

LEO

Oookay. You missed the cops getting called yesterday. Two ladies fighting over a rack of ribs. Crazy shit.

FELIPE smiles.

LEO studies FELIPE

LEO

What's wrong? You look all -

He mimics FELIPE.

FELIPE

No I don't.

LEO

Yeah. Like a Mexican Eeyore.

FELIPE

I do not look like a depressed donkey.

LEO

(in Eeyore's voice) Ooookay. Want a molly?

FELIPE

I'm just tired. My muscles hurt. I got a rabies shot yesterday and the side effects are hitting me hard today.

LEO

Oh shit, did you get bit by a dog?

FELIPE

No.

LEO stares waiting for the answer.

LEO

Are you going to tell me?

FELIPE sighs, debating how much to tell.

FELIPE

I...uh...I accidentally blended a rat in the garbage disposal and some of the blood shot out and got in my mouth. So yeah. Emergency room all night, rabies shot. Lotta fun.

LEO

Damn. I'm sorry. Do you need anything?

FELIPE shakes his head.

LEO

When I was seven, I farted on Mickey Mouse at Disneyland.

FELIPE puts his phone down.

FELIPE

Why are you like this?

LEO

Like what? Rat made me think of mouse, made me think of Mickey, made me think of traumatic childhood memory.

FELIPE

I'm glad you followed through on that logic

LEO

Calm down. Just trying to make you feel better before you go all walking dead on me.

FELIPE

I've been walking dead for a while.

LEO

Moisturizer helps. Wrinkles.

FELIPE flips him off.

LEO

Okay serious. Why the walking dead?

FELIPE

I mean. Look around.

LEO clutches his pearls.

LEO

You think you're better than Costco? No I get it. You hate your job.

FELIPE

Yes. But like, I feel stuck. I'm stuck. Here.

Beat.