

110 STORIES

Written

by

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Based on the play 110 Stories by Sarah Tuft

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FADE IN:

OPENING TITLES over BLACK--

WE HEAR an ANSWERING MACHINE MESSAGE. Though the technology is dated, the SOUND OF A MOTHER'S VOICE will never be.

MOM (V.O.)

Hi, Sweetheart, it's your Mom. And I guess I'm waking you up to a horrific day in New York City. I presume you're still sleeping,
(with a nervous laugh)
which is a good thing...

Her VOICE continues over--

EXT. LOWER MANHATTAN - DAY

The narrow streets surge with NEW YORKERS-- WALL STREET SUITS and the WORKERS who serve them. Briefcases, newspapers, coffees in hand. BODIES IN MOTION rushing to get to work.

MOM (V.O.)

If you haven't-- if you haven't--
If you don't know already--
There've been some attacks on New York City. So turn on your cable TV... Ahhh... But I'll be in short--
There've been some bombs. There've been some explosions. There've been planes-- two commercial planes-- that were hijacked, ploughed into the Twin Towers at about nine this morning. Two different planes. And the second Tower, half an hour later-- another explosion and Kaplatz!

The New Yorkers BRAKE INTO SLOW MOTION. Look up. Point. Gasp. Cover their mouths in shock and horror.

MOM (V.O.)

We have one Twin Tower still standing and on fire. Of course, the whole city's been closed down, all the subways...

She pauses. *Where's my daughter? Oh I know!*

MOM

I'm gonna try you on your cell.
 Maybe you're on your way somewhere
 on your bike, um... but I love you
 very much, Sweetheart. And you're
 safe and I'm safe and the people we
 love are safe. So talk to you
 later. Bye.

TIME STAMP (V.O.)

Tuesday, 10:11 a.m.

ARCHIVAL RECORDING of the PLANE CRASHING into the Tower.

TITLES END.

SUPER: *"110 Stories" is based on emails and interviews
 conducted in the days and months following September 11th*

GARRETT FISHER (V.O.)

I am alive in New York.

EXT. BIKE PATH (HUDSON RIVER PARK) - DAY

GARRETT FISHER (20s-30s), geeky cute and super-smart with a
 confidence just this side of cocky, stands by the guard rail
 with his bicycle. The Hudson River sparkles behind him.

SUPER: *September 15, 2001*

GARRETT FISHER

I would not say I am alive and well
 but I certainly am alive.

SUPER: *Garrett Fisher, web applications programmer*

GARRETT FISHER (CONT'D)

I work, *worked*, for Morgan Stanley
 on the 69th floor of the South
 Tower.

Garrett addresses the camera or rather, the UNSEEN FEMALE
 FILMMAKER behind it.

GARRETT FISHER (CONT'D)

Are you sure you don't want me to
 just read the email? I wrote it
 that night. It's spontaneous enough
 and--

FILMMAKER (V.O.)

No, this is better. Just, you know, whatever you can remember. It's not about the details...

GARRETT FISHER

Oh I remember the details, every single one. That's exactly what--
(deep breath)

Okay. I came out of the subway that morning in front of the building at about nine o'clock. People were yelling and sort of panicking and running around. I figured there was a car accident or something so I just kept walking, thinking about the work I have to do and stuff, if you can believe it. Then I saw people looking up at the sky. So I looked up and saw all this smoke and huge amounts of burning paper and junk flying way up in the air. Even though I was certainly surprised and taken aback, I was so confused and clueless, that I sort of still kept walking toward the building. You know, I wasn't on the side where you could see the hole. I just saw the smoke. There were cops and firefighters everywhere so I figured there was just a fire or something. Whatever. There've been fires up there before.

EXT. STREET (BROADWAY AND PARK ROW) - DAY

OFFICER HERNANDEZ (20s-30s), stoic but tense, directs traffic past newly erected police barricades. Latino accent.

OFFICER HERNANDEZ

Well, I was at Federal Plaza, which is jus' a few blocks away. At first, I thought it was jus' a military plane, y'know-- a missile, breaking the sound barrier. So I didn't think anything of it. I jus', y'know, looked up.

SUPER: Officer Hernandez, NYPD

An official vehicle PULLS UP. Red light on the dashboard. The DRIVER shows credentials.

OFFICER HERNANDEZ (CONT'D)
Straight ahead, jus' four blocks,
then turn right. You can't miss it.

The car DRIVES off.

OFFICER HERNANDEZ (CONT'D)
I didn't even see it 'cause I was
writing in my memo book, y'know, my
entries. So I asked people, "What
is it?" Y'know, "What was that?"
And they said, "A plane." So what
happens? I run to the scene. The
funny thing is, when you go to The
Academy, they tell you when you
hear shots fired, you're gonna go
towards the shots fired but people
are gonna be running away. And
that's when it hit me-- I was like,
"I'm going towards it."
(chuckles)
I'm going towards the flames. I'm
going towards the building that is
burning." So I was like, "Okay!"
Kept on running.

INTERCUT GARRETT FISHER/OFFICER HERNANDEZ

GARRETT FISHER
Then about thirty seconds later,
all of a sudden, there was a HUGE
fucking explosion pretty much
directly above me. It was so
indescribably loud. Oh my God, I
was just like, "Holy fucking shit!"
And I must have frozen there for a
few seconds, I was so completely
shocked out of my skull. I swear to
God, I thought I was imagining it.
You know, you get up hung-over,
have a quiet private morning and
then something like that happens
and you think you're still in bed
dreaming or something. And as I was
still walking towards the building--
I must have been on autopilot-- all
of this shit, huge burning shit,
started falling and smashing into
people right in front of me. And
there was this deafening noise...

OFFICER HERNANDEZ

People were jus' hit with the debris-- the arms, the legs, the head-- stuff like that. All over the place! It was jus', y'know, a little *crazy*.

GARRETT FISHER

People started to really run crazy in all directions. I started to go over to help them but as soon as I got another ten feet, an object, like, an ENORMOUS object-- I think it was a piece of concrete with a window attached-- I mean, just fucking huge... slammed right on top of this couple, this poor couple, you know, tourists or whatever. The guy had a backpack on and this girl with a pink sun visor. I just imagine now how she was probably so excited about wearing her little pink hat. And they absolutely without a doubt got completely flattened and killed right in front of me.

OFFICER HERNANDEZ

You name it. Like, the lady next to me, she got hit with a piece of the engine, like this big-- In the leg-- And it was from here down-- The whole thing was wide open.

GARRETT FISHER

Fiery pieces of unidentified stuff were totally raining down around me. At that point, I just realized I couldn't help these people, that I just had to start running.

OFFICER HERNANDEZ

And that's it, y'know? I saw the explosion of the plane and I jus' saw pieces of the plane coming my way and I was like, "Time to go!" and started running.

GARRETT FISHER

I've never run so fast in my entire life. There were cops running next to me yelling--

OFFICER HERNANDEZ
Get back! Get back! Run! Run!

GARRETT FISHER
You know shit is bad when cops are
running with you.

Garrett WHEELS his bike further down the path.

GARRETT FISHER (CONT'D)
I was passing like, everyone, I was
running so fast. People were
falling down, getting trampled,
grabbing each other, helping each
other up. Everyone was on cell
phones and dropping their bags-- a
woman grabbing her baby out of the
carriage and taking off. There were
five or six car accidents around
me, people getting out of their
cars, running and screaming.

OFFICER HERNANDEZ
The guy next to me, he died on the
spot 'cause, y'know, he got hit in
the head so-- right in the head.
Got hit. Dead.

GARRETT FISHER
My plan was to get to the river and
swim to New Jersey. I swear to God,
I know it sounds ridiculous now but
at the time-- you have to remember--
I had no fucking idea what was
going on. I didn't see any plane. I
just saw the explosion. People were
yelling that we were being bombed
and stuff. It definitely felt like
we were being shot at. I really had
no clue. I just thought I was going
to get killed. I mean, I'd already
seen like, ten people get killed in
about five different ways around
me. So I figured if we were being
attacked and the whole island was
going to blow up-- which I had
every reason to believe given my
surroundings-- then I would want to
be in the water. No? So I took a
sharp left on Canal Street and
headed for the Hudson.

Garrett mounts his bike and KICKS OFF. CAMERA PANS to follow
him as he recedes. A HUGE PLUME OF GREY SMOKE looming above.

INT. FIREHOUSE KITCHEN - DAY

Humongous baking pans, jumbo-sized spatulas, pots the size of trash cans. The meal's a big deal at a firehouse.

At a long mahogany table sits FIREFIGHTER DON CASEY (40s-50s), handsome, husky, eyes hardened from seeing more than their fair share of shit. A Staten Island guy surrounded by ten empty chairs.

FF DON CASEY

Okay. I'm usually one of the first guys up in the firehouse. I mean, I have a daughter and all, you know, used to that routine and gettin' up early.

SUPER: *Firefighter Don Casey, FDNY Ladder 9*

FF DON CASEY (CONT'D)

Now we have two companies here in this house-- Ladder 9 and Engine 33. But we're like one big family, right? So I'm sittin' in the kitchen, waitin' for the guys to start rollin' in, start the day off, you know? And Jeff Walz-- he comes walkin' in and he has a funny story about a cop pullin' him over--

JEFF WALZ enters, animated.

SUPER: *Lieutenant Jeffrey Walz, Ladder 9*

FF DON CASEY (CONT'D)

And Kevin Pfeifer--

KEVIN PFEIFER enters with a grocery bag.

SUPER: *Lieutenant Kevin Pfeifer, Engine 33*

FF DON CASEY (CONT'D)

He comes in with his bag of fruit, drops it on the table. And that's usually when the guys upstairs start wakin' up, start mullin' around...

DAVID ARCE and MICHAEL BOYLE enter.

FF DON CASEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Dave Arce and Mike Boyle-- they come in.

Casey watches them clowning around.

FF DON CASEY (CONT'D)
Being that they're best friends,
they did everything together.

SUPER: *Firefighter David Arce, Engine 33; Firefighter Michael Boyle, Engine 33*

FF DON CASEY (CONT'D)
John Tierney, our Probie, he come
down.

JOHN TIERNEY enters, hesitant. Takes a seat.

SUPER: *John Tierney, Probationary Firefighter, Ladder 9*

FF DON CASEY (CONT'D)
Gerard, Keith... everyone's there.

REVEAL the ten empty chairs, now filled with FIREFIGHTERS. They laugh, bust balls, button their FDNY "work-duty" uniforms, eat breakfast, read the paper.

SUPER: *Firefighter Gerard Baptiste, Ladder 9; Firefighter Robert "Bobby" Evans, Engine 33; Firefighter Keithroy M. Maynard, Engine 33*

FF DON CASEY (CONT'D)
And we're just BS-in' around the
kitchen table like always. And a
run comes in.

FEMALE VOICE (PA SYSTEM)
Engine.

FF DON CASEY
And it's 8:47. So the Engine
officer, says, "Ahhh Mother!"
'cause officers don't get overtime
after 8:45 so he wouldn't get the
overtime. It's in their contract, I
dunno. So he gives a little like,
disgruntled huff. And just then,
Bobby Evans comes runnin' in, says,
"A plane just hit the World Trade
Center!" And I'm like, "Get outta
here!" He goes, "Yeah, yeah!" So we
all run out to the fronta quarters
to see this big gaping hole in the
World Trade Center. Well, the
Ladder Company runs out. The
Engine's already on their rig
pullin' out.

So the Ladder Officer tells us,
 "C'mon, get your gear on! Be ready
 for when the ticket comes!" So
 we're just standin' around the
 housewatch lookin' at the TV
 sayin', "Where's our ticket? Don't
 tell me they're waitin' till nine
 o'clock to save the city a coupla
 dollars!" And sure enough, at nine
 o'clock and fourteen seconds--

FEMALE VOICE (PA SYSTEM)

Ladder.

FF DON CASEY

We get our ticket to go down to the
 World Trade Center.

(beat)

John Tierney-- He was our Proby--
 Being the officer says, "Get your
 gear on. Get ready to go," he
 figures he should go. Well, Probys
 only ride till nine o'clock. So
 when the ticket came at nine
 o'clock and fourteen seconds, this
 kid was actually off-duty. But he's
 standin' in the middle of the
 street as the rig's pullin' out.
 He's like, "Should I go?" I tell
 him, "No! You're not goin' down
 there! You'd be workin' all day and
 not even get paid for it! What are
 you, nuts?" He says, "Well, the
 officer told me to get my gear on
 and get ready to go." So I'm like,
 "Welp, if he told you that, I
 guess, c'mon."

REVEAL Casey, alone again, with ten empty chairs.

EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY

FIREFIGHTER LOU TRAZINO (40s-50s), civilian clothes, paternal
 stability, watches his daughter, JILL (5), SWEEP back and
 forth on the swing set.

FF LOU TRAZINO

My daughter'd been after me to take the training wheels off her bike. Well, you know, she's still five... Gonna be six in December... So I didn't really think she was capable. So I kept telling her, "Jill, you're gonna have to wait. Wait till Daddy thinks you're ready." "No Daddy, I'm ready."

SUPER: *Firefighter Lou Trazino, Engine 33, and resident of Lower Manhattan*

FF LOU TRAZINO (CONT'D)

So we sat down, looked at my schedule. "Okay on Tuesday, Daddy's going to be off." And we drew, up on the calendar, a bicycle. And that little bicycle was the day we'd take her training wheels off. That morning, we stepped outside and said, "Aww, what a great day this is. This is the most beautiful day!" Jill, of course, goes, "Daddy, you're going to take my training wheels off my bike today!" I said, "Sure. Absolutely! It's a great day. It's a great day for it."

ANGLE ON--

KAREN SLADE (30s-40s), urban downtown-chic mom, watches her son, IAN (8), PLAY on the jungle-gym.

KAREN SLADE

It was such a beautiful day. We'd just moved back to New York four days before this happened. And my son, Ian, was so excited to be going back to his school. So we're back to our normal life, back to all the little things we love about New York. We'd just moved to the financial district 'cause, you know... Tribeca had out-priced us years ago.

SUPER: *Karen Slade, writer and resident of Lower Manhattan*

KAREN SLADE

That morning... We're not usually "on time" people... But that morning, we woke up early so I could walk Ian to school. So we walked through the World Trade Center, past that statue of the man on his laptop. And Ian leapfrogged over these brass sculptures, these little brown balls he used to leap over every day.

Ian LEAPS OVER small posts in the playground.

KAREN SLADE (CONT'D)

We walked under that sky-bridge that connects World Trade 7. There's a Jasper Johns inside and Ian said, "Oh Mom. We've never been in there." And I said, "Well, let's go this afternoon." When we got to school, I kissed him good-bye on the forehead and headed to the Farmers' Market 'cause I needed to like, stock the house. I stopped in a "99 Cents Store" and bought a pack of sponges. And thought I heard a car accident. I went out and saw this woman running. Her face looked-- She was terrified and she was on her cell. But nobody else on the street was running, just this one person. So I thought, "Oh my God. She's having like, a really bad day or something." Then I saw all these papers flying in the sky and I thought, "Is there a ticker tape parade today?" You know, "Today's September 11th. Was there a Yankees game?" I'm not much up on sports.

FF LOU TRAZINO

We were in Jill's schoolyard when I heard that plane roaring down. It went from this gigantic airplane-- it looked so huge over the city-- to this-- so small up against that building-- then just went in... the nose, the fuselage, the wings, the tail-- disappears. And as it was going in, the building lit up like a jack-o'-lantern.

Lou stands, alert as Jill JUMPS from her swing. Lands on both feet, proud. Lou nods his approval.

Jill SCRAMBLES toward the sliding board. Lou strolls along, keeping close to his daughter, keeping her in his sights.

FF LOU TRAZINO (CONT'D)

I knew we'd all be going to work that day, that this was gonna be the most enormous rescue operation the city had ever seen. I also knew I had to get my family home. But before I could work out a plan, I saw Engine 33 flying by. I could see all the figures in there... I couldn't make out who... but I knew they were going down pretty cockily, like they always were, to put that fire out.

EXT. STREETS (WALL STREET AREA) - DAY

A ghost town covered in dust. Boarded-up storefronts. Discarded shoes. Crushed emergency vehicles.

Police barricades cut off access to landmark buildings no one wants to enter. The Merrill Lynch bull, powerful but frozen, a symbol of disasters to come.

EXT. ELECTRONICS STORE (J&R MUSIC WORLD) - DAY

WE MOVE behind the retail outlet, its storefront window of high-end electronics, circa 2001.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

A gated community defined by a chain link fence. Industrial trash bins are its walls. Cardboard boxes are its homes. Shopping carts are its cars.

SUPER: *"Theatre Alley" behind Park Row*

SUPER: *September 27, 2001*

A TV BLASTS A FOOTBALL GAME from atop a trash can.

HOMELESS PEOPLE drift and sleep. An African American couple, TERRENCE (40s-60s), all sharp edges and alert, and LILLIAN (40s-50s), strong but not altogether present, PUSH a grocery cart filled with all their worldly possessions in tattered plastic bags.

TERRENCE

Well, I witnessed the whole thing. It totally crippled us, the homeless people, totally crippled us 'cause World Trade Center was like, base.

SUPER: *Terrence and Lillian, residents of an alley near the World Trade Center*

TERRENCE (CONT'D)

We'd go down there... four-thirty, five o'clock in the morning... take care of our personal hygiene... clean up, wash up n' get our meals. Now it's no more. Some of us go to Beaver Street but it's so crowded, by the time you take a shower, your whole day's shot! Now we got nothing. Got nothing!

In the background, ANGRY WORDS are exchanged between TWO HOMELESS MEN. THE CAMERA starts to follow but returns to--

TERRENCE (CONT'D)

I will say this to you, my friends here saved a lot of lives. People just raced into this alley, went up against that wall and it was pitch black. My friends here got 'em out, took 'em to the hospital and came back and gave out masks. I was on Church Street coming out of a bookstore, me and my wife here. I could practically see the passengers on the plane, the first one. Crash! And I told her, "Oh Shit!" Excuse my French. And then she started chanting and--

LILLIAN

Praying--

TERRENCE

Praying--

LILLIAN

I started praying and for some reason, the Lord just led me to pray for the people!

TERRENCE

The next thing we know, the second building blew. BOOM!

LILLIAN

And I started crying crazy! And I started praying, praying-- being that I'm spiritual? So like, the souls-- I was praying for the souls.

TERRENCE

I got a feeling I gotta go into therapy behind this 'cause it keeps playing back to my mind. I need some kind of counseling. I keep telling her that, because to witness that, to see-- It's having a devastating effect on me. Because I saw the whole thing initially. At close range. Ask Thomas. He was here...

CAMERA PANS TO--

Armed with his trusty broom, THOMAS (40s-60s), tall, white, a modern-day Lenny in the modern-day "Of Mice and Men", SWEEPS the alley.

He stops at his paintings, small primitively rendered demonic dreamscapes on wood, leaning against the fence. The ultimate "outsider art."

Thomas acknowledges the unseen Filmmaker, lays down his broom, provides the interview like it's his civic duty.

THOMAS

I woke up, went down to Beekman Hospital, cleaned up in the bathroom, which is my normal routine.

SUPER: Thomas, artist and resident of an alley near the World Trade Center

THOMAS (CONT'D)

I swepted the alley around eighty-three in the morning and I heard a jet go over. Then we heard the explosion. I put down the broom and went to the end of the alley. The North Tower was in flames, all the upper floors, nothing but fire. So I helped direct traffic with a guy from the hardware store-- I've known him for a few years.

We were getting all the civilian traffic to go north so the emergency vehicles could get in. Then I heard another plane and saw a big ball of flame come up in the air, like I've never seen in my life. Pardon my language, but it was like all hell was breaking loose. We came back to the alley and it was thick with dust and people who'd run from the buildings. So we helped them get to the hospital. I knew the way even in the dark, just make a right and go straight. That's when I went in the bathroom. My clothes were covered with dust. I looked like Frosty the Snowman! So I cleaned my mouth and my nose out and washed my head off. I said, "I'm getting outta here." My first thought was to head to Chinatown. I figured a terrorist isn't going to bomb Chinatown. There's nothing up there to bomb but some egg rolls and some ducks hanging in the window. So that's where I went.

Thomas picks up a painting, holds it out.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Can I interest you in a painting?

FULL SCRIPT AVAILABLE UPON REQUEST