

MAX
Yeah, just like that. I can't
promise you'll like the company. I
can be hit or miss, but you'll love
the food.

Emma shakes her head and is about to give him an answer.

MAX (CONT'D)
I'm sure you have plenty of reasons
to say "no", but trust me, none of
them are as good as my friend's
pasta. Please.

Emma grins.

MAX (CONT'D)
See, first smile. It's a good sign.

EMMA
What's your name?

MAX
Max. Yours?

EMMA
Emma.

MAX
Emma? It's beautiful. Shall we?

She glances at her watch.

EMMA
I need to get my daughter at 3.

MAX
We'll be done by two-thirty.

She grins as she shakes her head.

EMMA
OK, give me a minute.

She rolls her cart to a cashier.

INT. "POMODORO" RESTAURANT - DAY

It is a small traditional Italian restaurant with red-
checkered cloths covering tables. A small Christmas tree
stands on a bar. There are a few customers eating lunch.

A HOSTESS, wearing a red Santa's hat, brings Max and Emma to their table.

MAX
(to the Hostess)
Thank you. Could you please let
Giuseppe know we're here?

HOSTESS
Of course.

As she walks to the kitchen, Max pulls out a chair for Emma.

EMMA
Thank you.

She sits down. Max sits across.

MAX
This's my favorite place. Giuseppe
is a magician and here he comes.

GIUSEPPE (60), in a white chef's jacket, walks to their table. Max stands up and offers him a handshake.

MAX (CONT'D)
Hello, my friend.

Giuseppe smiles widely and grabs Max's hand.

GIUSEPPE
We missed you on Sunday. Brunch was
amazing.

MAX
Sorry, something came up.

He points at Emma.

MAX (CONT'D)
This is Emma.

Giuseppe turns his head to Emma and freezes for a second. His smile disappears as he stares at her. Then, he turns his surprised eyes to Max. Max nods his head slightly.

MAX (CONT'D)
We just met. And I told Emma that
you are amazing. Please don't let
me down.

Giuseppe looks at Emma again. She smiles.