

EXT. NEW YORK CITY PARK - DAY

The afternoon sun shines like a spotlight on a sleeping ERROL, a disheveled heap of average guy. He lies on his side on a park bench, his body a wasted rag of the previous night's drunken debauchery.

Errol is dressed in a customer service uniform with a name tag that reads

HELLO MY NAME IS

The space where his name should be is unreadable. Most of "Errol" has been torn off to reveal layers of past names in the form of laser-printed labels or permanent marker.

The toes of his tennis shoes are packed with dirt and grass. His belt is unbuckled. His knuckles: bruised and caked in overnight blood. In his arms, he loosely holds a shoulder bag.

A HIPSTER on a skateboard rolls by, steals Errol's bag and disappears into the movement of the pedestrian traffic surrounding the park bench.

As Errol sleeps, the city continues to move. In and out of frame, these stories unfold:

- A BUSINESS WOMAN sets a coffee cup on top of a large pile of trash in the bin. A HOMELESS MAN lifts it gingerly from the pile, removes the cap, uses his soiled shirt to wipe the rim and takes a sip.

- AN INEXPERIENCED PHOTOGRAPHER snaps pictures of a YOUNG ACTRESS wearing make-up more suited for an old actress.

- A TOUR GUIDE fiddling with a map leads a group of TOURISTS with matching T-shirts in the wrong direction, stops, leads them in another, stops, then asks a PASSERBY for directions.

- A COUPLE fights as they walk, the WOMAN leaving the MAN behind to figure it out for himself.

A PROFESSOR sits on the bench next to Errol, unaware he is there. She unpacks a bagged lunch and eats while she observes the action around them.

A WOMAN WITH A NEWSPAPER sits to her right.

Suddenly, Errol's hand moves shakily into the air, as if searching for something to hold on to. He continues to reach, further, further, toward the professor's head. He has not yet awakened; she is not yet aware.

As he brushes against her hair, she panics, jumps up, dropping her lunch on the ground. She looks back at him in horror as she scurries away, rubbing her head where he touched her.

The woman with the newspaper glances at Errol, who is still reaching out. Errol's eyes try to flutter open. His other arm attempts to prop up his body. The process of getting vertical takes an extraordinary amount of time.

Finally, he makes it into a sitting position. He almost comes to but not before he passes out again.

The woman with the newspaper goes back to reading.

A soccer ball soars by, hitting Errol in the face. His head snaps backward, the ball falls to his feet. AN ATHLETE approaches Errol, gives him a quick look, retrieves his ball and juggles away.

A WELL-OFF MAN sits between the woman with the newspaper and Errol. When he notices Errol, he gets up as quickly as he sat down.

The woman with the newspaper stops reading, folds up her newspaper, gets up and walks by Errol, tossing it on his lap as she passes.

Errol sleeps.

And sleeps.

In a sudden violent burst of realization, he jerks awake.

He recognizes his thirst.

He acknowledges his headache.

He feels his bruised and bloody knuckles.

He looks down at his unbuckled belt and slowly buckles it.

He notices his missing bag.

He looks around him, left, right, under the bench.

He takes in his surroundings, the heat, the night before, his stolen property, his massive hangover. All he wants is one thing: to disappear.

He clumsily brushes his hair with his fingers, straightens his wrinkled shirt, pulls up his socks, one at a time, and attempts to stand.

Using the park bench as a crutch, he gets to his feet, sways to an upright position, takes a deep breath and walks off in what only he believes is a straight line.

A HOMELESS WOMAN pushes her shopping cart up to the bench. She leans down to gather the discarded lunch on the ground, takes Errol's newspaper, pushes her shopping cart away.

ALBERTA, a homely, apathetic woman dressed in a service industry uniform, sits in Errol's spot. She lights a cigarette.

The afternoon sun shines like a spotlight on Alberta's cloud of gray smoke.

The movement of city life continues.

FADE OUT.