

FADE IN

INT. ANCHORAGE HOME - BEDROOM (3 YEARS AGO) - NIGHT

ANGELICA, a blond woman, sits up suddenly in bed retching and clutching her stomach. PETER SEACLIFF, attractive middle-aged man with trim dark beard, approaches with a clear plastic bag and turns on a bedside lamp. She snatches the bag and pulls it over her head.

EXT. NEAR ANCHORAGE, ALASKA - WOODS - EVENING

A snowy owl flies low over some spruce trees.

INT. ANCHORAGE LIBRARY - RARE BOOK ROOM - NIGHT

The Rare Book Room, vaguely suggesting a birdcage, has bookshelves, a table, a desk, and a small window above. Peter, who is shelving a book, looks up wistfully, ascends a ladder, and opens the window. His phone rings.

EXT. LIBRARY - FRONT STEPS - NIGHT

A shadowy figure places a picnic basket on the library steps and departs.

INT. BACK TO RARE BOOK ROOM

PETER answers his phone.

PETER

Rare Book Room. Can I help you? — Wonderful. I was hoping you'd call back. — Oh, nothing. Nothing really. You know me. Sorting. Staring. Sorting books. Staring blankly up at the only window they allow me. — I know. Waiting for winter can be tough. Short gray days. Long November nights. — That, or being locked inside a refrigerator waiting for the door to open. Which, actually, is not so bad, assuming, of course, I can reach the Genoa salami, Swiss cheese, Chardonnay. -- Ah! The loneliness of seasonal affective disorder.

He lifts a photo from a drawer, kisses it, and places it on his desk. It shows Angelica in a sunny field, smiling.