

INT. SUBWAY CAR, NEW YORK CITY

A woman sits alone the empty car, next to a door. She wears a mask and is reading a book. Her back does not touch the seat. Her full backpack is slung around to the front of her body.

The train rocks and shakes as it travels between stations. It slows. You hear the doors open, and the air of a new station, but no voices. The woman does not look up.

You hear the doors close. The train leaves the station. It rocks and shakes. A new station, new light thrown across the reading woman. The door opening sound. New air. The sounds of outside, of cars and wind. The sunlight is dim. The doors close.

The woman looks up, and looks down.

The train departs - rumbles - and arrives. The doors open to the outside again; there is the sound of light footsteps.

An older man walks onto the train. His shoes are shined and his pant cuffs creased. Eventually, you see he has a cane and - judging from the ties around the back of his head - a mask. The woman looks up from her book. Her mask raises slightly as she smiles behind it.

MAN, MUFFLED
¿Cómo está?

The woman gestures at the empty train. The man laughs a little.

Crossing in front of her, he walks a comfortable distance. He lowers himself onto the seat carefully, and fully reclines. His mask is black, with a skull and crossbones on it.

The doors close, the train departs. The woman reads her book.