

SCENE 1

FADE IN:

EXT. STREET, BOSTON, DECEMBER - DAY

Cold. Light snow falls onto a busy one-way street filled with businesses and residences. Cars are moving bumper to bumper in the slow traffic. On the sidewalks, people are determined to finish their pre-holiday shopping on time.

INT. CHEVY CONVERTIBLE - DAY

MAX (35), an athletically built man, drives slowly with the rooftop down. Music is playing. He looks sad. Rare snowflakes fall on his head and shoulders as he stares forward, ignoring the crowd. The traffic light turns to red.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

EMMA (29) stands near the crosswalk among other people, waiting for the green light. She hears the music coming out of Max's Chevy as the car approaches the intersection. Emma looks curiously at Max. He stops the Chevy by the crosswalk and turns his head toward her. As he sees her, he tenses up as if he sees something unexpected.

INT. CHEVY CONVERTIBLE - DAY

Max stares at Emma as she walks in front of his car, crossing the intersection. She seems to be aware of his stare-down, but chooses not to look at him. She crosses the road and walks downstairs into a second-hand store.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Green light. Max drives through the intersection and parks. The rooftop is going up until it securely snaps. Max gets out and walks towards the second-hand store.

INT. SECOND-HAND STORE - DAY

Cheerful Christmas music is playing.

Emma stands by a rack, picking through the clothes. Finding nothing interesting, she walks to a kids' section and looks through the merchandise. She picks up a cute dress and smiles as she checks it out.

SCENE 3

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.