

INT. BOOTH - DAY

Kate closes up the booth.

INT. TERMINAL 3 / CHEZ GERARD (BAR/RESTAURANT) - DAY

Kate sits at a table near the bar, drinking a glass of wine and reading her book. She glances up as a man enters. Harvey takes a seat at the bar.

HARVEY  
Jamesons, no ice.

The Barman serves Harvey. Harvey immediately downs it.

HARVEY (CONT'D)  
Another.  
(beat)  
Please.

The Barman refills his glass. Again Harvey knocks it back. Kate glances up from her book.

HARVEY (CONT'D)  
Another, please.

The Barman glances at Harvey.

~~Harvey (cont'd)~~  
~~Another.~~  
~~(beat)~~  
~~Please.~~

Harvey reaches for the now full glass. But knocks it, spilling it into his lap.

HARVEY  
Shit!

Kate looks up again, along with the few other patrons in the bar. Harvey registers their gaze.

HARVEY (CONT'D)  
Sorry. Vulgar American.

Kate smiles, before returning to her book. Harvey dabs his trousers with some napkins.

HARVEY (CONT'D)

(to himself)

I know, we don't raise our voices  
in this country. It's not done.

Harvey puts the sodden napkins down onto the bar. He looks at himself in the mirror behind the bar and rubs his chest. He sighs and glances around the room. He sees Kate and recognizes her.

HARVEY (CONT'D)

(to Kate)

I'm sorry.

Kate looks up. Beat.

KATE

For what?

HARVEY

For yesterday. I was rude. You  
tried to ask me some questions.

Kate nods.

HARVEY (CONT'D)

You were just trying to do your job  
and I was rude.

KATE

I don't really remember, but I'm  
sure you were. Most people are.

Kate returns to her book. Beat.

HARVEY

Good book?

Kate looks up.

KATE

It probably would be, if i could  
finish it.

HARVEY

(holds up his hands)

I get it.

Beat. Harvey downs another shot. Kate looks up again.

KATE

That'll help.

HARVEY  
(looks over)  
Sorry?

KATE  
I said, that'll help.

Beat.

HARVEY  
Believe me, it will.

KATE  
Right.

Beat.

HARVEY  
I reckon it'll help as much as that  
trashy novel and a glass of  
chardonnay.

Beat.

KATE  
O-kay.

Harvey winces, lowering his head into his hand. Putting some money onto the bar, he turns and joins Kate, taking a seat at an adjacent table.

HARVEY  
I'm really sorry. That was out of  
line.

KATE  
(looks up)  
What? Go away and stop apologizing.

HARVEY  
It's just that i've had a really  
shitty day.

KATE  
(looking back at her book)  
Join the club.

HARVEY  
No. I mean really shitty. Yours may  
have been shitty, but mine was  
shittier.

Beat. Finally, Kate looks up again at this strange man.

KATE  
How shitty?

HARVEY  
I missed my flight. I lost my job.  
And my daughter who got married in  
London today asked her step father  
rather than me to give her away.

Kate looks at Harvey sympathetically for a moment.

KATE  
Not bad.  
(beat)  
But what can I do for you?  
(beat)  
Make it worse, maybe?

HARVEY  
Let me make it up to you.  
(beat)  
Would you let me buy you lunch.  
What time is it - tea time? I'll  
buy you tea.

Kate blushes ever so slightly.

KATE  
That's very sweet of you, but... I  
don't know you. And... you don't  
know me.

HARVEY  
Exactly. That's why we should have  
lunch - tea.

Kate can't help but smile. Beat.

KATE  
Thank you, but...no.

She indicates her book.

HARVEY  
Because you've got your book. And  
it's a good replacement for humans.

Kate smiles and nods. Just then her phone rings.

HARVEY (CONT'D)  
If that's for me I'm in the shower.

←end