

FLIGHT OF THE CONCHORDS

(A Script for the Sit-com)

Created by
JEMAINÉ Clement, Bret McKenzie & Rhys Darby

SERIES THREE, EPISODE ONE
Return of the Conchords

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FLIGHT OF THE CONCHORDS

Fade in:

INT. FASHION STUDIO - DAY

BRET - PURPLE SUEDE SUIT, WHITE RUFFLED SHIRT - sits, an icy, judging gaze. A GERMAN WOMAN - tough, mean - sits beside him, leans in, whispers.

GERMAN WOMAN

Vat do you t'ink?

BRET

Umm... I'm not sure ut's exuctly what we need.

On a STAGE a MUSCULAR BALD MAN wears tight LEATHER TROUSERS, a matching WAISTCOAT. He bends, lunges, looks to them in hope.

GERMAN WOMAN

(incensed)

Vat do you mean?

BRET

Wull... the show's for a secondary school, eh?

GERMAN WOMAN

Yes...?

She glares at him, demands more of a reason.

BRET

And, wull... this is kinda gay!

A LARGE SHADOW appears over BRET. He looks up, swallows hard. The BALD MAN towers over him with menace, yells in a camp, GERMAN ACCENT.

BALD MAN

Who are zou calling gei?!

He pulls his fist back, snarls.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

BRET ventures through a FIELD, his suit accompanied with PURPLE AVIATORS and a PURPLE SUITCASE, his CLOTHES TORN

from the tussle.

EXT. WOODEN HUT / FIELD - DAY

JEMAINE - LONG GOWN, HEAD SCARF, a WOODEN CANE - sits atop the FIELD, watches his SHEEP. He notices the PURPLE, stands alert, shouts.

JEMAINE

Excuse me, sir? Excuse me!

BRET

(casually)

Ah, hey man.

JEMAINE squints.

JEMAINE

Brit? Is that you?

BRET

Yea.

JEMAINE

What are you doing here?

BRET

I've come ta see you, man.

JEMAINE

Oh, really? I thought you didn't mux with my type anymore?

BRET

What?

JEMAINE

I called your phone and a woman answered saying that you didn't mux with my type anymore.

BRET

Who was ut?

JEMAINE shrugs.

JEMAINE

How should I know? It was your phone.

BRET

Was ut Frieda?

JEMAINÉ

I don't know! She was Germun.

BRET

Yea, that's Frieda. She's my agunt.
Wull... was my agunt.

JEMAINÉ

What d'ya mean? Have you quat?

BRET

Yea, I quat.

JEMAINÉ

Were you fired?

BRET

No. I quat!

A short silence.

JEMAINÉ

You were fired, eh?

BRET

Yea.

JEMAINÉ

What were you fired for?

BRET

I cudn't focus.

JEMAINÉ

Focus? Why did you have to focus?

BRET

It's hard work, man. There's a lot of
pressure so I kept trying to relax by
playing musuc.

JEMAINÉ'S eyes creep towards him.

JEMAINÉ

You were playing musuc?

BRET

Yea. I muss the good old days,
man.

JEMAINÉ

What good old days?

BRET

Like when you and me were in New York.

JEMAINÉ

What was gud about det?

BRET

You know?

JEMAINÉ

No.

BRET

The people we mut.

JEMAINÉ

They hated us! They all thought we were English or Australian!

BRET

Wull, the food then.

JEMAINÉ

We couldn't afford to eat!

BRET

The gugs.

JEMAINÉ

We never had any gugs!

BRET

We had some gugs!

Another short silence.

BRET

We had *some* gugs, eh?

JEMAINÉ

Brit... playing in empty parks and hotel lobbies is *not* a gug! They were *terrible* times! The fashion world's changed you.

BRET

Don't you muss ut?

JEMAINÉ

No.

BRET
You don't muss ut?

JEMAIN
Why would I muss ut? I've got ma sheep
in front of me, ma watch box behind me.
The whole world's at ma feet, Brit!

BRET examines the HUT.

BRET
Ut is a nice box.

JEMAIN
Ut's a good one, eh?

BRET
Yea. Betta than the ones we use to have.

JEMAIN
Yea, wull... I'm a white shepherd now.

BRET
Uzzut betta?

JEMAIN
Ah, yea. Heaps!

BRET
So you don't wanna go beck to
playing musuc?

JEMAIN
Na.

BRET
Why?

JEMAIN
I gotta girlfriend.

BRET
Yeah?

JEMAIN
Yea. I thunk she's the one.

BRET
Really? You said that about Sally.

JEMAINÉ

Yea.

BRET

And all the others.

JEMAINÉ

Wull... thus is the final one.

BRET

Ah. Wull... is she anything like Sally?

JEMAINÉ

No.

(Beat)

I mean, she is called Sally, but other than that, she's completely dufferunt.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

JEMAINÉ rides his TRACTOR across the FIELD, BRET hangs off the back.

BRET

Uf Sally was definitely the one, then how can *this* Sally be the one uf she's completely dufferunt?

An awkward silence.

JEMAINÉ

Can you get off me trecta, Brit?

EXT. WOODEN HUT / FIELD - DAY

JEMAINÉ stands under a darkening sky, mouths silent numbers as he counts his SHEEP. BRET stands in silent observation. Suddenly, JEMAINÉ stops, huffs, rolls his eyes.

JEMAINÉ

Do you mind not watching me? It's very districting!

BRET

But I'm not talkung.

JEMAINÉ

I can feel your eyes. It's most irrutatung!

BRET

Ah, sorry.

He turns his back to JEMAINÉ, counts again.

BRET

Will you come for a drunk? You know,
once you've funushed?

JEMAINÉ closes his eyes and exhales heavily.

JEMAINÉ

(agitated)

Why d'ya wanna go for a drunk? We *never*
go for a drunk?

BRET

I know... but, it's just thet I've booked
us a gug so I wanna talk about ut.

JEMAINÉ

What d'ya mean, you've booked us a gug?
We haven't been an us for ages!

BRET

Ut's been sux weeks!

JEMAINÉ

Thet's a lifetime. And ya can't just book
a gug without me knowung about ut!

BRET

Come on! What d'ya say? Let's brung beck
Flight of the Conchords!

JEMAINÉ thinks.

JEMAINÉ

Wull when us thus gug?

BRET checks his WATCH.

BRET

Un about suxty munutes.

JEMAINÉ

Suxty munutes? What uf I say no?

BRET

Then I'll play ut anyway. Ut just won't

be as gud.

JEMAINÉ

Not as gud? Ut'll be terrible!

BRET thinks, nods.

BRET

It wull be afwul, eh?

JEMAINÉ

Yees! Nobody evun likes our music when ut's complete. Uf ut wasn't complete, ut'd be... incomplete, which is way worse!

BRET

Yea. I need ya, man. What d'ya say?

JEMAINÉ

Wull, I'll come for a drunk, but only uf you cancel the gug.

BRET

Why do I need to cancel the gug?

JEMAINÉ

Coz I need to pructuce. We can discuss ut, but thet's all!

INT. HALLWAY, PUB - NIGHT

OLD, RUSTIC WALLPAPER. A legend reads:

One Hour Later

INT. PUB - NIGHT

An intimate space - small, dimly lit. BRET and JEMAINÉ cramp around a TABLE. A pleasant atmosphere. A SINGER finishes his song.

SINGER

Thank you!

Warm applause. An MC leaps on the STAGE. Behind JEMAINÉ's back, BRET pulls out TWO GUITARS from under the TABLE.

JEMAINÉ

Brit, when d'ya wanna talk about the band?

He looks at BRET, double-takes.

JEMAINÉ
What's thet?

BRET
It's my guitaa!

JEMAINÉ
I know it's your guitaa! What's it dounge here? And how dud you get it here without me seeunge? And how dud you get *my* guitaa? I've been lookunge for thet!

BRET
I burrowed ut.

JEMAINÉ
You mean you stole ut? Burrowed is when you ask and the owner knows where ut's gone.

BRET
Wull, you've got ut now.

JEMAINÉ
That doesn't make ut... wait... have you trucked me?

BRET
No. What guves you thet idea?

The MC reads from a CARD.

MC
And next on stage, please welcome New Zealand's very own Flight of the Conchords!

A hearty applause. JEMAINÉ scowls at BRET, who passes his GUITAR.

JEMAINÉ
You betrayed me.

BRET
No, I dudn't. I just lied to get you here.

JEMAINÉ
Yea, that's betrayal!

BRET

Usut?

JEMAINÉ

Yees!

BRET

Ah! Sorry man.

MC

(searchingly)

Flight of the Conchords, are you still with us?

BRET raises his hand.

BRET

Over here!

JEMAINÉ scowls again.

JEMAINÉ

Brit!

BRET shrugs.

BRET

Wull... it's too late now, man.

JEMAINÉ closes his eyes, exhales, deeply exasperated.

EXT. PUB - NIGHT

A SIGN reads: Open Mic Night. We hear *The Humans Are Dead* from inside.

INT. PUB - NIGHT

The song ends. Engrossed, the CROWD CLAPS, WHISTLING, CHEERS. JEMAINÉ leans away from the MIC, whispers to BRET.

JEMAINÉ

What's heppening? They like us!

BRET

Yea. Good, eh?

JEMAINÉ

M-m... maybe we dudn't need to leave here

to make ut?!

BRET
Wull... I wouldn't say we've made ut!

JEMAINÉ
Brit, I've got a new song.

BRET
What's ut about?

JEMAINÉ
Just follow my lead.

BRET
(uncertain)
Are you sure we shouldn't pructuce?

JEMAINÉ
Ordinarilly, yees... but thet's the downside
of being trucked, usn't ut?

JEMAINÉ glares, BRET shrugs.

BRET
Alright man, lut's do ut.

INT. HALLWAY, PUB - NIGHT

OLD, RUSTIC WALLPAPER. A legend reads:

Four Minutes Later

INT. PUB - NIGHT

JEMAINÉ wails over an abject guitar solo. BRET glances at him, tries to play some redeeming chords, fails. JEMAINÉ has lost his mind, goes off on a tangent, strums the final chord, looks up in expectation, a sea of perplexed faces stare back.

INT. BAR AREA, PUB - NIGHT

BRET and JEMAINÉ approach the BAR, nod at fellow punters, receive hard shuns. The BARMAN approaches.

BARMAN
(abruptly)
Yea?

BRET

Umm... wata, please.

JEMAINE
Two wata's.

BRET
Two wata's?

JEMAINE
Yea.

The BARMAN eyes them up and down.

BARMAN
Whateva!

He chuckles, shakes his head, walks away. Suddenly, a familiar voice finds them.

MURRAY
(enthusiastically)
Whoa! Hold the press! Look whose beck, huh? *The Conchords!*

BRET
(surprised)
Murray?

JEMAINE
What are you doing here?

MURRAY
What d'ya thunk? I'm here to look afta you turkeys!

BRET
Look afta us?

MURRAY
Yea. I've quat me job and I've got us a new plan!

BRET
You've quat ya job?

MURRAY
Yees.

BRET
For us?

MURRAY

(hesitates)

Wull... I've quat... but we don't need to go unto thet.

JEMAIN

You were fired, eh?

MURRAY

Yea. I was fired.

An awkward silence. MURRAY smiles, enthused.

MURRAY

But that dusn't change the fect I'm beck, dussut?

JEMAIN

Thus feels like a truck.

MURRAY

How can you say thet? When huve I ever trucked you, Jemaine?

JEMAIN

You've trucked us hundreds of times!

MURRAY

Like when? I'm insulted! D'ya wanna hurt ma feelungs? Coz that's what you've done!

BRET

No, he dusn't.

MURRAY

Wull ut's too late now. I've come all thus way to let you know where I planned to take you, but to be honust, I don't feel like ut!

BRET

Not New York?

MURRAY

No. Your visa's expired Brit, dudn't they?

JEMAIN

Yea, because you overlooked ut!

MURRAY

Yea, wull... I do feel bad about thet.
Thet's why I'm beck though, usn't ut?
To make amends.

JEMAINÉ

Not Australia.

MURRAY

Of course, not! You've not murdered
anyone, have you.

(beat)

Have you?

JEMAINÉ

No. You know we huven't!

MURRAY

Alright! I don't know what you do in
your spare time. Look, d'ya wanna know
where I'm takung you, or what?

MURRAY looks at BRET, leans in, grins.

MURRAY

You wanna know, eh?

BRET

Yea.

MURRAY looks to JEMAINÉ.

MURRAY

You wanna know?

JEMAINÉ

Yea.

MURRAY

Right! Wull... the surprise is a little
tainted now wuth your painful accusations-

JEMAINÉ

(defensively)

You asked if we'd murdered anyone!

MURRAY

Look, you have to stop living in the
past, Jemaine.

JEMAINÉ

You just-

BRET
Englund.

MURRAY
What?

BRET
Usut Englund?

MURRAY
Yea, Londun! How'd you know?

JEMAINÉ
Londun, Englund?

MURRAY
Yeeees! Cool, huh?

BRET
Yeah, very. But Jemaine's got a girlfriend.

MURRAY
Ha! Yeah right. Gud one.

JEMAINÉ's eyes burn at him. MURRAY's smile fades.

MURRAY
Do you?

JEMAINÉ
Yea. Wull... no. I was just lying coz I didn't wanna play thus gug!

BRET
(offended)
What? Why would you lie to me, man?

MURRAY shrugs.

MURRAY
Who cares? Doesn't matta.

BRET
Ut does matta! And uf ya made her up, why'd ya call her Sally? You could've called her anythung.

JEMAINÉ
I penucked!

MURRAY

Guys! Thus is gud! Don't you see? Ut means there's nothing to stop us gOUNG, is there?

He monitors them.

MURRAY

Is there?

BRET

(casually)

No.

JEMAINÉ

(shrugs)

Guess not.

MURRAY

(excitedly)

Great! We leave in the mornung!

EXT. CAR PARK - DAY

MURRAY approaches his RENTAL CAR, carries a BROWN PAPER BAG, opens the door, ducks inside.

INT. RENTAL CAR - DAY

BRET sits in the passenger seat, JEMAINÉ's in the back. MURRAY passes the BAG to JEMAINÉ.

MURRAY

Here you go! Supplies for the journey.

JEMAINÉ fumbles through.

MURRAY

Now, I don't wanna hear any more complaints. Honestly, everything seems to cost money with you turkeys!

BRET glances in the REAR VIEW MIRROR.

BRET

What've we got?

JEMAINÉ pinches the BAG shut.

JEMAINÉ

Ah... I think we should save ut.

BRET

Okay.

MURRAY starts the engine. JEMAINÉ begins subtly nibbling on FOOD. MURRAY reverses, slowly, glances at his MIRRORS, looks to BRET.

MURRAY

Alright?

BRET

Yep.

MURRAY speeds up, BANG! A CYCLIST falls off his BIKE, screams in pain. JEMAINÉ angles for a better view. MURRAY looks to BRET, nervous, angry.

MURRAY

(panicked)

I thought you said ut was alright?

BRET

Oh! I thought you were asking uf *I* was alright!

MURRAY

(agitated)

Why would I ask uf *you* were alright, Brit? You're sitting right here.

BRET shrugs, sulks. JEMAINÉ leans forward.

JEMAINÉ

D'ya think we should maybe see uf *he's* alright?

INT. AUCKLAND AIRPORT - DAY

BRET, MURRAY and JEMAINÉ stand on a CONVEYER BELT, LUGGAGE-in-hand.

JEMAINÉ

Where's our first gug, Murray?

MURRAY

It's here, obviously!

BRET glares at him.

BRET
At the airport?

MURRAY
Yees!

BRETT rolls his eyes. JEMAINÉ huffs. MURRAY smirks.

MURRAY
Only joking!

JEMAINÉ
What?

BRET
Thet was a joke?

MURRAY
Yees!

JEMAINÉ
Don't joke, Murray!

MURRAY
Ah, come on! Lighten up, fellas!
Ya don't see me moping around, do
you? And I've probably got more
reason to than you, but we're on
an adventure!

INT. DEPARTURE LOUNGE, AUCKLAND AIRPORT - DAY

BRET sleeps, his head on MURRAY. JEMAINÉ's zombified with boredom.

JEMAINÉ
What does your wife thunk about all
thus?

MURRAY
Thus is ut, usn't ut?

JEMAINÉ
What's ut?

MURRAY
We're men, Jemaine. We don't need to
lusten to women. We do what we want,
when we want, don't we?

BRET

Dud she throw you out, again?

MURRAY
I thought you were asleep!

BRET
I was pretending.

MURRAY
(skeptical)
Oh! You were pretending to be asleep.

BRET
Yea.

MURRAY
Why?

BRET
Dunno. I was bored.

MURRAY
We're all bored! But ya don't pretend
to be asleep!

BRET
Don't you?

MURRAY
No!

BRET
Why not?

MURRAY
Wull... you'll frighten the life out of
someone who thinks you're not asleep.
How about thet?

JEMAIN
Fine. What about what we were talkung
about before?

MURRAY
What was thet?

BRET
Your wife.

MURRAY
(dismissively)

Ah, wull... we don't need to talk about thet!

JEMAINÉ

Wull, I'm just worried thet you're dragging us along on some sorta wild adventure because you're lonely!

MURRAY

Oh, I see. Like that, usut?

JEMAINÉ

I dudn't mean-

MURRAY

No, you've said it now.

BRET

I thunk Jemaine was just trying to say that we're giving up a lot to go to Englund and he's worried there's no real plan, like un New York.

JEMAINÉ

Yea, thet!

MURRAY

What d'ya mean? There was a plan in New York!

BRET

Ut wusn't a gud plan.

JEMAINÉ

Yea. The plan would have to be betta then thet!

MURRAY

Listen to the two of you! I've never heard such ungrateful whining! In fect...

MURRAY rustles aggressively in his BAG, pulls out a YELLOW NOTEPAD.

JEMAINÉ

Oh no.

MURRAY

Yep. Band Meetung!

BRET

Murray, do we have ta do thus?

MURRAY
Murray? Presunt. Brit? Brit?!

BRET
(reluctantly)
Presunt.

MURRAY
And Jemaine?

JEMAIN
Presunt.

MURRAY
Right. Item one. *Attitude!* There's a new rule, and it's thet - as your manager - I won't tolerate your beckchet anymore. And might I remind you both thet what you're "guvung up" in New Zealand usn't all thet much!

Silence, MURRAY fires a look, packs the NOTEPAD away.

BRET
I've a point I'd like to brung up in the meetung...

MURRAY
Nuh, too late. Meetung's over!

BRET
Thet was the meetung?

MURRAY
Yes.

JEMAIN
Ut's over?

MURRAY
Yees!

BRET
But we've still got two hours til the flight.

MURRAY
I don't care! Next time, brung your points up during the meetung and we

won't have this debacle!

Another silence.

BRET

Hey Murray, do we get Per Diems like last time?

MURRAY

Ah, yea. Gud one! I think we all learned our lesson on thet one, and the less freedom I give you guys, the betta!

JEMAIN

You can't make us work for you in a foreign country and take away our freedom. Thet's prostitution.

MURRAY

What? Ut's not!

BRET

Wull... ut's slavery.

JEMAIN

You're like our pimp!

MURRAY

What dud I say about beckchet?

They fall silent.

MURRAY

Thet's betta.

BRET

It's alright, Jemaine. We've got two hours to talk to Murray about what went wrong wuth his wife, eh?

MURRAY'S eyes burn at him. JEMAIN raises a mischievous eyebrow.

JEMAIN

Ah! We have, too!

MURRAY frowns, leans forward, pulls out his WALLET, flicks angrily through his MONEY.

MURRAY

Here's fufty each!

BRET

Thenks, Murray.

JEMAINÉ

Yea, thenks!

MURRAY

I've no idea when you both became so manipulative!

JEMAINÉ

Probably when we became slaves.

MURRAY

Yea, gud one. Just go!

Without hesitation, they go. MURRAY shakes his head, glances at a DUTY FREE SHOP.

INT. DUTY FREE SHOP, AUCKLAND AIRPORT - DAY

MURRAY tries various SUNGLASSES, pulls poses, notices an ATTRACTIVE ASSISTANT looking at him, smiles bashfully, breaks eye contact. He glances back, is surprised to see her smiling. He takes a deep breath, walks over to her.

MURRAY

Sorry about the poses.

She realises he's talking to her.

MURRAY

Glasses don't really suit me.

ASSISTANT

Oh! I think they do.

MURRAY

Ah! Really? Which ones?

She walks past, approaches the SUNGLASSES, entices him to follow. She rotates the STAND, he watches her, hit by her beauty.

ASSISTANT

Well, let's see. I liked you in these.

She hands him a PAIR, continues to scan the selection.

ASSISTANT

And these.

MURRAY

Ah, really?

He tries them, looks at her, she nods, he smiles.

MURRAY

Okay. That's good enough for me..

He leans in, read her NAME TAG.

MURRAY

Zoe. I'll take them. You're sure they look gud?

ZOE

Of course! Although, I do work on commission.

He studies her, uncertain.

ZOE

I'm kuddung!

MURRAY

Uh... yea. Gud one!

They chuckle, she leads him to the COUNTER.

ZOE

So, you're a band manager?

MURRAY

Yea. How d'ya know thet?

ZOE

I got that from *your* tag.

A self-made NAME TAG reads:

Murray Hewitt, Band Manager

MURRAY

Ah! Yes. We're going on tour.

ZOE

(impressed)
Oh wow! Where?

MURRAY

Englund.

ZOE
No way! When are you beck?

MURRAY
Not sure.

ZOE
(suggestively)
I hope it's soon.

He gauges her, she runs her fingers over the REGISTER.

ZOE
Thet's seventy-nine dollars, please.

MURRAY
Oh! Right.

MURRAY'S FLIP PHONE RINGS, he pulls it out, looks at the
SCREEN: *SHELLEY*.

MURRAY
Ah, hang on. I've gotta take thus!

ZOE
No worries!

MURRAY steps away, turns his back on ZOE, answers.

MURRAY
Hullo? Yees. I'm not there. I left.
You told me to "jump off an effing
cliff!". No. I'm in New Zealand now.
What? You want me beck?
(whispers)
Look Shell, you can't just flup like a
swutch the minute you don't get your own
way! I'm sorry, I can't...
(distracted)
Wull... yes, I did like it when you dud
thet, but - look... no!

In the DEPARTURE LOUNGE, BRET and JEMAIN play their
GUITARS, a handful of TRAVELLERS listen. MURRAY smiles at
the sight.

MURRAY
You wanna know what I'm doing? I'm
heading to London with a little band c

called Flight of the Conchords!

(beat)

Yeah, wull the money in the check-in fund was all mine, wusn't ut? Find your own money... ya butch!

He slams the PHONE shut, smiles broadly, watches them play, proud, happy. A SECURITY GUARD approaches them, puts a meaty hand on BRET, a dispute breaks out. MURRAY's smile fades.

ZOE

Girl trouble?

MURRAY

(distracted)

Eh? Ah... yeah. Something like thet!

ZOE

Oh! Impossible to tame, are ya?

MURRAY

Yea. Wull... no. Not at all, actually.

ZOE

Even betta! A man who likes to take care of a womun.

MURRAY

Wull... yeah. I do try to do thet!

ZOE

You're so adorable. Listun, I'm not supposed to do thus, but here's ma numba.

She writes on a PIECE of PAPER.

ZOE

Guve me a call when you're beck!

She hands it over, he accepts, looks thrilled.

INT. DEPARTURE LOUNGE, AUCKLAND AIRPORT - DAY

MURRAY beams between BRET and JEMAINÉ, who look glum.

JEMAINÉ

I don't thunk ut was necessary to confiscate our guitaa's.

MURRAY

Wull... you shouldn't have been playing in the lobby, Jemaine. You know you're not allowed to do thet!

BRET

No, we dudn't.

MURRAY

Wull... now you do, eh?

They don't respond.

MURRAY

(encouragingly)

Eh?

They groan, frustrated.

MURRAY

Anyway, you'll get thum beck when we land. Look at the posutuves!

BRET

What posutuves?

MURRAY

The sun's shining, usn't ut? People are smiling! We're going to Englund on tour, remember thet? London, Englund.

MURRAY looks to the DUTY FREE SHOP, sees ZOE.

MURRAY

Yep! You look hard enough, there's a golden glow to everything.

JEMAINÉ studies him.

JEMAINÉ

(suspicious)

Why are you so heppy?

MURRAY

Why wouldn't I be?

BRET

Are you on drugs?

MURRAY

Nooo! Ut's for all the reasons I just said there, usn't ut? For all of the

above.

JEMAINÉ

Usut creck?

MURRAY

(sarcastic)

Oh yea! It's all the creck I got in
ma beckpeck.

The SECURITY GUARD reappears, hovers over them, looks
angry.

MURRAY

(casually)

Alright?

SECURITY

Did you just say you have crack in your
backpack?

MURRAY

Nuh. I said I've got a bed beck.

SECURITY

I don't believe you!

JEMAINÉ

We're sorry. He's got turrets.

BRET

I don't have effin' turrets!

JEMAINÉ

See?

The GUARD snarls, eyeballs BRET and JEMAINÉ.

SECURITY

You again.

JEMAINÉ

Hey!

BRET

Hey.

SECURITY

(menacing)

I'm watching you.

He gives a stern look, walks away.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

A HOSTESS walks by. MURRAY brims with excitement.

JEMAINÉ

So where are we actually going?

MURRAY

What d'ya mean?

JEMAINÉ

In London, where are our gugs?

MURRAY

Wull, we haven't actually got any gugs yet.

JEMAINÉ

Uh, no.

BRET

Thus us New York all over again.

MURRAY

No! I've done my research. I typed ut all unto Ask Jeeves and he gave me some really promising leads.

JEMAINÉ

Ask Jeeves? What's that?

MURRAY

Oh, get wuth the times, Jemaine. It's a luttel thung called the unternet.

BRET

I don't have any faith in thus.

MURRAY

Wull... that's why I'm your manager, usn't ut?

BRET shrugs as JEMAINÉ pouts.

FEMALE VOICE

Hey guys!

BRET frowns, looks behind them.

BRET

Ut's Mel.

JEMAINÉ

Yea. Gud one, Brit.

BRET

No, really.

MURRAY looks back, smiles.

MURRAY

Ah, look at thet!

JEMAINÉ looks back, MEL smiles, waves manically, DOUG struggles with their BAGS.

JEMAINÉ

Ut us Mel, eh?

MURRAY

Wow! She asked uf she follow you guys. Didn't thunk she'd actually do ut.

BRET

What? You know she's crazy!

MURRAY

Yea, crazy bout the Conchords, which is great news. Ut means our English fanbase has already started!

BRET

So, we're stull on one?

MURRAY

Not stull... *already!* We're *already* on one. See? You need to flup ut. Make ut more posutuve!

JEMAINÉ moans, sinks in his chair. BRET pops in some earphones. MURRAY smiles, nestles in his chair.

MURRAY

The return of the Conchords. Got a nice rung to ut.

Fade out:

THE END