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Cawing of distant CROWS It's very early morning.

Andy is detecting on his own. He stops swinging his detector and looks up at the bleak landscape. In the distance, and way up high, a lone crow is flapping towards him. Wide shot of Andy, the only feature in the vast, flat field. The crow slowly gets closer, being buffeted by the wind until it flies directly overhead.

Crow shit lands on Andy's jacket.

He looks forlornly down but otherwise doesn't react.

Wide shot of Andy in the field, utterly alone.

He swings the detector onto his shoulder and trudges off.

TITLES:

DETECTORISTS

Single on Andy sitting under the 'lunch tree' eating a sandwich, thoughtful.

He thinks of something funny and turns as if to tell Lance but realizes Lance is not there. Takes another bite of sandwich.

He hears a shout and looks up to see Sophie crossing the field towards him carrying her detector.

SOPHIE

Hey.

ANDY

Hey.

SOPHIE

I phoned, I left a message.

ANDY

Oh, sorry, phone's on silent.

SOPHIE

SOPHIE
Is that why you've fallen out?

ANDY
Kind of.

SOPHIE
Sorry. That's my fault.

ANDY
No. S'alright.

Few beats of silence.

SOPHIE
It was nice to meet Becky at the
quiz night. She's really nice.

ANDY
Yeah, cheers.
She's left me.

SOPHIE
What?! Why?

ANDY
Not really sure.

SOPHIE
Where's she gone?

ANDY
Her mum's.

SOPHIE
Is that my fault as well then?

ANDY
Probably.

SOPHIE
Sorry. What you going to YnD

ANDY

Yeah. We're skint, if I sell my
detector I can take Becky away.
I found my gold. I think I'm done.

SOPHIE

Lance will be gutted.

ANDY

Becky won't though.

Pause.

SOPHIE

Did you see University Challenge
last night?

ANDY

Nah.

ANDY
 Nah. I'm going to head off.
 Got to go to work.
 See you later.

SOPHIE
 See ya.

Sophie watches him go.

503 EXT. DUEL CARRIAGEWAY/BUSY ROAD - DAY

503

Andy is at work by the side of a road, pushing a measuring wheel along in front of him like a metal detector. He stops by a marker and notes down the reading on a clipboard. He takes his phone out of his pocket and looks at the screen, nothing. He puts it away and carries on.

504 EXT. FRUIT & VEG DEPOT - DAY

504

Lance walks across the depot yard with a mug of tea and sits on a pile of pallets.

Another bloke, CLIFF, comes and stands next to him.

LANCE
 Alright Cliff?

Cliff nods. Lights a fag.

CLIFF
 Done them sprouts?

LANCE
 Yep.

CLIFF
 Done them caulis?

LANCE
 Yep.

Pause, Cliff takes a massive drag on his cigarette.

LANCE (cont'd)
 See University Challenge last night?

CLIFF
 See what?

LANCE
 University challenge?

Cliff just looks vacantly at him.

LANCE (cont'd)
 Quiz show on TV?

Cliff stares.

LANCE (cont'd)
Jeremy Paxman?

Cliff continues to stare until:

CLIFF
Done them spuds?

LANCE
Yep.

Lance takes his phone out of his pocket and looks at the screen, nothing. He puts it away again.

As soon as he has it starts to ring, he takes it out again and looks at the screen, answers.

LANCE (cont'd)
Hello Mags...
What, ...?
I'm at work...
Hang on...

He calls across the yard.

LANCE (cont'd)
Alright if I knock off once I've
done them pomegranates Ted?

Ted signals yes.

LANCE (cont'd)
I'll be there in half an hour...
Yep, see ya.

He puts his phone away. Knows he's being taken advantage of.

505 INT. NEW AGE SHOP - DAY

505

Lance is manning the shop by himself. Bored. A woman is browsing at the counter and looking at crystal pendants.

CUSTOMER
What properties do the amethyst ones
have?

LANCE
(making it up)
Amethyst will... cleanse your
shakras. And your aura. It's like a
general purpose spiritual cleanser.
Quite strong. Like Swarfega.

CUSTOMER
And the moon-stone?

LANCE

Moon-stone puts you in touch with the moon. Strengthens your spiritual bond with the moon.

CUSTOMER

And the quartz?

LANCE

Quartz will give you a mild sense of paranoia.

CUSTOMER

Have you got anything Shamanic?

LANCE

Shamanic? Yeah over there...

He waves his arm towards a corner of the shop.

LANCE (cont'd)

That's our Shamanic section. Loads of it over there.

She wanders away.

The door of the shop opens and Maggie enters.

MAGGIE

Sorry, I was longer than I thought. They kept me waiting at the bank.

LANCE

S'alright. How'd it go?

MAGGIE

No good. They won't give me any more. It's all about 'high street chains' these days. No room for an independent like me.

LANCE

So what does that mean?

MAGGIE

Can't afford the rent. I'm going to have to close up. That was my last hope. Tony's been offered a transfer to another restaurant...

LANCE

Pizza Hut...

MAGGIE

...to another Pizza Hut. We'll move up north.

LANCE

You can't! What about all your friends? Your mum?

MAGGIE

She'll have to come with. If only I could find someone who could give me

MAGGIE

Yeah of course. I haven't got that much time though. Do you want a cuppa?

LANCE

Go on then.

MAGGIE

It's sticking out of his trouser pocket.

ANDY
I found it again.

BECKY
Were there any messages from me?

ANDY
No.

BECKY
Right. Well I guess I didn't phone then.

ANDY
I've sold my detector.

Becky is genuinely quite taken aback.

BECKY
Really?

ANDY
Not yet. I haven't actually sold it yet but I'm going to tomorrow. I got a quote from the bloke in the shop. I'm definitely going to sell it tomorrow.

BECKY
And this is your big gesture? Your big romantic gesture?

ANDY
S'pose it is. We can go away somewhere.

BECKY
It's not about the detecting Andy.

ANDY
What's it about then?

BECKY
You really don't know?

ANDY
No. I don't think I do.

Becky disappears back inside the house, returning a moment later with an envelope which she hands to Andy. He opens it to find the photo of Sophie kissing him in the field. He is dumb-struck.

ANDY (cont'd)
What's...? Where...? This isn't what it looks like.

BECKY

Really? Because it looks like you
kissing Sophie in a field.

ANDY

It's not. She kissed me.

BECKY

Right, like was holding
hand the other night in the pub.

ANDY

Yes! This wasn't a 'romantic' kiss.
It was a 'congratulations' kiss.

BECKY

Well 'congratulations'.

ANDY

There were no tongues...

*

BECKY

Please spare me.

ANDY

How did you...? Did take this?

BECKY

Andy's is not sure what to do with the photo, he almost gives it back to Becky.

ANDY
Do you want...?

BECKY
No, I'm alright thanks. I'm good for photos of you kissing other women.

Flustered, he goes to put it in his pocket.

BECKY (cont'd)
You're going to keep it are you? Put it in your scrapbook?

ANDY
No, I just, I didn't...

He tears the photo in half, in quarters. Looks around, sees a wheelie bin, and puts the pieces in the bin.

BECKY
I don't want it in there thanks.

ANDY
Pardon?

BECKY
I don't want it in my mum's bin.

Andy goes back to the bin and reaches in. It's right at the bottom and he has to stretch to get it out.

ANDY
Have you got a recycling bin...?

BECKY
Take it with you.

ANDY
Right... sorry.

She goes back inside and shuts the door.
After a few beats Andy turns and leaves.

507 EXT. BISHOP'S FARM 'HOME FIELD' - DAY

507

Lance is in a field, detecting on his own.
Suddenly he is aware that Sophie is approaching.

SOPHIE
Hello.

LANCE
Hello.

SOPHIE
How's it going?

LANCE
Yeah, brilliant yeah.

SOPHIE
Are they biting?

LANCE
Nope. Not today.

SOPHIE
You spoken to Andy?

LANCE
Who?

SOPHIE
Come on Lance. What's going on?
Why aren't you two speaking?

LANCE
Why do you think?

SOPHIE
Because of the gold?

Lance is silent for a moment.

LANCE
It used to be me and Andy. This was our escape from the rude world, from the madding crowd. We were quite happy finding junk, talking bollocks. Then you came along and threw a shoe in the works. Do you know how often we find gold? Never! We never find gold. That's what we're looking for. We don't find it, we don't find it, that's what we're looking for. We pretend to be interested in the buttons and the buckles and the crap but what we're looking for is gold. To find a piece of gold that was once held in the hand of a Roman or a Saxon or one of the ancient people that walked this ancient land before us. And I've

*

*

So when buy a second hand
detector and go out for the first
time and find gold with my best

If I don't then she'll move away, up North and I'll probably never see her again.

SOPHIE
Ok. What's her new bloke doing? Why can't he bale her out?

LANCE
Coz he's a cunt.

SOPHIE
Gotcha.

Pause.

SOPHIE (cont'd)
Don't do it Lance. Don't lend her anything.

LANCE
It's none of your business.

SOPHIE
I know. Sorry.

Pause.

LANCE
I've never admitted this to anyone but, I really won the lottery the day Maggie left me.

SOPHIE
Right... You mean... what, that you didn't realize at the time but it was the best thing that could have happened?

LANCE
Pardon?

SOPHIE
You mean that... it was a good thing?

LANCE
What was?

*

SOPHIE
Maggie leaving you.

LANCE
Eh?

SOPHIE
What do you mean then, you 'won the
Lottery'?

LANCE
I won the Lottery. The day Maggie
left me.

SOPHIE
Sorry...how do you mean?

LANCE
What part of 'I won the Lottery'
don't you understand?

SOPHIE
You won the Lottery?

LANCE
Yes!

SOPHIE
The Lottery?

LANCE

ART

This land is now a site of special archaeological interest, under the jurisdiction of Colchester Museum and we, The Antiquishers, have sole permission to detect on the land as official affiliates of and in accordance with the South Essex Portable Antiqui...

*

LANCE

Alright mate, Jesus, listen to yourself. You sound like a prick. Speak normally.

ART

You are no longer permitted to detect on this land under the Ancient Monuments and Archaeological Areas Act 1979...

LANCE

Still sounding like a prick. And you look like a prick as well.

*

ART

Immature as usual.

LANCE

Prick. Alright, let's go.

He goes to leave but spots Andy coming towards them, calls out:

LANCE (cont'd)

It's all over mate, these wankers have pushed us out.

Andy waves the envelope.

ANDY

(to Art)
Did you take this photo?

ART

No.

ANDY

You haven't even seen it yet so obviously you did.

SOPHIE

What is it?

Andy takes the photo, Sellotaped back together, out of the envelope. Shows it to Sophie. She is shocked.

ANDY
 (to Sophie)
 Are you an Antiqui searcher?

SOPHIE
 Was.

ANDY
 Was?

SOPHIE
 They asked me to keep an eye on you.

ANDY
 Jesus. This is like the worst ever
 episode of Scooby Doo.

LANCE
 Season 22, episode 3.

BI SHOP (V.O.)
 Hello there!

They look across to see Bishop climbing over a stile.

LANCE
 Here we go.

BI SHOP
 I see you've met. Exciting news eh?

ANDY
 Brilliant yeah.

BI SHOP
 The M.O.D. have finished their
 survey and the archaeology bods are
 arriving at the weekend, opening up
 a couple of trenches, have a look,
 see what they can find.

LANCE
 Super.

BI SHOP
 And I understand you chaps are
 helping them out.

ANDY
 (pointing at Simon &
 Garfunkel)
 These 'chaps' are. We're not. We've
 been pushed out.

BI SHOP
 What? Why?

ANDY
 Different club. You remember I told
 you about the rogues? These are they.
 (pointing at Sophie)
 And she was the mole.

*

SOPHIE
 Andy...

*

ANDY
 She spied on us and passed on the
 information to these 'chaps'.

*

BISHOP
 Oh come along, you're all metal
 detectors.

ANDY, LANCE, PAUL & ART
 Detector .

Lance turns to Andy.

LANCE
 Pub?

ANDY
 Go on then.

They turn and walk off.

SOPHIE
 Andy!

He doesn't respond.

SOPHIE (cont'd)
 I'm sorry.

Sophie sadly watches them go.
 We track with Andy and Lance who don't say anything for a
 long time until:

LANCE
 See 15 to 1?

ANDY
 Nah. Can't switch on the telly.

LANCE
 It's not the same.

ANDY
 I know.

LANCE
I miss William G Stewart.

ANDY
Yep.

LANCE
I like Toksvig. But she's always
cracking jokes.

ANDY
William G never cracked jokes.

LANCE
Very rarely. And when he did they
weren't funny.

ANDY
There's no room for humour in 15 to
1.

508 INT. SCOUT HALL - DAY

508

The few remaining members of the D.M.D.C., Andy, Lance, Russell, Hugh, Louise and Varda are sitting on folding chairs facing a flip chart. Under the heading 'Club Business' the page is blank.

Everyone looks dejected.

LOUISE
I knew there was something I didn't
like about her.

RUSSELL
Sold us down the river.

LOUISE
So that 'new' detector she
bought...?

ANDY
Had it for years probably.

LOUISE
And Bishop's farm?

ANDY
Gone.

RUSSELL
Bugger.

LANCE
I'm personally going to be
withdrawing my bid for the club
presidency.

ANDY

Yep. Likewise.

RUSSELL

Well who's going to lead us then?
I'm not bloody doing it.

LANCE

To be honest Russ, I think the days
of the D.M.D.C. are numbered.

RUSSELL

There's still half a jar of Nescafe.

LANCE

Take it.

LOUISE

Are we just going to disband?

LANCE

Well, I'm going independent. Going
it alone.

HUGH

Like the Lone Ranger?

LANCE

Bit like the Lone Ranger Hugh, yeah.

RUSSELL

What about you Andy.

ANDY

I'll probably go it alone as well.
With Lance.

HUGH

Like Tonto?

ANDY

Not really Hugh.

Everybody winces as the scout hall door squeaks loudly and
Terry and Sheila enter. Terry is on crutches.

RUSSELL

Terry! You're back!

TERRY

Can't keep a good man down Russell.

LANCE

How's the leg?

TERRY

Bit stiff but on the mend.

SHEILA

The doctor said he'll be back at
flamenco in a month.

TERRY

Well, we'll see love. Don't want to
rush things.
Hang on, where's the finds table?

RUSSELL

Couldn't find it.

ANDY

No, she's defected. Or rather it turns out she was always on their side. She was the spy.

SHEILA

Bi tch.

TERRY

Well perhaps that'll teach you not to make decisions with your dicks.

LOUISE

It's you that let her join.

TERRY

I wasn't talking to you Louise, you haven't got a dick.

Get new members, put them in club
fleeces, get out there and discover
the history buried beneath our feet
shall we?

A less than enthusiastic response. The seated members look
at each other.

Ok. LANCE

Yep, alright. RUSSELL

That's more like it! TERRY

Awkward pause.

Do you want us to lift you onto our
shoulders? RUSSELL

Not with my leg, no. TERRY

Give it a week. SHEILA

509 INT. ANDY'S FLAT, LOUNGE - NIGHT 509

Andy is sitting on the sofa frustrated, juggling three TV
remote controls. The screen is blank.
A bottle of whiskey is half empty on the table.
He give up and goes through to the kitchen.

510 INT. ANDY'S FLAT, KITCHEN - NIGHT 510

Andy puts a slice of bread in the toaster and waits. He's
looking unsteady.
He glances down and sees that the bin is overflowing. He
wrestles the bag out of the bin.

511 INT. ANDY'S FLAT, BATHROOM - NIGHT 511

Andy empties the bathroom bin into his bin liner and spills
stuff on the floor. He picks it up and notices a box from a
pregnancy test.

He stands looking at the box, remembering things, putting
the pieces together.

512 INT. ANDY'S FLAT - NIGHT 512

Andy is slurring slightly on his mobile phone:

ANDY

Becks it's me. I know you told me not to phone but I couldn't help it. I need you back. I can't switch on the Telly. But that's not the only reason, I was just saying that to be cute, I'll learn how to switch on the TV, I could probably work it out by myself if I really tried. And I'm really going to try Becks. Not with the TV. I mean I try with the TV but I mean I'm going to try harder with everything. With us and everything. I'm going to sell my detector. I know I already said I had, or I was going to but I haven't got around to it yet but I will. Tomorrow. Or the next day. Definitely. You can count on me babe. I'm going to change. I want this... I want to have this... chance, I want to try again. I'm going to pull my socks up, and my finger out, and myself together, and we can... I need you Becks, I'm nothing without you. I can't even turn the TV on.

He hangs up.

ANDY (cont'd)

Brilliant. That's sorted then.

His phone beeps. Voice mail. He listens.

SOPHIE (V.O.)

Hey Andy it's Sophie, I wanted to see you and...

He presses a button.

PHONE (V.O.)

Message deleted.

513 EXT. BISHOP'S FARM, HEDGE OVERLOOKING 'BOTTOM PADDOCK' - DAY 513

Lance and Andy are sitting on a dry stone wall looking down over Bishop's farm. Lance has his binoculars. It is a hive of activity. There are vans parked in the field, a JCB is digging a trench watched over by some bearded archaeologists. Others are erecting a tent, some more are staking out and marking areas with tape, measuring, surveying etc.

LANCE

There they are. Bastards.

She went off to be on her own and do some thinking when it looked like you might be wavering in your devotion to her. All the signs were there mate.

(beat)

How did figure it out?

ANDY

I found the box from a pregnancy test in the bathroom bin.
Oh god, I'm an idiot.

*

LANCE

LANCE

Yeah?

ANDY

Yeah. They're packing up.
Homeward bound.

*

They touch fists.
Andy passes back the bins.

*

LANCE

Bishop's down there.

ANDY

Is he?

LANCE

We should get down there. Find out
what's afoot. Maybe have a sneaky
sweep of that spoil heap.

ANDY

Have you got your detector?

LANCE

Does the pope shit in the woods?

EXT. BISHOP'S FARM 'BOTTOM PADDOCK' - DAY

ANDY
There wouldn't be any bones left in
a Saxon grave Larry.

*

BI SHOP
What's that?

ANDY
Saxon bones would have rotted away a
long time ago.

LANCE
Why are the fuzz here?

BI SHOP
Apparently, as soon as bones are
discovered the boys in blue have to
get involved until it's confirmed
that the remains are historical,
that's what this chap was telling
me.

LANCE
They're coming over.

They look up. Two police officers are approaching.

OFFICER
Mr. Bishop?

BI SHOP
Larry, please. i l

⌘

The officer holds up an evidence bag containing a gold ring.

OFFICER
Do you recognise this Sir?

Bishop peers at it.

BI SHOP
Good god that's Justine's wedding
ring!

OFFICER
Lawrence Michael Bishop we are
arresting you on suspicion of
murder, you do not have to say
anything. Anything you do say will
be taken down and may be used in

*

BI SHOP
Perfectly thank you. Good god.
There's a 'turnip' for the books.
Wasn't expecting that. Were you?

Andy and Lance look on as Bishop is handcuffed and led away to a police car. Bishop calls back:

BI SHOP
Look after the dogs will you? While I'm gone? Shouldn't be long.

Andy gives him the thumbs up.

ANDY
Will do.

LANCE
All under control.

Andy and Lance exchange a glance as Bishop is taken away.

END CREDITS