

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.