

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

A young white man (call him GUY) finishes working, long day. He turns off his computer, grabs his coat, pushes in his chair. He is tired and there is very little movement in his eyes. He breathes in and out once, deeply. And exits the office.

EXT. EIGHTH AVENUE

Guy crosses an intersection. On the other side, seemingly from nowhere, a black man (40s) appears at his side. Call the black man SIN. Sin is worn down physically. His clothing is the monotone of sidewalk dirt, his eyes are gray, his skin is thick and cold.

Sin MUMBLES something. He is holding a paper fast-food soda cup. Guy shakes his head, almost without looking.

Sin MUMBLES again and shakes his cup. We hear the JINGLE of three or four coins against the paper bottom.

They both continue walking.

GUY

I don't have any money for you.

SIN

Yeah you do. You got something for me.

Guy quickens his pace. Sin keeps in step when Guy has to dodge someone on the busy New York sidewalk.

GUY

I don't have any money for you, man.

SIN

You got something for me. Change.

Now Guy tries to slow down. But Sin stays right there with him.

Silence as they cross another intersection. Finally, Guy makes eye contact.

GUY

I don't have any. I got a God Bless.

SIN
 (argumentative)
 That's...
 (accepting)
 See I told you you had something
 for me.

GUY
 I got a God Bless for you.

They're halfway down the next block.

SIN
 That's something.

GUY
 That's something.

Sin matches Guys pace. They walk to the end of the block
 without a word. Neither is looking at the other.

At the next intersection.

SIN
 I can't lie. I'm a sinner, man. I
 do bad things.

GUY
 We're all sinners.

Guy's stopped trying to fight the fact that Sin is going to
 stay with on this walk, until he's done. They cross.

SIN
 I got sin, man. Guess what the
 first letter of my last name is.

GUY
 Ess.

Guy dodges in between a trash bin and a news stand.

SIN
 No.
 (beat)
 Yeah. It's an "ess". But guess
 what the first three letters of my
 last name is.

GUY
 Sin.

SIN
That's right. Sin. Ess. Eye. En.
That's what I am.

GUY
(shrugs)
That's how you were born. You
can't fight it.

SIN
That's the way I got to be.

GUY
Nothing you can do about it.

They walk on another half block.

SIN
It's the way I am. But you gotta
fight it. I still fight it.

GUY
That's the only thing you can do.

SIN
But you never win.

GUY
You never win, but you still gotta
fight.

They cross another intersection against the light, hurrying
before a taxi HONKING bounces over the avenue.

SIN
I gotta be that way, man. Let me
tell you something.

GUY
Yeah.

SIN
Let me tell you something. Because
if Jesus died...

GUY
He died for everyone.

SIN
If I'm not what I am, then maybe he
doesn't die.

GUY
He died for everyone.

SIN
And if he doesn't die then that's
not life. This is not life. It's
not real.

GUY
You got that right.

SIN
So, I have to be what I am.
(beat)
For Jesus.

Guys looks around at a BANANA REPUBLIC. Sin glances at the ground and holds his paper cup at his side.

SIN (CONT'D)
I'm not good, man.

Another intersection. Neither pays attention that cars are coming. Sin shakes his head indecisively.

GUY
Only you have to fight.

SIN
Not always. Until you come to a
point.

They walk in silence for a few steps. And then, abruptly...

SIN (CONT'D)
Let me tell you something.
(beat)
Until you come to a point when you
know you've had your time.

GUY
Yeah.

SIN
When you're getting on and your
time's up, you gotta say OK.

GUY
When you know you lived as well as
you could.

SIN

You gotta pay attention and you
gotta know.

GUY

You gotta be happy with your life
and know that's as good as
anything.

They stop an 14th Street. Guy looks both ways, about to
cross against traffic again.

SIN

We all gotta get from others and
let go when the time is done.

GUY

You gotta learn from everybody.

SIN

There are people you can teach,
man. I can teach some people.

GUY

And learn from everybody too. If
you don't learn from everybody,
that's your own fault, man.

SIN

We all got something, man.

ANGLE ON INSIDE OF CUP -- one quarter, two pennies.

Guy looks quickly down 14th Street, again.

GUY

Come on. Hurry.

They jog lightly across the four lanes.

GUY (CONT'D)

We have to share with each other.
We all have something to give.

SIN

S'all bout knowing when to say, OK.

GUY

I hear you, man.

A pause.

SIN

You have a good night, man.

Sin stops. Guy looks back at him. Sin smiles and we see he's missing one of his front teeth.

GUY

Take care.

Guy turns back south and continues on his way.