



- \*
- 1 EXT. ENGLISH HILLSIDE AD 1066 - TWILIGHT 1 \*
- Wind is howling. Storm clouds gathering.  
Four imposing Norman soldiers on horseback appear on a track at the top of a hill.  
They look down on a small village, centred around a church with a distinctive round tower.  
The soldiers are blood-spattered and drunk.  
Fat raindrops are starting to fall.
- 2 INT. CHURCH AD 1066 - EVENING 2 \*
- A monk hurries up the aisle of that same candlelit church to a table in front of the altar on which are a great bible and an asteel; a manuscript pointer with an ornate gold and jeweled handle.
- The monk, checking behind with panic in his eyes, dumps the precious bible and asteel into an oilskin sack and continues on through a back door of the church.
- 3 EXT. CHURCH AD 1066 - TWILIGHT 3 \*
- The monk bursts out of a back door carrying the sack and a shovel. The rain is beginning to come down heavily. He runs out into the storm.
- 4 EXT. FIELD AD 1066 - TWILIGHT 4 \*
- The monk has tripped and stumbled a hundred yards across the fields into the fading light. The rain is now torrential and he stops a few paces from a LARGE STANDING STONE and desperately starts to dig a hole in the muddy ground.
- In his terror he stops dead and listens through the rain.
- 5 EXT. ENGLISH HILLSIDE 1066 - TWILIGHT 5 \*
- In the thundering downpour the soldiers spur their horses down the hill toward the village.
- 6 EXT. FIELD 1066 - TWILIGHT 6 \*
- The monk hears the sound of the horses hooves and redoubles his efforts.

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.

LANCE (CONT' D)  
Not happeni ng.

Andy removes hi s headphones.

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

ANDY  
Go on then.

They turn and walk away.

\*

SUPER:

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 j ET Qy(.) ttor fwety0-1 is

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.





ANDY (CONT'D)

And I think I spotted some rust on  
his car.

\*  
\*

BECKY

Is that significant?

\*  
\*

ANDY

Hugely.

\*  
\*



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 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  
Malton. \*

SOPHIE  
An *E* ~~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 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:

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



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  
calendar.

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 calendar 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 calendar.

RUSSELL

I'd like to go further, I'd like us to take a vow 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

\*

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.



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 \*

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



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  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

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 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 sm3ct the

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