

GAIL: (kisses him) It's okay, honey. It's not a big deal. You've made him a big deal in your life. Think of some way to make him just what he is.

JUNIOR: That sounds good.

GAIL: (starts off) Call me later.

JUNIOR: Be careful. Walk quickly. Walk on the side where the street lights are. Don't talk to anyone.

(GAIL is gone)

Walk real fast. No, run instead. You can run beautifully. Go ahead. I'm watching! No one is following you. Run!

(JUNIOR sits. GAIL comes back on. Firm look in her eyes)

GAIL: Look. Just relax. I can make it home just fine. I was brought up in this neighbourhood. I got along fine in it before I met you. I'm leaving now. I'm not going to run. I'm going to walk. And I'll be all right! So relax!

(She leaves. Pause. JUNIOR leans back on his elbows.

WILLIAM, the bum against the wall, sits up suddenly)

WILLIAM: What... What's all the... Please don't kill me. Please. I don't eat garbage. Don't make me eat it. There's dead flies... Please. What... Where. (looks around)

(JUNIOR is staring at him. Long pause)

JUNIOR: Bad dream?

WILLIAM: Another garbage-eating dream. It's recurring. Terrifying in its detail... Where's your girlfriend?

JUNIOR: Gone.

WILLIAM: Argument?

JUNIOR: Nah. You all right?

WILLIAM: I'll have to check. (checks his body) Okay, so far. Just let me examine the essentials. (puts his hand in his pants) Dry as a bone, as the saying goes. I'm fine. I recognize you. You're one of the local kids.

JUNIOR: And you're one of the local bums.

WILLIAM: I've been seeing you around since you were this high. Ten, twelve years. You've certainly changed with time.

JUNIOR: You haven't. I think you're even wearing the same coat.

WILLIAM: Passing ships in the night. That's what we are in a way. Urban freighters. I'm not carrying though. Absolutely without contents.