

OVER BLACK, SOUND OF A PIGEON.

FADE IN.

INT. SEEDY DOWNTOWN HOTEL LOBBY, LOS ANGELES, DAY.

A nearly vacant lobby, with a few shabby chairs. A creaking ceiling fan slowly rotates. The front door opens onto the street. An old man is nodding off in an armchair. Beside him is his walker.

SUDDENLY, a PIGEON swoops in and alights on the floor.

A male desk clerk emerges from his pit and chases the pigeon, which flies around the lobby. He manages to shoo the pigeon out the door.

The desk clerk halts at the doorway, exasperated.

CLERK  
Damned pigeons.

He shuts the door.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY, CONTINUOUS

The clerk moves across the now dim lobby, and walks past the old man. He looks at him with contempt, shakes his head and mutters under his breath. The clerk moves away.

The old man hasn't stirred. He is nattily dressed, but the clothes are worn. He wears cuff links and an ascot and jacket.

His left arm is extended on the arm of the chair, and his open palm, that earlier held his newspaper, faces up. He emits a small snore.

A FEATHER, caught up in the disturbed air, slowly drifts down and settles in the palm of his hand.

The old man's eyes snap open. AT THE SAME MOMENT, the door flies open, and his eyes are met with blinding light. He shields his eyes, blinks.

The lobby is now flooded with warm light.

When the old man can focus, he sees a large, white dove facing him, flapping it's wings, in slow motion, surrounded by light. He rubs his eyes.