

JUNIOR: What?

WILLIAM: I'm saying we've known of each other's existence all these years and we've never acknowledged... We've never talked.

JUNIOR: My mom wouldn't let me talk to bums.

WILLIAM: She's had a change of heart, dear woman.

JUNIOR: She's dead.

WILLIAM: Ah. So what's the impediment.

JUNIOR: I...don't know.

WILLIAM: Can I join you.

JUNIOR: Sure.

WILLIAM: Or you could join me. Your preference, entirely.

JUNIOR: It's more comfortable on the grass.

WILLIAM: If you say so. (stands with difficulty) Actually I've found that grass is fine during the day but concrete is better for evening restings. No dew, you see. Doesn't get wet. I hate getting wet. It's the worst thing about my way of life. Involuntary bladder activity. Absolutely the worst thing there is. (sits next to JUNIOR. Puts out his hand) William.

JUNIOR: Junior.

(They shake)

WILLIAM: William...William.

JUNIOR: Yeah I got it the first time.

WILLIAM: No. It's just that there used to be a last name that went along with it and I'm trying to remember what it is.

JUNIOR: Seriously?

WILLIAM: Please no pity. That will come. I think it began with a K. William K... K... Well I won't push it. Don't want to hemorrhage. (groans, falls over) Jesus. That was a pain. Probably the spleen.

JUNIOR: Listen, the liquor store's still open. I could go get you a bottle.

(JUNIOR is picking WILLIAM up)

WILLIAM: Oh God, you think I'm an alcoholic. How quick they are to judge, Lord. We the meek of the earth. Absolutely without defence. Cursed by society.

JUNIOR: I'm sorry. I thought... I'm sure I've seen you brown-bagging.