

EXT. PHILADELPHIA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - EARLY MORNING

MATT ARNDT AND EMMY QUINN, MID TO LATE 20'S, EXIT THE CROWDED TERMINAL WITH SUITCASES. MATT ALSO HAS A GUITAR CASE. THEY ARE GREETED BY A FRIGID GUST OF WIND.

EMMY

Oh, yeah. There's the cold. Like death itself passing through you. (THEN, HAPPY) It finally feels like Christmas!

MATT

I can't believe you grew up with this. Is this Philly or the ice planet Hoth?

EMMY

Ha, yeah. Listen, I know you and my dad are gonna be total best buds? But when you first meet him maybe cool it with the Star Wars talk? Just until he gets to know you. And then, I dunno, maybe also after.

MATT

It's so cute how your nose gets all scrunchy when you're domineering.

EMMY

I just want him to love you as much as I love you.

EMMY GIVES HIM A KISS. AW. THEY'RE IN LOVE. A NICE BEAT.

MATT

But you like Star Wars, right?

EMMY

Ohh, so much! And there's just so many of them! (THEN) I'm going to run to the bathroom. Keep an eye out for him.

(MORE)

EMMY (CONT'D)

Sheriff's uniform. Probably telling somebody with an emotional support dog to grow a pair.

MATT

And if I see him I should just run up and give him a super long hug? Really get in there? (OFF HER LOOK) I'll be fine.

EMMY

I know. You're right. Just be yourself.

MATT

My non-Star Wars self.

EMMY

(LAUGHS, BUT THEN) Yes.

SHE CROSSES AWAY. MATT LOOKS AROUND AND, ACROSS THE BUSY WALKWAY, SEES... HIM. DON QUINN, IMPOSING IN HIS SHERIFF'S UNIFORM, LOOKING ASKANCE AT A 40-SOMETHING WOMAN DRESSED HEAD-TO-TOE IN JUICY COUTURE SWEATS.

DON

(TO HIMSELF) People used to get dressed up to fly. (OFF HER LOOK) Move along.

BACK ON MATT: HE TAKES A CALMING BREATH, THEN CROSSES.

MATT

Mr. Quinn!

DON

Matt! Hey! Nice to finally meet you in person. (SHAKING HANDS) Good hand-shake.

MATT

You, too!

DON

I know. (THEN) How was the flight?