

BUM

So can you loan me the money?

WILL

Well sir, what did you have as collateral?

The BUM looks around as if he's about to pull out some priceless artifact he doesn't want anyone to see.

BUM

(whispers)

I have this sandwich.

WILL

A sandwich?

Shorty, still standing nearby shakes his head and walks off.

BUM

Shhh, they'll hear you.

WILL

(whispers back)

Who will?

BUM

The zombies.

WILL

Right, ok...zombies...of course.

BUM

So can you give me the loan?

WILL

Sir, dare I ask how much you want for this sandwich?

BUM

Twenty bucks.

WILL

Twenty bucks for this moldy sandwich?

He starts to pick it up but decides against it.

BUM

Well, only half of its moldy, oh and that was some prime time meat before it went bad. Besides the mold holds the magic.

WILL

Magic, of course, magic...I mean, I should have known by the mold; that's obviously magic mold.

BUM

Yeah, you see it too. See I knew you were the one. I like you! You do this for me and when the zombies take over, I'll come get you and take you to my hide out! I'll keep you safe.

WILL

Hide out...of course there is a hide out.

BUM

So what do you say?

WILL

You know what...fuck it! You look like a nice guy and I'm having a shitty day. So why the hell not. Here you go sir twenty big ones. You go buy your bullets and get ready for them zombies.

WILL takes a twenty out of his pocket and hands it to him.

BUM

Hot damn! Them zombies are going to be sorry now!

The BUM runs out of the store excitedly. JAY, nearby, who overheard the whole thing walks up to WILL.

JAY

Did you just give a guy twenty dollars for a moldy sandwich?

WILL

No Jay. I gave a guy twenty dollars for a moldy magic sandwich with some prime time moldy meat. Now if you will excuse me, I'm going to go eat my twenty dollar magic sandwich and hope it kills me.

He goes into the back room.