

## Cast of Characters

Snazzy Jeff:

Nicely dressed man who's about to ask an unusual question to a homeless man.

Homeless Harry:

Has better things to do than panhandle ... or does he?

## Scene

A street corner in Beverly City, California.

## Time

Three minutes, 50 seconds on auto-read program.

SETTING: Street corner.

AT RISE: Homeless Harry sitting on the street,  
ratty clothes, hat in reach. Snazzy  
Jeff passes.

(A well-dressed, polished  
professional -- Snazzy  
Jeff -- walks past Homeless  
Harry. They tentatively  
yet wordlessly acknowledge  
each other. Awkward.)

(Snazzy Jeff passes, then  
turns around.)

SNAZZY JEFF  
Do you have any spare change?

HOMELESS HARRY  
I beg your pardon?

SNAZZY JEFF  
I asked if you have any spare change.

HOMELESS HARRY  
Are you insane?

SNAZZY JEFF  
No sir, I could really use some spare change.

HOMELESS HARRY  
Does it look like I have any change to spare?

SNAZZY JEFF  
Yes, actually.

HOMELESS HARRY  
I don't.

SNAZZY JEFF  
(Pointing to hat)  
What's that, then?

HOMELESS HARRY  
Change.

SNAZZY JEFF  
Well then --

HOMELESS HARRY  
But it's not spare change. I need it.

SNAZZY JEFF  
I need it more.

HOMELESS HARRY

For what?

SNAZZY JEFF

Well, my car is parked over there, by the wine shop. I'm going to a party tonight and I'm planning on buying a 1962 Rochambeau for the host. But all the parking spaces are gone and the only metered spot has no time remaining. Certainly you can relate.

HOMELESS HARRY

You're lying.

SNAZZY JEFF

I swear I'm not.

HOMELESS HARRY

There's no such thing as a 1962 Rochambeau.  
(Snazzy Jeff hangs his head.  
Homeless Harry's tone  
becomes markedly more  
comfortable.)

Now, I'd recommend a Taylor Fladgate Vintage Port from 1963.  
(Homeless Harry pulls out a  
wad of bills, much to Snazzy  
Jeff's shock.)

There's a mix of exquisite black cherry, plum and espresso coffee aromas on the mid-palate, only to succumb nicely on the long finish to dark chocolate and an appealing hint of earthiness.  
(Homeless Harry hands money  
to a floored Snazzy Jeff.)

SNAZZY JEFF

You're not a homeless person, are you?

HOMELESS HARRY

This is my job, actually. Can you believe I've made more money panhandling three weeks in Beverly City than I did in six months as CEO of a company that sold used beer?

SNAZZY JEFF

Um ...

HOMELESS HARRY

No no. It worked. You shoot commercials with beautiful people and second-grade punchlines, and name the product "Coors," and you wouldn't believe how many people buy it.  
(Snazzy Jeff holds his  
stomach.)

Anyway, I got sick of that job and decided to panhandle for a living.

(beat)

What do you do?

SNAZZY JEFF

I'm homeless, actually.

HOMELESS HARRY

Get out! You're a professional panhandler too?

SNAZZY JEFF

Nope. Actually homeless. Had a wife, two kids, arcade room, koala bear habitat, 9-hole golf course, private runway for my jet ... then the mid-life crisis hit, and I'm like, "Bitch, keep the house and koalas."

HOMELESS HARRY

No kidding! Nice suit, by the way. Turnbull & Asher?

SNAZZY JEFF

Hannity and Colmes. I know I'm a little overdressed but it's my first week and I want to impress everybody.

HOMELESS HARRY

I can totally understand.

(Looks at his watch.)

My goodness, I have to run. Scooter's got a soccer match in half an hour, and then it's off to the black tie lobster dinner to raise funds for the Generic Upper Crust Society.

SNAZZY JEFF

Ah yes, those were the days. Those wacky socialites are just a laugh a millisecond. Be careful of the ketchup-filled whoopie cushion.

HOMELESS HARRY

I will. Be safe tonight.

SNAZZY JEFF

I shall.

(Before Harry leaves.)

Oh. Can I borrow that blanket? It's colder than I thought.

HOMELESS HARRY

Absolutely. Oh ... silly me. The dry cleaner's closed now. Can I borrow your jacket?

SNAZZY JEFF

For a dollar.

HOMELESS HARRY

Of course. Anything to help ...

(They exchange pleasantries  
as the lights dim.)