

When the dust settles

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First draft

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**TEASER**

INT. WORLD TRADE CENTER 7 - LOBBY - DAY

Yellow dust thick in the air. Long continuous alarms that echo in the emptiness of the building. It's still bright enough to see. The glass doors with the number 7 printed on them are chillingly eerie in the light.

But that is far in the distance. We're right in the center of the lobby.

Coughing in shock is DANNY MORENO - (22), A filmmaker student and Italian - American kid from Long Island.

There's dust in his hair, covering his face, and all over his cut bloody arms.

It's 9/11, the south tower has just fallen. We're in the aftermath of the collapse.

Only Danny and an office worker, in the background near the glass doors are in the lobby. The office worker leans against a door, coughing his lungs out.

The alarm almost sounds out the coughing.

ROBERTO (O.S.)

(Running in)

Hey! You alright, man?

ROBERTO - (30), a dedicated firefighter with a thick Brooklyn accent comes into our view. His yellow helmet, hardly colored from all the dust, running up to Danny, patting his back.

DANNY

Yeah, fine.

Roberto offers Danny some water but he refuses.

DANNY (cont'd)

I'm all good, thanks.

The office worker in the background coughs unbearably breathing. Dry heaving and yacking up phlegm.

Leaving Danny's side, Roberto, imminently runs towards the office worker before he falls.

Catching him and placing the oxygen mask over his face.

The alarm bell on the speaker is haunting. Echoing.

Danny can't hardly move, looking down at the blood on his hands. Then his look drifts from his hands to the floor - finding his VIDEO CAMERA amongst the debris.

Looking down, picking it up. Opening the folding screen, the battery is nearly dead.

Danny slaps it closed.

ROBERTO

Hey, I need to get this guy out. Get your shit and let's get outa here.

DANNY

Yeh.

Clinging to the now unconscious office guy, Roberto drags him out the door, using his back to prop it open.

As they leave, the sirens outside the door are horrendous. Complete chaos. The door slowly swings shut. The sirens outside quieten.

Danny is alone with the fire alarms blasting in his ear. It feels uneasy, and strange. Ghostly.

The 'dinging'.

Danny shuffles over towards the door. Stepping over, crunching broken glass against the soles of his shoes and staying in the rubber.

Danny steps outside. We stay inside.

The door closes on us, with it the police sirens outside fade.

Inbetween the gaps of the WTC 7 fire alarm tune is a peace gap. Of complete silence. But the bell on the speakers blasts again.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOWER MANHATTAN (FLASHBACK) - DAY

The corner of Listernard and Church street. Blue skies.

Everything is being recorded by an old digital camera, everything we see is footage.

The World Trade Center is seen in the backdrop. Everything is fine but the date on the camera reads 09/11/01.

Danny points the camera to himself.

DANNY (FILTERED)  
So, we're here on a gas check. Some residents said they could smell something so me and my brother, Micheal...

The camera pans to MICHEAL MORENO - (29), a strong and happy Italian - American firefighter in full uniform and big brother of Danny's.

MICHEAL (FILTERED)  
Yo!

Micheal jokes around, placing his hand over the lens and making the camera shake - just being an annoying brother.

DANNY (FILTERED)  
Get off!

We see Micheal again grinning, leaning against the firetruck, getting out a crowbar from an exterior side pocket.

MICHEAL (FILTERED)  
You gunna help me get this manhole cover off or what, Spielberg?

DANNY (FILTERED)  
Alright, give me a second.

The camera stops. Then starting again.

We're back. Still on the same spot. The Drain cover is now leaning upright against the truck. The hole in the ground can be seen.

Micheal retrieves a gas meter reading tool.

DANNY (FILTERED) (cont'd)  
So what are we doing here exactly?

MICHEAL (FILTERED)  
Well, this tool right here in my hands, little bro, can tell us if the gas is so bad, and hazardous like your bedroom --

DANNY (FILTERED)  
 -- Fuck you.

MICHEAL (FILTERED)  
 -- I think it's just sewer gas maybe.

DANNY (FILTERED)  
 Exciting!

Micheal pauses, looks to his younger brother with raised eyebrows, unimpressed.

MICHEAL (FILTERED)  
 Not good enough for you?

DANNY (FILTERED)  
 Nah, it's just, I thought we'd get some real action by now.

MICHEAL (FILTERED)  
 You'll thank God this is all the excitement you'll get out of a day. A lousy gas cover call out. I'll take that any - what the fuck?

The ground goes black with a shadow. The camera pans to the Twin Towers and stays filming on a slant.

Flight 11 slams into the North Tower, engulfing it. Everyone on the street gasps.

DANNY (FILTERED)  
 What is that?

Then, right after a second a huge earth-quaking explosion lights up the sky with red flashes of molten aluminum and drips of fire running down the structure.

Micheal's FDNY Radio goes off like crazy, non stop voices buzzing in.

FDNY RADIO (FILTERED)  
 All battalions come in. You're needed at the world trade center. Battalion 1 to Manhattan.

MICHEAL (FILTERED)  
 (Through radio)  
 On our way.  
 (To Danny)  
 Come on let's go.

The firetruck sirens go off. Micheal stepping backwards and looking at Danny behind the camera.

MICHEAL (FILTERED) (cont'd)  
Careful what you wish for.

DANNY (FILTERED)  
Jesus Christ.

MICHEAL (FILTERED)  
Help with the cover, come on!

Danny places down the camera on the ground, leaving it running as he runs into frame helping out Micheal in putting back the manhole cover.

Micheal jumps on the back on the firetruck, Danny follows straight after.

MICHEAL (FILTERED) (cont'd)  
Get the camera, retard.

DANNY (FILTERED)  
Ah shit.

Danny is like a greyhound, jumping off the back of the truck, pinching it and we're back in Danny's hands. We climb to the back of the truck.

The truck accelerates. The wind blowing past us.

We zoom past pedestrians, blurring into sight and then driving past them, but all of them are looking up in the same direction. Witnessing the tragedy.

Then, to BLACK.

**End of Teaser**

**ACT 1**EXT. THE PILE, GROUND ZERO - DAY

Heaps of mess, debris and rubble are clunked together through molten steel. Gaps in the dirt form reservoirs of molten steel, seeping down the cracks, cooling and losing its color of burning red.

Danny can't believe it. Covering his mouth as he stops to take it all in. The dismal reality. The smell becomes too much and he covers up his T-shirt so it protects him as a mask.

Danny looks over to the;

## TRIAGE TENT

Roberto is underneath a small canopy, talking to a man who looks like a CITY PLANNER (43), Fat and professional in a suit. City Planner holds a blueprints of what's probably the surrounding area, showing Roberto instructions with his hands.

Roberto spots Danny looking down at him from down the pile.

ROBERTO

(To planner)

Give me a minute, alright?

CITY PLANNER

Sure.

Roberto comes to the base of the pile where Danny climbs down to. A surgical mask is passed from Roberto to Danny's desperate hands.

ROBERTO

Take this, fuck knows what this air will do to you.

Danny doesn't take his time, moving the mask right over his ears.

DANNY

Thanks.

ROBERTO

Hey, Micheal's brother, right?

DANNY

You know him?

ROBERTO  
 You kidding me? Everyone knows who  
 that bad ass firefighter is.

Danny can't even tell the comradely that's taking place. His gaze keeps drifting back to the pile, enchanting him. Taking over.

DANNY'S POV: BUCKET BRIGADE.

People moving in line like a colony of ants going up and then back down in another desperate line.

Roberto speaks with concern in his voice.

ROBERTO (cont'd)  
 We're going to find Micheal. He's  
 here. And he's fine. He's not just  
 your brother.

Roberto keeps a concerned but affirmative, trying to believe it himself. Finally, Roberto cuts the concerned look and walks away on his own.

Danny looks again to the charcoal mess.

CITY PLANNER  
 Roberto, c'mere a minute.

ROBERTO  
 (Shouts back)  
 Hold on.  
 (To Danny)  
 We're going to give it everything we  
 got. I can promise you that.

DANNY  
 Is there anything I can do?

A pause as Roberto thinks.

ROBERTO'S POV: BUCKET BRIGADE.

ROBERTO  
 You can handle it?

DANNY  
 I'll try. I'll do whatever I can.

ROBERTO  
 Balls like your brother.



DANNY

What?

ROBERTO

I'm joking, get a bucket, Moreno.

SUPER IMPOSE: WHEN THE DUST SETTLES.

Jack hammers breaking concrete over the pile. On the top of the pile, workmen in hi-visibility jackets call to each other in their native New Yorker commands: 'Keep it goin'. The sky looks gray now, a lack of light from the dusty air.

DANNY'S POV: THE RUBBLE ON THE FLOOR AS HE WALKS UP THE PILE.

Danny looks edgy and nervous. We stay fixated on his face as he scans the floor - quickly.

A broken watch, a filing cabinet, dirt, files, a smashed computer, dirt, a severed human hand.

DANNY

(Wide eyed)

FUCK!

Danny automatically steps backwards after tragically seeing it. He steps backwards into the bucket brigade, specifically OFFICER WATTS (52), a mustache wearing, cool headed cop with a low voice.

Officer Watts runs past Danny, over to the severed hand and crouches down besides it. Gesturing for everyone to move aside in the bucket brigade so his voice can be heard at the bottom. Shouting down to the end of the pile.

OFFICER WATTS

YO - A body bag!

(A beat)

Yo. We need a body bag, we found one.

Everyone sighs. Another among the probably dead.

Danny can't believe it, breathing heavily and tears building in his eyes.

OFFICER WATTS (cont'd)

(To Danny)

It's OK. You did good kid. No time for tears, though.

INT/EXT. BODY BAG TENT - DAY

Queues of people with blue plastic gloves laying down broken, ripped and crushed body parts into separate body bags.

Danny watches as officer Watts takes steps right in front of him, in the line to reach a medical professional.

OFFICER WATTS

You smoke?

DANNY

I haven't got any on me.

OFFICER WATTS

Here, take one of these.

Out of his work pants, Watts takes out a pack of Camels and a lighter.

Danny looks broken, hunched over and exhausted as he takes them from Watts.

OFFICER WATTS (cont'd)

Go take a break, I'll be there in a moment.

Danny steps away in a gap in the line and out of the tent, into a strip of sunlight. He looks alienated like he's not really part of the crowd, rather just an observer of heroes.

DANNY'S POV: WATTS PASSING THE SEVERED HAND TO A MEDICAL EXAMINER.

OFFICER WATTS (cont'd)

Thanks.

Danny steps away, smoking and thinking to himself.

EXT. FENCING - GROUND ZERO - MOMENTS LATER

Across the sidewalk is a metal fence with diagonal holes in the black painted wire.

Thousands of photos of 'the missing' family members are hanging on this fence. They flutter up and down in the breeze.

Danny steps closes, dragging his cigarette, his eyes linger on a specific photograph.

INSERT: PHOTO OF FIREFIGHTER FATHER AND FAMILY.

In black ink underneath the A4 printed photo is a cell phone number. 'Please call 555-...'

This firefighter father is holding his two sons, all looking happy and smiling on a summer day in the front yard. The BIG BROTHER - (11), looks just like his dad and his little brother on the other side, both brothers wearing the exact same clothes. The little brother is playing with a toy firetruck. The father standing above with a FDNY hat.

Danny frowns, coming to terms with life. Breathing becoming difficult. Pressing his forehead against the fence. Sucking in air through his thin teeth.

DANNY

Pull it together. Pull it together.

Danny slaps himself. Grunts to stop the tears coming.

Turning, standing there looking right at him - BIG BROTHER from the exact same photograph in Danny's hand. Big brother stays frigidly still. Stiff and nervous, holding a flashlight in his hands.

Danny looks at the photo - definitely him. Now, taking precautionary step towards the big brother.

DANNY (cont'd)

Hey--

BIG BROTHER

(Running)

Get out the way!

A pretty surprisingly forceful push past Danny, Big brother nudges Danny to the side, running right past him, up to the pile.

A whistle is blown, alerting everyone.

OFFICER WATTS

Get that kid!

Big brother dodges being caught by two EMT workers. Climbing onto the pile with no awareness.

EXT. THE PILE, GROUND ZERO - CONTINUOUS

A steel support beam runs from the bottom base of the rubble pile towards a pretty big height overlooking the rest of the pile. Coming into view, the Big brother begins to carefully climb it. One foot in front of the other in a balancing act. Sharp metal and fumes run from the mess underneath him. But carelessly he climbs the ascent.

TRIAGE TENT

Officer Watts is peer pressured to look over where everyone else is. People calling out, "Look at that kid" - "I hope he doesn't fall".

WATTS'S POV: BIG BROTHER, DANGEROUSLY CLIMBING BEAM.

Watts reacts quickly, running to a megaphone laying on one of the tables. He flips the switch and an uncomfortable screech comes over the megaphone.

STEEL BEAM

Step by step, slowly, Big brother spreads his arms, helping him balance. The screech puts him off.

OFFICER WATTS (O.S.)  
(Through microphone)  
Kid, get down!

Shocked, Big brother slips a little, about to tumble backwards.

Everyone in the mass audience watches with a gasp. Just about to fall backwards... But big brother keeps his balance. Regaining control.

TRIAGE TENT

Danny comes from the side, grabbing the megaphone off Watts.

DANNY  
Stop using it. He needs to concentrate. Let me try talking to him.

OFFICER WATTS  
You think you're a hero?

Danny walks off towards the beam, moving past everyone watching.

STEEL BEAM

At the base, Danny takes his first step up the beam, looking down and seeing how high he's getting with every step. More scared than the 11 year old brother.

DANNY

Looking for your dad? Let us do the searching, you shouldn't be here.

A cascade of tears begin to fall from Big brother, although keeping a strong face on. He tries to hide it.

BIG BROTHER

You can't You're not doing it. It's been over 24 hours. Every second that passes the chance -  
(Choking up)  
-The chance of survival --

DANNY

- You think we don't know that?

BIG BROTHER

My dad used to say actions speak louder than words. I saw you sitting about. Smoking a cigarette. You're useless. Why are you even here?

DANNY

I'm stressed out. Just as much as -

BIG BROTHER

(Anxious)

-- You didn't lose anyone.

Danny snaps, his blood boiling.

DANNY

My brother is a firefighter. He's missing too.

BIG BROTHER

Then start acting like it!

WATCHING CROWD

Pushing through masses of onlookers is FIREFIGHTER MOTHER - (34), a red head wife of the missing firefighter and mother of Big brother. with sweat running down her forehead and eyes that haven't seen rest in days. Angry looking, mad.

Her face shatters as her eyes set on her son, up on the beam. Her son, the center of attention - making everything too overwhelming.

FIREFIGHTER MOTHER

(Banshee cry)

Isaaaac! You get down here right now.  
You idiot!

STEEL BEAM

Big Brother ISAAC shakes on the beam. Wiping a tear from his eyes with his dusty sleeve.

DANNY

Come on. Let's go see your mom.

Danny reaches out. Stretching his arm to grab Big brother's wrist. Slowly climbing down the beam together.

BIG BROTHER

Find my dad.

Everyone starts to relax a little.

EXT. FENCING - GROUND ZERO - DAY

Leaning against the fencing, Danny smokes another cigarette. The Firefighter mother is screaming in the ear of Big brother Isaac. Shaking him.

FIREFIGHTER MOTHER

(Distraught)

Don't you ever do that again, do you hear!

BIG BROTHER

I'm sorry.

FIREFIGHTER MOTHER

(Losing it)

That's not good enough!

Danny turns to face the mother and son. Dragging his cigarette, knowing she's being watched, she let's her grip on her son go a little. Wiping her eyes and blending into the crowd.

OFFICER WATTS

Hey thief, could I get one of those?

DANNY

(Daydreaming)

Huh? Oh yeah, sorry.

Passing back the cigarettes to Watts with weak muscle movements. Watts takes them, frowning a little as to why Danny is behaving so slow.

Danny turns stepping a few feet to a cement ledge he can sit on. Watts joins him, both slowly smoking, looking around.

DANNY (cont'd)  
Look at this shit. Like a fucking movie.

OFFICER WATTS  
(Firm)  
Why are you here?

DANNY  
I can handle it.

OFFICER WATTS  
(Drags cigarette)  
Don't seem like it.

Danny pauses, looking anxious as he takes in a breath.

DANNY  
I can handle it.

All round is rising smoke. The sound of Jack hammers and firetrucks in the background.

OFFICER WATTS  
They're saying it was a missile.

DANNY  
I don't know. A plane hit the first tower though. I saw it.

Dropping his cigarette to the floor with a sense of shock, Watts gives Danny a blank stare.

OFFICER WATTS  
You saw it?

DANNY  
Yeah. Got it on tape.

EXT. CEMENT LEDGE, GROUND ZERO - CONTINUOUS

Everything on the floor and the ledge is clean and bright, covered with a small layer of dust.

Watts and Roberto lean over Danny's shoulders as he hunches over his camera, rewinding the tape.

INSERT: DANNY'S VIDEO CAMERA FOOTAGE

The plane plummets into the North Tower.

ROBERTO

(Gasps)

Fuck!

OFFICER WATTS

What did I tell you?

ROBERTO

It's a Boeing passenger jet.

OFFICER WATTS

(Angered)

It's terrorism. That's what it is, terrorism. Jesus Christ. The fucking cunts.

An alarm bell goes off behind the three watching the camera. Workmen start to ascend the pile again.

ROBERTO

Let's get back to work.

EXT. THE PILE, GROUND ZERO - DAY

Rubble, filth and office supplies scatted on the ground. Smoke rising from pockets with tight air pressure pouring out of them with a squeaky pitched noise.

BUCKET BRIGADE

Danny pants, with a bucket in his hand, scraping across the dirt as he runs out of energy. The struggle becoming unbearable. Breathing out of his mouth. The struggle getting real.

OFFICER WATTS (O.S.)

Go easy.

PAN TO: Officer Watts stepping just a few feet behind.

OFFICER WATTS

Breathe through your nose, it preserves energy.



He comes closer as Danny stops, handing him a half filled dirty two liter bottle of water.

Danny savagely snatches it. Trying to be polite and disguising his desperateness. It doesn't work well as water trickles down his mouth. Gulping it down.

He stops, taking a gasp of air.

Officer Watts looks to Danny, his head tilted and a little judgmental.

OFFICER WATTS (cont'd)  
Why are you here?

DANNY  
I told you. I can handle it.

OFFICER WATTS  
No, I mean - what's the motive? Why are you here?

DANNY  
My brother was a firefighter. He was one of the first to respond. Apart from that, I don't know why I'm here. I'm just a NYU student.

OFFICER WATTS  
Medicine?

DANNY  
Film. I want to go into documentary work. I was practicing filming with my brother at the firehouse. Started going on call outs and ride alongs.

OFFICER WATTS  
Bet that footage is gonna make a ton of money some day.

DANNY  
I'm not interested in the money. I just want my brother.

OFFICER WATTS  
Still, no place for a young kid.

DANNY  
I'm finding Micheal.

OFFICER WATTS  
Your brother?

Danny doesn't answer, rather standing defiantly, waiting for some negative words to come out of Watts's mouth.

Watts looks around at the perils of the disaster. Mountains of rubble, the broken water pipes run a cascade of cold water running down drains of the mud.

Danny knows what he's thinking. The hopelessness. He gets angry, upset and feeling cornered.

DANNY  
(With strength)  
We're going to find him.

OFFICER WATTS  
(Defensive)  
I didn't say we wouldn't!

Watts has his hands up in the air, asking for mercy and surrendering. Shrugging and taking a step back.

OFFICER WATTS (cont'd)  
There's a good chance.

An interruption cuts the conversation short. Shifts of rubble dirt shingle crumble and fall at the top of a dirt mound. We hear someone on the other side, running in their ascent.

ROBERTO (O.S.)  
(Running)  
Hey! Hey!

Danny looks interested. Like this could be fate.

Roberto sticks his head over the mound, looking down on Watts and Danny as he struggles to get the words out his panting mouth. Waving his arms in a white T-shirt and his dirty firefighter pants.

ROBERTO  
Guys, come quickly! They found someone.

OFFICER WATTS  
Alive?

ROBERTO  
Yes alive, c'mon we need your help!

Watts keeps his space as Danny runs past him. Looking him in the eye. Getting in his face.

DANNY  
(To Watts)  
Still just 'a good chance'?

Watts looks down, ashamed of not keeping a positive attitude.

**END OF ACT 1**

**ACT 2**EXT. RUBBLE PILE - DAY

Danny rushes over to where four firefighters including Roberto, all from the 8th battalion and engine company are crowded around. Hovering over something.

The three other firefighters are MACK - (32), young and clearly taking a decent amount of the work. He steps down the pile, taking some saws back to the other firefighters.

PETER - (41), The second firefighter, a biggish gut and sweat running down his forehead but with arms that could knock out a kangaroo if he wanted. And GABRIELA - (30), an EMS key worker and strong willed woman grab some some of the large metal cutting saws.

GABRIELA

Let's get to work, he's losing blood.

We hear a moaning groan from someone that's below them. A survivor. He Shouts in pain. Making it a pressurized environment. Everything is moving too fast.

They begin to cut into reinforced concrete that has the survivor trapped.

PETER

Jesus Christ, Gabriela. Let's just pull him out already.

GABRIELA

He'll fall to pieces if we do that. Don't talk stupid. Start cutting around him.

As they begin to cut through metal rods in the reinforced concrete, Danny makes his way over, climbing the last hill of dirt before coming to the firefighters.

DANNY'S POV: THE SURVIVING OFFICE WORKER. BART.

BART MILLER - a mid fifties family man in a white shirt and dark hair is trapped. A metal rod is pierced through his abdomen and exiting out the front.

The blood makes a pool of red all down his white shirt. Bart is dazed and calm with the blood loss. Fortunately unaware and disorientated. But he still groans slowly. Like an animal in pain.

Roberto is kneeling down, trying to cover up Bart's wound.

BART  
I don't want to die.

ROBERTO  
Why would you say that? Stop talking  
about it. Stop thinking about it.  
Think positive.

Danny's shuffle makes Roberto look back at him.

DANNY  
You wanted help?

Initiating a response, Roberto pulls on Mack's leg, whose cutting sparks with his saw.

Mack takes Roberto's place, covering the wound.

BART  
(Drowsy)  
I don't - no. No, my wife. I want my  
kids.

MACK  
Keep it together. We're gettenya out  
of this, Bart.

Danny can't believe the sight of the gore, scared stiff. Bottom lip shaking. Roberto stands point blank in front of him.

DANNY  
What. What --

ROBERTO  
I know you're just a kid but you need  
to listen. Yes, he's been impaled by  
steel.

Every time Roberto tries to gain Danny's attention, blocking the sight of Bart, Danny shuffles to the side to gain back the view.

Roberto loses patience.

ROBERTO (cont'd)  
Don't look at him. Look at me. You  
want to help?

Danny doesn't respond, just staring at Bart, numbly. The blood running across the steel.

BART  
(Faded)  
She makes the best apple pie.

ROBERTO  
(To Danny)  
Snap out of it!

DANNY  
Yes. I want to help.

Roberto looks a little doubtful on Danny's part. Shaking it off.

ROBERTO  
Then you hold that man's hand until we cut him free. It could be fetal. But we're getting him out.

Danny, about to crouch down gets stopped by Roberto - his hand on Danny's chest.

ROBERTO (cont'd)  
And no matter what, you tell him he's going to live.

DANNY  
Lie?

ROBERTO  
Yes lie. Till his last breath.  
(A beat)  
Understand?

Danny nods. Crouching down to Bart.

BART  
I can't feel. Fuck this is it. Fuck.

DANNY  
It's going to be fine.

BART  
Yeah. Nice day we're having. Look around. Look around and tell me it'll be fine. Fuck, I'm actually going to die here.

Bart screws his face to the side. Crying with asymmetrical crying facies. Letting out a painful groan.

Beginning to see Bart drift off, out of consciousness. Nodding his head, Danny freaks out. Shaking Bart back.

DANNY  
 Hey. Wake up. Stay with me.  
 (Pause)  
 You're going to make it.

The amount of blood loss says otherwise.

Bart comes back, with a heavy struggling inhale. Sparks above him from the metal saws and firefighter's tools bouncing overhead.

DANNY (cont'd)  
 Stay awake. Stay awake.

BART  
 (Nods)  
 I got a family, you know.

Danny takes a dirty bottle of water sitting on the debris pile next to him, feeding Bart. He pushes away, resisting.

DANNY  
 Tell me about them.

BART  
 Been married to my wife, Sophie for thirty years. We were just twenty - one when we had Summer.

DANNY  
 (Inciting)  
 That's good, tell me about Summer.  
 That's your daughter?

BART  
 Our first born, she's thirty two now.  
 Dating a Wall Street banker - Shaun.

Bart gets upset, screwing his face again and recognizing what he's said.

BART (cont'd)  
 Fuck. Is he dead, Shaun?

DANNY  
 They're OK. They're all OK. Everyone and everything's going to be fine.

BART  
 Haha. Bullshit. I like it though.

Bart's head, weakly dips down, Danny pulling up and awake again.

BART (cont'd)  
 My mother used to talk like that.  
 Spoke calmly in a religious manner.  
 Bullshit. Honestly, I always liked  
 comforting bullshit.

DANNY  
 It's the truth.

Bart gives Danny a look as if he's about to say something more but nothing can escape his mouth.

BART  
 Then we had Jacob and Ethan. Jacob is  
 the explorer. Wild one. Ethan less so  
 but clever. More so then the rest.

DANNY  
 What's Ethan doing now?

BART  
 Masst - masster.

DANNY  
 Masters? In what?

Bart is gone again. Dribbling with his head lowered. Danny slaps his face, getting angry.

DANNY (cont'd)  
 Wake up! Bart!

BART  
 I'm here.

DANNY  
 You'll see your kids again soon.

Bart almost laughs.

BART  
 What day is it?

DANNY  
 (A beat)  
 Wednesday, September 12th.

BART  
 I saw the sunlight this morning.  
 Growing through the cracks of the  
 rubble. So warm. So nice...Pizza  
 night.

(MORE)



BART (cont'd)  
 I get to go home, four pack and  
 Dominoes. Sophie has it ready for me.  
 Four pack and make love.

DANNY  
 She sounds pretty cool.

BART  
 (Awe)  
 You got no idea. Get me a beer will  
 ya?

DANNY  
 I don't have any, sorry.

This time Bart drifts off again. Shaking him but with no  
 response, Danny rapidly grows anxious.

DANNY (cont'd)  
 Bart. Bart!

He's not waking up.

DANNY (cont'd)  
 Roberto, help! He's gone.

ROBERTO  
 Gabriela, quick!

There's panic, shouting of different orders. The volume of  
 speech and speaking over each other rises.

Gabriela come beside Danny.

GABRIELA  
 Move aside.

Danny shuffles on his ass backwards, getting out her way as  
 Gabriela takes a spare oxygen mask and places it over Bart,  
 professionally bringing him back.

BART  
 (Muffled)  
 Brrr. Brrrr.

She takes the mask off.

GABRIELA  
 What?

BART  
 I need a beer.

The words surprise everyone.

Danny, regaining his confidence looks over to Roberto.

ROBERTO  
Go get him a drink.

DANNY  
On it.

A slow falling amount of dirt scuttles down the pile as Danny gets away.

INT. CONVENIENT STORE, DOWNTOWN - DAY

It's small but full of products. Windows face onto a intersection and people crossing the dust filled streets outside. Indian news plays on a television, still a headline about the towers.

INSERT T.V: ARIEL FOOTAGE OF DOWNTOWN NEW YORK.

A bottle of whiskey is placed on the counter along with a and a four pack of bud light.

The store owner - MELVIN AHUJA (Early thirties), wearing a red hoodie looks up at Danny - covered in dust. Scans the pricetags.

DANNY  
Could I also get some Newport 20 pack please?

Melvin spins, taking out a cigarette packet from behind the desk.

MELVIN  
I appreciate what you're doing.

DANNY  
I feel useless.

MELVIN  
You're helping more than you know.  
It's all on the house.

DANNY  
Appreciate it. Really, I won't forget.

MELVIN  
Neither will I. Thanks.

EXT. RUBBLE PILE - DAY

Danny climbs up to where everyone is still cutting around Bart. Officer Watts is down by Bart's side. Holding his hand.

BART  
It was beautiful. The light.

OFFICER WATTS  
Tell me about it.

BART  
That's when I knew, I'd be coming home. I'm going to make it right?

Watts says nothing, looking down. It's clear Bart is losing energy quickly.

Danny pushes past with a paper bag of booze. Taking out the four pack.

BART (cont'd)  
Whiskey. Give me the strong stuff.

Danny aims the drink towards Bart's lips. Pouring the whiskey so fast it pours out of Bart's mouth. But Bart sighs, satisfied.

DANNY  
How's he doing?

OFFICER WATTS  
He's great. Take a look.

Blood everywhere. Bart's eyes fluttering closed.

GABRIELA  
Hold on in there Bart.

BART  
I knew I'd be coming home.

DANNY  
Stay with us. Do you want a cigarette?... Bart? Bart?

Bart fades out. Drifting off into death. The shouts of firefighters, giving all their effort runs over Danny, disorientated and tired now.

The gray of dust blows over in the wind.

**END OF ACT 2**

ACT 3EXT. OUTSKIRT BOARDER - GROUND ZERO - DAY

In a small group of their own, Danny sits around with others on their break. Makeshift benches made out of scaffolding boards between paint pots and barrels.

All blue collar men stand around eating lunch. Workmen, builders, contractors, mechanics, logistic professionals.

Danny has nothing to eat. Eyeing up a sandwich held by FRED VIGIANO (55), a larger man with still a lot of muscle, who has a dark but calm voice and whose movements are just as calm. He wears a red FDNY shirt, on his back.

Fred leans forward, passing half the sandwich to Danny.

DANNY

You don't have --

FRED

-- Eat. You need to eat.

Danny gives in. Grabbing at it and taking the biggest mouthful he can get. With his mouth full, he speaks. Gesturing to Fred's shirt -

DANNY

(Full mouth)

Are you a reserve or something?

FRED

My son, Jon, was a sergeant. Thirty fourth company. He was in the North tower.

Fred peers over to where the firefighters are still cutting out Bart's passed on body.

FRED'S POV: RESCUE TEAMS CUTTING THE STEEL.

FRED (cont'd)

I was on the phone to him, looking from my office window in Jersey. I saw it all. Imagined which floor he was on when it all came down.

DANNY

You're doing the right thing. We'll find Jon.

OFFICER WATTS (O.S.)

No we won't.

Over in the corner, Watts is pessimistic. Looking down to the ground with a Coca-cola by his side.

Danny frowns - 'what is wrong with this guy?'. Fred sees the frown on Danny but smiles, lets out a little huff. This just makes Danny more uncomfortable.

FRED

He's right. All this speak of the missing? There is no missing. Look around.

A heavy duty truck blows its horn, making everyone in the group turn their heads towards it. Noticing it.

The firefighters in their group, across the site all stick their heads up. All of them with a serious look, watching down closely like eagles.

Stepping outside the truck, down the truck steps and crunching their boots on the floor, leaving a footprint is CLIVE (42), a contractor with a fat gut. Wearing a pair of Ray-Ban sunglasses and a hard hat and a blue polo shirt under a Hi-vis jacket. He greets a YARDSMAN.

FRED (cont'd)

Uh-oh. Looks like trouble.

DANNY

What do you mean?

FRED

Even though the contractors are more experienced with getting brown site jobs like this done quickly... More efficiently.. Just watch. You'll see what I mean.

Clive takes a step closer towards the area, looking up to the firefighters. Tension grows, the firefighters look down from the pile. Staring off, Clive doesn't break any eye contact.

Roberto fronts the firefighters, leading them down the pile. Heading directly for Clive.

DANNY

But if they'll help do the job, help more, why don't Roberto - why don't the fighters let them come help?

OFFICER WATTS  
Because, it's not their mess to  
clean. This is our fucking pile.

FRED  
That's right.

Back across at the bottom of the pile, Roberto pushes Clive  
back. Just as he does, more contractors come out the truck.

ROBERTO  
Get the fuck out of here. I told you!

Clive moves back, not necessarily wanting the conflict.  
Moving away but a group fight between the firefighters and  
the contractors.

OFFICER WATTS  
It doesn't matter anyway. We're all  
gone eventually.  
(Laughs)

DANNY  
That's not the right attitude. What's  
your problem?

OFFICER WATTS  
Oh, I don't know.

Watts climbs up, stretching with a yawn and finishing his  
cigarette.

OFFICER WATTS (cont'd)  
(Sarcastic)  
Must have woken up on the wrong side  
this morning.

Stubbing out the lit cigarette, and giving Danny an  
intimidating look, Watts walks off calmly alone into the  
waste filled pile.

A bell rings, everyone in the background gets back to work,  
retrieving their chipped plastic buckets and metal rusty  
ones.

Danny looks insulted, red faced and powerless, like Watts  
just stabbed him in the back.

FRED  
(To Danny)  
Come on kid, don't be so sensitive.

EXT. THE PILE - GROUND ZERO - AFTERNOON

Roberto hangs onto a steel beam, stepping across and along it with hands and feet. Looking down into the void below with his flashlight. All we see down there is dust and nothing.

FURTHER ALONG

Danny shuffles dirt into his blue pail bucket. When done, looking over, down to the fencing.

DANNY'S POV: CONTRACTORS AT THE BASE, STARING RIGHT BACK AT DANNY. ALL OF THEM WEAR SHADES.

Breaking eye contact, Danny continues focusing on the debris. Keeping his eyes down. But then he gets a friendly shove, nudging him back.

ROBERTO (O.S.)  
Can you believe it?

Danny keeps his feet in control, staying balance. There's a bitterness in Roberto's voice.

ROBERTO  
You keep a close eye on those ass hole contractors, Danny. It's our job, not theirs.

DANNY  
Maybe they can help.

ROBERTO  
Trust me, Danny, your brother Micheal.. He wouldn't want it.

DANNY  
(To himself)  
How would you know?

ROBERTO  
We're going to find him, OK?

Unsure, tired and effortlessly, Danny nods. Roberto goes back the way he came, leaving Danny back to the rubble and bucket.

Danny's dust filled eyes slightly open one more time, peering over to the nosey contractors, still all looking back his way.



EXT. THE PILE - GROUND ZERO - DAY

Officer Watts is in front of everyone but not by far. Danny is in the background searching through nothing. Climbing through the rubble, all by himself. With a grounded foot, looking all around not to see anyone around apart from Danny, Officer Watts chucks the bucket to the ground.

DANNY

What's up?

OFFICER WATTS

Having a break.

DANNY

Again? Want me to come with?

OFFICER WATTS

No. Just give me a minute.

DANNY

Oh. Alright.

Danny watches as Watts, fed up looking and keeping his eyes to the floor walks off alone.

Danny pauses, thinking to himself but continues to fill his bucket.

EXT. THE PILE, FURTHER DOWN - GROUND ZERO - MOMENTS LATER

A soft breeze blows concrete dust across gray slabs of cement. Watts ascends one of these slabs all alone, like a goat on a mountain.

Reaching the top of the slab, sitting down, Watts lights a cigarette. His last.

A deep inhale, bringing his head into his hands, as he exhales, the smoke slowly drops down the slab. It looks like a water feature.

Bringing his head back up, Watts is wearing a tired grin. An insane grin, laughing to himself and burying his head once more to continue laughing. When he brings his head up again he's almost in hysterics. But stops. Pausing for a second, looks around.

OFFICER WATTS

What the fuck... What the fuck..

Another long exhale, shaking his head.

## THE PILE

As Roberto shuffles down the pile to reach where Danny is searching, Danny can hear him coming. The firefighter helmet shakes and rattles off his head.

ROBERTO  
You got some spare water?

DANNY  
Sure.

Passing a dirty Scott bottle over, half full, Roberto is grateful.

ROBERTO  
Thanks  
(Takes a swig)  
Where's the cop?

DANNY  
Just having a minute.

ROBERTO  
(huffs)  
He's dead weight.

## GRAY CEMENT SLABS - OFFICER WATTS

Stabbing out of his second cigarette, Watts stands. Covering his eyes from the sun. He takes a step down the large slab and slips down, falling on his ass.

He slides for a few seconds, sliding down the smooth concrete.

OFFICER WATTS  
Fuck. FUCK!

All the way down into a dark void that's hidden at the bottom of the slab. Watts slips into the darkness, down the crevice.

## THE VOID

Only black and crumbling from broken dry concrete and glass. Watts cries out, his voice sounds like its in agony.

OFFICER WATTS (cont'd)  
(Whining and shouts)  
Ahhh. Fuck... Help! Get me out of here.

With a spark of his lighter, the void lights up. Illuminating in a yellow flame: Watt's screams, all the terror getting released as he pushes his back against the sides of the broken debris.

The lighter shows us faces of dead bodies. Burnt to crisps, all the bodies are black but frozen in the moment they were killed in. Mouths open, trying to call out like the victims from Pompeii.

Watts can't breath. Struggling to make it up and out of the void, trying to climb on insecure handles that crumble as he falls back down. Reattempting, over and over. But always slipping back in.

He's shaken up with a cold sweat.

OFFICER WATTS (cont'd)  
 (Screams)  
 Help! Help! I'm stuck down here.  
 Danny! Danny!

EXT. THE PILE, GROUND ZERO - CONTINUOUS

Right down on his knees, holding a bucket, Danny's ears prick up.

OFFICER WATTS (O.S.)  
 (Far away)  
 Help! Danny!

He drops the bucket, heading right towards the slabs.

DANNY  
 I hear you, hold on!

THE VOID

Looking up, there's Danny and Roberto, looking down, the light above the void. Watts keeps screaming. Roberto shines his flashlight down.

The flashlight beam bounces into the void. Burnt corpses are lit up by the torch. Watts still tries to scurry up the broken walls.

ROBERTO  
 Ah, shit. Grab his hand.

Danny nods, getting down on his hands and feet and leaning into the void.

OFFICER WATTS

Ahh! Help.

Roberto's, Danny's and Watts's hands finally connect.

DANNY

Hold on!

With a tight grip, and struggling, they manage to achieve pulling him back up to the ground level.

GROUND LEVEL

There's a pause, everything is calm. No fear.

Apart from officer Watts, who's paces off alone.

OFFICER WATTS

Fuck'n bodies down there.

Roberto, now standing leans in one more time. Then looks over to the triage tent at the bottom of the pile.

ROBERTO

(Shouting)

Body bag!

TRIAGE TENT

Under the white canopy, a young worker reaches under the table they are positioned at, taking out yet another black body bag.

OFFICER WATTS

A fucking burnt body. I mean. What the fuck?

Watts is tearing up, talking to himself and clearly thinking too much. Slobber goes down his mouth as he breaks down.

OFFICER WATTS (cont'd)

I just. I just can't believe it, why would anyone - Why would anyone do this?

Roberto stays over the void, observing down, bouncing his light about.

ROBERTO

Shit, one of them's a cop.

Watts is now covering his face with both hands, his face red and looking like a mess. Then puts a hand on his hip. He looks like he's about to throw up.

Danny goes in to help comfort him.

DANNY  
Take deep breaths.

Danny's cautious contact is met with harsh refusal, Watts pushing him away in a fit of rage.

OFFICER WATTS  
(Freaking out)  
DON'T tell me to breath, kid!

Danny backs off, taking a step backwards and just observes. Watts crying and quivering now.

OFFICER WATTS (cont'd)  
I can't - I can't do this anymore. I  
can't....  
(Outbursts cry)  
I can't do it anymore!

Out of Watts's holster, he pulls his police gun out.

Roberto scrambles a little, finding his feet.

ROBERTO  
Put it away! Don't do anything  
stupid, now.

DANNY  
Listen to him, Watts.

Danny can't do anything. Hopelessly watching Roberto trying to calm down the situation. Edging closer, little steps.

The gun is shaking against Watts's temple, trembling.

ROBERTO  
Come on, put the gun away. You've  
done enough, just go home.

OFFICER WATTS  
What home? First the divorce, now  
this! What the fuck is this?  
(Gestures to the void)  
What the fuck is that?

ROBERTO  
Put the gun down.

Stuck, Danny is frozen. His hands about to act but how? He looks like a nervous wreck.

DANNY  
Please put the gun down.

Flares of sunlight illuminate the slobber that runs down Watts's distraught face. His hand shakes, readying the trigger.

Everyone on the bottom of the pile is calling out 'No don't!'.  
.

Watts looks straight towards Danny.

Danny mirrors the fear in Watts.

Bang. Echoes channel across the pile. Watts falls to the ground, a gunshot wound to the head and deceased.

Pigeons fly off into the sky in all directions away from the explosive sound of the gunshot.

ROBERTO  
Great. Brilliant.

Roberto keeps repeating to himself sarcastic rhetoric as Danny's ears ring out.

All we hear is ringing. That tunes into a high pitch static sound.

Over the pile, the bucket brigade begin to hover around, climbing to see the dead officer.

Danny looks everywhere around him. Everything becomes a blur. A mixture of fuzzy lights.

SNAP CUT TO:

EXT. THE PILE, GROUND ZERO - NIGHT

It's like Danny has been in a trance and has jumped to the future. Everything is dark but there's still workers all around him with buckets. New workers, ones we've never seen the faces of before.

Bleacher lights shine down on everyone, making Danny more dazed and confused. Swinging his body left to right.

MONTAGE - DANNY LOSING HIS MIND

- A Scott bottle lifts onto the lips of Danny, emptying the last few drops dangling onto his tongue.
  - Dirt placed into a bucket, seethed through, chips of steel, plastic, paper, a mangled finger.
  - Danny stands alone on the dirt pile, in the dead of night.
  - An aid worker reaches out, holds Danny's arm so he can stand still. The aid worker says sympathetically "Hey, you don't look so good, you need to get checked out". Danny's response is shaking his head, moving on alone in a weak walk.
  - The sun rises onto the destruction of ground zero. The twisted metal bodies wriggling over crevices and voids. Smoke still arising from the mess of it all.
  - Family members of the missing at the perimeter fence. Watching, waiting.
  - At lunch, in their team, Frank shouts the names out of the dead. An attempt to motivate everyone else. Danny stands nearby staring down at the floor, his eyes blood shot.
- The men cheer, going back onto the pile. But Danny looks burnt out and broken. Absolutely done for.

END MONTAGE

EXT. THE PILE, GROUND ZERO - NIGHT

Up to his knees in dirt, his trousers torn and his mind broken, Danny fills his bucket up and empties it instantaneously. He does this a few times while not even watching the dirt. It's all automatically insane.

He drops the pail, repeating something that grows only slightly with volume, his lips moving quickly.

DANNY

(Whispering)

I'll find you. I'll find you. I'm coming, Micheal. I'll be there, brother. Micheal.

Drops to his knees. Staring at nothing, the thick dust over his face is almost blinding. The bleacher lights are blinding too. And then;

A hand appears on the back of Danny's shoulder. Turning around, it's Roberto, looking concerned.

ROBERTO  
It's time for you to go home. Leave  
it to me, I'll find Micheal.

With that, Danny begins to look around, checking himself and his own behavior. Roberto doesn't look judgmental but rather empathetic and caring.

It's clear to Danny that Roberto speaks sense.

DANNY  
OK. I want to come back.

Roberto wraps his hand around Danny's shoulder, guiding him.

ROBERTO  
Sure, come on.

They begin the descent down the viscous pile. Cautiously.

**END OF ACT 3**



**ACT 4**EXT. CONSTRUCTION GATE, GROUND ZERO - NIGHT

With a red and white barrier being protected by NIGHT YARDSMAN (30), stocky build and smoking a cigar. Not paying much attention only to his clip board and to anyone waiting to come around.

Roberto lifts it up with just his hand, it pulls up into the air, letting Danny duck underneath it.

Now Danny faces Roberto, both either side of the barrier pole.

Roberto pours a bottle of water onto Danny's face, getting the dust out of his eyes.

DANNY

It's fine. I got it.

Danny takes the bottle clearing the rest up himself. The water falls to the floor and dust foams on the bottom of the ground. Mixing with the water. It's a dense mixture.

ROBERTO

Look, there's nobody doing any rides out until tomorrow. So if you're sure you want to leave now, --

DANNY

-- I'm sure. I'll call my little bro.

ROBERTO

Swear your family breed like fucking rabbits.

Roberto points out the way to go.

ROBERTO (cont'd)

Head down Hudson street, that's the best way to go. Straight towards Chelsea piers, that's the way to go.

DANNY

I can get picked up there?

ROBERTO

That's the closest place to go. You'll be walking for miles if not.

(MORE)

ROBERTO (cont'd)

When you get the discharge, let them know that I sent you. Should help out.

DANNY

Thanks for everything.

ROBERTO

You did good. I'll keep you and your folks updated.

With a silent nod from Danny, they go in for a hug, that's tight and that holds. A firm pat on the back, with dust dispersing into the air.

ROBERTO (cont'd)

You'll be OK?

DANNY

Yeah, I'll be fine.

Danny turns around to the streets, starts walking down it. The pile of ground zero lit up with flash lights, hanging in the distance. Seeing Danny leave.

EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT

Danny takes his first few steps out of the complex. Turning around the corner, he sees some people walking away from the magnificent Brookfield place, all lit up with it's glass oval dome.

He turns his head, debating on weather to leave it. Looking down the way he should be going. Taking out a cigarette, lighting it and going to Brookfield.

He starts walking with a limp, like a hurt animal that's been wounded. His face shows pain for the first step but he blanks it out.

EXT. BROOKFIELD ICE RINK - NIGHT

ENTRANCE

Two policemen are outside the place, guarding the place. Standing in front of a metal stands with rope hanging between the barrier.

We Track with Danny as he limps up towards the entrance.

Without a word, the policemen see him coming, unhooking the rope and placing letting him through.

Danny plays off the limp, making everything much easier.

OFFICER

Evening.

DANNY

Evening, thanks.

The fact that Danny is covered in dust is like a sign. Like being in a gang and that there's some unspoken pact. The police officers let him in without any hesitation.

INT. BROOKFIELD ICE RINK - NIGHT

Climbing the steps up to the rink, Danny walks slowly up to the glass barrier, everything is completely quiet. His footsteps echo outwards from the steps on each pace. Therapeutic sounding.

ON THE RINK

TWO EMERGENCY MEDICAL WORKERS come in, carrying a stretcher with two body bags placed one on top of the other. They are led by MARIA (32), an emergency organizer, with strange burn marks on her face.

She points to where the body bags should go.

MARIA

Right over here guys.

As the emergency workers place down the bodies;

NEW ANGLE - WIDE SHOT

Now hundreds if not thousands of body bags are placed on the white ice. Taking up the whole rink. There's only thin spaces where the ice lays, the majority is black fabric.

The emergency workers leave with Maria, from the center of the rink towards the side.

PAN 180 degrees, there's Danny looking down to the dead.

We go behind him, overlooking the terrible sight.

A fire door is slammed shut. A big thud. Now all alone.

Danny drops to his knees. Still clinging to the metal rail that runs over the glass barrier.

EXT. HUDSON STREET, LOWER MANHATTAN - NIGHT

Everything is eerily quiet. The wind blows in gentle breezes. The whistling howl going through the windows of all the buildings.

Everything is illuminated by dust, like freshly laid snow, all down every side street. Down the main street. You can't escape it.

Danny takes his time limping down the road.

Footprints are pressed on the ground. All the windows are closed with the curtains and blinds drawn open and no light inside. It's abandoned.

DANNY'S POV: STROLLING DOWN THE ROAD, EVERYTHING BLURRY.

But movement. Rubbing his eyes, Danny checks again.

The cry of a woman calls out.

TEXAS SUPPORTER (O.S.)  
(Distant shout)  
Woo-hooo! God bless you!

This mid-west supporter, a woman in her late twenties, TEXAS SUPPORTER has an United states flag draped around her. She's with two other men. NEW YORK SUPPORTER AND VERMONT. They all carry banners, signs that read; 'First Responders - we're with you' and 'Real American heroes, we love you'.

All of them stand behind another set of metal barriers at the end of the road, all alone.

As Danny steps closer, but confused and stunned by their flashlights, they crowd around him, like he's an attraction. It's clearly exciting to them.

DANNY  
Who are you?

Texas supporter steps forward.

TEXAS SUPPORTER  
Patriots, supporters of good men like yourself.

DANNY  
I, don't think -

TEXAS SUPPORTER  
- So were you in that mess?

DANNY  
Uh, yeah.

TEXAS SUPPORTER  
You got to tell me, what's it like?  
Describe it to me.

DANNY  
It's...

VERMONT  
Jesus, Stacey. He's just got out of  
there, give the kid a break.

Vermont shakes Danny's dust ridden hand.

VERMONT (cont'd)  
We're proud of you, sir. The whole  
nation. A real American hero.

NEW YORK SUPPORTER  
Is there anything we can do for you?

DANNY  
(Exhausted)  
Yes, actually. Can anyone give me a  
ride at all? I gotta get back home.

NEW YORK SUPPORTER  
Where do you live?

DANNY  
I gotta get to Long Island.

The supporters turn to eachother, talking to one another in  
whispers and huddling around.

VERMONT  
(To Danny)  
Non of us have a car. Is there  
anything else we can do for you?

Danny goes flat, tired. Blunt.

DANNY  
No, Look, I gotta get home, I'm just  
going to keep walking this way.

All the supporters lower their pro- American signs and banners. Looking to the ground disappointed.

NEW YORK SUPPORTER  
Yeah... Sure.

TEXAS SUPPORTER  
You're leaving already?

A little passive aggressively, Danny looks down at his muddy, dirt covered ripped clothes and looks back up to her. Already taking a step backwards.

DANNY  
I need to get home. I'm sorry. I don't know what you want me to say, sorry.

TEXAS SUPPORTER  
Bye then.....

NEW YORK SUPPORTER  
Stay safe.....

In the background as Danny steps away, the supporters lower their heads. Looking the other way.

VERMONT  
(In the background)  
Should we just go home?

INT./EXT. TRIAGE TENT, CHELSEA PIERS - NIGHT

Doctors and medics are lined up at fold-able tables. Treating rows and lines of patients that were first responders. DR. PILFRED -(60's), mature looking guy from German decent. A white beard and slim and tall, loose skin around his cheeks checks out a patient.

Pilfred checks out his patient. Seeing their lungs to see if all is well with a stethoscope. Pressed on the patient's back, sending a shiver down their spine.

OUTSIDE THE TRIAGE TENT

There's a breeze blowing the white cover of the tent. Boats are lit up sailing back and forth to New Jersey and further away. Crowds of patients are dispersed on the street.

A young Lady, NURSE KENNEDY - (24), short hair, short height but definitely in charge, holding a clip board and looking like she runs the place. Her eyes catch Danny. Then speed walking over to him;

Nurse Kennedy gets in his face.

NURSE KENNEDY  
Have you been checked?

DANNY  
I just need to use a payphone.

Danny tries to step around her, but she's adamant on standing her ground. Moving back in his way.

NURSE KENNEDY  
You need to follow procedures. I can't let you leave without a medical discharge.

DANNY  
I told you, I'm --

DR. PILFRED (O.S.)  
Nurse Kennedy. Nurse!

Pilfred comes over in his white medical coat. Looking concerned yet calm.

DR. PILFRED  
I'll take care of this one.  
(To Danny)  
Would you like to come this way,  
please?

Only loosely responsive, Danny nods. Dragging his feet across the asphalt ground.

Nurse Kennedy stays in the frame, arms crossed and annoyed. Eyes following Danny and the Doc leave.

INT. DISCHARGE ROOM, TRIAGE TENT, CHELSEA PIERS - NIGHT

A stethoscope on Danny's chest. Danny sits upright, shivering on a electronic patient bed. His shirt off, his eyes red and knackered.

DR. PILFRED  
Right, you're good to leave. We've already contacted your family for you.

Danny puts on his shirt, a little more focused.

DANNY  
Thank God.

DR. PILFRED  
Yes. God. I believe it was your  
brother, a Toby Moreno?

DANNY  
Yeah. I just need to get out of here.

DR. PILFRED  
I want you to take what I'm saying  
in. I know you're all well now, but  
there will come a time when all this  
catches up to you.

DANNY  
I'll be fine.

Jumping off the bed and onto his feet, Danny takes a  
struggling step.

Pilfred presses a palm on Danny's chest, demanding some  
understanding.

DR. PILFRED  
It will catch up with you. That day  
will always be by your side. Every  
September morning. Every anniversary.

DANNY  
What are you talking about?

DR. PILFRED  
You think this unity, this pro USA,  
we're all in this together bullshit  
will last? This is still America. You  
still need to pay for healthcare.

DANNY  
I understand.

DR. PILFRED  
Take this.

Taking out a business card, Dr. Pilfred passes it over.

DR. PILFRED (cont'd)  
I don't mean to upset you. It's just,  
you seem like a clever young man.  
Even when a couple of planes fly into  
a couple of buildings, and the world  
will never be the same, America is  
still America. Nothing changes there.

Danny looks down at the card in his hands.



INSERT IN: BUSINESS CARD; 'DR. GOAH MENTAL HEALTH INSURANCE PROFESSIONAL'.

Danny pockets the card.

DANNY

My brother?

DR. PILFRED

He's on his way down. You'll have to wait outside for him, as you can see we're overloaded.

DANNY

Thanks, Doc.

In the door frame, Nurse Kennedy is still. Lingered and watching with her clip board. Danny's steps past her.

DANNY (cont'd)

(Under breath)

Free to go.

EXT. TRIAGE TENT, CHELSEA PIERS - NIGHT

Pushing the flaps of the tent open, Danny covers his eyes, clenching them in pain.

Nurse Kennedy is right on his tail, follows out after him. She holds onto him as he loses balance, spinning around.

Danny falls to the curb, but Kennedy grabs his wrist, holding onto him and softening the fall by slowing it.

Danny, on the floor stretches out his arms defensively.

DANNY

It's fine - I'm OK.

NURSE KENNEDY

Yeah! Sure! Just sit there. Wait for your brother.

DANNY

No shit.

Huffing, with her arms crossed, Kennedy goes back to the tent. With an aggressive tug, pulling the tent flaps open as she enters.

Some onlookers start to watch Danny. The dust covering his face and hair.

Irritated, Danny starts to slap the dust away, beating it out on his clothes and pushing it off his face. This only gets the dust deeper into his eyes.

Everyone watches like it's a massive tourist attraction.

DANNY (cont'd)  
 (Agony)  
 What the fuck do you all want? Mind  
 your own business.

Silently and self consciously, everyone turns away, trying to act normal.

Danny is now like a dog, a fighting animal. Trying to clean himself but only making it worse and worse.

He scratches. Itches.

TOBY (V.O.)  
 Danny!

Feeling his eyes, looking around. Danny starts freaking out but blindly.

TOBY (V.O.) (cont'd)  
 Danny!

DANNY  
 What the fuck! I can't see! I can't  
 fucking see!

DANNY'S POV: EVERYTHING SPINNING.

The lights are orbs, blurring into one. Everything is unfocused and uneasy. The balance of sight keeps tilting.

Danny knocks into another patient, an angry middle aged obese man, whose about to lose his temper.

MIDDLE AGED MAN  
 Watch it, kid!

TOBY MORENO - (21), the younger and shorter brother of Danny comes into view. A skinny, innocent looking face. He looks worried and uneasy but keeps his composure confidently.

He holds onto Danny.

TOBY  
 (Calmly)  
 Danny, stop!

For a 21 year old, Toby is still strong enough to steady his older brother, keeping him still.

A half empty bottle stays on the pavement with the cap off. Toby snatches it off the curb.

Struggling, Danny is freaking out. Screaming and terrorized. A kaskade of water is poured onto his face from his brother.

[PAUSE]

Danny blinks. His eyes, red and sore. He looks at his little brother, clearly able to see. Letting out a small wince of pain, Danny hugs Toby. Danny is clearly upset, Toby keeps slapping Danny's back. A distraction to hold back the emotions.

TOBY (cont'd)

Let's go home.

Danny finally pulls away. Nods and wipes his nose on his sleeve.

DANNY

And a Big Mac.

EXT. WEST STREET - NIGHT

Toby helps Danny climb into the back of his 1986 Volkswagen Rabbit. Then closing the squeaking door for Danny until it slams shut.

INT. VOLKSWAGEN RABBIT - WEST STREET - NIGHT

Driving continuously. Bumps in the road where the tarmac overlaps the next slab.

Nothing is said. Toby keeps tapping the wheel. He turns on the radio to a dance music channel, only to switch it off again.

Slowly, Danny dips his head into his hands, resting on his forehead.

INT. VOLKSWAGEN RABBIT - MANHATTAN BRIDGE - NIGHT

Crossing over the bridge.

Toby keeps looking out of the window, looking a little awkward. He keeps checking Danny, looking back at him through the mirror.

Danny stays still, silent and listless. His eyes fixed to the vehicle floor.

TOBY

Hey, you should probably get those clothes off. Not any good for your asthma.

Danny looks up, finally a response.

He starts unzipping his coat.

NEW ANGLE: FROM ABOVE LOOKING DOWN ON THE CAR. DANNY AND THE TRUNK.

Everything is chucked over the backseat into the trunk.

- The jeans.

- The coat.

- The gloves.

- The boots.

- The shirt.

- The socks.

Danny stays in just his T-shirt and underwear. Then going back to his position of keeping his head down, and his hands together.

MOMENTS LATER

Unintentionally, Toby looks to the skyline.

TOBY (cont'd)

(To himself)

Fucking assholes.

Now Danny turns his head out the window, the exact same direction.

We see the black sky, no shadows. Exactly where the twin towers once stood.

TOBY (cont'd)

Don't look!



ACT 5EXT./INT. SUBURBAN HOME, LONG ISLAND - NIGHT

A front garden with plants blowing gently, rose bushes have their branches sticking out onto the stone pathway that leads to the front, cream colored door.

The outdoor light shines over the lawn, making half of the place visible. It's a soft, weak light.

Toby puts the copper key into the keyhole. Unlocking the door and making his way inside. Danny is right behind him, walking in quietly.

CYNTHIA MORENO (O.S.)

(Worried)

Is that him, is that my baby?

The sounds of footsteps stomp harder and louder on the floor, making the old floorboards creak.

She comes around the corner, her jaw dropping;

CYNTHIA MORENO - (49), The mother of Danny, Micheal and Toby stands in the entrance. She has dark, jet black Italian hair that flows down softly, and an angry face, which is red and tearful.

CYNTHIA MORENO

Danny?

DANNY

... Hey, mom.

Cynthia goes in for an attempt of hitting Danny with the tee - towel in her hands, angered and wild eyed. The whole aura is rage.

CYNTHIA MORENO

(Trying to hit)

You stupid! Stupid! -- Stupid!!

Danny keeps back, dodging it all and moving behind Toby, who grabs Cynthia's hand down, trying to relax the situation. She struggles but Toby manages to restrain her.

TOBY

Mom, stop!

CYNTHIA MORENO

(Upset)

You couldn't have called? One call,  
one call, Danny?

Danny starts to well up. A bubble in his throat which only makes his mother more emotional.

DANNY

I', -- I'm sorry, mom. I'm sorry.

TOBY

He's OK, mom. Danny's home now.

Danny opens up his arms, facing Cynthia compellingly.

[PAUSE]

Coming in for a hug. Cynthia holds Danny tightly. Not letting go for anything, she cries into his shoulder.

Toby comes in closer too, all three of them hugging with the front door open. The crickets outside creak.

INSERT CUT: A plughole, the shower running. The water in the plug, mixing with dirt, the dust and water bubbles, soaking down the drain.

INT. DANNY'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - NIGHT

Posters of Yankee baseball players and posters of the New York skyline are displayed all over the light blue walls, in this small, cozy bedroom.

A poster of the Twin Towers hangs right above Danny's old, wooden single bed. The sheets, already made.

A portable box television is also in one corner of this minimalist room, sitting on a wooden box. Its switched off and we see Danny walk in by the reflection of the T.V screen.

Holding a towel around his waist, Danny makes his way to the bed. Cynthia is quick to follow though, running into the room and going over to the bed before Danny.

CYNTHIA MORENO

Let me take this down.

She jumps on the bed, ready to take down the WTC poster.

DANNY  
No. It's fine, mom. Just let me get  
some rest, OK?

Cynthia nods understandably. Looking worried and on edge she comes off the bed. Danny slumps onto the bed, truly exhausted. Towel around his waist. Looking up at the ceiling.

Cynthia looks over from the doorway.

CYNTHIA MORENO  
I'm sorry if I'm fussing. I'm glad  
you're OK. I love you.

Danny tilts his head down to her.

DANNY  
I love you too, mom. We'll find  
Micheal.

CYNTHIA MORENO  
I - I know we will.  
(Pause)  
Is there anything I can get you?

Danny rests the back of his head on the pillow, closing his eyes.

DANNY  
No, I'm fine.

In the hallway behind Cynthia, Toby walks past with his nurse uniform on. Cynthia is quick to turn her head.

CYNTHIA MORENO  
Toby, do you want to say goodbye to  
your brother?

DANNY  
It's fine.

TOBY (O.S.)  
Yeah.

He walks back into the doorway.

TOBY  
Get some rest. I'm heading down there  
now.

Danny's eyes are already closing.



DANNY  
Thanks for getting me.

With a two taps on the wood, Toby heads out. Cynthia leans in and closes the door.

INT. DANNY'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - MORNING

Sunlight hits the blinds in a way that shows the dirt on them.

Kids are outside playing. Danny gets up, walking over to them and pulling the blinds back. Quickly closing them again as the light hits his retinas painfully.

DANNY  
Urgh.

INT. KITCHEN, SUBURBAN HOME - MORNING

Walking out with his dressing gown around him loosely. Nobody is about. The kitchen is dark, quiet and lonely. A late nineties decor of red and cream.

He makes his way over to the island, where drip coffee still sits in the jug.

Reaching up for a mug on a hook and pouring the coffee. Danny's face, emotionless.

INT. LIVING ROOM, SUBURBAN HOME - MORNING

Alone on the couch, sitting down and sipping another taste of coffee. Outside the front window, the sunlight hits the front lawn.

INSERT CUT: SPRINKLER WATER HITTING THE SHARP SHARDS OF GRASS.

The clock above the window reads 10:30. Ticking.

Going for another sip but Danny convulses, out of nowhere. The mug drops smashing with what was left.

Danny leans forward letting out an awkward cry and vomiting all over the laminate floor. He goes a second time. A third time doesn't come.

DANNY  
 (Heavy breathing)  
 Oh, God.

INSERT CUT: A MOP HEAD MIXING WITH THE VOMIT. CLEANING UP.

MOMENTS LATER

Finally sitting down again. Danny takes a deep breath.  
 Reaching for the T.V remote.

It pings on, after a static channel, then comes CNN.

INSERT IN: CNN REPORTERS.

The voice and video of Paula Zahn and Anderson Cooper turn up. The T.V screen is old and fuzzy.

ANDERSON COOPER (FILTERED)  
 And if we just watch that footage,  
 one more time.

PAULA ZAHN (FILTERED)  
 (On television)  
 Wow. There it goe--

ANDERSON COOPER (FILTERED)  
 -- And if you actually watch, it's  
 free falling.

The South Tower collapses, crushing into the ground from a new perspective.

BACK TO Danny. Shaking, watching, and frozen still.

PAULA ZAHN (O.S) (FILTERED)  
 Horrendous.

ANDERSON COOPER (FILTERED)  
 President Bush has visiting the site  
 of the attacks and here is what he  
 has to say.

It cuts to George Bush near ground zero. of the pile.  
 Shouting with a microphone. everyone is chanting him on.

PRESIDENT BUSH (FILTERED)  
 Whoever did this. We will hit back  
 harder, and stronger than ever  
 before.

The crowd cheer him on. 'U.S.A, U.S.A!'

Danny is now shivering. Pale and sickly looking.

ANDERSON COOPER (O.S.)

And of course, now we know that the terrorist group; Al-Qaeda and Osama - Bin - Laden are responsible for the execution of the plans.

PAULA ZAHN (FILTERED)

Scary, horrifying scenes from downtown New York.

Post traumatic stress builds in Danny. He can't even hear the Television, he falls on the floor. But outside, way up in the sky is a shining blot in the blue sky.

The sound of an airplane passing over.

Danny freaks out. Incapable of pulling himself together, breathing deep but with no rhythm.

All we hear is the rumble of the plane, thousands of feet up in the air. No danger at all but Danny is finished.

EXT. FRONT YARD, SUBURBAN HOME - MORNING

The front door smashes open, Danny runs out, manic and stressed. Sweat running from his forehead and the dressing gown isn't even covering him up. He's lost it.

DANNY

(Shouting, running)

Get down, everyone get down!

Neighbors watch with unease. A mother pulls her children away from watching (because Danny's drawing attention to his uncensored self).

Down the sidewalk, full sprinting with the dressing gown trailing behind. An elderly man neighbor waters his lawn.

ELDERLY NEIGHBOR

Danny, Danny!

The sound of the airplane fades away as we follow Danny running into the middle of the empty road.

NEW ANGLE: NEW YORK MOTHER AND HER KIDS.

She kneels down, eye level with her sons.

NEW YORK MOTHER

I want you both to go back to the  
house OK? Get dad.

SONS

OK.

BACK TO SCENE

Danny cries, crouching down in the road. The sun on his  
back.

All the neighbors are outside the houses, watching.

Instead of treating him like a freak, they all come closer,  
surrounding Danny. Kneeling down next to him and holding  
him.

He cries in their embrace. They cry in his.

The American flag flies on a pole, sticking up from some  
green grass.

All we see is Danny's back, crouched and turned towards us  
and the neighbors comforting him.

