

# GUARDIAN

By S.C. Megale

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For the fallen of September 11<sup>th</sup>, 2001, and those left after who  
know what it means to hold on.

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

Luggage wheels rumble along the smooth tile as we see them roll away from the floor. Slowly the luggage moves further to reveal a huge window to the tarmac and a pair of surprisingly small feet leading it. The nose of a large PLANE rolls slowly onto the runway.

LEWIS HUSSER (V.O.)

I guess for a lot of people it started  
here.

We see YOUNG LEWIS, ten, fling himself onto a black airport bench with a look of misunderstood anger.

LEWIS HUSSER (V.O.)

Hell I don't know where it started for me.

Sitting alone in an airport with his arms crossed, Young Lewis makes running away from home look like a mafia heist.

From the same angle on the floor, the silhouette of a hatted FLIGHT OFFICIAL stops and sees him on the bench. Approaches.

Young Lewis looks over with a glare.

LEWIS HUSSER (V.O.)

(Slightly humorous)  
But I look pretty pissed.

FLIGHT OFFICIAL

(Patronizing)  
Young man. Can I see your ticket please?

YOUNG LEWIS

(Looking away, mumbling)  
I don't have one.

The flight official takes off his hat and crosses his arms.

FLIGHT OFFICIAL

Hmm.

INT. AIRPORT - CLOSE UP - FLIGHT OFFICIAL'S FACE

He chews on his lip as the camera looks up as from Young Lewis' point of view. Unused to children, he seems to be deciding whether to care or not as he looks at the little boy.

FLIGHT OFFICIAL

(Offbeat)  
Where ya goin'?

INT. AIRPORT - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Young Lewis takes the extendable handle of his luggage and shoves it into the case without looking up.

YOUNG LEWIS

(Mumbling)  
New York.

FLIGHT OFFICIAL

And your daddy won't be worryin'?

LEWIS' FATHER (O.S.)

He is.

Both Young Lewis and the flight official look over as a man walks slowly up to them, again seen silhouetted from behind. The pout instantly intensifies on Young Lewis' face and he avoids his father's eye. The flight official moseys off after one firm look from the father.

Lewis' father, BOB HUSSER, sits down next to him.

BOB

New York?

Young Lewis squirms on the bench to glare in the other direction.

BOB

(Leaning in)  
Yeah?

A plane takes flight in the distance of the runway, inclining rapidly over gold, rural fields.

BOB

(Kicking suitcase gently)  
Well, you're all packed.

Young Lewis, trying not to break his grudge, glances in Bob's direction.

BOB

So let's go.

Young Lewis' eyes widen. Not excited, though.

Bob stands.

BOB

Come on.

YOUNG LEWIS

What about...Garret?

BOB

Mom's still here.

YOUNG LEWIS

(Panicking for another excuse)  
But she'll have no one to set the traps.

BOB

(Beat)  
Got a point there.

YOUNG LEWIS

Garret's only three, Dad.

BOB

Think he's too young?

Young Lewis looks up at his father reading him with intensity unsuited to a ten year old. He understands that Bob is playing along for his sake but he lets it continue.

YOUNG LEWIS

We can't leave them yet.

Bob smiles. He lifts his son off the bench and takes the suitcase handle in the other hand.

BOB

No. We can't.

Caught on the same camera angle from the floor, rumbling the wheeled luggage, Bob walks back the way his son had come.

LEWIS HUSSER (V.O.)

But I did.

(O.S)

A truck ZOOMS down the street.

FADE IN:

EX. NEW YORK CITY STREET - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Lewis, grown to his twenties, stands with a guitar case strapped to his back. Handsome but in a boyish, playful way, hair a little long, he wears red converse and holds a Starbucks cup.

A HOBO sits before him holding an identical cup with both gloved hands. Lewis is talking to him. Scrunches shoulders in disbelief.

LEWIS

What do you mean it's the wrong kind?

Hobo, pretty ratty and screwed up from years of drugs or neglect, POPS open the lid of his drink and inspects it.

LEWIS

(Smiling, shrugging out a helpless  
hand)  
It's the same as last time.

HOBO

You took the decaf.

He POINTS a dirty, accusatory finger. Cars HONK and walkers pass by with FLIPPHONES pressed to their ears.

LEWIS

(mumbling)  
You know what...

He stoops forward and switches out the mugs. Hobo's eyebrows shoot up in surprise and a BUSINESSMAN walking by double-takes at the transaction.

LEWIS

There. You're homeless, what do you need  
to stay awake for?

A pause as the hobo considers if that's an insult or not. Then he lifts his hand to point again and ROTTED YELLOW TEETH are revealed as he LAUGHS.

Lewis ROLLS his eyes, smiling, and starts WALKING DOWN THE STREET.

PUSH IN:

EX. NEW YORK CITY STREET - DAY

Lewis CRUMPLES a paper out of his pocket and DRINKS from the backwashed-coffee, SPILLING drops on the page.

The address of a NIGHT CLUB and time of performance are recorded on the flyer, next to the name: LEWIS HUSSER.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - CLOSE UP - FRONT OF BUS

Bus doors SEETHE open. Lewis SWINGS on, not looking up from the flyer and face covered by the cup.

INT. BUS - CLOSE UP - COIN SLOT

He FAKES knuckling in the fare.

INT. BUS - DAY

The heavy African American BUS DRIVER catches it, JERKING back in his seat. Kind of guy you don't eff with.

BUS DRIVER

Hey!

Lewis, faking innocence, SPINS as other passengers try to PUSH IN impatiently. Looking confused, Lewis continues to be NUDGED in by the current of people.

BUS DRIVER

*GIT BACK -!*

Biting the coffee between his teeth at the rim now, hands-free, Lewis takes a seat and is eclipsed by the tide of people looking for seats. Cars HONK and a siren WAILS, BUZZING its horn at the bus. The bus driver CURSES and CLOSES THE BUS DOORS to drive.

INT. BUS - CLOSE UP - LEWIS' SEAT

Lewis SINKS into the seat and SIGHS, guitar at his feet. The city RACES by past his window as the bus lurches down the street. Between the flashes of buildings, the TWIN TOWERS are caught against blue sky for just a second.

Rattling in the seat, Lewis CLOSES HIS EYES.

CUT TO BLACK:

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - DAY - AT THE NEXT BUS STOP

Lewis' guitar THUMPS into his chest on the ground. Coffee cup SPLATS on the cement next to him. The bus doors CLOSE and it PULLS AWAY.

Lewis STANDS. Turns and sees exit for the BROOKLYN BRIDGE. CHECKS WALLET.

Guitar picks, strings, and a five dollar bill. Not enough for a taxi. Unfazed, he SHOVES it back in his pocket and walks towards the bridge.

EX. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - DAY

WIND BLOWS over him. He UNFOLDS the flyer again with one hand and reads while holding out the other arm with a hitchhiker's thumb, all the while WALKING. Cars ZOOM and tires BOUNCE within inches of his hand.

LEWIS

(Muttering)

I wouldn't pick me up either.

A GUST of wind SWOOSHES the paper out of Lewis' hand and it FLAPS over the side of the bridge.

He DIVES for it.

EX. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - CLOSE SHOT - LEWIS' ARM

The flyer SKIRTS out of reach just as his arm clamps down.

On another arm. Female.

That pulls him over, falling.

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - DAY - AERIAL SHOT BENEATH BRIDGE

The camera will focus above on Lewis. He FLAILS for anything to stop from tipping over and reaches a CABLE, gripping it.

ZOOM OUT TO REVEAL:

He's holding a young woman before she can fall to her death, her other arm REACHING for him and legs KICKING AIR.

LEWIS (V.O.)

(ironic beat)

...But I'm glad they didn't.

LEWIS

(Shocked)

Hold - hold on!

Lewis SQUEEZES his grip on the woman and focuses his gaze on her.

Daring, he SLAPS his other arm, the one previously holding the cable, to her arm and his expression TWISTS.

He HAULS her up and CLAMPS his arm around her back, pulling her over.

CUT TO BLACK

(O.S.)

Casual restaurant CHATTER.

FADE IN:

INT. SPORTS BAR AND GRILL - DAY

Pretty nice place. Round wood tables. Cute waitresses. Not that Lewis notices. He's staring dumbfounded at the girl across from him as she eats a basket of cheese fries with ferocity.

LEWIS

What are you?

Challenged, the young woman, still nameless as they haven't shared more than two sentences since the rescue, looks up and stops eating. No, wait. That's not a look. That's a *glare*. She just might flip the basket in his face.

Lewis hastens to hold up a defensive hand.

LEWIS

Keep eating.

He waves then his hand elaborately at the basket like one of the bikini-clad women on game shows would to a prize.

She does keep eating. He resumes his look of ASTONISHMENT.

LEWIS

I'm just saying.

She doesn't look up.

LEWIS

For someone who just tried to jump off a  
bridge...

NOW she snaps up her attention.

GIRL

I didn't *jump*, okay?

Dumb beat.

LEWIS

Waltzed?

GIRL

(Indignant)

You *pushed me*. (returning to fries,  
mumbling) I wasn't gonna do it.

She swipes the last fry into a clump of cheese and pops it in her  
mouth.

The WAITRESS comes up.

WAITRESS

(Removing basket)  
All done?

Lewis interrupts before the girl can reply. He leans back in his  
seat and points at an enlarged food advert.

LEWIS

Can I have that big ass brownie on the  
wall there?

The two women share a look and the waitress LEAVES without comment.

Abruptly, Lewis leans in and his chair SQUEAKS.

LEWIS

Alright we're going to run.

GIRL

What?

LEWIS

We're gonna dash in three.

Is he freaking serious?

GIRL

(attitude)  
Are you serious?

LEWIS

Alright, *I'm* dashing in three.

He looks over his shoulder and then extends his hand.

Hesitantly, keeping him in her gaze, she takes it.

LEWIS

Lewis Husser. Nice saving you.

He meant for a joke, but there's a beat as their eyes LINGER.

Then, with equal speed and coyness, he twirls out of his chair, grabs his guitar on the floor, and BEELINES for the door. Just looks late for a gig. True.

EXT. BROOKLYN BURROUGH - DAY

Afternoon SUN hits us as we leave the grill. The bridge is visible - they walked from it. Again, the World Trade Center is seen from the LOWER HALF, not in full screen. But it's fast, because he's walking again. Towards the twenty block trek to his night club.

GIRL

LEWIS!

EXT. BROOKLYN BORROUGH - CLOSE UP - FRONT OF LEWIS

He WIPES HIS MOUTH as he walks, a little less of the carefree man we've come to know, and a SMALL, BLURRY FIGURE can be seen in the foreground over his shoulder.

Same shot, he turns and the camera focuses to reveal the GIRL. She wants him to see she did it too. Made it out alive. Gives a small wave, harried.

Lewis SALUTES. But doesn't break pace. With the dopey, endearing walk of someone who's got nothing left to lose, he turns back towards the camera and shoves his hands in his pockets.

We see past his shoulder that the girl, returned to blurriness, DOESN'T MOVE.

INT. HUSSER'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Grey TV light FLASHES on BOB HUSSER; older, paunchier, sitting on the couch. Unopened boxes of TV-ORDERED GOODS litter the sofa, and he twirls a CRUCIFIX in his hand subconsciously.

BILLY MAYES (O.S.)

...Not a SINGLE stain! THAT'S the power of Oxiclean. Look how it EVEN removes the rust on an old penny...

GARRET HUSSER, Lewis' younger brother, walks into the living room, halts, and looks around at all the boxes.

GARRETT

You doing okay, Dad?

BOB

(As if nothing's wrong)  
Yeah! Yeah. (clears throat) What's -  
what's you been -?

He stops when he sees the new tattoo sleeve on his right arm. Another gang sign. FEAR enters Bob's eyes but he recovers before Garret can notice.

BOB

Ready for school, boy? What about that NYU, didn't they reply by now?

GARRETT

I didn't apply.

He WADES across the living room piled with parcels, towards the kitchen.

Bob gives an offended start in his seat.

GARRETT

I'm not living with Lewis.

Bob blinks, opens his mouth, and chickens out. He's afraid of his son and loving him makes it even worse.

The phone RINGS. Timing.

Bob answers fast.

BOB

Hello?

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - DAY

LEWIS

Dad! It's Lewis.

BOB (O.S.)

Hey Lu! Garrett, it's -

(O.S.)

Muffled rustling

BOB (O.S.)

(considerably more downbeat)

Hey Lu.

Lewis tries to thumb down a cab and swings his fist when another zooms past without stopping.

LEWIS

Just letting you know I'm alive.

BOB (O.S.)

(chuckling)

I like those calls. How's business?

LEWIS

Business is great, Dad. Really.

Walking a little up the street, he casually lifts a YELLOW-WRAPPED CHEESEBURGER from the top of the trash bin. Stuffs it in his pocket. Looks pretty clean, but still...

Another taxi flies past.

BOB (O.S.)

You're saving money by taking the subway  
like I said, right?

LEWIS

Definitely.

BOB (O.S.)

Well what about giving out some lessons  
instead of these bar gigs? Little kiddos,  
once a week...

LEWIS

Background checks.

BOB (O.S.)

I emailed you something about making money  
on birthday grams, Lewis, do you still  
check email?

A cab finally SLOWS DOWN. Lewis mouths a triumphant YES!

LEWIS

I finally got a cab, Dad! Gotta go.

BOB (O.S.)

Cab?! But you -!

LEWIS

I love you.

BOB (O.S.)

Lewis!

Lewis SNAPS shut his flip phone. The screen BLINKS a warning for  
low battery.

He swoops into the taxi.

INT. BACKSEAT OF TAXI - DAY

Lewis JUMPS.

LEWIS

Oh my God.

SUICIDE GIRL

Lewis!

Lewis RAISES BOTH HANDS in a warding-off gesture. She's...really?

LEWIS

Oh my God.

She's got a white TAKE OUT bag on her lap.

SUICIDE GIRL

This isn't what it looks like.

LEWIS

...Huh?

He glances up at the cabbie, who looks impatiently into the mirror.

LEWIS

(laughing nervously)  
I'm just...surprised.

SUICIDE GIRL

...Oh.

LEWIS

(Inching away from her a bit)  
What's...it supposed to look like?

SUICIDE GIRL

Nothing. I mean...I was actually just...this  
is your block, right?

Lewis, mouth open, stares dumbly at her. Was she...stalking him?

LEWIS

How did you...?

SUICIDE GIRL

I just...(speaking rapidly)I called the bar  
you were singing at and got your last name  
and looked you up in the directory and

SUICIDE GIRL (CONT'D)

found your address and asked the apartment  
complex for your room number.

She HOLDS UP WHITE BAG.

SUICIDE GIRL

And I went back and got you the big ass  
brownie.

After hearing this psycho stalker behavior:

LEWIS

...Without them remembering who you were?

SUICIDE GIRL

I called for takeout.

She has impressed him. He takes the bag and it CRINKLES.

LEWIS

Okay...is that...(looks in bag) all you...?

SUICIDE GIRL

I just wanted to thank you. And let you  
know my name's Kim.

CABBIE

What's going on here?!

LEWIS

Yeah, one sec.

KIM

Sorry.

LEWIS

Wow...thanks, Kim.

He looks up at her awkwardly but, alright, he's a little intrigued  
again.

LEWIS

I guess I'll just...let you take this cab  
home and..

He OPENS HIS CAR DOOR.

KIM

No!

Lewis STOPS. He was testing her for that very reaction.

Kim REDDENS.

KIM

I mean...you take the cab. I'm good.

LEWIS

Where are you going from here?

KIM

I'll just go back.

She waves her thumb pathetically ambiguously over her shoulder.

Lewis imitates it with his forefinger, pointing in the same  
direction.

LEWIS

Back...?

KIM

(getting aggravated)  
Look, I'll be fine, Lewis.

Some of her fire from yesterday returns as she makes to leave the  
cab.

LEWIS

Wait, Kim.

She wanted to hear that but pretends she didn't want to.  
Hesitating.

LEWIS

This really is a big ass brownie.

He lifts melty gooey brownie up from the bag on his fingers.

Slowly, Kim retakes her seat and SMILES.

Lewis leans over and STUFFS some in her mouth, grinning. As she laughs and swats at him, he says:

LEWIS

34<sup>th</sup> and 3<sup>rd</sup>.

CUT TO:

INT. LEWIS' APARTMENT - MORNING - DAY

ONE YEAR LATER (written on screen)

Lewis FALLS into view, over her in the bed, and smiles. MORNING sun shines into his light hair and her smooth skin. Sleepily, she SMILES BACK, knowing it's him.

His eyes RUN over her, loving.

LEWIS

Happy anniversary, cheese fry.

He kisses her FAST on the forehead and rolls off of her.

Cars HONK outside his apartment window and though Lewis and Kim are happy together, they're dysfunctional; the bathroom door is open to reveal grimy, brown stained walls and clothes all over the bedroom floor.

It's early. Too early. Sitting on the bed, Lewis CHANGES SHIRTS swiftly and CHECKS HIS WATCH.

Kim rubs her face with both hands, waking up.

KIM

Where are you going again?

Lewis stands and SHOULDERS HIS GUITAR.

LEWIS

Birthday gram.

Kim, very familiar with his father by now and his suggestion of doing birthday grams, laughs.

Lewis, sleepy still but with an aura of having matured in the past year, smiles and points at her while moving around the bed.

LEWIS

Hey.

Kim turns over towards him.

KIM

Will you be gone all day?

LEWIS (O.S.)

(at the door)

Don't you work, too?

KIM

(mildly offended)

I participate. What I mean is -

Suddenly, Lewis reappears on screen at her side. His hand lays over the side of her face and she covers it with her own.

LEWIS

(Low)

Meet me at the bridge.

She purses her lips, emotional. He remembered.

KIM

I'll be waiting.

He dips down and NUZZLES their hands and departs FAST.

Kim, just too damn in love with him, exhales while watching him leave off-screen and drops her eyes.

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - SHAKY CAM CLOSE-UP OF BIRTHDAY GRAM ADDRESS  
- DAY

The address on the paper reads:

Carr Futures

92<sup>nd</sup> Floor

1 World Trade Center

New York, NY 10048

(O.S)

An elevator DINGS.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Lewis stands with his guitar and several other suit-clad workers as the doors CLOSE. He YAWNS.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Lewis extends his hand to shake that of a SMILING WOMAN.

WOMAN

You're the birthday gram?

LEWIS

He couldn't make it, so...

WOMAN

(waving him in)

Come into his office, I wanted you here  
before he came.

Her high heels CLICK as she leads him to a not-quite-closed-off office; a cubicle right near the window and emergency stairwell.

LEWIS

(enjoying himself)

Should I jump out of the desk or  
something?

The woman WINKS.

WOMAN

Make it worth the money.

Lewis RAISES HIS EYEBROWS in amusement, but he's looking at the man's desk and the FAMILY PHOTOS framed upon it. Woman LEAVES.

CUT AUDIO:

Eerie seconds tick away in silence as we see Lewis, standing profile to the large window overlooking a bright, blue sky, lean in to inspect the photographs. There is absolutely no audio.

He REACHED FOR ONE FRAME and then -

A CRASH BLASTS THROUGH THE AUDIO.

Lewis STUMBLES BACK and FALLS. Outside the window, PAPERS SHOWER DOWN, the entire building SHAKES.

Immediately, alarms WAIL and SPRINKLERS RAIN DOWN.

Panicked voices SHOUT.

INDISTINCT MAN

WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT?

WOMAN

IS EVERYONE OKAY?

Lewis holds a hand to his forehead and turns a grave eye out the window, where burnt papers continue to FLAP like he's trapped in a snow globe. Across the air, into the other tower, he CATCHES EYE with a man in a tie craning out to see what happened. The look LINGERS, exchanging mutual fear, but that man sees something he doesn't. He gapes above and, mouth open, dives back into his office to alert others.

Scrambling, Lewis STANDS.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - LEWIS' POINT OF VIEW - DAY

With a swimming head and a swimming camera, shaking breath and shaking footage, we see what it would be like to look around in fear for the answer, catch glimpses of confused, stricken people, phones pressed to ears and fast voices.

We see Lewis' HAND reach up and grip the top of the cubicle.

And in the subtle corner of the frame, BLACK SMOKE FLOODS THROUGH THE STAIRWELL DOOR.

Lewis, close to its rancid toxins, COUGHS.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Lewis GLANCES ONE LAST TIME TO THE PHOTOS NOW STREWN OVER THE DESK and moves out.

LEWIS

Hey!

He's the only one who's seen the smoke so far. The workers look over at him, but briefly, too hysteric in their own copings.

INDISTINCT MAN

(into office phone)

Hey, honey. (pause) I don't know. I'm -

LEWIS

(pointing to the stairwell)  
We need to break a window.

WOMAN

(covering speaker of office phone)  
911 says to stay where we are.

LEWIS

What?! Didn't you feel that?

MAN 2

It was a bomb. I'm telling you it was a  
bomb. Just like in -

Now, the BLACK SMOKE is VISIBLE threading the air.

Others begin to COUGH. SWEAT begins to SHINE ON SKIN.

LEWIS

Oh my GOD.

He breathes with his mouth open and both hands pressed to his  
forehead.

The coughing grows LOUDER.

WOMAN 2 AT WINDOW

(muffled, covering face to protect  
from smoke)  
I think people are -

Lewis PUSHES HER ASIDE and SLAMS HIS GUITAR INTO THE GLASS,  
breaking it and cracking the window. People YELL PROTEST but he  
repeats and succeeds.

Now, they begin to panic.

LEWIS

Someone get a towel to cover the bottom of  
the doors!

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

We see LEWIS' FOOT kick a wet towel at the seam of the door,  
puffing black smoke.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

We can see Lewis, but just barely. He's screened in black fumes. Shirt covering his face.

MAN 1 (O.S.)

WE CAN'T STAY HERE! WE HAVE TO GET OUT!

WOMAN (O.S.)

They told us to *stay where we are* until the firemen can come!

MAN 1 (O.S.)

THE BOMB WAS *UP. THERE.* DO YOU REALIZE THIS BUILDING IS COMING DOWN ANY SEC -?

Another EXPLOSION rocks them and the camera. The SECOND PLANE HAS HIT.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - LEWIS' POINT OF VIEW - DAY...but you can hardly tell.

With the lurch of the second crash in the other building and the suffocation of his lungs making him lightheaded, we see Lewis SWAY from his point of view. And then COLLAPSE backwards, the camera swinging and suddenly titled, the office building looking like a funhouse; desks at diagonal angles, belts and shoes the only characteristic of humans in view.

MAN 2 (O.S.)

(into phone, sobbing)  
Yeah. I love you. Tell the kids.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Lewis, looking bad, soaked from the fire sprinklers, lets his head fall back and swirls his eyes over the window, where the papers have receded.

An INDISTINCT BLACK SHADOW FALLS BY IN A FLASH.

...Please be a chair.

MAN 1

(hysterical)  
I gotta get out of here.

And, in the panic of survival, he rips open the emergency stairwell door and DISAPPEARS IN THE SMOG.

The whole building begins to SCREECH.

(O.S.)

Urgent footsteps SHUFFLE TOWARDS THE WINDOW.

WOMAN

(composure finally broken)  
Oh my God!

Lewis closes his eyes...exhausted...unable to breathe...

WOMAN

(sobbing)  
It's GONE.

MAN 2

What?!

WOMAN

The second tower. We have to get out!

The rushing moves for the ESCAPE DOOR.

But Lewis is too weak to move.

INT.OFFICE BUILDING - CLOSE UP ON LEWIS - DAY

Slightly profiled shot, viewing the black mouth of the emergency escape door. With teary eyes, he lifts his fingers to the bridge of his nose and mumbles, choked:

LEWIS

I'm going to die.

Same shot, we see the NEON GREEN GLARE of a FIREFIGHTER'S UNIFORM.

Lewis TURNS towards it and the camera FOCUSES on a harassed, scared, but persevering FIREFIGHTER standing in the stairway, panting. An OXYGEN TANK is on his back, but he is like a shark in dark waters, only the glares of his suit and his eyes visible in the blackness as their gazes MEET.

LEWIS (V.O.)

I just remember having time to think...

The building's CREAK becomes DEAFENING.

LEWIS (V.O.)

He chose to be here.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - LEWIS' POINT OF VIEW - DAY

He looks UP.

And the building crashes DOWN.

CUT TO BLACK.

(O.S.)

Cars SWOOSH over pavement.

A lot of them.

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - STILL LEWIS' POINT OF VIEW - DAY

Darkness FLASHES over light.

The underside of a car. We're the street, looking up.

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - DAY

Lewis SITS UP in THE MIDDLE OF A RACING ROAD. He JUMPS when it looks like a car is hurtling right for him and DUCKS.

It goes right through.

His mouth DROPS.

And he STANDS.

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - AERIAL VIEW, LOOKING DOWN AT LEWIS - DAY

We see both sides of traffic and Lewis from the bird's eye view CLAW HIS HAIR with both hands and STEPS BACK as cars ZOOM RIGHT THROUGH HIM.

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The shot is right behind Lewis. Breathing hard, shoulders visibly rising and falling, he continues to miraculously WADE IN TRAFFIC.

He's looking at a man. Blue suit, brown beard. Leaning forward on both arms on the rail of the Brooklyn Bridge. Watching the World Trade Center.

Lewis remembers. He jerks towards the towers and the camera does too.

Lewis watches at the TOWER HE WAS IN comes CRASHING DOWN in billows of grey debris.

That's not possible.

He looks back at the blue-suited man and lumbers through cars over to him.

LEWIS

(breathless, annoyed)  
What's - what's going -?

The blue suited man does not remove his eyes from the billowing smoke, and he TEARS UP. But his face is STRONG. Loving.

BLUE SUITED MAN

I know.

LEWIS

(outraged)  
You - ?

He flings an arm behind him to indicate the cars he just walked through. He RAISES HIS VOICE in frustration.

LEWIS

Did you see me just -?!

The suited man turns a kind but pressing eye upon Lewis, as if expecting him to realize the answer for himself. There is a long, serious beat.

Lewis begins to PANIC. He realizes he must be dead. He RETCHES OVER THE RAIL next to the man, clutching his stomach.

LEWIS

This isn't happening.

The man watches Lewis in silent sympathy.

LEWIS

(swallowing)  
Oh my God.

The man shifts at the rail as if to listen more intently to what Lewis will say.

BLUE SUITED MAN

(gently)  
Breathe.

LEWIS

(angry)  
Do I need to anymore?

BLUE SUITED MAN

Yes.