

Voiceover Script for Bus Stop Blues
Total Length: 6 minutes 53 seconds

[Scene 1 – 0:00–0:15]

They say life is a journey.
Mine rides the 35 Southbound...
At 11:47 p.m.
With a man in a cape
drinking soup from a shampoo bottle.

[Scene 2 – 0:16–0:35]

I'm headed to my graveyard shift.
Which is exactly what it sounds like.
Graveyard.
Shift.
Clock in.
Decay.
Clock out.
Repeat.

[Scene 3 – 0:36–0:50]

The bus smells like wet regret,
hot pennies,
and trauma with a transfer.

[Scene 4 – 0:51–1:10]

I sit on a seat still sticky
from someone else's story.
Across from me—
a man staring through the glass,
watching his past lives in reverse...

[Scene 5 – 1:11–1:38]

"You ever wonder," he says,
"If time's a hallway...
And we're just looking for the right door?"
(beat)
I say,
"I'm just trying to avoid
the cheese-smelling seats."
He nods, like I quoted Plato.
"Cheese... is also time."

[Scene 6 – 1:39–1:55]

A woman boards,
cradling an iguana.
“This is Greg,” she says.
“He saw the truth.
Now he’s free.”
Greg looks peaceful.

[Scene 7 – 1:56–2:10]

The driver never speaks.
But his hands know the wheel
like a priest knows the dead.
He drinks coffee
older than democracy.

[Scene 8 – 2:11–2:25]

The lights flicker.
Someone in the back
beatboxes Gregorian chants.
And I begin to wonder:
What is work?
What is the purpose?
Are we just passengers
on an intercity metaphor?

[Scene 9 – 2:26–2:38]

Then the bus jerks.
I spilled my coffee.
Someone screams:
“BINGO!”

[Scene 10 – 2:39–2:55]

And I remember:
This is life.
A long, strange ride
full of strange prophecies,
unfinished metaphors,
and the occasional Greg
Who chooses taxidermy
over denial.

[Scene 11 – 2:56–End]

I walk to work.

And think:

At least...

I'm not...

Driving the bus.