

SIDE 3: COLLINS & ANGEL

COLLINS

I don't even know your name. I'm Tom Collins.

ANGEL

Angel. Angel Dumott Schunard. And you, Tom Collins, look like you've been through a meat grinder.

COLLINS

New York welcome committee. They took my coat, my bag, and nearly my dignity.

ANGEL

(wrapping a scarf around him)

Well, they missed the best part. You're still standing. Mostly.

COLLINS

Why are you helping me? You don't know me from any other guy bleeding on the sidewalk.

ANGEL

Let's just say I have a weakness for philosophy professors in distress. Besides, it's Christmas. I've got twenty bucks from a drumming gig and sudden urge to buy you dinner at Life Cafe. You in?