

MISS WILSON: They'd been evacuated, you see.

PAULINE: Evacuated by whom?

MISS WILSON: The fire warden - not a real one, just a Forward employee, one for every floor they had. Another one a bit too full of himself for my liking but-

PAULINE: And he was responsible for evacuating the floor?

MISS WILSON: He was in charge at the fire drills, yes. Every couple of months the fire bell would ring and he'd put this little hat on and run around blowing his whistle and make us all line up in single file in the hallway, but that was all we ever did. He'd check us off on his clipboard and we'd all go back to work and send out for Krispy Kremes. And that's what happened on 9/11, I suppose, except that time they all went down the stairs. And...

PAULINE: And what?

MISS WILSON: *(almost in tears, small voice, aware of the bathos)* -and nobody sent out for Krispy Kremes.

PAULINE: *(reacts with empathy)* This is so so painful for you. And why didn't you go down the stairs with them? Did you not hear the bell?

MISS WILSON: There was no bell on 9/11. Don't think he even blew his whistle. Just rounded 'em all up and got 'em down the stairs.

PAULINE: So the man whose responsibility it was to evacuate the floor ignored you completely and got everyone else out safely?

MISS WILSON: Well, he might have stuck his head in me cubicle. I don't know. I was looking out the window.

PAULINE: He was the fire warden on your floor. It was his responsibility to thoroughly check every single space.

MISS WILSON: I expect he got a bit panicked, and it's not like I was the only one that got missed. There was a young woman in a conference room on forty-four, and a man in the showers on thirty-seven. It wasn't just me got overlooked, not by any means.

PAULINE: That doesn't make it any less terrifying for you to find yourself alone.

MISS WILSON: But I wasn't terrified. You said it yourself, I've got a good head on my shoulders. When I realized they'd all gone, I opened the fire door and went down the stairs with all the others.

PAULINE: Yes, but there's a difference between not losing your head in an emergency and denying you feel any kind of emotion.

MISS WILSON: I don't know, I'm sure. What was there to be frightened of? I didn't know what was happening and I didn't see any of the clouds of dust and ash or the buildings falling down.

PAULINE: Miss Wilson-

MISS WILSON: Please call me Margaret.

PAULINE: Margaret, you just told me you saw people fall to their death-

MISS WILSON: *(helpful)* Or jump.

PAULINE: "Fall or jump" to their death from a hundred stories up.

MISS WILSON: They were higher up than that. Cantor Fitzgerald was a hundred-and-six and all those Windows on the World people were on a hundred-and-ten.

PAULINE: You know what I think? I think you're still looking through that window.

MISS WILSON: What window?