My concept for my TV series was inspired by a brief telephone conversation with a widow of a fallen 911 Firefighter. I called to ask her if I could use some photographs of her late husband with her then infant daughters before he perished in the attacks. I was working on a short biographical film about my uncle's life. He had lived in an apartment above their family and had written a poem to share with the firefighters children. The widow did not speak with me about her tragic loss, she merely told me she preferred not to share the photos with me because she wasn't comfortable looking for them. Our country was forever changed by the hate and violence of the 911 attacks on American soil. Yet, the pain I felt after the phone call forever changed me. I unraveled my body that had been doubled over in the fetal position crying for four hours and set down and crafted a poem that endeavored to convey the subtext, the unspoken words that screamed more loudly to me than if I had been standing 100 feet away from the explosion of a one-ton TNT bomb.

This led me to ponder. We often think of the victims of tragedy and feel sadness and empathy. I found myself interested in what becomes of the victims of the victims. What happens when good people loose the ability to see their own reality and instead see it through the lens of their circumstances? I have seen tragedy turn people into desperate victims of their own erroneous self-loathing. They have turned to drug addictions, have entered into gangs and in worst case scenarios commit suicide, thus leaving their family victims. It can be an endless perpetuating cycle of pain.

My TV show "Freedom from the Bondage of the Distorted Lens" is about a pair of glasses found by two childhood friends. These glasses are perhaps a relic from the past, or a gift from another world. They allow the wearer see themselves in the light of purity and love. They are able to finally see themselves, as they really are, not as how they perceive themselves. Ryan
and Tina are the main characters. Frightened by the glasses they hid them away. Tina rediscovers them after she and Ryan became adults. By now they had lost their fear and saw the potential the glasses had to change lives. They decided to create a website where people can write and request to have these glasses sent to someone in need. Every week the glasses go on a journey in a package and arrive at the destination of someone on the brink of disaster. Each story is equally chilling and unique. The glasses often arrive barely in the nick of time. Ultimately, by seeing the truth, the wearer experiences healing. Pain evaporates and families are again reunited in love. The concept is still in conception. I have concepts for stories that are graphic, disturbing that involve sheer horror. One such story is involves a storyline where a widow one of the victims of the 911 attacks abandons her family. She becomes a dominatrix and inflicts pain on others and secretly inflicts it on herself by cutting the flesh on the insides of her legs so no one can see. Her story becomes life threatening when she takes trip to Germany to participate in a sadomasochist event where she plans to take a beating so badly that she could die. She wants to die. Before the event starts she notices a small paper wrapped box on the table. She opens it up and sees that inside is a pair of glasses. She is confused but tries them on.

Below is the poem I wrote that I referred to when I began my story.

**Subtext: My Conversation With a Fallen 911 Firefighter's Widow**

As I held the phone, I listened to disjointed words
Screaming quietly of pain unspoken

Cracked open, my ignorance fell, tumbling away
Bleeding salty tears into puddles
Tinged red with blood soaked perspicuity

The sunlight of love, fortitude and optimism
Turned inside out
Like socks removed from the washer
Cleaner yet destroyed by the machine
Holes punctured the high-flying colorful balloons
Falling to the earth they surrendered their lightness
They fell, deflated, misshapen and ruinous to soil
No grass will grow here

The blue and green planet rotates silently
Wearing a Band-Aid of despair
Unsympathetic gravity casts roots of weight
On the feet of people donning void eyes
Too troubled to breathe the black atmosphere
They seek solace from the vacuum of space
Where it is impossible to hear a sonic boom

So arrogant, defeat
Devouring the immaculateness
Trembling wounds left naked and exposed
Flesh cannot seem to remember its ability to heal
Choosing instead to rot in bitterness

A home crumbled in red brick waste, buckles
Along with twin towers of steel
Reduced to unrecognizable debris
That refuses to be swept away

Laughing children depleted of songs
Their innocence masticated by unearned guilt
Wandering-
Still wondering

Blackness, clear like a prism
Fitted me with a new pair of glasses
There is comfort in blindness
That I will never know again

Somewhere she walks alone
With others who also walk alone
Unaware that their silent cries and
Festering wounds are not seen and heard
Yet perceived acutely
By a stranger holding a telephone

Just today, I found myself in a classroom with
A smiling Spanish professor with sparkling eyes
She danced and sang to a song she played for us
La canción de amor
Said she,
"We will take some time to have fun.
We should be happy we are alive
We never know what will happen tomorrow”

She encouraged students to participate
Tempted by the promise of extra credit
Now, that sounds valuable,
Thought I
And bounded to the front of the room
The first student,
I danced and sang loudly
Out of tune

Robyn Killian