

LISA

I was walking Georgie to school. Bright, sunny morning. She tripped and cut her knee. I got napkins from the deli on the corner, but it wouldn't stop bleeding. So I brought her back. A message on the machine. George wanted to take the day off and drive us to the beach.

(She thinks about the message and smiles. Then her expression changes.)

Then another message.

(Pauses.)

I dialed. I couldn't get through. Not the office number. Not his cell. I dialed again. I kept on dialing. I heard the sirens. Fire trucks. Then I saw Georgie. Staring out the window, watching a singed piece of stationary float by. *Memorandum.* I walked to the window. And there it was. The smoke... flames... The burning paper exploding out of the tear. I dialed. I stood there at the window and I kept on dialing. Until they came down. Do you think he jumped? Or did he wait?

(He can't answer.)

In just a few seconds. All those people. Crushed into a million pieces. Ground into a cloud of white dust. They're everywhere. Little pieces of all those people. On the buildings... the leaves of the trees... on the soles of your shoes. In the air we breathe. Everywhere.

When you go out, do you see him?

When you're buying coffee at Starbucks. In line at the bank. Walking down Fifth Avenue. Out of the corner of your eye. You see... the millions of little things. The cowlick on the back of his head. His black briefcase from Tiffany. The way he cups his cell when he walks His laugh. The pink tie you bought him for father's day. Your heart pounds. He's back. But it's only a little piece. Blown there for you to find. And then it blows away... that little piece... and he dies all over again. Every time you walk down the street. It happens to you. Right?

(He nods.)

Then you understand... Why I can't leave here. It's one of the pieces.

(He nods. This is a great relief to her.)

Where were you? I called. I went to the bank. I went to your apartment. You were the only one I knew would understand.