

STEVE (CONT'D)

I don't think they really know their products all too well, so I was just thinking of heading back to the airport to see their suitcases. So where are you?

HANA

As luck would have it, I'm downtown as well. Just... walking around.

STEVE

If you're not doing anything, do you want to meet up?

HANA

Yeah.

Steve has a big grin on his face.

HANA (CONT'D)

It'll be like old times.

STEVE

I don't really know the city very well. Where should we meet?

CUT TO:

INT. NATIONAL AIR AND SPACE MUSEUM

Steve walks into the museum for the first time. He looks around the *Milestones of Flight* entrance hall at all the aircrafts dangling from the roof.

There aren't many people here today. It's kind of empty.

HANA (O.S.)

Steve, over here!

He spots her tucked under *The Spirit of St. Louis* and walks over.

HANA (CONT'D)

(as he walks up)

Heaven, right? You must love this.

STEVE

I get paid to live it, not to love it.

HANA

(teasing)

So serious.

STEVE

Still, I suppose it's nice to see old friends.

He points to a NORTHWEST BOEING.

STEVE (CONT'D)

That 747-100B, for example. Those were still in commission when I first started. I have good memories of them.

She glances at him and frowns. She touches his bruise.

HANA

What happened here?

STEVE

(dryly)

I got into a fight with Sully Sullenberger. Told him a real pilot wouldn't have flown into a flock of geese in the first place. He won.

HANA

(smiles)

It's so good to see you again.

STEVE

Yeah. You too.

They start walking around.

HANA

It's been, what, 30-something years?

STEVE

(precise)

Thirty-one years... two months... four days...

HANA

Hey, remember that time we got black-out drunk at Mister Kelly's and spent the entire night going up the bank of the Chicago River?

STEVE

You were the one who was black-out drunk. I still had my motor skills and cognizant awareness.

HANA

Yeah, I don't remember much of that night.

STEVE

No... you don't.

(beat)

So, um, do you live in D.C. now?

HANA

Yes, I do. With my family.

STEVE

Your family?

HANA

My husband and my three kids.
Tom's a congressman.

STEVE

Oh.

INT. HOTEL CAFE

Steve and Hana are sitting across from each other, with cappuccinos in hand.

HANA

And how's your life, Stevie?

STEVE

Nobody's called me that in years.

HANA

Well, you'll always be Stevie who stole a pair of Uncle Fun Groucho glasses to me.

He looks in her eyes the way everyone wants to be looked at.

STEVE

Well, I'm still here.

HANA

It must be hard for you being in the air constantly. I bet your family misses you a lot.

STEVE

(insecure chuckle)

I don't really have a family.

HANA

No? No wife, no kids?

STEVE

No. Well, I guess I've a love-child from an affair in some state somewhere, but no. I don't even have an apartment. I've got my card.

He takes out his SAPPHIRE CARD. They're so rare that some hotel employees still think it's a myth.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Gets me a good room in every major city and I get a discount here. Makes up for a home-cooked meal.

HANA

How long's it been since you've had one?

STEVE

Thirty-one years, two months, four days.

HANA

Are you doing anything tonight?

STEVE

Just staring out windows, really.

HANA

Why don't you come over to my house? Tom and I will cook you a real meal.

A pause. She said "Tom and I". Steve's heart sinks a little.

STEVE

Okay.

CUT TO:

INT. HANA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A KNOCK on the door.

Hana opens. It's Steve.

HANA

Hi!