

**EXT. FRENCH QUARTER SIDEWALK - DAY**

The French Quarter of New Orleans is busy. People scurry around in a daily dance of determination and damnation.

THE WEATHERMAN (O.S.)

Look at 'em. Like ants on a dirt mound - just waiting for a kid with a stick to shake shit up a little. Lives slipping away without them even noticing the years up and evaporating.

A homeless man, known to many simply as THE WEATHERMAN (70s), stands on the sidewalk. He has his faithful bucket in hand - *it's* his most trusted friend here on the streets.

Next to him, a TOURIST (30s), stands. The Weatherman leans in closer to him.

THE WEATHERMAN (CONT'D)

All of 'em in such a hurry to get nowhere. Chasing the future. Chained to the past. But, no one lives in the present these days. They'll learn eventually.

The tourist offers a simple smile - unintentionally encouraging his new homeless friend to continue.

THE WEATHERMAN (CONT'D)

We live many lives over a single lifetime. I've seen it.

The Weatherman keeps his eyes locked on the door of a psychic's parlor and next to it the entrance to a souvenir shop.

THE WEATHERMAN (CONT'D)

We're so many possibilities - tucked carelessly into the same skin. One tiny decision away from a tragedy or a triumph. There's only a fraction of a heartbeat difference between the two.

(beat)

I absolutely stole that idea from someone.

The Weatherman now offers a smile of his own to the tourist - a kind gesture for listening to his musings.