

~~KHALIL stands, exits into the bedroom, returns with his sweater and coat, and leaves the apartment without a word.~~

~~Long beat. RAMONA sips her coffee.~~

~~He returns.~~

KHALIL

Okay obviously I don't know what the fuck I'm doing. But I don't know what the fuck you're doing either.

RAMONA

I'm just having fun.

KHALIL

(lightly hysterical)

Right. You said that. I guess since I don't get out very much I get confused by the idea of fun. And I certainly don't stay over lady apartments very often.

RAMONA

Me neither.

KHALIL

So what, we just go from fun thing to fun thing?

RAMONA

Until you go into hiding.

KHALIL

It's not the fucking witness protection program. I can *be* somewhere else. With someone else.

Beat. RAMONA is uncomfortable.

KHALIL (cont.)

No, I get it. So when you mention your oncologist, or when I hear you barfing in the middle of the night and trying to hide it from me, I'll just be like, yo. That's no fun.

RAMONA

Yes.

KHALIL

Fuck that. I don't want it.

RAMONA

Okay.

KHALIL
No really. Who signs up for that?

RAMONA
Okay.

KHALIL
No one. No one. Not okay.

RAMONA
Okay.

Beat.

KHALIL
Second date.
Unbelievable.
I can't make the PeePaw breakfast now. I'm too upset.

RAMONA
It's okay—

KHALIL
No it isn't. You have to concentrate. PeePaw used to make everyone get really quiet when he was beating the eggs. Because he'd count the strokes. If he lost count he'd throw the eggs out and start over.

RAMONA
It's okay. June bought me granola.

He notices the cup of coffee JUNE left.

KHALIL
Granola sucks. I'm gonna fucking drink that.

RAMONA
Go ahead.

~~KHALIL takes the lid off the coffee. He drinks a little. Then he sucks it all down in one breath, grimacing.~~

~~KHALIL
(disgusted)
Mocha. Not even hot.~~

~~RAMONA~~