

INT. HEIDI'S HOUSE - DINING AREA - DAY

Theresa sips coffee at the kitchen table with her mother MARILOU, 50s, in a robe. Zacky sits down at the table. Sniffing compulsively--

THERESA

Hey. Sorry. Mom just... I wanted...

ZACKY

No problem. I guess your allergies are acting up again.

MARILOU

(ironic smile)

You mean the sniffing. The...allergies are a new thing. Theresa...sorry, ZoAnn usually just had a...cough.

THERESA

Yeah, when I was a teenager... Mom!... Hey, sure is peaceful. Did Wes leave?

MARILOU

I think he's still sleeping out in his tent. I'll go see if he wants some breakfast.

THERESA

No! Not yet.
(off Zacky's questioning look)
Wes is the brother from hell.
Different father. Very different.

MARILOU

Oh, Wes is not all that bad.

THERESA

Mom is always spoiling him. Now that we're all living together...
(glances at drug-laden coffee table, then at Zacky)
Maybe I should spend a few days at Zacky's house.

Zacky grins. Marilou looks at them skeptically.