

Beggars Would Ride

It's 1885. Johnny approaches the owner of a taxi company. He wants a job as a driver. Johnny seems a bit young.

(O) Do you know horses?

(J) A bit,... but I learn fast!

The owner is not reassured by this answer, but he has sympathy for Johnny.

(O) What are you going to do if you don't get this job?

(J) I guess I'll go to the train station and cry a train. That's what we say when we beg for a train job.

(O) Surely you're not going to degrade yourself in that way!

(J) I don't mean cry like a sissy. I mean guy-cry, where you speak in a low quavering voice about how you need to support your family, maybe a one-year old kid,... that sort of thing.

(O) OK. Well, let's just see what you can do.

Johnny climbs up into the driver's seat of a hansom parked on the street, horse ready to go. After some hesitation, he starts flailing his arms and yelling "Giddyup!" The horse slowly moves forward but is passed by several impatient buggies.

(O) You gotta go faster than that. You need to match the traffic!

A hearse zooms past on the left. At this point the owner decides that he's seen enough: the interview (and the horse) is going nowhere.

(O) Look! You can't go faster than even a hearse! Well, OK, the hearse has two horses. But a half-hearse with just one horse,... if half-hearse you can't exceed, then guy-cry a train!



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