

DETECTORISTS - SERIES 2

EPISODE ONE

Written by

Mackenzie Crook

SHOOTING SCRIPT

10 JUNE 2015

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL  
(not to be copied and redistributed)

Copyright Channel X North/Lola Entertainment  
Unit 10, 7 Wenlock Road  
LONDON  
N1 7SL

Telephone: +44 (0)20 3394 0394



He frantically hauls out another shovelful of wet earth and drags the sack into the hole.

Behind him, back across the field, he hears the soldier's horses arriving at the church. He can see the glimmer of fire through the trees. There is a distant crash, a scream. \*

He turns and starts to back-fill the hole.

We follow a spade-full of earth down.

The sack is covered over. All goes dark.

We stay on the buried sack.

The sound of the world above is slowly muffled out.

Silence.

Silence.

Sound of the wind.

Time speeds up: The sack turns black and disintegrates before our eyes revealing the book and aestel within.

The book starts to do the same: dissolving in the soil, drifting away until all that's left is the jewel and some black stains in the earth. \*

Time slows back down.

All becomes still.

Bird song.

The camera starts to move back up through noticeably more layers of soil and emerges into: \*

7 EXT. FIELD, GROUND ZERO - EARLY MORNING 7 \*

Present day. \*

A beautiful summer morning in England.

The round-towered church is there. The standing stone is now toppled and mostly buried. \*

A VW camper van is driving down the hill. \*

Close by two figures are swinging metal detectors in front of them.

It's ANDY and LANCE.

Just as they get to within feet of the toppled stone Lance stops and removes his headphones.

LANCE

Nah.

Long pause.

LANCE (CONT'D)  
Not happening.

Andy removes his headphones.

LANCE (CONT'D)  
You want to try further up there?

ANDY  
Go on then.

They turn and walk away.

\*

SUPER:

\*

### **detectorists**

8 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY 8

Various countryside establishing shots and a short montage of Andy and Lance's morning detecting.  
The VW camper is parked up next to the toppled stone.

9 EXT. NEW PERMISSION, FIELD - DAY 9

Lance and Andy are detecting a few metres apart.

Deep in the background we can see the round-towered church and the camper van.

Lance gets a signal and starts to dig a plug. Andy wanders over.

LANCE  
See University challenge?

ANDY  
Yep.

LANCE  
See the way that idiot celebrated  
when he got the starter for ten?

ANDY  
Yeah. Idiot.

LANCE  
What a helmet. Have some dignity.  
Waving your arms around.

ANDY  
I hate the ones that frown and have  
a sip of water like it was no big  
deal.

LANCE

Yeah, they're nobs as well.  
What you want:  
A humble smile and a nod to your  
team mates as if to say "I'm sure  
you guys knew that too".

ANDY

That's it. Spot on.

Lance bends down to retrieve the target.

ANDY (CONT'D)

What you got?

Lance holds up a corroded piece of twisted metal.

LANCE

Bit off a trestle table...  
(beat)  
You?

Andy reaches into his finds pouch and holds up a badge.

ANDY

Tufty Club badge.

LANCE

You know why don't you?

ANDY

Why?

LANCE

Car boot sales.  
Used to have them here every  
weekend a few years back.  
I've picked up £13.76 in loose  
change this morning.

ANDY

This isn't metal detecting, this is  
scavenging on landfill.

Just then we hear the tinny sound of a baby crying.  
Andy unhooks a baby monitor from his belt and looks across  
the field to a tree under which is a carry-cot.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Lunchtime.

CUT TO:

10

EXT. NEW PERMISSION, LUNCH TREE - DAY

10

Sitting under the tree, Andy is unpacking baby equipment: taking a bottle of milk from a cool-bag, pouring hot water from a flask into a bowl to warm it up. He is well practised, but overly fussy, referring to a manual and using thermometers etc. Lance is eating a sandwich and scanning the horizon with his binoculars.

ANDY

What d'you do last night?

LANCE

Stayed in and had a French.

ANDY

A French?

LANCE

Yeah.

ANDY

What's that?

LANCE

A French takeaway. That new French restaurant on the High Street does takeaways.

ANDY

What d'you have?

LANCE

Onion soup, escargots, boeuf bourguignon.

Pause.

ANDY

Why don't you cook anymore?

\*

LANCE

Dunno. Can't be bothered.

\*

ANDY

I used to enjoy your curries.

\*

\*

LANCE

You're the only one that did.

\*

\*

Pause.

ANDY

What do you think about internet dating?

LANCE

I think you're already married  
mate.  
To Becky.

ANDY

Not for me, for you.

LANCE

Shut up.

ANDY

What? What's so ridiculous about that? Loads of people do it these days.

LANCE

Shut up. What is this, an intervention? I'm quite happy as I am thank you.

He spots something.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Who's that down there with the camper?

He hands the binoculars across.

CUT TO:

11 EXT. ANDY'S POV THROUGH BINOCULARS - DAY

11

A young man (who we will later find out is PETER) is standing next to the van and also looking through binoculars, though not in their direction.

ANDY

Dunno. Not from round here though. German plates.

CUT TO:

12 EXT. NEW PERMISSION, FIELD - DAY

12

He hands back the bins and lifts the baby, STANLEY from the cot.

LANCE

Can I feed him?

ANDY

Do you want to?

LANCE

Yeah, go on then.

Andy passes Stanley over.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Hello Stanley!

ANDY

Support his head.



LANCE

I know.

ANDY

Support his head.

LANCE

I am, I am.

Andy hands him the bottle of milk.

ANDY

Just check it's not too hot by  
putting a bit on...

It's too late, Lance has taken a swig from the bottle.

LANCE

That's fine.

He starts feeding the baby. Andy is staring.

LANCE (CONT'D)

What?

ANDY

That's... that milk is...

LANCE

What?

ANDY

...Nothing.

13 INT. ANDY AND BECKY'S HOUSE, LOUNGE/KITCHEN - EVENING 13 \*

Andy is tidying away his stuff from the day. Becky is sitting  
on the floor playing with the baby.

BECKY

(laughing)

Why didn't you tell him?

ANDY

I decided to spare him.

BECKY

I'll never be able to look him in  
the eye again.

(beat)

Bless Lance. Is he all right? I  
worry about him. \*  
\*

ANDY

It's hard to tell. \*  
But he hasn't invited me round to  
his flat for a curry in months. \*

(MORE)

ANDY (CONT'D)

And I think I spotted some rust on  
his car.

\*  
\*

BECKY

Is that significant?

\*  
\*

ANDY

Hugely.

\*  
\*

BECKY  
Does he ever talk about Maggie?

\*

ANDY  
Occasionally. But they've not been  
in touch since she left. I think he  
might finally be over her.

\*

Andy goes through to the kitchen. (We cut between the two).

BECKY  
(to the baby)  
Did you have a nice day?  
Did you go metal detecting with  
daddy and uncle Lance.  
(to Andy)  
Did you find anything good?

ANDY (V.O.)  
Nah.

BECKY  
(to baby)  
Nah. They never find anything.

ANDY (V.O.)  
Heard that.

BECKY  
(to baby)  
Oops.  
(to Andy)  
My Mum wants to take Stan for the  
day tomorrow.

\*

Out of sight of Becky, Andy winces.

ANDY  
Oh great!

BECKY  
You could phone they agency and see  
if they've got any work.

\*

\*

Bugger.

\*

ANDY  
Yep. I'll do that first thing.

\*

He comes to the door.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
Do you think your mum will stick to  
the routine? With feeding times and  
naps and all that.

BECKY  
Doubt it, but it doesn't matter for  
one day does it?

Andy doesn't say anything but this clearly bothers him.

ANDY  
And will she have a go at me for  
not having a job?

BECKY  
Probably.

ANDY  
She hates the fact that you had to  
go back to work and I'm at home  
with Stan. She thinks it's  
degrading for a man.

BECKY  
Who cares what she thinks? We  
didn't have a choice. \*

ANDY  
I know. \*

BECKY  
It won't be for long.  
You'll get a job soon.

ANDY  
Yeah.  
(beat)  
Thought I'd pass my exams and  
magically become an archaeologist.  
Didn't occur to me that nobody  
would give me a job.

She gets up and goes to Andy, hands him the baby. \*

BECKY  
Poor daddy. You know we love you  
don't you?.

ANDY  
Yes... although...

BECKY

What?

ANDY

It smells like at least one of you  
has done a poo in your pants.

He looks down the back of the nappy and recoils.

BECKY

Really? Bad luck.

ANDY

That's not fair, you knew.

BECKY

I didn't smell anything.

ANDY

Bullshit. It's making my eyes  
water.

14 INT. SCOUT HALL - EVENING

14

We start off tracking across a finds table that is in a much  
healthier state than previously.  
It is coming to the end of the weekly meeting of the DMDC.  
All the old gang are there: Lance, Andy, SOPHIE, RUSSELL,  
HUGH, LOUISE, VARDE, TERRY and SHEILA. Terry is next to the  
finds table giving the club notices.

\*

TERRY

Lovely to see the finds table with  
a very healthy scattering of  
quality finds there. A nice range  
of buttons and buckles and half a  
dozen civil war era musket balls.  
I know I've said it before but,  
although they are common, I find  
musket balls to be irresistible  
nuggets of history.  
Albeit *toxic* history and all lead  
items in your collections should be  
stored safely and responsibly and  
out of the reach of children.

He holds up a small, penis shaped pendant.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Whose is the Roman phallus?

LOUISE

That's mine.

Russell snorts out an involuntary laugh.

LOUISE (CONT'D)  
Something funny about that?

RUSSELL  
No.

TERRY  
Andy? Lance? Anything from you on  
the finds table this week?

LANCE  
(mumbling)  
Not this week Terry.

ANDY  
(barely audible)  
Tufty Club badge.

TERRY  
Now the annual club rally is fast  
approaching and we still don't have  
a site to hold it on. Does nobody  
have a permission we can use?

\*  
\*  
\*

LOUISE  
If the worst comes to the worst we  
have permission to detect on an old  
Edwardian rubbish dump out by  
Maldon.

\*  
\*

SOPHIE  
An *Edwardian* rubbish dump? That's  
still rubbish mate, that's  
disgusting.

LOUISE  
How long does something have to be  
in the ground before it becomes  
archaeology then, Mrs. Ancient  
History?

\*

SOPHIE  
Well longer than a hundred years  
surely?

ANDY  
I'm with her. The clue's in the  
name: 'rubbish dump'.

TERRY  
Nonsense. The Edwardians threw some  
fascinating stuff away.

SOPHIE  
They didn't throw gold away though  
did they?

TERRY

It's not all about gold Sophie.

SOPHIE

Nobody's going to want to come to a rally where you are absolutely guaranteed not to find any gold.

\*

ANDY

She's right Terry. It'll all be broken glass and china.

TERRY

Well until any one comes up with something else it's the best we've got.  
Russell, Hugh, how is your 'Lost Wedding Ring Recovery Service' doing?

RUSSELL

Yes. Not bad Terry.  
One call out this week.  
Old biddy. Lost engagement ring.  
But I'm not going to waste my time telling you when you can read all about it for yourselves in the East Anglian.

\*

\*

Hugh holds up two copies of the local paper. On the front is a photo of Russell and Hugh standing with their detectors and an old lady. The headline:

**METAL DETECTORS COME TO ETHEL'S AID**

There is a ripple of applause and general murmur of approval.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

Two copies: One for the scrapbook.  
One for the notice board.  
And we've been wondering whether we can get a vehicle.

TERRY

Pardon? A vehicle?

RUSSELL

That's right.

TERRY

What's wrong with the bus?

RUSSELL

We just think that if we had a DMDC vehicle it would present a more professional image.

TERRY

What kind of vehicle?



HUGH

Like the Ghostbusters.

RUSSELL

(aside to Hugh)

We weren't going to say that.

(to the room)

Not like the Ghostbusters but something with the logo on the side.

SOPHIE

The Ghostbusters logo?

RUSSELL

No the DMDC logo.

TERRY

I'm not denying that the club is in a healthier state than this time last year Russell, but I honestly don't think the DMDC coffers can stretch to a Cadillac. Speaking of which, Sheila's come up with a novel fund raising idea that I said she could run up the flagpole, see who salutes it. Sheila love?

SHEILA

Yes I thought we could do a naked calender.

There is instant furious uproar. They're almost throwing chairs.

EVERYONE

WHAT?! NO WAY! FUCK OFF! ABSOLUTELY NOT! ARE YOU MAD?!

SHEILA

Terry could take photos of you out metal detecting with your finds pouches covering your privates.

EVERYONE

NO! IT'S THE WORST IDEA EVER! HOW DARE YOU! I'M NOT TAKING MY KIT OFF FOR ANYONE!

CUT TO:

15 EXT. SCOUT HALL - EVENING

15

The VW Camper van from earlier pulls into the scout hall car park and stops next to Lance's TR7. We can faintly hear the on-going uproar coming from inside the hall.

CUT TO:

16 INT. SCOUT HALL - EVENING

16

Terry is trying to calm everyone down.

TERRY

Now come on, don't just dismiss it, we've got more than enough members for each month of the year, perhaps some of you could double-up. Lance and Andy?

They look horrified.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Russell and Hugh? You could do one together?

RUSSELL

Jesus Christ.

TERRY

It could be a good money-spinner.

SOPHIE

Really Terry? Who on Earth would buy a naked DMDC calender?

SHEILA

I would.

TERRY

Well these things 'go viral' don't they? You get on the local news and suddenly you're sending them all over the world.

SOPHIE

That's how it works is it?

TERRY

Then they write a musical about you.

LANCE

I don't want a musical written  
about me.

TERRY

Let's have a show of hands who  
thinks doing a naked calender is a  
good idea.

Nobody raises their hand apart from Sheila.

TERRY (CONT'D)

It's not enough darling.

SHEILA

Oh well.

TERRY

So it's agreed, we won't be making  
a calender.

RUSSELL

I'd like to go further, I'd like us  
to take a vow *never* to take our  
clothes off in front of each other.

LOUISE

Hear hear!

EVERYONE

Deal! Absolutely! Yes!

Everybody winces as the scout hall door squeaks loudly open  
and a man in his late twenties/thirties walks in. This is  
PETER.

\*

Peter speaks with a subtle German accent.

PETER

Hello, are you the metal detectors?

TERRY

Detectorists, yes. Welcome to the  
Danebury Metal Detecting Club. What  
can we do you for?

17 INT. TWO BREWERS PUB - EVENING

17

Andy, Lance, Russell, Hugh, Terry, Sheila, Sophie and Peter  
are at a table.

\*

\*

PETER

\*

I'm looking for the wreckage or  
crash site of a plane, a German  
plane that came down somewhere  
around here in 1941.

TERRY

I like it already.

HUGH

What type of plane?

PETER

My grandfather was one of the crew  
members.  
My grandmother was pregnant with my  
dad at the time and she got a  
telegram with just the words  
'missing believed killed'.

SHEILA

Oh dear.

TERRY

That's very sad.

HUGH

What type of plane?

PETER

A Junkers Ju88, crashed on the way back to France. The only clue I could turn up mentioned the village of Henburystone.

SOPHIE

Oh that's where Andy and Lance detect isn't it? Henburystone? With the round towered church? \*

Lance and Andy exchange a look. Clearly not happy that this information has been given out.

LANCE

Out that way yes.

TERRY

You chaps no longer on Bishop's farm?

ANDY

No. We searched out all the fields there.

LANCE

There was nothing there after all.

ANDY

We're at this new place. Never turned up anything that looked like plane wreckage though.

SOPHIE

You need to go through newspapers from the time in the library, see if you can find photos of the crash site. I can help. It sounds interesting.

LANCE

Hang on. Weren't you the girl who said Edwardian archaeology was still rubbish?

SOPHIE

What's your point?

LANCE

Well by your reckoning a world war two bomber is merely litter.

SOPHIE

Shut up Lance.

TERRY

There are aerial photos online  
where you can see bomb craters, it  
might show up in one of them.

SOPHIE

I'm free tomorrow, I can meet you  
at the library if you like.

PETER

Excellent.

TERRY

There you go then. A crack team on  
the case.  
I think you'll find us a  
trustworthy lot on the whole,  
despite our quirks and foibles...

PETER

Quirks and...?

TERRY

Foibles.

PETER

I don't know either of these...

RUSSELL

Peculiar behavioral habits.

PETER

Oh.

TERRY

Nothing serious. Nothing sinister.

SHEILA

You've not joined a cult.

They all laugh. The laugh dies out.

Eventually Andy breaks the awkward silence.

\*

ANDY

So, hands up who thinks Lance  
should join an internet dating  
agency?

\*

\*

LANCE

Here we go. I'm NOT joining an  
internet dating agency! This is not  
a subject for conversation!

\*

SHEILA

Oh I think that's a lovely idea  
Lance. You could meet someone  
really nice.

\*

ANDY

That's what I've been telling him.

RUSSELL

And there's all different niche websites these days. Catering for all different tastes.

LANCE

Are you insinuating I have strange tastes Russell?

RUSSELL

Not you. Other people.

LANCE

I don't want a relationship. I'm going through a period of voluntary chastity.

\*

Andy splutters in his drink.

18 EXT. LANCE'S FLAT - NIGHT

18

Lance climbs the steps to his flat.

19 INT. LANCE'S FLAT - NIGHT

19

\*

Later. Lance's flat is a mess. There are pizza boxes and beer cans on the floor and the table. The aquarium is now empty and in the process of being taken apart and packed into boxes. Lance is sitting in his familiar cross-legged position strumming the last few chords of a song on his mandolin.

\*

LANCE

'You're the sun  
You're the moon  
You're the light in the room  
You were my new age girl...'

He tails off and stares into space.

He is brought to his senses by his phone ringing. He picks it up, answers.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Hello?...  
Yes, if this is about the fish tank  
I'm afraid I sold it this  
morning...  
It's who?...

As if he's had an electric shock Lance suddenly leaps to his feet.

LANCE (CONT'D)  
Kate!... Yes! Hello! Yes, this is,  
I'm Lance, this is Lance...  
Yes I did. I hadn't got round to  
replying yet, I'm not very good  
with e-mail...  
Yes... yes... thank you, me too....  
Well yes, we should meet up, I'm  
not very good on the phone...

He looks around the room. God it's a shit-hole.

LANCE (CONT'D)  
Um, no, how about for a coffee?...  
Saturday sounds good...  
Yes I look forward to... it...  
Yes...  
Bye then.

He hangs up. Sits down on the sofa with a big sigh. Relief?  
Regret? Nerves?  
He looks around at the untidy room and starts to pick up the  
rubbish.

20 INT. ANDY AND BECKY'S HOUSE, KITCHEN/FRONT ROOM - DAY 20

Andy and Becky are eating breakfast on the move. Andy is  
being kept on hold on the phone. He is gathering together the  
baby things and checking them off a list as he packs them  
into a bag.  
Stanley is in some sort of baby chair watching the  
proceedings in a calm and well behaved manner.

ANDY  
...as long as he doesn't have too  
long a nap in the morning, that's  
all I'm asking. She needs to wake  
him up after an hour or everything  
else gets out of sync and it'll be  
back to square one.

BECKY  
Alright Gina Ford. Chill out.

ANDY  
It's not Gina Ford actually, it's  
my own unique blend of various  
teachings.  
I'm thinking of publishing it.

BECKY  
That'll be a gripping read.

ANDY  
Do you think she sterilizes  
everything properly?  
(MORE)



ANDY (CONT'D)  
(somebody answers his  
call)  
Hello?... Yes... Really? Nothing at  
all?... Not even catering work?...  
But it's been three weeks now...  
Okay, thanks.

He hangs up.

BECKY  
Nothing? Really?

\*

ANDY  
I 'don't have any skills'.

Becky looks really troubled, Andy clocks this.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
I'll do some job searching today.  
While Stan's at your mum's.

She nods.

BECKY  
Do you mind if I go out after work  
with Gay Martin?

ANDY  
Sure.

BECKY  
He did some volunteer teaching last  
year in South America. Wants to  
tell me about it.

\*

\*

\*

ANDY  
Cool.

\*

BECKY

\*

So you don't mind if I'm a bit late?

ANDY

No, as long as you're only with Gay Martin.

BECKY

Oh he's not gay.

Beat.

ANDY

Isn't he?

BECKY

No it's an ironic nickname. Because he's the *least* homosexual man you could imagine. He's gorgeous, Spanish, all the women fancy him.

ANDY

Is he? Do they?

BECKY

I don't.

ANDY

No, of course.

BECKY

But yeah, that's who I'm going out with.

ANDY

Right. Good.

Becky smiles to herself, she is winding him up.

21 EXT. BECKY'S MUM'S HOUSE - MORNING

21

Andy rings on the doorbell of a suburban house. He is surrounded by bags and baby equipment and is holding Stanley in a cot, slightly out of breath and dishevelled having struggled there on foot. The door is opened by Becky's mum, VERONICA. The conversation between them is forced, passive aggressive spoken through fake smiles.

ANDY  
Hello Veronica.

VERONICA  
Andrew. How are you?

ANDY  
Well thank you.

VERONICA  
Are you working?

ANDY  
Not really. Still looking for a proper job.

VERONICA  
A proper job. Yes, it's probably about time. And what are you up to today whilst my daughter is at work and I look after your son?

ANDY  
(very quiet)  
Metal detecting.

VERONICA  
I beg your pardon?

ANDY  
Metal detecting.

VERONICA  
Oh very useful.

At the end of the drive Lance pulls up in his yellow TR7 and waves from the window.

VERONICA (CONT'D)  
Who's that?

ANDY  
My friend Lance.

VERONICA  
What a silly car.

ANDY  
Mmm.

Andy puts the cot down inside the door and takes a piece of paper from his pocket.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
I've written a list with feeding times and...

VERONICA

I don't need a list, I've raised  
three of my own.

ANDY

I know but I'm trying to stick to a  
routine...

VERONICA

We can work out our own routine  
thank you, we are quite capable.

ANDY

It's just that quite a lot of work  
has gone into...

VERONICA

Run along then and go and find some  
metal.

Andy tries to offer the list again.

ANDY

Do you want to just take this in  
case...

VERONICA

No thank you.

He looks for somewhere to leave it but there is nowhere so he  
leaves it on the floor just inside the door.

ANDY

I'll just leave it there.  
I've got my mobile and Becky's got  
hers, and I've written Lance's  
number down there as well in case I  
haven't got a signal but I'll text  
in a bit anyway, check everything's  
okay...

VERONICA

Bye bye.

ANDY

You can call any time. 9.30 is his  
next feed, I usually wake him up if  
he's...

But she's shut the front door.

22

INT. LANCE'S CAR - DAY

22 \*

Lance is driving. Andy is fretting.

LANCE

Silly? Silly in what way? A clown's car is silly, the Triumph TR7 is a classic.

ANDY

It's just that if he gets out of sync all that work will be out the window and he'll be up all night again.

LANCE

He'll be fine. Relax.

ANDY

Stupid old trout.

Andy finds something in his pocket.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Damn it! We've got to go back.

LANCE

Why? What is it?

He holds up a square of flannel.

ANDY

Clothy. He needs it.

LANCE

Becky's mum will have a flannel.

ANDY

This isn't a flannel. This is Clothy.

LANCE

He can live without Clothy for a day. He's three months old, he's got to start toughening up.

23 EXT. NEW PERMISSION, FIELD - DAY

23 \*

Lance and Andy are detecting a few metres apart. Andy is digging a signal.

ANDY

... turns out he's not gay at all. It's an ironic nickname coz he's so heterosexual.

LANCE

Shit.

ANDY

Yeah. Gorgeous, Spanish.

LANCE

Yeah?

ANDY

I'm not worried.

LANCE

Doesn't sound like it.

ANDY

But I've got to get a job soon.  
It's ridiculous. I'm 43 and  
I can't even provide for my family.  
Are there any jobs at the depot?

\*  
\*  
\*

LANCE

Only if you can drive a fork lift.

ANDY

Can't even drive a car.

LANCE

No then.

Andy bends down to retrieve the target.

LANCE (CONT'D)

What you got?

ANDY

Blankety Blank Checkbook and Pen.

LANCE

(excited)  
Really?  
With the pen?

ANDY

Ah, no actually, just the  
checkbook.

LANCE

(disappointed)  
Ah well.  
See? Car boot sale.  
What's the name on it?

ANDY

Les Dawson.

LANCE

Pity. They're the most common.

ANDY

Eh?

LANCE

Dawson did the most episodes: 123 including Christmas specials, Wogan did 95, but, surprisingly, the scarce ones are the Lily Savage ones. She only did 59 eps.

ANDY

Alright Rainman. How do you know this stuff?

LANCE

There was a lecture at last year's TV Nostalgia Convention.

Andy starts to back-fill the hole.

ANDY

Do you still go to those?

LANCE

Nah. Not after the last one. That was a shambles. Nostalgia conventions aren't what they used to be.

(beat)

Lee Majors is going to be at this year's.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

ANDY

The six million dollar man?

LANCE

Apparently he's only worth a hundred grand now. That's why he does the conventions.

END CREDITS.