

MAX (O.S.)  
Can I ask you something?

Emma turns her head and sees Max holding a Hawaiian shirt in his hand.

MAX (CONT'D)  
What do you think?

He places the shirt to his body. Emma looks at his silly smile.

EMMA  
Sure, you'll look perfect in that convertible of yours, especially in this weather.

MAX  
Oh, you've noticed.

EMMA  
It was hard not to.

She puts the little dress in the cart and goes through other clothes.

MAX  
You must have kids.

Emma glances at him as she continues her business.

MAX (CONT'D)  
Anything for their father?

Emma stops.

EMMA  
He's not around. Any more questions?

MAX  
Just one.

Emma stares at him, waiting.

MAX (CONT'D)  
I'm having lunch at my friend's restaurant, right around the corner. Would you join me?

EMMA  
Really? Just like that?

EXT. CARSON BEACH - DAY

Patches of snow cover the beach. There is no one there but Max. He sits on a rock drinking Dunkin Donuts coffee from a paper cup and looking at the ocean. A commercial airplane descends toward Logan Airport. As Max watches the plane touching down the runway, his vision blurs.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. JFK, DECEMBER 2010 - DAY

Light snow falls on the runway as an "AEROFLOT" plane touches the ground.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Staring outside from a small window is Max (25), and his wife ANGELA (18), a beautiful woman closely resembling Emma. Max kisses Angela on the cheek.

MAX  
At last. Excited?

ANGELA  
More like scared.

She snuggles closer to him as she looks outside.

EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

Sound of airplanes, landing and taking off, mixes with the noise of the crowd waiting for busses and taxis.

Max and Angela drop their suitcases on the floor near a phone booth. Max gets a notebook from his pocket.

ANGELA  
What if they don't remember you?

MAX  
I did a huge favor for them, they must.

He picks up the phone, throws a few quarters in and dials a number. After a few long beeps, someone picks up the phone.

SARAH (V.O.)  
Hello.