

INT. THE TAVERN, COUNTRY PUB - DAY

Christian sits at a small table, trying not to be noticed or disturbed, his bag wedged awkwardly by his side.

A buoyant KIWI WAITRESS approaches him.

KIWI WAITRESS

Looks like you could do with a drink. Sure I can't get you anything?

She winks at him. Christian's taken back.

CHRISTIAN

Waiting for a friend. Mineral water, thanks.

KIWI WAITRESS

We have some great ales on tap? Some good offers to brighten up your Monday--

Christian shakes his head.

CHRISTIAN

Just the water--

KIWI WAITRESS

Be right back with that water.

She leaves and Christian becomes absorbed in a newspaper in front of him.

He feels a shadow over his shoulder.

CHRISTIAN

Really, water is fine.

MALE VOICE

Glad to hear you're on the wagon.

Christian turns, he cracks a smile. FINN (56) dishevelled and devilish hails the waitress.

She skirts over.

FINN

Make it two, no four of your good pints.

CHRISTIAN

No, it's fine, water's good.

FINN

(to Christian)

Oh come on, live a little, how long has it been, years? *Literally* years. And how long have we got before you're off somewhere? Or get done for something else?

Christian flushes.

CHRISTIAN

(to waitress)

Really just the water.

Finn winks to the waitress

FINN

He's on the wagon. Not me though. Two of your best for me.

KIWI WAITRESS

Right.

She glides back to the bar.

CHRISTIAN

*Worst* sponsor going.

Finn grabs a seat.

FINN

I'm still your sponsor?

CHRISTIAN

Haven't found another. So...

FINN

You must have had a very sober, easy last couple of years.

(rethinks)

Well I guess where you've been...

CHRISTIAN

(shrugs)

There are ways and means.

The waitress returns with two pints and a water.

FINN

(winks to waitress)

Sure are!

She pulls a large fake smile and clears the next table. Finn pushes one of the pints over to Christian.

CHRISTIAN

No. Seriously, on the wagon.

FINN

How's that work for you? Keeping temptation at bay by avoiding it?

CHRISTIAN

Here we go.

FINN

Isn't it better to dabble your toes a little, but keep the rest of your body on dryland?

CHRISTIAN

You should write novels.

Finn SCOFFS.

FINN

True crime is where it's at, all the gore, the glory, and people buy the damned things. Hot-cakes.

Finn downs half his pint. Pulls at Christian's.

FINN (CONT'D)

Well if you're going to waste it.

He GLUGS down the final half of his pint. Christian grits his fingernails into the table, focuses on the BUZZ of the room.

FINN (CONT'D)

So, you gonna tell me how you ended up with Cruella?

CHRISTIAN

It's been... didn't choose sides, just ended up this way.

FINN

With you working with my ex-wife?

CHRISTIAN

She was one of the few people who would take my calls. Stick by me. Pay me.

FINN

Why did you call Christian? You relapse?

AWKWARD SILENCE, Christian sips his water.

FINN (CONT'D)

What did I say? Utter bollocks.

Christian claws his fingernails further into the table.

FINN (CONT'D)

Abstinence. All it does is make the heart grow fonder.

CHRISTIAN

I--

FINN

Longer you've strayed from the stuff. The harder you fall when you fall. Because you do fall.

Finn downs the last of his pint.

FINN (CONT'D)

Why hold back from who you are?

CHRISTIAN

Who I am?

FINN

The man with 'ways and means.'

CHRISTIAN

Look, I called you because of Nikki.

FINN

What's Cruella want?

CHRISTIAN

You left her a note and a tape.

Finn SMIRKS.

FINN

You're doing this sober?

He grabs Christian's arm and HISSES in his ear

FINN (CONT'D)

You fucked my wife.

CHRISTIAN

Maybe we should go somewhere else.

Finn stands.

FINN

Sure.

(calls to the waitress)

Can we get the bill?