

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.

INT. TAXI - DAY

Manhattan. Angela and Max look at the high-rises and myriad of people walking on the streets. Max looks at the guy.

MAX

Hey man, if we need to spend a night, where do we go?

GUY

How about a hotel?

MAX

I don't think I have enough money for that. Any other option?

The guy looks at him as he thinks.

GUY

I guess Grand Station would be another option. It's warm inside.

MAX

Thank you.

GUY

Sure.

EXT. STREET, MANHATTAN - DAY

The taxi stops by a building, the trunk pops up. Angela and Max get out from the car and get their luggage. The taxi drives away.

Max looks at the address in his notebook and then glances at the building's number.

MAX

Yep, we're here.

Angela looks at the tall buildings around her.

MAX (CONT'D)

We're in America, baby.

Angela is nervous. Max hugs her.

MAX (CONT'D)

We'll be OK.

ANGELA

It's a different world.