

The Hannigans - Episode One

by

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INT. COMMERCIAL AIRPLANE - NIGHT

A married couple in their mid-fifties are seated in a mostly darkened, quiet airplane, softly lit by their overhead light. They are travelling from New York City to Newcastle upon Tyne, UK. She is staring at the seat back in front of her, obviously deep in thought. Her husband is turned slightly in his seat, watching her intently.

LARRY

Well?

JOYCE

OK, I've got one. In Rear Window, which leg did Jimmy Stewart have in a cast? Left or right?

LARRY

Easy.

JOYCE

You sure?

Larry pauses, thinking.

JOYCE (CONT'D)

(teasing)

You're *not* sure, are you?

LARRY

I'm pretty sure I know it.

JOYCE

C'mon, how many times have you seen it?

LARRY

Gotta be at least a dozen. I'm pretty sure I know this.

JOYCE

And would you bet five hundred dollars on your answer?

LARRY

(pausing and cocking his head)

Damn, I'm *not* sure. You know for sure?

JOYCE

Absolutely. No doubt in my mind. See, that's the difference between you and me. I'm observant...and you're a bit of an idiot.

LARRY  
But a charming idiot, yes?

JOYCE  
(smiling)  
Thankfully.

LARRY  
Hey, speaking of idiots, how was your sister when you talked to her last night?

JOYCE  
She was OK. She's definitely not totally on board, but I think she's at least come to terms with it.

INT. DARK CLASSY RESTAURANT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Larry and Joyce are seated with another couple, KAREN and her husband MARTIN, at a small table in an intimate Italian restaurant. KAREN is Joyce's older sister.

KAREN  
(incredulously)  
England?! Are you kidding? You're actually doing this?

JOYCE  
Christ, relax Karen. If I'd said Florida, you wouldn't bat an eye. It's just a bit further away.

KAREN  
(reaching for a wine bottle)  
Holy shit. You're running away again.

MARTIN  
(raising his glass of beer)  
Well, I commend you both. I think.

KAREN  
And volunteering at the museum - you're just giving that up?

JOYCE  
(sarcastically)  
I'm sure Britain has museums too, Karen.

MARTIN  
 (nods to Larry)  
 This makes sense. Well done.

KAREN  
 (now pouring herself  
 some wine)  
 Blimey.

INT. COMMERCIAL AIRPLANE - NIGHT (BACK TO PRESENT DAY)

LARRY  
 It's not just about your dad, is  
 it? You think she's pissed that  
 you're actually changing your life  
 and she's not?

JOYCE  
 I doubt it. She's not like me.  
 It's pretty much all about dad.  
 I'm not going to feel guilty about  
 this. She's had the good fortune.  
 We need this. We deserve it.  
 She'll manage. I can always fly  
 home if I need to. Dad's still OK  
 by himself for now.

LARRY  
 You're right. We're going to  
 Tarslaw, mate. Bye bye Rochester.

Joyce smiles and raises her fist towards Larry. They bump  
 fists.

CUT TO:

OPENING TITLES: THE HANNIGANS

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TAXI CAB - NIGHT

Larry and Joyce are in the backseat of a taxi, driven by  
 IVAN - a burly, jovial man in his mid-fifties with a  
 noticeable Polish accent. They are near the end of a 20  
 minute drive from the Newcastle airport to their  
 destination.

IVAN  
 You're my first drive to Tarslaw.  
 All these years, lots to Morpeth  
 and Mitford, but never Tarslaw.

LARRY

You're kidding! Well I guess that makes sense - there's not much there and I think the population's about a hundred.

IVAN

Soon to be a hundred and two.

LARRY

(laughing)

That's right. Tarslaw is booming. Won't be long before we need a subway stop.

IVAN

(laughing)

Maybe Starbucks too.

JOYCE

Please, don't even joke about that. That's why we're doing this - to get away from all that.

IVAN

A new life.

JOYCE

Yes, that's it exactly.

IVAN

Won't be long now. Less than a mile. I'm curious though, why Tarslaw?

LARRY

Well, apparently it was fate. I was born here in the UK but our family moved to the states when I was a little kid. My dad had to accept a company transfer and that was that.

IVAN

Ah, you've got Brit blood. I wouldn't have guessed. You seem very American.

LARRY

So then...I had a great aunt who lived to be almost one hundred. I never met her but from what I've been told, she and my dad got along wonderfully.

(MORE)

LARRY (CONT'D)

Anyway, the end of the story is her passing on and leaving me her property and cottage. It was a complete shock but it's weird the way things happen in life. It happened just when I was ready to retire and...

JOYCE

(to Ivan)

He left out something important - he had a small heart attack two years ago. It scared the hell out of us.

IVAN

(excitedly turns and offers Larry a handshake)

Heart attack? Me too!

JOYCE

(pointing to the windshield)

Ivan - the road.

LARRY

Don't give *her* a heart attack.

IVAN

You know, I think what you're doing is great. Starting over. Like me when I came from Poland.

JOYCE

We want a peaceful life. No stress. With flowers and bicycles and tea and fish and chips.

IVAN

And Guinness.

JOYCE

White wine, thanks. A nice Pinot Grigio.

IVAN

Guess what folks? Your peaceful life is starting.

The taxi begins to slow down as Ivan applies the brakes. The car comes to a stop twenty seconds later.

IVAN (CONT'D)

Here we are. Your new home.

Joyce and Larry both lean forward, looking through the windshield from the backseat at a very tiny cottage at the end of the gravel road they've stopped on. They appear confused. It's very dark and the cottage door is lit by a dim yellow light directly above it.

JOYCE

Wait, are you certain your GPS was right?

IVAN

One Kittridge Lane, Tarslaw. It's right.

JOYCE

(slightly panicked)

Larry?

LARRY

OK, this is definitely not right. That's not our place.

JOYCE

(sternly)

Jesus Christ Larry, what the hell is this? Ivan, you've got the wrong place. This can't be right. We saw photographs.

IVAN

No, I'm absolutely sure this is One Kittridge Lane. This is your place?

JOYCE

No sense sitting here. Let's go knock on the door and get some answers. C'mon Larry.

Joyce and Larry both open their doors and begin to exit the taxi. Larry leans back in before he closes the door.

LARRY

(to Ivan)

Be right back.

EXT. SMALL COTTAGE - NIGHT

Joyce and Larry walk briskly towards the small cottage. As they approach, the sound of very loud punk music (The Buzzcocks - Ever Fallen in Love?) can be heard coming from

inside the cottage. Larry knocks on the door. The music continues. Larry knocks again. They wait.

JOYCE  
(impatiently to Larry)  
Look out.

Joyce then quickly steps forward and knocks with much more force. The music fades down to silence and ten seconds later the door opens slowly. A slight, old looking man (early seventies) with a full head of curly grey hair steps into the doorway. This is MURPH.

MURPH  
(while peering past  
Larry and Joyce at the  
taxi)  
Evening folks. Can I help you?

JOYCE  
(somewhat panicky)  
Are we at One Kittridge Lane?

MURPH  
You are. And so am I. Looks like  
we're all at One Kittridge Lane.  
In fact, there's also a taxi cab  
driver at One Kittridge Lane.  
(grinning)  
This is getting interesting.

JOYCE  
(very agitated)  
Listen godammit, we just spent  
twelve hours getting here and  
don't really need comedy right  
now. Do you know who Martha  
Corning is...or was?

LARRY  
We're pretty sure this is her  
property and...

MURPH  
(excitedly)  
Hannigans! Larry and Joyce! I  
wondered when I'd see you.

Larry turns to face the taxi and raises one finger, indicating one minute. He turns back to Murph.

LARRY  
(confused)  
I'm sorry, but who...

MURPH  
Call me Murph. Everyone does.

JOYCE  
And you live here? In this  
cottage?

MURPH  
Murph Manor. Please exit through  
the gift shop.

JOYCE  
But where is Martha's house?

MURPH  
(pointing north)  
It's just up the path a wee bit.  
I'll walk you.

JOYCE  
Oh, thank god. Thank god.

LARRY  
I'll get our stuff. Be right back.

Larry walks quickly back to the taxi cab driver's side.  
Ivan has rolled down his window.

LARRY (CONT'D)  
Everything's fine. Could you help  
me with the luggage?

IVAN  
Of course.

Ivan and Larry head to the back of the car and retrieve  
Larry and Joyce's luggage from the trunk, carrying 3 large  
suitcases up to Murph's door. Larry and Ivan then walk back  
to the car. Joyce and Murph talk while waiting.

MURPH  
Miss Martha has given you a slice  
of heaven, Mrs. Hannigan. A nice  
little Tarslaw vacation home. An  
escape from the chaos in America,  
whenever you need it.

JOYCE  
Actually, it's not a vacation.  
We're staying here. So Martha  
explained everything to you? You  
were expecting us.

MURPH  
Staying? You mean permanent?

JOYCE  
That's right. A permanent  
vacation.

MURPH  
(surprised)  
My goodness. That's...wonderful.

The taxi drives away and Larry has walked back to join  
Murph and Joyce in the doorway.

LARRY  
(to Murph)  
Lead the way Murph, obviously, we  
have no idea where to go.

MURPH  
Hang on, I'll grab a torch. It's  
bloody dark.

Murph dashes inside his cottage and returns fifteen seconds  
later with a flashlight.

MURPH (CONT'D)  
Give me the heaviest suitcase. I  
insist.

LARRY  
Thanks Murph, but I'm OK with the  
heavy ones. Just take this one.

Larry motions to one of the suitcases and Murph picks it  
up.

MURPH  
OK, follow me.

EXT. GRAVEL PATH - NIGHT

Larry, Joyce and Murph begin walking north on the gravel  
path that connects Murph's cottage and Martha Corning's  
former home. Murph is leading. It's completely dark except  
for his flashlight lighting the path ahead.

MURPH  
I'm assuming you've got a key.

LARRY  
I've got it. Lawyer FedEx'd it.

MURPH  
You folks be careful. The road can  
be a bit uneven.

JOYCE  
 (slightly sarcastically)  
 Perfect.

MURPH  
 So, I was told you live, or *lived*  
 I guess, in New York.

JOYCE  
 Yep, Rochester.

MURPH  
 (confused)  
 That's near New York?

JOYCE  
 Oh, you thought New York City. We  
 lived in Rochester, which is in  
 the state of New York.

MURPH  
 What state is New York in?

JOYCE  
 You mean New York City? That's in  
 New York state too.

LARRY  
 New York, New York.

MURPH  
 I see. I see.

Suddenly, Murph has dropped the flashlight. It has stopped  
 working and there is nothing but darkness.

MURPH (CONT'D)  
 Damn! I've dropped the torch  
 folks. Hang on.

JOYCE  
 Great.

The sound of scrambling gravel is heard in the darkness.  
 Murph is trying to locate the flashlight.

MURPH  
 Blimey, I just kicked it. Hang on.

JOYCE  
 I cannot see a thing. Literally,  
 nothing.

MURPH  
 It might be in the grass. Hang on.

LARRY  
Where are you Murph? I can't  
believe how dark it is. Be careful  
Joyce.

Murph can be heard muttering to himself in the darkness.

JOYCE  
Help him look, Larry.

MURPH  
It's more feeling than looking.  
Hang on.

Murph continues searching and muttering is heard in the  
darkness.

LARRY  
Seriously, it's goddamn dark,  
isn't it?

JOYCE  
(very sarcastically)  
Yes Larry, it's goddamn dark.

MURPH  
(triumphantly)  
Got it!

JOYCE  
Let there be light.

MURPH  
Hang on. Shit.

LARRY  
What's going on?

JOYCE  
(sarcastically)  
Larry, have you noticed how dark  
it is?

MURPH  
The batteries tumbled out. Nobody  
move.

JOYCE  
Christ.

MURPH  
(excitedly)  
Hang on. Do you have mobiles?  
That'll give us light.

LARRY

Sorry, Murph. We gave them up.  
Part of our new life plan.

JOYCE

(sarcastically)  
Ah yes, our brilliant plan.

MURPH

Wait, think I found one.

JOYCE

Nope, that's my foot.

MURPH

Wait, here's one. Got 'em both.

Murph is heard fumbling with the flashlight and suddenly there is light again.

MURPH (CONT'D)

Very sorry about all that folks.  
Follow me.

Larry, Joyce continue walking on the path, with Murph leading the way.

MURPH (CONT'D)

Just about there. Have a look.

Murph stops walking and raises the flashlight. In the distance, twenty yards ahead, Larry and Joyce's new home can be seen in the beam from Murph's flashlight.

JOYCE

Oh my god. Larry, it's lovely.  
Better than the photos. Keep  
walking Murph.

They continue walking with Murph lighting the path ahead.

LARRY

It is lovely, isn't it? I think my  
wife's happy, Murph.

JOYCE

(loudly)  
Oh FUCK!

LARRY

Jesus, what's wrong?

JOYCE  
 (in pain)  
 I've twisted my fucking ankle. Oh,  
 Christ that hurts. Motherfucker!

MURPH  
 Goodness.

LARRY  
 Shit, can you make it to the  
 house? Here, lean on me and take  
 some of the weight off.

Joyce braces herself by grabbing Larry's shoulder and they  
 all continue walking, with Joyce hobbling as best she can.  
 She is in severe pain.

JOYCE  
 Oh my god it hurts. Get me to that  
 house Larry.

Suddenly - darkness. Murph has dropped the flashlight  
 again.

MURPH  
 Hang on folks.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LARRY AND JOYCE'S COTTAGE - DAY

Joyce is sitting in a chair with her swollen ankle resting  
 on an ottoman. She is drinking a cup of tea. Sun streams in  
 through the windows and birds sing outside. Larry enters  
 the room with a cup of tea in one hand and a rolled up  
 piece of paper in the other.

LARRY  
 How is it?

JOYCE  
 Still sore, but better.

LARRY  
 At least it's better and obviously  
 not broken. No reason to do  
 anything today except sit and  
 rest.

JOYCE  
 We'll see, but you know what I'm  
 like. If I can, I'd like to go for  
 a bit of a walk later.

(MORE)

JOYCE (CONT'D)

As long as it's not too sore. It's a gorgeous day.

LARRY

We'll see.

Larry and Joyce both takes sips from their tea cups, then pause while looking at each other.

JOYCE

(makes face showing mild disgust, then places tea cup down)

OK, I don't like tea. No sense pretending.

LARRY

(looking at his own cup)

Well, I didn't want to admit it but, yeah. Same here.

JOYCE

(pointing at the paper Larry's holding)

What's that?

LARRY

(while unrolling paper)

I dug out the property map the lawyer gave us.

(he points to a spot on the map)

OK, here's our place. Trees are here and the stream's out back. Follow the driveway down to the road. Murph's place would be right here. This is all our property right out to the road. It's not there. No cottage.

JOYCE

Reality begs to differ with your map, squire. The cottage is real, Murph is real and I'm really not impressed. Talk to the lawyer.

Larry sits down in a chair facing Joyce. They look at each other for a moment, then a faint smile grows on his face.

LARRY

We did it Jo. We've actually done it. We live in Britain.

JOYCE  
We did. Love you bud.

There is suddenly 3 firm knocks on the front door. Larry walks to the door and opens it. It's Murph.

MURPH  
Morning Hannigans.

Murph leans in, spotting Joyce in the chair.

MURPH (CONT'D)  
And how's the ankle?

JOYCE  
It's better, thanks.

LARRY  
Did you need something, Murph?

MURPH  
Oh no. I just wanted to say good morning. Check on the ankle. Make sure you're settled. Is there anything I can do for you?

LARRY  
Thanks Murph, but we're good for now.

MURPH  
Sure. Well, if you need anything, you know where I live.

LARRY  
Murph Manor.

MURPH  
(laughs)  
You got it, squire.

Murph walks away and Larry closes the door.

JOYCE  
(jokingly)  
Tonight on Murph Manor Mysteries.

LARRY  
Why is this guy here? I feel like I'm renting from him.

Again, 3 strong knocks on the door.

JOYCE  
Wow.

Larry goes back to the door and opens it. It's Murph again.

MURPH

Sorry squire, I just remembered and thought I should let ya know - I'm planning to do some yard work tomorrow morning, so if you see me out back pulling some weeds, don't be alarmed.

LARRY

Oh Murph, you really don't need to worry about the yard. I'm not sure why...

MURPH

(interrupting)

Oh, I'll be doin' it. Gotta run for now. Bye folks.

Murph quickly departs. Larry slowly closes the door, then turns to face Joyce.

JOYCE

Talk to the lawyer.

CUT TO:

EXT. LARRY AND JOYCE'S COTTAGE - MIDDAY

Larry exits the cottage through the front door, closing it behind him. He stretches, looks up and squints. The sun is bright.

CUT TO:

EXT. MURPH'S COTTAGE - MIDDAY

Larry is approaching Murph's cottage. Music is blasting from within the cottage (Generation X - Promises Promises).

As Larry passes by, the music abruptly stops and a moment later Murph exits his front door. He spots Larry.

MURPH

(calling out)

Larry Hannigan. Hello neighbor.

Larry turns around to face Murph.

LARRY

Oh hi Murph. Nice day.

MURPH

Lovely. I'm going into Mitford for a bit. Need anything? Oh, wait here, I just remembered I have something for you.

Murph quickly dashes back into his cottage and returns a moment later with a wooden cane.

MURPH (CONT'D)

Not sure why I have this, but I do. Thought your wife could use it.

Murph hands Larry the cane.

LARRY

Thanks, Murph.

MURPH

Well Larry, enjoy your walk. I'm off. Last chance, can I get you anything in town?

LARRY

Thanks, but we're good for now, but Murph - there's a pub nearby isn't there? We looked it up back home. About a quarter mile? If Joyce is up for it, we thought we might walk up for fish and chips later.

MURPH

The Morton Gate. Tremendous fish and chips. Follow the path behind your place until it reaches the road. It's not far - up on the right.

LARRY

Perfect. Thanks Murph.

MURPH

Have a pint for me.

Murph gets in his old Ford pick-up truck and drives off. As Murph drives away, Larry has stopped walking and is looking around at his surroundings, taking the time to fully absorb the fact that he and Joyce have dramatically changed their lives.

INT. DARK CLASSY RESTAURANT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A continuation of the previous flashback.

KAREN

No car, just bicycles?

LARRY

And walking. I actually can't wait to not have a car to worry about.

JOYCE

Riding to the market. Afternoon strolls. No traffic. I'm getting serious about painting too. It's exactly what I want at this point. No cell phones either.

KAREN

What? Oh good god - will I need to learn morse code?

MARTIN

(pensively)

No car. Interesting.

INT. LARRY AND JOYCE'S COTTAGE - DAY

Larry has returned from his walk and enters the front door. He's holding one hand behind his back. Joyce enters the living room via the kitchen.

LARRY

How's the ankle? Still a bit sore?

JOYCE

Improving. I can walk without cursing, which is a good sign. Have you got something?

LARRY

(his hand still behind his back)

It's a gift from your buddy, Murph.

JOYCE

What the hell?

Larry brings his hand forward, displaying the cane.

JOYCE (CONT'D)

Oh, how lovely. I'll get my top hat and monocle.

LARRY

You have to admit it was kind of sweet.

JOYCE

OK, granted, but I shan't be shuffling about with a cane, old chap.

LARRY

It might help. Why don't you just try it. For me?

JOYCE

You really want to see your wife with a cane? Not sure you could cope with that much sexiness.

LARRY

Hey, if it helps - who cares? Give it a spin.

Larry hands the cane to Joyce. She takes it and does a short test walk around the living room.

JOYCE

(in comical old lady voice as she walks)  
Where's my bingo dabber?

JOYCE (CONT'D)

(still walking)  
Dammit, this does help. Who knew?

LARRY

You were right. Super sexy.

JOYCE

(laughing)  
Fuck off.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ART SUPPLY STORE - DAY

Murph closes the door of his truck, which is parked on the street in front of an art supply store. He begins walking towards the store, which is named Fremont Art.

CUT TO:

INT. ART SUPPLY STORE - DAY

Murph enters the shop and is immediately greeted by the very old proprietor, CALVIN FREMONT.

CALVIN  
There he is! I was just thinking  
about you yesterday, Murph.

MURPH  
Hello Cal. How've ya been?

CALVIN  
I just turned eighty. All I can  
eat is soup. My feet ache all the  
time. I sleep two hours a night  
and I wear a diaper. How are you?

MURPH  
I feel like I'm thirty.

CALVIN  
(sarcastically)  
That's lovely.

MURPH  
Really, a diaper?

CALVIN  
So, more canvases?

MURPH  
Just one. Two by three, and let me  
see the darkest stain you've got.

CALVIN  
(pauses)  
What on earth are you up to now,  
Murph?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LARRY AND JOYCE'S COTTAGE - LATE AFTERNOON

Joyce and Larry exit their front door, closing and locking it. Larry glances down and stops - pointing at a flower pot sitting to the right of the door.

LARRY  
Am I crazy? I don't remember  
seeing those flowers.

JOYCE

Not crazy. They weren't there last night. I'd remember seeing them. The pot was there.

Joyce looks up at Larry and cocks her head slightly.

LARRY

Yeah yeah, lawyer.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PATH THROUGH WOODS - LATE AFTERNOON

Joyce and Larry are walking to the nearby pub. Joyce is using her cane and carrying a white purse with purple polka dots. She's wearing a stylish sun hat.

JOYCE

I can't believe I'm actually walking with a cane. Listen, if I get to an age where this is permanent, you have my permission to smother me with a pillow. In my sleep, just do it quick.

LARRY

It's growing on me. It's a good look. Add a couple hearing aids and I'll be all over you.

Suddenly Joyce looks up and stops. Larry does the same. They're staring straight ahead at a very old man, dressed in a baggy suit. He is standing still, facing them on the path about twenty feet away. He raises his arm and points directly at Joyce. He begins to sing...

OLD MAN

*You've got a polka dot purse and a cane / Walk with me down Shaftsbury Lane / We'll talk about the wind and the sun and the rain / You've got a polka dot purse and a cane*

Joyce and Larry are amused but say nothing, watching the old man. Nobody is moving. The old man sings again...

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

*You've got a polka dot purse and a  
cane / Walk with me down  
Shaftsbury Lane / We'll talk about  
the wind and the sun and the rain  
/ You've got a polka dot purse and  
a cane*

Joyce and Larry stand motionless and confused as the old man silently walks forward, passes them and continues down the path. Joyce and Larry look at each other, saying nothing.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE MORTON GATE PUB - DUSK

Larry and Joyce enter The Morton Gate, find a table in a corner and sit down. It's busy and noisy. Strawbs - Lemon Pie is playing on the jukebox. Two men (COLIN and NICK) are playing darts. An older tart is seated with another old couple. The old tart is made up rather pathetically, attempting to look a couple decades younger. She's laughing very loudly. Everyone keeps glancing at Joyce and Larry.

LARRY

(speaking softly)  
Well, if you wanted  
authenticity...

JOYCE

(raising one finger  
while staring at the old  
laughing tart)  
Just a minute, I'm judging  
someone.

LARRY

Let's drink, shall we.

JOYCE

Indeed.

Larry flags the pub's sole waitress and she promptly walks to the table. This is EMMY.

EMMY

Hello folks, I'm Emmy. Fancy a  
drink?

LARRY

Hello Emmy. My wife would like a  
glass of Pinot Grigio and I'd like  
a beer. Let's go with a Guinness.

EMMY  
You're American? On holiday?

LARRY  
No, actually we've moved here.

EMMY  
What, to Mitford? From the states?

JOYCE  
Tarslaw, actually. Close enough I  
guess.

EMMY  
You're joking. You moved to  
Tarslaw?

LARRY  
Long story. We just wanted a  
simpler life.

EMMY  
(to Joyce)  
I'm sorry, what was it you wanted?

JOYCE  
A Pinot Grigio.

EMMY  
Not sure what that is exactly.

JOYCE  
It's a white wine.

EMMY  
Right, white wine.

JOYCE  
OK, but not just any white wine.  
I'd really like a Pinot Grigio.  
The bartender will know.

EMMY  
Yeah, he might. Be right back.

LARRY  
Hang on Emmy, before you go, we  
might as well order our food.  
We're both in the mood for fish  
and chips.

EMMY  
Easy enough. Two fish and chips.

JOYCE

Emmy - something else. I'm lactose intolerant so I need to ask...

EMMY

You're what?

JOYCE

Lactose intolerant. I can't have any dairy. Do you know if the batter is made with milk?

EMMY

(confused)

The batter?

JOYCE

Yes, is it made with milk?

EMMY

(pausing)

I'm sorry, what's batter?

JOYCE

(mildly frustrated)

The fish - does it have a crispy coating?

EMMY

Yeah.

JOYCE

That's the batter. Never mind. Do me a favor - go ask the cook if the crispy coating is made with milk, OK?

Emmy departs.

JOYCE (CONT'D)

(in mocking English accent)

What's batter?

LARRY

You appear to be *Emmy* intolerant.

JOYCE

So my dear, it's time we discussed the elephant in the room - Murph. When exactly are you speaking with the lawyer? We have a quirky little man living on our property.

(MORE)

JOYCE (CONT'D)

We don't know why but I've determined I don't like it. That cottage of his would make a great studio. Do you have anything enlightening to add?

LARRY

He gave you a cane.

JOYCE

I just don't understand how there was no mention of him or that cottage in the will. Does that make sense to you? How long do you think he's been living there?

LARRY

I have no idea, but he seems comfortable, doesn't he?

JOYCE

Well, my comfort is a greater concern.

Emmy arrives with drinks and sets them on the table.

EMMY

(to Joyce)

Everything's fine. The crispy coating has milk.

JOYCE

(confused)

It *is* made with milk?

EMMY

That's right.

JOYCE

OK, forget that then. Could I get a large salad with a simple oil and vinegar dressing?

EMMY

(confused)

And no fish and chips?

JOYCE

No - let's go with the salad.

Emmy departs. Joyce watches Emmy walk away, then suddenly realizes Murph has entered the pub and joined the two men playing darts. The three of them are obviously good friends.

JOYCE (CONT'D)

(softly)

The elephant in the room is now in the pub. Don't look around.

LARRY

Oh god, Murph?

JOYCE

There's no escape. Quick, swallow the cyanide.

LARRY

He knew we'd be here.

JOYCE

You're sounding a bit paranoid.

LARRY

(does a Jimmy Stewart impression)

Why would a man leave his apartment three times on a rainy night with a suitcase and come back three times?

JOYCE

(laughs lightly - then under her breath)

Here we go...

Murph has spotted Joyce and Larry and they all exchange waves from across the pub. Murph and his two friends now approach Joyce and Larry's table.

MURPH

(jovial)

Joyce and Larry. All the way from Tarslaw. Joyce - I see you're using the cane. How's the ankle?

JOYCE

Well, it's much better. A bit sore still, but better. Thanks for that, by the way. That was kind of you.

MURPH

I'd like you two to meet my mates. This here's Colin and Nick.

(To Colin and Nick)

Meet Joyce and Larry Hannigan.

COLIN  
 (to Larry as he shakes  
 his hand)  
 Is she your genie in a bottle?

LARRY  
 I'm sorry?

COLIN  
 You dream about her, mate?

Larry is confused. Trying to understand what Colin is talking about - he struggles to form a reply but says nothing.

COLIN (CONT'D)  
 The TV show. From years ago.

JOYCE  
 (suddenly realizes what  
 Colin's referencing)  
 Hannigan. Our name's *Hannigan*.  
 You're talking about Larry *Hagman*.

LARRY  
 I'm lost. What?

JOYCE  
 I Dream of Jeannie. Larry Hagman.

LARRY  
 Oh, right.

NICK  
 Nice to meet you both.

Nick shakes hands with Larry and Joyce.

COLIN  
 Murph tells me you're from  
 America.  
 (big smile)  
 Whereabouts - Dallas?

JOYCE  
 Rochester actual...oh, Larry  
 Hagman again.

MURPH  
 Listen, you two enjoy your  
 evening. To the dartboard, gents.

LARRY  
 Thank you Murph. Nice meeting you  
 guys.

JOYCE  
Yes, nice meeting you.

After another round of obligatory handshakes, Murph, Colin and Nick depart.

Joyce and Larry both take a deep breath and pick up their glasses. Larry raises his glass towards Joyce in toast.

LARRY  
Jeannie.

Joyce joins in the toast. Their glasses clink.

JOYCE  
Master.

Larry and Joyce both drink from their glasses for the first time. Larry takes a long satisfying gulp of his beer. Joyce takes a healthy sip of her wine.

LARRY  
Now that...hit the spot.

Joyce sets her glass down, stares straight ahead, then closes her eyes and sighs heavily.

JOYCE  
Chardonnay.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRAVEL ROAD - DUSK

Joyce and Larry have left the pub and we see them from behind, walking home. Joyce is still using her cane. They are laughing and Larry places his hand on Joyce's back to steady her as she steps over an uneven spot on the road.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BACKYARD OF LARRY AND JOYCE'S COTTAGE - NIGHT

Larry and Joyce are sitting side by side in wooden lawn chairs, silently looking out at their moonlit property. They both hold glasses of wine. We're watching them from behind. It's still, peaceful and quiet, except for the sound of crickets. Fifteen seconds passes, then Larry turns his head to the side to look at Joyce. He begins to sing.

LARRY  
*You've got a polka dot purse and a  
cane*

29.

CUT TO:

END CREDITS