Smelly Bum

**Random bum signs**

“Just need some more $ to buy lasers to repel alien invaders”

“Spacecraft out of fuel. Help me get back to Jupiter.”

“Help! Stranded time traveler. Need $ to buy parts for particle accelerator”

“Need money for karate lessons to save wife from ninjas”

“Home invaded by giant mutant squirrels. Need money to buy traps. Every bit helps. God bless.”

“Lost home to global warming. Spare some change?”

**SB:** Spare some change, sir? I just need a couple more bucks to buy some lasers.

**Bob:**

a. PU! You smell!

b.\*Give him a dollar\*

c. I’m feeling pretty generous today. Have a twenty.

d. Go get a job, you ugly bum!

**SB:**

a. Ah yes, that’s to ward off those creepy folks who can’t get enough of my lavishly full and round cheeks.

b. Thanks, man. I’ll let you know that every little bit helps.

c. Wow! Y’know, you’re a pretty cool guy.

d. Excuse me, but I’ll let you know that I have a very charming set of full and round cheeks!

**Hooker**

**H:** Hey hun, wanna have some fun? For just $808, I’ll show you a real treat!

**Bob:** a. Umm…sure?

b. Eww, no, that’s nasty.

c. Don’t stop me now. I’m on a roll.

d. Can’t you just round it down to $800?

**H:** a. Check it out! Isn’t this hook awesome? Look at what I can do!

b. You pervert!

c. Look, it will just take a sec, see?

d. Look mister, I run a serious business around here. I stand out here eight hours a day just so that I can make enough money to feed my kids at home. If I charge any less, I won’t be making what this is worth.

**Bob:** a/c. Wow, that’s actually kinda neat.

b. \*skip to next hooker line

d. Wow, I’m sorry. Well then, what is it that you do?

**H:** \*Drops hook into sewer\*Gosh, look at what you made me do. Counting damages \*types numbers into calculator\*, that will be $5,318,008.

**B:** Sheesh, that’s that costs as much as an arm and a leg.

**H:** Not that you have any. Tell you what. I’ll let you off the hook if you can get that hook back for me.

**After retrieval**

**B:** Why didn’t you warn me about the GIANT MUTANT RATS in the sewers?

**H:** Hmm…must have slipped my mind. How about I make it up to you \*wink\*?

**B:** No thanks, I don’t need any more trouble!

**\*\*\*808 spells out BOB and 5318008 spells out boobies on a calculator when you flip it upside down.**

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**Chef**

**Chef:** Oh no! I’m ruined!

**Bob:** What’s wrong?

**Chef:** A customer ordered 100 bread rolls, but refused to accept them because they’re too crusty. What will I ever do with all of these rolls? Would you mind taking a few before they go bad?

**Bob:**

a. Yeah, they do look pretty little gross.

b. I don’t want none unless you got buns, son.

c. Sure, why not?

**Chef:** Take that back, or I’ll give you a pizza of my mind!

**Bob:** a. NEVER!!!

b. Alright, I take it back. Don’t lose your head over it.

**Chef:** a. ARGH!!! That’s it! You’re toast! \*whacks Bob with rolling pin, Bob dies\*

b. That’s right, you better make sure you don’t ever get on my bad side ever again.

(After this conversation, if Bob is standing on the right side on and tries to talk to the chef, then Bob dies…because it’s not the right side from the chef’s perspective).

**Crate Conqueror:** The greatest conqueror of crates. His determination to dominate all crates knows no bounds. Currently going through depression due to his inability to venture beyond the Redoubtable Crate of Great Robustness.

**CC:** There’s just no more meaning in my life anymore…

**Bob:**  How come?

**CC:** In my former glory, I was once a champion among champions. The cream of the crop. The shining star in a dark night sky. The high lord of grandeur. The great Poohbah. The almighty—

**Bob:**

a. Yeah, yeah, I think I get it.

b. Wait, what is it that you actually do again?

c. \*let him keep speaking\*

**CC:**

a. Well, not that It actually matters anymore. My glory days ended when Rob placed the Redoubtable Crate of Great Robustness as a monument to himself over there.

b. I, my dear friend, am the captivatingly courageous one who has been bestowed with the illustrious title of Crate Conqueror.

c. — ambassador of achievement. The pharaoh of no fear. The baron of great bearing. The eminent exalt of excellence. The dauntless dominator of all crates. Haven’t you ever heard of me before?

**Bob:**

a. I’m sorry to hear that.

b. Wait, that’s a thing?

c.

1. Nope.

2. I think I might have once or twice…

**CC:**

a/c. Anyways, would you mind doing this old chap a favor? You look like a fairly young and springy kind of fellow. Let this old soul know that the Redoubtable Crate of Great Robustness can be conquered!

b. How dare you question the noble artistically refined sport of crate conquering! I will not accept your worth as a person unless you can somehow demonstrate that you can surpass this crate! Farewell!

\***After this conversation, if Bob tries to talk to CC:**

Don’t talk to me right now, I’m busy.

**\*When Bob makes it past the crate:**

**CC:** You did it, my boy! I can finally live my life to the fullest knowing that there is no crate that can’t be conquered. To you, I bestow my title of Crate Conqueror.

**Flamboyant Salesman:** A trampoline salesman who puts on a fake French accent in order to sound like a refined gentleman. He lets you use the trampoline for free just because you’re that cool.

**FS:** Bonjour, Monsieur, How vould you like to try out 'zis trampoline?

**Bob:** Gee, sure!

**#SecondConversation**

**FS:** *Sacré bleu! Magnifico! Zis ees ze kind of thing I dat I look for for many yeerz.*

**Bob:** What?

**FS:** Zis talent zat you ‘ave! I think you Engliz speakerz vould sey…bounciness.

**Bob:** It’s nothing special…

**FS:** Eet ees grrreat way to display ze trrrampoline, no? Un, you must stop by ze shop and bounce again eef you everrr see me again. I am ze trrraveling salesman. You vill see me in many places!

**\*if Bob has completed the previous conversation:**

**FS:** Monsieur, show me zat amazing talent zat you ‘ave!

**Flower Power:**

**FP:** Hello, child. Have you come to partake in the bountiful treasures of the mother?

**Bob:**

a. I’m not a child.

b. Do WHAT with your mom?!?!

c. Right on!

**FP:**

a. Peace, child. We are ALL children of this great mother Earth.

b. Too far, child. That was way too far out.

c. Groovy!

**Bob:** Anyways, what are you selling here?

**FP:** Well, there’s purple haze, orange sunshine, shrooms, and other radical stuff. You know it’s like, good for you because it’s all all-natural.

**Bob:** Don’t you have anything that, oh I don’t know, won’t make me trip balls?

**FP:** Well, I think I saw a pineapple or some other kind of fruit back here...wow, this lemon is pretty far out! This one is on the house!

**Bob:** Thanks!

**FP:** Oh, by the way, you might see some fellow children selling fruit. Don’t be afraid to talk to them. They will aid you on your spiritual journey towards the Truth.

**\*After first interaction (random):**

**1. FP:** Never trust the man.

**Bob:** Rob?

**FP:** No, the man.

**2. FP:** Love and peace!

**3. FP:** The truth shall be revealed.

**4. FP:** Make love, not war.

**5. FP:** Give peace a chance.

**Wannabe Air Guitarist (random)**

1. **WAG:** Are you ready to rock and roll?

**Bob:** What does it look like I’m doing?

**WAG:** Good point.

1. **WAG:** I’m going to be the best, like no one ever was!
2. **WAG:** I want to fly like an eagle to the sea, but there are way too many seagulls out there…
3. **WAG:** I feel the power!

**For Later:**

**Muscle Freak:** Do you even lift, bro?

**Don’t lose your head over it.**

**Transformers, roll out!**

**Hey, that’s pretty handy.**

**You tripping balls, man?**

**SILENCE! I KEEL YOU!**