

@THEPUNCHLINE

The video opens on Harv standing outside the Tower of London. He has added a second Union Jack item to his ensemble since yesterday, a tote bag, which joins the bucket hat from Covent Garden. He's reading from a pamphlet with the focused concentration of a man who absolutely did not read it before arriving.

Harv Norris: Right so. The Tower of London. Built in 1066 by William the Conqueror, which, great name by the way, very on brand for a fella who conquers things...

Rick Hull: 1078.

Harv Norris: What?

Rick Hull: Construction started in 1078.

Harv Norris: (checking the pamphlet) ...The pamphlet says 1066.

Rick Hull: The pamphlet is simplifying. William started it in 1078.

Harv Norris: How do ye know that?

Rick Hull: I read about it last night.

Harv Norris: (staring at him) Ye read about the Tower of London. For fun. Before visiting it.

Rick Hull: Yes.

Harv Norris: (to Puck) He read about it before visiting it.

Puck: (eating a bag of crisps he's already acquired from somewhere) I know. He told me at breakfast. All of it.

Harv Norris: All of it?

Puck: He had notes, Harv.

Harv looks at Rick with an expression somewhere between bewilderment and genuine admiration.

Harv Norris: Rocket. B'y. You are a deeply strange man and I mean that with my whole heart.

Inside the Tower.

They're with a tour group now. The Yeoman Warder leading the group is a large man with a white beard who has clearly been doing this tour for a very long time and has the practiced, theatrical delivery of someone who genuinely loves the material. The group is about twenty people. The Punch Line have inserted themselves somewhere in the middle.

Yeoman Warder: ...and it was here, on Tower Green, that Anne Boleyn was executed in May of 1536. The second wife of Henry the Eighth, she was brought to this very spot...

Harv Norris: (whispering to Rick) Henry the Eighth. That's the fella with all the wives, aye?

Rick Hull: (whispering) Six wives, yes.

Harv Norris: Six wives. That's a lot of wives, b'y.

Rick Hull: Things didn't end well for most of them.

Harv Norris: What happened to the rest?

Rick Hull: Divorced, beheaded, died, divorced, beheaded, survived.

Harv mouths this back to himself slowly, counting on his fingers.

Harv Norris: He beheaded TWO of them?

Rick Hull: Two of them, yes.

Harv Norris: (to Puck, whispering) He beheaded two of his wives.

Puck: (not whispering enough) Yeah I know, we covered this at breakfast too.

Several people in the tour group turn around. The Yeoman Warder pauses, clocks the hockey stick, and makes the professional decision to continue.

Yeoman Warder: ...the ghost of Anne Boleyn is said to still walk these grounds, carrying her head under her arm...

Harv Norris: (genuinely unsettled) She carries her HEAD?

Puck: (immediately interested) Under her arm?

Yeoman Warder: (leaning into it now, sensing his audience) Under her arm, yes. Several guards over the centuries have reported seeing her on these very grounds at night.

Harv Norris: And they STAYED? After seein' that? They kept working here?

Yeoman Warder: The Yeoman Warders live on the grounds, sir. With their families.

Harv Norris: (looking around at the ancient stone walls with new eyes) Ye LIVE here. With the headless ghost.

Yeoman Warder: She does have a head. She's just carrying it.

Harv Norris: That's WORSE, b'y!

A few people in the tour group are laughing now. The Yeoman Warder is clearly enjoying himself more than he was five minutes ago.

Puck: (raising his hand like he's in school) Has anyone ever tried to talk to her?

Yeoman Warder: To the ghost?

Puck: Aye. Like has anyone ever just gone up and started a conversation.

Yeoman Warder: I... don't believe that's been formally documented, no.

Puck: Seems like a missed opportunity. She's been wandering around for five hundred years. She probably has things to say.

The Yeoman Warder stares at Puck for a moment. Then at the hockey stick.

Yeoman Warder: Right. Where are you lads from?

Harv Norris: Canada, b'y.

Yeoman Warder: (nodding slowly) That explains some of it.

The Crown Jewels exhibit.

They're moving through slowly with the crowd. Harv has his face about four inches from a display case, fogging the glass slightly with his breath.

Harv Norris: (hushed) Rick. RICK. How much d'ye think that's worth.

Rick Hull: Don't.

Harv Norris: I'm not doing anything, I'm asking a question.

Rick Hull: I know what the question leads to.

Harv Norris: It leads to an interesting CONVERSATION, Rick, about history and economics...

Rick Hull: It leads to you doing math about something that isn't yours and will never be yours.

Harv Norris: (turning back to the case, whispering) A lot though, aye. It's a lot.

Puck is on the moving walkway that runs along the display, having not gotten off when he was supposed to. He's just going around again. A guard nearby is watching him with the patient resignation of someone deciding whether this is worth the paperwork.

Puck: (passing by on the walkway again) Hey.

Rick Hull: Puck, get off the walkway.

Puck: (going around again) In a minute.

Borough Market.

Late morning. The market is busy and loud and smells extraordinary. All three of them are moving through the stalls at different speeds. Rick is methodical, looking at everything before deciding. Harv has already bought four things he almost certainly doesn't need. Puck is negotiating with a cheese vendor with an intensity that seems disproportionate to the transaction.

Cheese Vendor: That's six pounds fifty, mate.

Puck: For that amount?

Cheese Vendor: That's the price.

Puck: In Winnipeg I'd get twice that for six fifty.

Cheese Vendor: Mate, you're in London.

Puck: I'm aware of where I am, I'm just saying the market rate seems off.

Cheese Vendor: (staring at him) Are you... haggling. Over cheese.

Puck: I'm having a business conversation about cheese.

The vendor looks at Harv for help. Harv shrugs.

Harv Norris: He stared down a goose four days ago and won.

They find a spot to stand near the edge of the market, out of the main foot traffic. Harv has a scotch egg he's working through. Puck has his cheese. Rick has a coffee and is looking out at the Thames visible beyond the market, grey and wide in the late morning light.

For a minute nobody says anything. Just the noise of the market around them. It's a comfortable quiet, the kind they've gotten used to over the past few months.

Harv Norris: (mouth half full) What IS a scotch egg, exactly. Like who decided to do this.

Rick Hull: Boiled egg wrapped in sausage meat and breadcrumbed.

Harv Norris: Who was sitting around one day and thought of that combination though.

Rick Hull: Someone hungry, probably.

Harv Norris: Well they were a genius, b'y. An absolute genius. Criminally underrated inventor.

Puck: (eating his cheese) The cheese is worth six fifty.

Harv Norris: He told ye.

Puck: I'm not saying he was RIGHT. I'm saying the cheese justifies the price. Those are different things.

Rick is still looking at the river. Harv glances at him.

Harv Norris: You alright, Rocket?

Rick Hull: Yeah. Just thinking.

Harv Norris: About what?

Rick Hull: About going home.

Harv stops mid-bite on the scotch egg. He doesn't say anything right away, which for Harv is significant.

Harv Norris: ...Aye?

Rick Hull: I think it's time, Harv.

Harv Norris: (carefully) Like, back to Newfoundland time? Because I talked to my mum last week and she said she's been feeding the cat and everything is fine at the house...

Rick Hull: Not Newfoundland.

Harv puts the rest of the scotch egg down.

Harv Norris: ...Rick.

Rick Hull: SHOOT, Harv.

There it is.

Harv is quiet for a moment. He looks down at his paper bag from the market. Folds the top of it over once, then unfolds it again.

Harv Norris: We left, b'y.

Rick Hull: I know.

Harv Norris: We NEEDED to leave. You said so yourself. You said we couldn't go back half-broken and angry.

Rick Hull: I did say that.

Harv Norris: So what's changed?

Rick Hull: We're not half-broken anymore. And I'm not angry. Are you?

Harv thinks about it. Actually thinks about it, which you can see on his face, the gears turning in a way that doesn't happen when he's performing or deflecting.

Harv Norris: No. I'm not angry anymore. I was for a while. After the Empire took the titles, I was angry for a good long while. But that's... no, that's gone now.

Rick Hull: So?

Harv Norris: (quietly) So I'm scared, b'y. That's what's left over when ye take the anger away. It's just scared.

Rick doesn't say anything right away. Around them the market carries on, completely indifferent.

Rick Hull: Of what?

Harv Norris: Of going back and it being the same. Of going through all of this, all these months, all these countries, all the... all the sitting with it, like you said. Doing the hard part. And then going back and finding out it didn't change anything. That we're still the same two fellas who get to the top and then can't hold onto it.

He says it plainly. No performance in it. Just the thing itself.

Rick looks at him for a moment.

Rick Hull: We held the Pantheon Championships. We got there, Harv. We weren't two guys who almost made it. We made it. We won them. The Empire beat us on one night and that's on us to fix, but nobody takes away what we did to get there.

Harv Norris: (slowly) Aye.

Rick Hull: And we're different now. I can feel it. Can't you?

Harv thinks about it again.

Harv Norris: (almost to himself) Aye. Aye, I can.

Rick Hull: Then it's time. SHOOT is home, Harv. More than Newfoundland right now, more than anywhere else we've been these past few months. That's where we belong. And I think somewhere under all of it, you know that too.

A long quiet pause. Then Harv picks his scotch egg back up. He looks at it for a second.

Harv Norris: When ye're right, ye're right, b'y.

Rick Hull: I know.

Harv Norris: Don't be smug about it.

Rick Hull: I'm not being smug.

Harv Norris: Yer face is being a little bit smug.

Rick Hull: My face is neutral.

Harv Norris: (almost smiling) Yer face is never neutral, Rocket.

Rick says nothing. But there's something close to a smile there too.

They stand by the market in the grey London morning and for a moment it's just the two of them and the river and the noise and the weight of the thing they've just agreed to without fully saying it yet.

Then Puck, who has been quietly eating his cheese through this entire exchange without a word, finishes the last piece, folds up the paper wrapping, and looks at both of them.

Puck: So. Question.

Harv Norris: Aye?

Puck: How do the two of ye feel about cruises?

See you soon, SHOOT.