

She touches her leg.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
Morgan wake up, we're home.

MAX  
Let her sleep.

He turns the engine off.

MAX (CONT'D)  
I'll bring her up.

EMMA  
Thank you.

Max nods and gets out.

INT. BEDROOM - EVENING

A nightlight is on. Morgan sleeps soundly on the bed. Emma covers her with a blanket and gives her a kiss. Max watches them. Emma stands up and looks at him.

EMMA  
Thank you.

MAX  
We're welcome.

Emma gets closer, puts her hands on his shoulders and kisses him. Max stares into her eyes and gently wraps his arms around her. She kisses him again and again until Max lets his guard down. He kisses her more and more passionately as he leads her out of Morgan's room.

INT. EMMA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Max is in the bed, sleeping. Rays of sun break through the curtains and fall on his face. He opens his eyes and looks around. Emma is not there.

Max gets up and puts his clothes on. He takes a step toward the door and sees a visualization board hanging on the wall. There are pictures of a fancy house, a Range Rover, a beautiful tropical beach, an engagement diamond ring and other things. Max smirks as he looks at the pictures and walks out of the room.

MAX (O.S.)  
Can I ask you something?

Emma turns her head and sees Max holding a Hawaiian shirt in his hand.

MAX (CONT'D)  
What do you think?

He places the shirt to his body. Emma looks at his silly smile.

EMMA  
Sure, you'll look perfect in that convertible of yours, especially in this weather.

MAX  
Oh, you've noticed.

EMMA  
It was hard not to.

She puts the little dress in the cart and goes through other clothes.

MAX  
You must have kids.

Emma glances at him as she continues her business.

MAX (CONT'D)  
Anything for their father?

Emma stops.

EMMA  
He's not around. Any more questions?

MAX  
Just one.

Emma stares at him, waiting.

MAX (CONT'D)  
I'm having lunch at my friend's restaurant, right around the corner. Would you join me?

EMMA  
Really? Just like that?

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.