HOBO: Here take my hand…welcome to first class!

HOWARD: Thanks.

HOBO: Where you headed?

HOWARD: I don’t know.

HOBO: Same as me…good…we’ll get there at the same time! (*laughter*)

Looks like you’re comin’ off some trouble…

HOWARD: Yeah…well I went after a dream…and it got me this black eye.

HOBO *laughing*: Doesn’t pay to dream kid, doesn’t pay at all…(*more laughter*)…but I tell you what does pay…being a bum…that pays a plenty! (l*aughter*)

HOWARD: I…don’t follow…

HOBO: It pays a plenty, ‘cause everything’s free! (l*aughter*)

HOWARD: No thanks…I think I want to be somebody.

HOBO: Somebody real or not real?

HOWARD: What are you talking about, real of course!

HOBO: Not everyone is kid, not everyone is. (*pause*) It’s like this… I ain’t got no expectations and no one expects anything outta me…except for me to move my carcass every now and then (*laughter).* I see how it is though…I see how it is…all them important jobs and important people…them fancy homes and things…why it ain’t none of it real (*laughter*). Them folk spend their whole life worryin’ about what ain’t real, and never get to the good part of livin’…

HOWARD: You’re crazy.

HOBO: Nah, I’m not crazy, I’ve just learned to see (*laughter*)…when you see something real, you know it. It doesn’t fade from your mind, and you can’t brush it away…it just keeps coming back like a fly buzzing around your head.

HOWARD: Yeah…like what?

HOBO: Like a person who’s been good to you…sincere-like. You can’t brush that away.

no…you can’t brush that away…(*Hobo gets quiet*)