn't know people actually wore platform heels with bathing suits. Wasn't that just a segment of a beauty pageant? Evie looked down and noticed that the blue nail polish on her toes hadn't been touched up in weeks. Maybe she was truly a Flojo -- too lazy to even touch up her toes. Flojo. Sigh. She suddenly thought of Raquel. Raquel would never let Alejandra talk to her that way. when they weren't in a beauty pageant? was Raquel's was chopped?

"Now you be nice," Dee Dee reprimanded Alejandra with a sideways glance.

"This is my house, and my friend." She threw her arm around Evie. The half dozen or so

gold thin bracelets on her wrist clinked. "I told you that Evie's been my best friend since

we were little kids. My very, *werry* best friend." Dee Dee ~~said in a~~ *cooed in a baby voice* cooing, babyish voice,

~~almost Elmer Fuddish.~~ She actually pressed her cheek against Evie's. Was it the Patron

~~that made Dee Dee lay it on so thick?~~ *she drunk?* All Evie could do was smile uncomfortably. Okay,

so Dee Dee *did* have Evie's back, but it wasn't quite in the manner she was used to. *awic*

"Yeah, yeah," Alejandra clicked her tongue. "You know I was only teasing."

"Ay," Dee Dee peered into the bottle of Patron and saw that it was empty. "No

mas, Evie," She made an exaggerated sad face. "*Lo siento, mi'ja*." She then turned to

Alejandra. "Ally, be a chula and go get Evie some Patron"

Alejandra gave Dee Dee a look.

"Oh, it's okay," Evie reassured Dee Dee. "It's no problem," She didn't need no Sangro doing her any favors.

"Al-leeeee," Dee Dee cried. "Just gooooo. Be nice." *This is funny*

"Okay, okay." Alejandra grabbed Evie's arm. "Come on, chica."

She took Evie to the pool house where another bottle of Patron was stashed, out of the tattle tale eyes of Marcela. ~~If they only knew, Evie thought, Marcela does not care.~~

As Alejandra started to twist off the cap she looked sharply at Evie. "No offense, Flojo but..." she started.

Uh oh. Evie thought. Here it comes. Whenever someone started with "No offense"...it was usually an offense, a very offensive comment.

"But just out of curiosity," Alejandra continued. "~~But~~ why do you always dress

like a boy?"

"A boy?" Evie was offended. "~~You think I dress like a boy?~~"

"I *told* you not to take offense," Alejandra said. "It's not like you're ugly or anything." She took a swig from the bottle and winced. "Between Raquel and you, you are definitely the prettier one and I don't know why."

"Alejandra, Raquel is my friend."

"Oh, really?" She raised her highbrows. "I don't see you two hang out ~~as much~~ anymore."

"Well, she *is* my friend." Evie held up her cup ~~for the tequila~~. *Can I just get what what you dragged me here for?* "If anything, I'm just a board girl."

"*Que?*" Alejandra poured a small amount soda into Evie's cup before adding the Patron. "*Aburrido?* With what?"

"No, not *bored*," Evie half smiled. "Board, b-o-a-r-d, as in surfboard, skateboard, snow..."

Was she really explaining herself to Alejandra de los Santos?

"Aaah," Alejandra laughed. "Si. I know. You like all that stuff." She poured more Patron into her own cup. "Have you ever been to Puerto Escondido?"

"Nuh,uh." ~~Evie admitted.~~ "My family, we, usually go to Cabo."

"Cabo?" Alejandra laughed "Are you serious? *Que naco!* My family has a house in Puerto. It's supposed to be the best place for surfers."

"So I've heard." Yeah, someday she would acutally ride a board and go. Maybe a surf trip with Alex. She had mentioned Puerto Escondido. Evie took a sip of her drink.

Yikes. No wonder Dee Dee was loopy. The Sangros were concocting a lethal syrup. Evie

is it mixed w/anything?

took another drink. It was warm and made her feel warm. "So," she slightly hesitated,

"You really think I'm prettier than Raquel?"

"Ay!" Alejandra put the cap back on the Patron and laughed. "Dee Dee is right!"

"Right about what?"

"You're okay."

"Oh, thanks." It was all Evie could say. She was "okay" and "pretty" at the same time, in one night. That was sometimes more than she ever heard over the course of one year from Raquel, who had supposedly been her best friend. **And here the compliments were flowing easily from the mouth of a Sangro, the head Sangro at that.**

Hey," Dee Dee come over with Alex to Evie and Alejandra. "Alex's leaving."

"What? Already?" Evie hadn't even said as much as hello to Alex.

"Already?" Alex said. "What are you talking about? I've been here since, like, seven."

"Yeah, but I just got here," Evie took a sip of her Patron. She didn't like the idea of spending the rest of evening with the whole Sangro posse and not one fellow Flojo around.

"Yeah, well, I wanna get up early, to head out to Sea Street." Alex looked at Evie. "You wanna go Eves? You can finally try out that board of yours."

"Tomorrow?" Evie got excited. There was no way Raquel would be at Sea Street so early on a weekend morning. "Uh, yeah, should I leave with you now?"

"Evie!" Dee Dee cried. "No. You promised. You said you were staying over. I have everything planned."

"Everything planned?" Evie looked at her. "You didn't even know I was coming

over until I showed up.”

“Yeah, but, you’re here, now, and now you are going to leave because you have better plans? That is *so* rude.”

“Yeah, but Dela,” Evie tried to explain. “I really wanna go to Sea Street, I haven’t been in, like, forever.”

“Evie,” Dee Dee insisted. “You can go to the beach anytime. This is my first slumber party in my new house and now you are just going to just leave?”

“Slumber party?” Evie asked. “You didn’t say you were having a slumber party.”

“Yes I did. All the girls are staying. Right Alejandra?”

“Claro,” Alejandra agreed. She took a drink from her cup.

“Oh,” Alex smiled suggestively ~~at all three girls~~. “Maybe I should stay too.”

Dee Dee smirked. “No. Sorry Alejandro. Girls only. You’re already being bad enough, trying to lure away my best friend.”

There Dee Dee went, ^{awk} using the best friend angle again. But Evie had to admit, it sorta made her feel wanted and special.

She took a large gulp of her Patron. “Yeah, okay.” Evie said slowly, “I guess there will be plenty of other times to get to Sea Street.”

“Good!” Dee Dee smiled. “It will be just like the old days.”

“So, you not coming?” Alex asked.

“No, I guess not.” Evie said reluctantly.

Dee Dee was right, Evie thought, as they all said good bye to Alex. It was Dee Dee’s first slumber party in her new home and she should be there. She needed to position herself as Dee Dee’s “very werry” best friend and make sure the Sangros **didn’t**

vewwy?

This is good stuff

try "the old days" away from her.

NEED NEW ENDING

* * *

THIS SCENE: EVIE AND THE SANGROS SHARE THE NIGHT TOGETHER.

THIS IS THE NIGHT THEY "CLICK." A LOT OF TALK ABOUT BOY, ALEX, A LITTLE BIT ABOUT RAQUEL.

Notes: At first Evie couldn't believe that she was spending an entire Friday night with Sangros. Solita. Alex had already left

Friday night was usually the Flojo night to chill. Just to kick back in front of Raquel's plasma screen or even by Evie's pool.

But after a while Evie started to actually have fun. **Soon enough everyone's guards were dropped and judgements were tossed aside.** Girls, no matter what kind of bathing suits they wore, were girls. Soon enough they were all yelling and laughing, filling up Zip Loc baggies with water from the kitchen sink or the garden hose and slamming them at one another. () started dunking heads in the pool and () showed off her pathetic athleticism with a belly flops from the diving board.

They compared tattoos, navel rings and, as two of the Sangros peeled off their bikini tops, fearlessness. Yes, just typical girls, as a topless Alejandra and Denise grabbed hands, screamed and jumped into the pool together. **SHOW THIS**

They drove to LA?

This needs to be reworked?

Maybe show Alex leaving and Evie doing something slightly Sangro in spite of herself?

Great! please flesh this out!