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 Bartender serves Harvey. Harvey immediately downs it.

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

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

    HARVEY (CONT'D)
    Another, please.

The Bartender glances at Harvey.

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. Pulling 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.