

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.

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?