

**Reflecting Sunlight**

*by s.a. cavanaugh*

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*Stage is dark. Sound of old song, "As Time Goes By" by Ella Fitzgerald comes up. Spotlight turns on shining from above, stage right. We see an old-time pine coffin. It is horizontal to audience, head pointing toward center stage. Song goes under. We hear a voice of a MAN, mid to late twenties echoing from within the coffin. He takes a breath as if he's about to talk, pauses, collects himself, then begins to speak:*

**Man:** I have this recurring dream and I can't wake up. I am a regular New Yorker just doing my job and anything is possible. I am walking down the street in mid-town Manhattan. It's a normal day, almost early. People are in their usual hurried bubbles walking up Third Avenue. They are thinking about the meeting they are late for. I am thinking about the same meeting.

*The man begins to stand. He is dressed in slacks, oxford shirt, dress shoes, belt and simple tie. He is an office worker.*

I have my cell phone to my ear in one hand; I have my lunch in the other. I bump into a stranger and keep walking without looking back. The stranger doesn't look back either. I notice a small girl in a stroller. The stroller is stopped on the corner. Her mother is behind the stroller fumbling with a to-go cup of coffee in a bag, which also has a bagel inside. I don't realize I'm looking at her. The street is lit with a strange late morning sun that isn't direct, rather the light ripples off the street because it is reflecting from the dark glass of a high rise building. This effect creates a dulled, indoor incandescent feeling. A taxi rolls by in seemingly slow motion and I follow the line of its movement until it meets the reflection point of the sun on the building.

*The man stands straight, arms to his side. In his left hand he holds a bagged lunch, in his right, a cell phone. He stares directly above him into the light in the sky. He remains staring at the light through the rest of the dream description.*

A shadow appears on the reflection point and I scan the air to find the source of the shadow. It is a small plane flying silently barely above the skyline. Odd, I think, to see such a small plane in mid-town in the morning. I wonder what flight school moron is lost, what wind blew the plane through the heart of our city. Then I wonder if it's a mistake. The plane looks as if it is in trouble. Smoke seems to be billowing from its tail and my stomach leaps into my throat as I worry if the pilot is in for it. Who can help him? Up ahead, I see people emerging from their bubbles coughing, covering their mouths. Pain and blood begin to seep from their mouths, nose, ears and eyes. I realize the small plane is not in trouble, it is releasing something into the air that is now settling on the street. I see the little girl in the stroller not too far from me begin to rub her eyes. The mother still fumbles with the bagel in the bag. How can this be happening? How is it possible? After all that happened with the towers? Haven't we engaged enough defenses that no plane could enter the Manhattan air space? Aren't there supposed to be F-16s circling the Island? Oh no, shit, this is a small plane. It must have flown in underneath the reach of radar. Has word reached the circling fighters? Oh no, shit. Didn't I read the other day that the circling planes have stopped? Doesn't that mean that the threat is over? Finally! Other

planes are here. They are moving much faster. They are the fighters I've been looking for. They are flying too fast to corner the little plane. They pass but seem afraid to shoot. Should I run? My ears begin to muffle. It's hard to breath. People are bumping into me, I don't notice. They don't notice either. They are dizzy. I look up and notice that a fighter has locked on to the little plane and there's an explosion. Hurray! I want to say but can't form words through the locked passages in my lungs. I'm on my knees. The explosion occurred directly above my head. Fire rains, metal parts fall, and a tire bounces softly beside me. It begins to snow but the snow is not cold, rather, it burns. It coats my skin and my skin begins to bubble. The girl in the stroller looks at me, she knows I am there, we share a glance and an understanding, her skin bubbles too. The fighters shot down the plane but now it is worse. Chemicals are now dispersed in greater volume, settling more densely upon mid-town. People are late for meetings, they are wriggling in the street, cars are crashing, cell phones ring, the air smells like sour apples, I thirst for candy.

*The man begins to cough, hacking loudly.*

**Man:** Then I wake.

*Man finally looks away from light above.*

I realize that I am late for work. I can't let this go on. I jump in the shower and I make my way to the office like I always do. I must stay out of this dream. I must stay in reality. I must get back in the ring and carry on... business as usual is my mantra, rather, open for business because since that day nothing will be usual. I will care, as much as I did before, maybe more now. More now that the flags are flying, will they ever stop? Stop, now that we carry freedom on our backs like a new aged cross. We must stay open for business. Especially me, I am responsible for maintaining more than 120 news web sites across the country. How would Americans know what's happening without me? I have a responsibility to the truth, to tell the story of what's really going on. I must continue to do today the same thing I've always done, the same thing I did that day. The same thing, or else, they've won, right? They've made us afraid.

*(pause)*

I am afraid, the same way I was that day. That day. What happened that day?

*Man stoically steps out of the coffin. Lights come up full to reveal a small boxing ring stage left. Upstage left we see a small desk with a computer tower on the floor and an oversized monitor taking up most of the desk. Man walks across stage to the boxing ring ropes. Halfway through his journey his stride changes from sullen to determined. He has stepped back in time and has a confident fervor in his strut. He spreads the top and middle rope and steps inside. He rushes to the desk and places the lunch bag next to the monitor.*

**Man:** How are we today people. Gorgeous day outside isn't it? Damn it! Why is Smith late... Smith is always late, doesn't he know we need that story. What? What did you

say? A plane has crashed in to the Trade Center? What fucking idiot was flying close enough to those skyscrapers. Any casualties? Does anyone have video? What do we have? Headline reads: 'Cessna out for a joy rides gets wind swept into tower, news at eleven.' Jones, you got the story up yet? Throw it on the homepage. C'mon people, this is what we wait for, finally some decent news. Pictures people, pictures, who has a photo of this? Oh, CNN you say? Fuck CNN c'mon they are out of Atlanta, damn it... This is New York, let's get a crew down there get our own footage. Barney, turn on the tube.

*Man walks around desk and sits behind monitor. He begins to type feverishly. A few seconds go by. We hear the sound of a television turn on. We hear reporters voices begin to speculate. It becomes clear that it was not a Cessna that crashed into the tower rather it was a jetliner. The man stops typing at the sound of this, he pokes his head above the monitor like a prairie dog.*

**Man:** Holy shit, is that for real? A fucking airbus? What the hell's going on... Jones, you have any facts? Any details? Where the fuck is Smith, has anyone heard from Smith? Doesn't he live down there. Someone get him on the goddamn horn and if he's still down there, that lazy piece of shit, tell him to get his fucking camera and start shooting. This is big, people, big.

*Man turns, splits open imaginary Venetian blinds next to his desk. He looks out window.*

**Man:** Holy shit. I can see them from here. One is billowing smoke like a fucking birthday candle that's been blown out. This is not good.

*Man snaps back into place behind his monitor and begins typing again. Phones start ringing in abnormal quantity with a haunting rhythm quickly becoming louder and louder. Man is answering.*

**Man:** News desk, hold, news desk hold, news desk hold... Jesus effing Christ, we are getting nailed. What's wrong with the sites... I can't get to our damn sites. What? Who said that? Turn up that damn TV. Is that... holy Jesus...

*Pause, man stares blankly toward stage right.*

**Man:** Was that another goddamned plane? What the fuck is going on? Where the fuck is Smith? Someone get me Smith damn it! What's that? Another plane confirmed? Holy nutcracker batman... another plane...

*Sirens creep into sound along with continuing ringing harmony of phones. It is absolute pandemonium at this point.*

**Man:** What's that? Jones speak up I can't hear you? Smith, line four? Good, send him over, extension 206.

*Man picks up receiver.*

**Man:** Smith, where the fuck are you? Oh, you are there? Good, good. You have footage? Fuckin' A... send it up... Yes damn it yes... send them through... goddamn right email... don't worry, don't worry, we'll encode them here... c'mon man, we have to scoop the shit outta CNN. Yes, get down to the street if you can. Get more, get some interviews too... some man on the streets, I want reactions Smith, I want reactions... it's your lucky fucking day Smith, you bastard, late to work and you stumble on the biggest story of the millennium, you're going to win a Pulitzer for sleeping late. Ha, how about that, if I could be so lucky. Now get the hell out there... don't forget to email me the files first!

*Man slams phone down and begins typing again. Suddenly we hear the phones stop ringing all at the same time. The silence is eerie but the man doesn't notice. The sirens are the only sound left but those slowly fade out too. The only sound we hear is from the man's keyboard clicking. A TV reporters voices come up again explaining that another plane has been reported to have hit the Pentagon. Static sounds, then man's keyboard stops.*

**Man:** Freeze!

*Man gets up out from his desk, he paces back and forth inside the ring. He again moves toward where the Venetian blinds are and peers between them. He shakes his head and continues pacing. He grabs the top and middle rope, spreads them, he steps outside the ring. He walks toward the coffin and begins circling it.*

**Man:** Okay, okay, okay. Something is wrong. Something is definitely wrong. What the fuck is going on? Are we under siege? If so, what the fuck do I do? I know I have a job, but do I have a job if I don't have my life? Where's the line? Where do I draw the line? Do I draw the line? Or does the line get drawn for me? No, no, snap out of it. You have a job to do asshole. You cannot put yourself in front of the knowledge that is owed to the public. You took an oath. The sites are crashing, you must fix that. There are stories building, you must make sure they get covered. You owe it to the American public. Freedom of speech, freedom of the press. You can't quit. You can't quit.... Stay on target, red leader, stay on target...

*Man stops circling, smacks himself in the face. He loosens his tie and beelines toward the ring. He grabs the middle and top rope, spreads them and steps back inside. Static sounds again as man sits behind monitor.*

**Man:** What did that TV say? There's another plane? It hit the Pentagon? C'mon people, someone give me a goddamned answer! Yes? Yes? Did you say yes? Okay, fuck, okay. This is a little more serious than the original story. Something is wrong. Does anyone have London on the line? Give me London... you can't get London? What? Give me Smith then, c'mon damn it, get me Smith! You can't get Smith either? Who the hell can you get me the goddamn Pope? Get me somebody... ah fuck it, I'll do it myself...

*Man picks up receiver, puts it to ear and pounds on the numbers... without success he pounds on the hang-up trigger, and finally slams down the phone. He resumes his position behind the monitor and begins typing.*

**Man:** Okay, geeze, c'mon, now what. What the hell is wrong with our sites? I can't get to any of them. The internet is broken! Someone fix the damn internet. What? Email works? Good, oh yeah, good... here's Smiths email... yeah, yeah, good boy Smith, great work, these pics are good... damn they are good. Wow, those things are effed, Jones, check out these shots, shit is just falling everywhere down there. What is that? Papers, debris of some sort. Hot damn he got some good stuff. Okay Jones, fix the damn internet and post these pics.... Oh, wait, wait, here are some short movies.... Wow, can you hear that? It's friggin' rumbling Jones. What is that... people screaming? Is that wind? What is that? Great job Smith. Where are you man... I need more... Anyone heard from Smith in a while? Anyone's phone work? Does anyone's phone work I said? C'mon, I need comunicado man, I need something. IM? Oh, shit yeah. IM, that should work. That's why Al Gore invented this internet shit isn't it? In case of a fucking nuclear holocaust? Okay, okay, I'm logging in.

*Lights go dim. We hear the sound of an AOL Instant Messenger logging in. Upstage center, projector projects the monitor screen showing the dialogue box of the IM session. The first dialogue box appears, it is the Man's niece, she is writing to him from her dorm room. The projector shows the lines being typed one by one accompanied by the sounds associated with Instant Messenger [it is optional to have voice overs accompany the lines as they are typed].*

KATIE: you there? Please answer me, I can't call you!

KATIE: Please answer me! It's your niece, Katie... answer me!

*(pause)*

KATIE: k, don't answer now, but please when you get this, just let me know throughout the day that your okay

KATIE: please

KATIE: i'm really scared

KATIE: for you

*(pause)*

MAN: I'm okay

KATIE: thanx for telling me

KATIE: sorry to bug

KATIE: you

KATIE: i'm just really nervous

MAN: my god

MAN: both buildings have fallen

KATIE: i know are you okay?

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MAN: crushed like coke cans

KATIE: they just said that there is a declaration of war on the us

MAN: from

MAN: ?

MAN: who declared war on us

KATIE: i don't know it was really weird--tomr brokaw's voice like broke through the lady on the news and all we heard was war has been declared on the us by terrorists and then that was all--no explanation

MAN: can you call my mom

MAN: and tell her i'm okay

KATIE: what's the #

MAN: the phones are down here

KATIE: i know

MAN: 915-555-9521

KATIE: okay i'll talk you after i talk to her

MAN: thanks

KATIE: k, i talked to her

KATIE: she's okay--just really scared

KATIE: she's been trying to call you

KATIE: i told her you would call her whenever you get a chance

MAN: thanks so much katie

KATIE: no problem

MAN: can you call my dad, he just tried to call too

KATIE: are you okay?

KATIE: yeah

KATIE: #?

MAN: 315-555-5199

KATIE: k

KATIE: hang on

KATIE: are you at work?

KATIE: joe

KATIE: your dad wants to know if your at work?

KATIE: okay never mind

KATIE: we hung up

KATIE: he says he loves you and to call him when you get a chance

MAN: i am at work

MAN: mid town

KATIE: he hung up already

KATIE: how close are you?

MAN: it's fucking spooky though, from my desk i can see the towers...

MAN: but now when i look they are gone

MAN: gone

KATIE: holy shit

MAN: one second there

MAN: next gone

MAN: my friend was in the subway below it

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KATIE: holy shit

MAN: i hope he is okay

KATIE: is he okay?

MAN: don't know

MAN: spoke to him just before they collapsed

MAN: and he was heading for the subway

KATIE: oh god joe--i don't know what to say

KATIE: this is fucking insane

MAN: said he could see people just floating down like rain from the building

KATIE: fuck

KATIE: my god

KATIE: i don't understand

KATIE: i'm surprised they didn't send you home from work

MAN: we support new stations

MAN: we can't go home

KATIE: wow

KATIE: are you scared?

MAN: don't know

MAN: i'm in shock

KATIE: is molly okay?

MAN: yes, she's upstairs

KATIE: is it just chaos there?

MAN: yep

KATIE: please keep letting me know throughout the day that everything is okay with you okay?

KATIE: i called my mom and mike to tell them you are okay too

MAN: i want to get out of here

KATIE: oh i'm so sorry

MAN: i fear chemical or bio warfare next

KATIE: no that won't happen

KATIE: you have to stay calm

KATIE: go give molly a hug

MAN: who knows what was let loose in the crash

KATIE: go find molly--hug her

KATIE: stay calm--you'll be okay

KATIE: fuck work

KATIE: go be with molly

*(pause)*

KATIE: are you okay?

KATIE: joe answer me

*(pause)*

MAN: still here

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KATIE: why dont you go be with molly?

MAN: she's right upstairs

MAN: going there now

KATIE: k

KATIE: talk to me later

MAN i'm going outside for a little while to calm down--i'll be back later

KATIE: hope your alright

KATIE: stay with molly today

*Lights come up. Man stands, paces the ring again. Peers between the Venetian blinds, nods and walks to the ropes, grabs the top rope and the middle rope, spreads them, steps between and circles the coffin.*

**Man:** Okay, whoa. Family is good. Family is what is important. They are worried. I am worried that they are worried. Are they all right? Am I all right? I think I am, I'm not at risk am I? I wouldn't think so. What must they be wondering. They are watching this unfold as if a Schwarzenegger movie took over the news. The news, the news... I am the news. I am ensuring they are up to date, that they are getting the information. Knowledge is freedom, right? Is that the case? Is that true though, really true? What really is the truth? Perspective, comfort? Unity? Katie knows I am safe, that's all that matters to her. That is personalized news... can all news be personalized? She will call everyone else... she will make sure my message gets passed to my family. How many families know if their other's are safe? How many other's are really safe? Help me lord, please give me strength through this. I must continue on. I have a job to do, I have a job, but I just want to be home, home with my mother, holding me. Snap out of it man, c'mon. Katie has told them, everything will be okay. You must contact Smith, where the hell is Smith. I need information, I need an update, I'm so close but so far away. Should I go down there? No, no, I need to stay put, though I want to run away, far away from all of this, but I can't, I can't.

*Man slaps himself and heads back toward the ring. He grabs the middle and bottom rope and he spreads them. He is a bit more tired than before. He crawls between the ropes and heads back toward the desk. He sits behind the monitor. Lights dim and we see the projection of the IM screen again but now with a stranger's name in the dialogue box.*

TEFLON2001: hello?

MAN: who is this?

TEFLON2001: Smith

TEFLON2001: im in an office in the basement of the building

MAN: fuckin god

TEFLON2001: there's shit everywhere

MAN: i was scared shitless for you man

MAN: been trying to call

TEFLON2001: it's mad

TEFLON2001: call this number please

MAN: the fucking buildings fell right after you left

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TEFLON2001: 8105555555  
TEFLON2001: the whole thing  
MAN: what are the streets like  
TEFLON2001: there is an airplane tire at the corner of my street  
MAN: are you kidding me  
TEFLON2001: 2 inches of shit  
TEFLON2001: papers from the offices  
MAN: there are 5 more planes missing  
MAN: dude, can't get through to the number  
TEFLON2001: keep trying  
MAN: cover your mouth man  
TEFLON2001: and tell them we are going to brooklyn  
MAN: i fear the next wave is chemical or bio warfare  
TEFLON2001: i have been  
TEFLON2001: hard to breathe  
TEFLON2001: im out  
TEFLON2001: keep calling and relay the message  
MAN: you are in this building  
MAN: where are you?  
TEFLON2001: they were here but now we cant find them  
MAN: who?  
MAN: who was here?  
TEFLON2001: our friends  
TEFLON2001: at that number  
TEFLON2001: kepp calling  
TEFLON2001: were out  
TEFLON2001: later  
MAN: wait  
MAN: are you at home?  
TEFLON2001: what?  
TEFLON2001: 2 blocks from the trade  
TEFLON2001: i gotta go  
MAN: okay  
TEFLON2001: keep calling  
MAN: log back in and tell me what's up  
MAN: i will  
TEFLON2001: im getting worried  
TEFLON2001: later  
MAN: log in later  
MAN: give me update  
TEFLON2001: dont know if i can  
MAN: currently unavailable message  
MAN: from the cell phone  
MAN: still can't get through the phone

Previous message was not received by TEFLON2001 because of error: User TEFLON2001 is not available.

MAN: are you still there?

Previous message was not received by TEFLON2001 because of error: User TEFLON2001 is not available.

*Lights come back up full. Man starts barking out orders.*

**Man:** Okay people, got word from Smith, he's okay, he's heading for Brooklyn and he's going to try sending more photos and movies. Let's get on it. Can we get word from LA? Is there any action there? Chicago? More from DC? What do we have? A plane in Pennsylvania? What the hell... damn, who the hell is attacking, do we have any info people. Are we fixing the sites? Do we have them back up? C'mon what's the ETA on, oh, good, they are up? Good, good, let's get an update smack on the homepage, yes, yes, of course above the fold damn it... replace what's there, but Jones, Jones, start working on a chronological package... c'mon people we have a job to do, a responsibility to Americans because we are Americans. Okay, okay, looking good, looking good, sites are stable, stories up. What's the update on the Pennsylvania plane? Down in a field, good, no, I mean not good, poor folks, but at least it didn't hit anything? What? The UN? The UN is next? Shit, that's around the corner. Who said that? CNN? Christ, is it verified? You can't trust those bastards c'mon people, you know better than that. Give me substance. No, no body goes anywhere until we have proof that there's a threat. Oh shit, what was that?

*Man snaps at the blinds. He begins pacing the ring again. Spreads the middle and lower and rope and crawls through, circles coffin.*

I know people who work there. Did they get out? God I hope so. How can we be sure. It's not possible for those towers to come down. They were built for this weren't they. Fuck, they should have been built with surface to air defense missiles on the corners so they could shoot down 747 hijacked by fucking psychos. I don't care, must sacrifice a few to save the masses no? Geeze, God, I don't know. I don't know anything anymore. What is my job? Do we have jobs anymore? How can human life mean suddenly nothing? It must mean something. It must. I must tell what it means to America, they are wondering, I must tell them. C'mon man, snap out of it. Don't second guess yourself now. Don't second guess the reasons why things happen, you never have before. Accept it, be objective. Strive for objectivity, you took an oath to always do so. Inform, inform. Get back in the ring...

*Man walks back toward ropes. He spreads the middle and bottom one again and falls inside. He gets up and steps to desk, plops down behind monitor. Lights dim, a dialogue box pops up.*

MAN: Smith you there?

Previous message was not received by TEFLON2001 because of error: User TEFLON2001 is not available.

MAN: damn it smith...

Previous message was not received by TEFLON2001 because of error: User TEFLON2001 is not available.

*Lights come up. Man stands up from behind monitor, calls for silence and a team meeting.*

**Man:** Okay team. We've seen the unexplainable today. The World Trade Center is no more. They were there one minute, now they are gone. The Pentagon has been hit. No other substantiated reports from other cities have come in, but it's possible, as we have learned today, *anything* is possible. The comfort we've enjoyed for two centuries of being oceans apart from the rest of the world no longer exists. It is during this time when we all must step back and make our choices as men and women. We must ask ourselves, what is truly important? Our lives or our livelihoods? I understand if you would like to leave, contact your families, be with them. I understand if you don't. The ball is in your court. In the next five minutes I'm leaving the window open for you to go. If you go, please know that there will be no respect lost. If you stay, we will regroup in fifteen and plot out the coverage strategy for the rest of the day. Thank you and God bless.

*Man paces ring, motions for blinds but decides not to look. Stumbles to the ropes lifts the bottom one with his foot and rolls under it. He gathers himself, stands and circles the coffin.*

**Man:** It's been eight hours. Still no phones. Still no word from Smith. I was hard on him. I expected too much. I shouldn't have put him in that position, it's my fault. God, please let him be okay. My team depends on me. I can't show my frailty. I can't show my emotion. I didn't go out and deplete the ATM's from their lifeblood. I didn't believe the UN threats and I was right about that. I am steadfast, the epitome of, and I must continue. Does it mean I don't love my family because I choose to stay? Because I give the indirect order for others to? What have I become? I hate who I am. I mean, I haven't even gone to the bathroom yet today because I don't want to be that guy you read about who gets crushed while he's taking a shit... what a last memory. All I know is that the world has ended and all I've learned is that the next time it does, I don't want to be sitting at that fucking desk. Shhhhhh, don't say that, they may hear you. I don't care. I don't care if the world hears me, everything is so loud now anyway. Where is my heart? Beneath the rubble? Where is my soul? Burning in jet fuel? Okay, enough weakness, I am not weak, I must be an example, lead by example they say. Head high, carry on. Job to do, information... there must be more information. Why did this happen?

*Man heads back toward ring. Rolls inside. He assumes his position behind monitor. Lights dim, projector glows. IM dialogue box shows emptiness. No more responses. No more words. Man calls out to team without determination, rather voice suffers from delirium.*

**Man:** Jones. Are the updates up? Smith? You here? Smith you there? Smith, you there yet?

*Projector dims. Silence envelopes the stage. Man is unconscious for a spell. Lights come up, man awakens. He stands, he doesn't pace this time rather he heads straight for the ropes. He spreads the top and the middle ropes and steps out, he runs to coffin. He stops in front of it and hugs an imaginary figure.*

**Man:** Smith! Your made it! Goddamn it I knew you would. Good stuff, good stuff. Tell me what was it like. Is the world okay out there? Are things different? I tell you man... this is all crazy, we did our jobs today Smith, but c'mon, there are things more important aren't they? Answer me smith? C'mon man. Answer me. What has happened? Did we get the scoop? Are the ratings in? Pulitzer Smith, I'm talking Pulitzer. I love you man. I need a vacation... I need a commercial break.

*Man realizes he's talking to no one. He slaps himself in the face, he heads back toward ropes. He Spreads the middle and bottom ropes and calmly steps inside. He walks past desk, looks between Venetian blinds, let's them go with a snap, shakes his head. He walks back to desk and sits behind monitor. Suddenly we hear the sound of IM. Lights cut and projector pops on.*

SMITH182: dude

MAN: YOU ARE ALIVE?!!!

MAN: fuckin'a

SMITH182: no shit

MAN: you were scaring the shit outta us man

SMITH182: in brooklyn now

MAN: still haven't been able to reach that number

SMITH182: sorry, couldn't help it

MAN: says the user is unavailable

SMITH182: i found him thanks

MAN: cool

MAN: fuck

MAN: thank god

SMITH182: no shit

MAN: where in brooklyn are you

MAN: what's it like down there?

MAN: did you see the buildings fall?

MAN: is your apt okay?

SMITH182: saw them fall yes

SMITH182: apt. is f'd

MAN: you can stay at my place if you need  
SMITH182: it was like a bomb fallout  
MAN: f'd as in gone  
SMITH182: shit  
MAN: ?  
SMITH182: no, i dont think its gone  
SMITH182: but....  
MAN: did you breathe in all the shit...  
SMITH182: did you get those pics?  
MAN: yeah, they are live  
MAN: big hit  
MAN: great job  
SMITH182: yes, breathed in a lot of shit today  
MAN: giving you credit  
SMITH182: i have a lot more  
MAN: can you email them?  
MAN: +movies?  
SMITH182: maybe  
MAN: or hold onto them and sell them to realty for serious cash  
SMITH182: this is a slow connecton  
MAN: fuck work  
MAN: ha  
SMITH182: lol  
SMITH182: get some contract info  
SMITH182: contact  
MAN: where for realty?  
MAN: i'm sure on their website  
MAN: do you have pics and movies?  
MAN: where are you?  
SMITH182: so i think someone is going to have to cover me tonight  
SMITH182: im in brooklyn  
MAN: yeah, no problem  
SMITH182: at my roommates sisters place  
MAN: fuck... you have your laptop?  
SMITH182: nope  
MAN: were you in the middle of the mayhem? did you see bodies?  
SMITH182: ill try to send the pics  
MAN: okay  
MAN: please do  
SMITH182: saw people jump  
SMITH182: it was horrible  
MAN: fuck, did you see them hit?  
SMITH182: no, i didnt watch after that  
MAN: are you in shock still?  
SMITH182: it was bad  
SMITH182: i saw shoes

MAN: were people rioting or were they helping each other  
SMITH182: and papers fro  
SMITH182: m offices  
SMITH182: one guy taht is staying with us saw a hand  
SMITH182: on the sidewalk  
SMITH182: sick  
MAN: jesus  
SMITH182: no shit  
MAN: are you shaken up? did you walk across the bridge?  
MAN: how did you get to brooklyn?  
SMITH182: yes, walked here  
SMITH182: ive walked like 10 miles today  
MAN: fuck  
MAN: are you watching the footage on TV?  
SMITH182: seen it  
SMITH182: live...  
MAN: did you get far away before the buildings fell?  
SMITH182: i was still in my building  
MAN: when they fell?  
SMITH182: y  
SMITH182: i had to run inside  
MAN: as they were falling?  
SMITH182: y  
SMITH182: saw one fall from outside my apt.  
SMITH182: on the 20th floor  
MAN: how close were you? you are a couple blocks south of them right?  
SMITH182: y  
SMITH182: as close as they come  
MAN: holy shit man  
SMITH182: no doubt  
MAN: this is one you'll never forget huh?  
SMITH182: are those pics up on any sites?  
SMITH182: never...  
MAN: yeah... the vids  
MAN: don't know about the pics yet  
MAN: do you have more vids  
SMITH182: which ones  
MAN: or just pics  
SMITH182: both  
SMITH182: good ones  
SMITH182: fall out pics  
SMITH182: which sites?  
MAN: and they are working on flat pages  
MAN: we have barely been able to connect to the manage tool all day  
SMITH182: i have more pics ill send  
MAN: the sound on your video is funny

REFLECTING SUNLIGHT

s.a. cavanaugh

MAN: it's you guys talking

SMITH182: what did it say?

MAN: and swearing

SMITH182: i cant get the video to work

MAN: the one on the link i just sent ended with something like: fuck... prime real estate

MAN: ...

*(pause)*

MAN: ...you there?

SMITH182: its been a long day

MAN: what are you guys doing now

*(pause)*

SMITH182: this is a slow connection

SMITH182: 16k or some shit

MAN: man

MAN: okay

SMITH182: I gotta go man...

SMITH182 signed off at 7:06:04 PM.

*Lights come back up. Man stands. He wipes his brow. He looks around and notices that everyone has gone.*

**Man:** Well, how do you like that? Everyone is gone. I guess it's been a long day huh?

*Man takes one more look outside, between the blinds. He shakes his head in a final gesture of disbelief. He walks toward the ropes, spreads the top and middle rope and steps outside. He approaches the coffin, makes one circle around it until he is in front facing the crowd. He pauses. A woman in a pant-suit rolls in stage right on roller skates. She is older than the man, mid thirties, attractive. She carries an envelope in one hand and a long Q-tip coated with Vaseline in the other. She stops in front of the man, hands him the envelope. She grasps his face tightly in her hands and applies the Vaseline to his left eye brow as if she is closing a wound. She smacks him on the face and rolls off stage left. Man opens envelope. Looks at paper inside, it is a check. He smells it deeply, kisses it, hugs it and holds it close to his heart.*

**Man:** Ahhh, money. The American way... work hard and be rewarded. That what Miss Liberty says anyway?

*He steps back into the coffin. He lays down. Song, "As Time Goes By" come up and under.*

**Man:** I have this recurring dream and I can't wake up. I am a regular New Yorker just doing my job and anything is possible. I am walking down the street in mid-town Manhattan. It's a normal day, almost early. People are in their usual hurried bubble walking down Third Avenue thinking about the meeting they are late for. I am thinking about the same meeting. I have my cell phone to my ear in one hand, I have my lunch in the other. I bump into a stranger and keep walking without looking back. The stranger doesn't look back either. The street is lit with a strange late morning sun that isn't direct, rather the sunlight reflects off... I can't tell what... there are no more towers left. But the light is still dulled and has an indoor incandescent feeling. A taxi rolls by in seemingly slow motion and I follow the movement of the taxi up until it meets the reflection point of the sun. I look back down and notice a small girl in a stroller, the stroller is stopped on the corner, her mother is behind the stroller fumbling with a to-go cup of coffee in a bag, which also contains a bagel. The little girl and I exchange a knowing glance. It's a glance of innocence and hope. One that assures me that anything is possible. What else can we hope for when we realize that anything really *is* possible?