

JIM

I don't have one.

TURBAN MAN

OK, then just give me some change.

JIM

Fuck off.

TURBAN MAN

C'mon man you don't have to be a Rockefeller to help a fella. Change, motherfucker!

JIM shoves the guy, keeps walking.

TURBAN MAN

CHEAP MOTHERFUCKER! Illiterate son of a bitch. You goin to hell! The lord is comin to town and your ass is goin to Hell.

CUT TO:

IN THE ROOM. CAM, the East Village guy next to HELEN:

CAM

Unemployment. That word sends chills down my spine. The only other word that scares me more is health insurance. They are such grown up words. I just see lots of paper work when I say them, then I begin to sweat... I know them both well...I've just had a really shitty week. Just one thing after another keeps going wrong for me. I can't find a fucking job... I'm unemployed right now. Yes, I've been lookin for a job, but I can't find one...actually I haven't been lookin for one... but I've been wantin one though...really bad... yeah, that counts. I guess that doesn't count. I know if I really wanted one I'd get one. I can't call my last job for a
(more)

CAM (cont.)

reference. I was hungover one morning. I couldn't call in sick. So I called in dead. I still managed to collect unemployment. I feel like an ass. Plus my living situation is all fucked. I have two room mates. I'm living with two women right now, who are so fucking neurotic. It's a two-bedroom and I'm sleeping on the couch in the living room. The deal is I pay them three hundred a month, everything included, but I don't know how much more I can take of them. They are driving me crazy. They're both raving alcoholics, and one of their boyfriends is always smoking pot in the house. He gets all stoned, and starts gigglin and actin all stupid. Making all these stupid faces, right next to me, and I'm like get the fuck away from me. They get high in the living room on the couch, and I feel funny askin them to get off my bed so I can get some sleep. So I sit there and wait. Then when she goes into the bedroom with him, they fuck like I never heard fucking before. I mean, she's a screamer and he's a moaner. But these aren't like normal screams. It's like he's stabbing her in the chest with a knife scream. This is like from the "Exorcist." This is like a fucking wounded animal in the woods scream! This is like a wild coyote caught in trap scream. It's like a Stephen King novel come to life...and I have to listen to this three times a week. She's not even embarrassed. Then after they finish, I have to hear him go into the bathroom and piss hard...and that pisses me off

CAM (cont.)

because it reminds me I'm not getting laid...and then watch him parade back to the bedroom with his hard on. I don't need this shit. I'm a grown man. I need privacy. And the other one is always losing her keys. So about twice a month she comes home drunk, banging on the door about three in the morning. They both know I'm struggling with being sober, but they don't give a fuck. So if anybody hears about a sublet or an apartment for share, please let me know...I'm just putting it out there. Thanks.

CUT TO:

IN THE HALLWAY. JAVIER has a transistor radio pumped up while he continues to mop. Salsa. JAVIER shakes his thing.

He tips over his bucket. Dirty, soapy water puddles the floor.

JAVIER curses.

CUT TO:

JIM AT 43RD AND NINTH.

Manhattan Plaza on the west side of the street.

He's on the east side -- passes a bodega, a pizza place, gets to a pay phone.

He digs in his pocket for change. Only has a bill.

He goes back the bodega.

IN THE BODEGA. JIM puts a dollar on the counter. The CLERK is an Hispanic guy with dreadlocks and a pierced nose, reading a magazine.

JIM

Give me some quarters.

CLERK