

INT. CITY BUS - MIDDAY

This bus is deteriorating. The windows dusty, smudged. Cloth seats that are torn at the corners, mysterious stains. The floor is wet, puddled from the snow.

TOMMY, late 20s and gangly, just going through the motions, is slumped against the window. He preoccupies himself with the misty cloud of his breath. Glances at the digital clock by the front.

6:32am.

Tommy sighs, closing his eyes. The high pitched drone of the bus hums along with the vibration of his head on the window. Someone's coughing behind him. A call and response of snotty, sniffing noses and sloshy shoes fills the space.

He takes controlled deep breaths.

The bus stops abruptly. Tommy lurches forward, begrudgingly opening his eyes. A WOMAN, mid 20s and trying and keep herself together, stumbles up the steps. Tommy sits up a little as she slowly wanders down the aisle, scanning the rows of empty seats.

Now more awake than before, Tommy glances around the bus. Safety diagrams. Rips in seats. The date 01/14/2004 slides across the digital sign.

He clenches his eyes shut, shaking his head for a second before opening his eyes again.

01/14/2004.

Tommy looks back at the woman, studying her now. It's something about her. Bold red lips. Knitted scarf. A small birth mark on her left cheek.

He pauses for a moment before quickly unzipping his coat pocket, removing a small sketchpad. He bites his glove, slides his hand out, and flicks through the pages. We get glimpses of sketches, strangers, places. He quickly goes back to the page he had just passed.

Tommy looks back up, quickly hiding the sketchpad between his hands as the woman she makes her way towards his part of the bus.

She plops into the seat across the aisle from him. Cautiously, he brings his sketchpad out of hiding and studies it once more.

The woman's shoes squeak against the floor as she repositions her legs. Seconds later her coat and leggings rustle again. Tommy glances at the restless woman, harrumphing and shifting around in her seat.

WOMAN
(under breath)
Oh my fucking God.

The woman lets her head fall back onto the seat as she lets out a frustrated sigh.

Tommy quickly looks back at the sketch. His glances quicken between the two. He runs his finger over the drawing, smudging the ink.

It was a woman, mid 20s maybe, with dark lips and a dot on her left cheek, sitting on the bus with her head leaned back against the seat.

He finds the date scrawled messily in the corner.

01/14/2004.

TOMMY
(whispered)
Impossible.