

EXT. CITY STREET - EVENING

Golden-hour light glints off office buildings. The streets are filled with the tired shuffle of people leaving work. YOU step out, backpack slung over your shoulder, earbuds in, observing quietly.

MONTAGE - YOU leaving work, walking past street vendors, tapping your ID card at a turnstile, climbing the bus stop stairs.

YOU (V.O.)

I wonder what stories fill this bus. Everyone going somewhere, carrying something invisible...

At the bus stop, you scan the crowd. There he is: the OLD MAN in the green vest, quietly waiting. His posture is calm, patient.

The bus arrives. YOU step aboard. The man is always there, boarding before you, sitting near the window. You notice he always exits a few stops before you.

CUT TO: Your perspective as you observe the faces on the bus, strangers reading, staring out, lost in thought.

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EXT. BUS STOP - EARLY EVENING

You arrive at the stop slightly earlier than usual. The OLD MAN sits on the bench, fiddling with a small pocket watch. The light catches its brass surface, glinting. You linger at a distance, curious.

The OLD MAN looks up, finally noticing you, and gives a small, polite nod. You nod back, hesitant but smiling.

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INT. BUS 60 - EVENING

You sit a few rows behind him. He glances back once or twice.

YOU (V.O.)

Who is he? What keeps him riding this same bus, day after day?

You keep stealing glances, feeling the first spark of curiosity and connection.

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INT. BUS 60 - EVENING (WEEKS LATER)

The bus is half-full. You sit by the window. The OLD MAN sits beside you. This is the first time he's actively chosen the seat next to you.

OLD MAN

You always get on at 6. Must be finishing work, huh?

YOU

Yeah... just the usual grind.

OLD MAN

(nods)

Same for me... bus never early, never late. Always predictable.

YOU

(smiling)

At least it's reliable.

OLD MAN

(chuckles softly)

Reliable... yes. Comforting, even.

A quiet pause. You both watch the city blur past. The conversation is simple, mundane... yet comforting.

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INT. BUS 60 - EVENING (CONTINUOUS DAYS)

MONTAGE - Several evenings.

- You both exchange nods, smiles, brief greetings.
- He shows you a small book; you comment on it.

- You notice his green vest, always neat, always the same.
- Occasionally, he shares small observations about the city or the bus schedule.

YOU (V.O.)

I started looking forward to these brief moments. The bus never felt so... familiar before.

He becomes a quiet anchor in your day. Among strangers, his presence is a constant.

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INT. BUS 60 - EVENING

The bus rolls through the city. You and the green-vested OLD MAN sit in near silence, the hum of tires and faint chatter filling the space. He looks out the window, then back at you.

OLD MAN

(softly)

You know... I've been riding this bus for a long time. Same route, same stop, same time.

YOU

(nods)

Yeah... I've noticed.

OLD MAN

(smiling faintly)

I like seeing familiar faces. Makes the ride... less lonely.

A beat. He fiddles with the edge of his green vest, a small, almost shy gesture.

OLD MAN

My wife used to love the city at this hour... the way the sun hits the buildings, the quiet streets before rush hour fades.

You glance at him, curiosity and warmth mingling.

OLD MAN

(sighs, quietly)

I guess... we all look for little pieces of comfort in our day. You... noticing the world, like I do... it's... nice.

He looks away, staring out the window, a soft smile tugging at his lips. The bus continues, carrying you both through the fading sunlight, a quiet understanding forming between two strangers.

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INT. BUS 60 - EVENING

The bus hums down the quiet street. Golden-hour sunlight flickers through the windows, catching dust in the air. You sit by the window, staring out, tired but expectant. The green-vested OLD MAN sits beside you. He seems unusually calm, smiling faintly.

The bus begins to slow near his usual stop. He stands, then pauses. For the first time, he doesn't head straight for the door.

OLD MAN

(softly, turning to you)

I'm heading to the park. Come with me. The flowers are in bloom.

YOU

(after a beat, smiling)

Yeah... okay.

The bus halts. Both of you step off together.

EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

The air feels lighter. You fall into step beside him as he leads the way toward the park. For the first time, the routine feels broken – not in loss, but in possibility. The camera lingers as the two figures walk down the sunlit street, their silhouettes stretching forward.

FADE OUT.