

START >>>

033 FULTON

Well, Lord. Here we are. My new chapel. An Archbishop without a diocese. At home in New York City, but I am not the man who once lived here. People do not know me anymore. They do not hear me on their television screens. I am but one of many. And two words entangle themselves in my heart: failure and *finished*. Are you finished with me, Lord?

A LONG SILENCE.

034 FULTON (CONT'D)

What was it all about? Where do I possibly go from here?

(then)

I should have borne it better.

HE EXHALES DEEPLY.

035 FULTON (CONT'D)

Lord, look on me while I am succumbing... For your look will set me right again.

<<< END9 **EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - A FEW DAYS LATER**SHEEN WALKS. CARS WHIZ BY. THE LOUD BUSTLE OF NEW YORK CITY STREETS. A GRUFF VOICE CALLS OUT:

036 GRUFF VOICE

Hey you!

037 FULTON

Who me?

038 GRUFF VOICE

Yeah, move it, pal. You're blocking the sidewalk.

039 FULTON

Oh, I'm sorry, I-

Another voice calls out.

040 CLARENCE

Bishop Sheen, is that you?

041 FULTON

Huh, who's that?