

KEYS at the door precede DAN HUFF (40s) lumbering obliviously in. A harried car salesman, he clocks the gloomy vibe--

DAN
Internet date?

ANGIE
Ruth's house got robbed.

--and without pausing he continues to THE KITCHEN AREA.

DAN
Whaaat? That's terrible...

Where he pointedly opens a window, giving Angie a look about the pot smoke: come on. She gives him one back: not now.

Ruth starts to CRY again. Angie pats her. Dan sighs at all this and concentrates on his leftover ham sandwich. *Chomp*.