

DETECTORISTS - SERIES 2

EPI SODE TWO

Wri tten by

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SHOOTI NG SCRI PT

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PRI VATE AND CONFIDENTIAL  
(not to be copi ed and redi stri buted)

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1 EXT. NEW PERMISSION, FIELD - DAY

1

Lance and Andy are detecting a few metres apart.

LANCE  
You hear about old Bob Cromer?

SUPER:

LANCE  
I don't know. "My heart has followed all my days something I cannot name".

ANDY  
Blimey.

LANCE  
I won't be able to rest until I've danced the gold dance.

ANDY  
You not coming then?

LANCE  
No. Got plans.

ANDY  
What you doing?

LANCE  
Just... going to... ScrewFix.

He retrieves the target, a corroded lump of iron.

ANDY  
What you got?

LANCE  
Boat.

ANDY  
A ?

LANCE  
B-O-A-T, 'Bit Off A Tractor'.

Andy looks sceptical.

LANCE (CONT'D)  
You not heard that one?

ANDY  
Course I haven't, you just made it up.

LANCE  
No, that's an old one. Like POACH.

ANDY  
Go on.

LANCE  
Part Of A Combine Harvester.

ANDY  
Bullshit.

Sophie is sitting on a wall waiting. She smiles as she sees Peter approaching. \*

SOPHIE  
Hello. \*

PETER  
Hey. \*

SOPHIE  
How are you? \*

PETER  
Good. Listen, thanks for helping out with this. \*

SOPHIE  
S'alright, I'm a sucker for a bit of research. \*

PETER  
You're a what? \*

SOPHIE  
Doesn't matter. \*

PETER  
Are any of the others coming down? \*

SOPHIE  
I don't think so. \*

PETER  
That's good. \*

SOPHIE  
Yeah? \*

PETER  
They were all so enthusiastic, especially the main guy. \*

SOPHIE  
Terry. \*

PETER  
I'm worried they'll be disappointed. \*

SOPHIE \*

SOPHIE

Oh we're used to not finding much  
at the DMDC. It's what we do best.

\*  
\*  
\*

3 INT. LANCE'S FLAT, FRONT ROOM - DAY 3

Lance, wearing an obviously new shirt, is tidying things away and cleaning his flat.  
He goes through to the bathroom.

4 INT. LANCE'S FLAT, BATHROOM - DAY 4

Lance looks in the mirror and flattens his hair with water.  
He is muttering imagined conversations under his breath.

LANCE

Oh me? I'm in fruit and veg.  
I'm in fruit and vegetables.  
Did you know 90% of onions are  
consumed in their country of  
origin? Yes, there's  
international trade in onions.  
(indicating the shirt)  
Oh what old thing? Thank you.  
No I've had it years...  
Do I drive? Yes, you might have  
seen my car in the car park, the  
yellow... that's right the TR7. You  
know about them do you? Yes well  
I've done a lot of work on her. Re-  
sprayed her Yellow where she  
would have originally been...  
that's right, Yellow.

PETER

I've been wanting to for a long time but this year is the year for getting things done.

SOPHIE

What else is on the list?  
Don't say bungee jumping.

PETER

Catch a big fish.

SOPHIE

K.

They walk up the steps to the town library.

PETER

Fall in love.

SOPHIE

Isn't that on everyone's list all the time?

PETER

Is it? I don't know. It hasn't been on mine for a long time. But I'm ready now. I'm going to make a concerted effort.

SOPHIE

Yeah because that's usually how it happens.

PETER

Yeah?

SOPHIE

Yeah sure. You decide you want to fall in love, you try really hard, and then you fall in love.

PETER

Oh, you're being sarcastic.

SOPHIE

Yep.

PETER

Oh well done. Very clever.

SOPHIE

Thanks.

(beat)

What qualities are you looking for in your new love?



PETER

Sarcasm.

6 INT. SCHOOL, STAFF ROOM - DAY

6

Becky is in the staff room at a boring staff meeting. The HEAD TEACHER is talking in a monotone about trivial stuff.

HEAD TEACHER

As decided the Summer Fare is going to be Dickens themed and I'd like all the attending staff in Victorian dress if you would.

She holds up a flyer.

HEAD TEACHER (CONT'D)

This costume hire place has a nice range. Expensive but worth it. As I'm sure you are aware, last year Oakfield Lane Primary School raised £25,000 at their summer fete and I'm determined we can beat that.

Becky looks unimpressed.

She surreptitiously leans forward and takes from a coffee table a brochure with the words

\*  
\*

on the front.

She opens it up on a photo of a class of African children being taught in the shade of a tree. A prefab school with bright red chairs in the African bush. The Head drones on.

HEAD TEACHER (CONT'D)

Can I ask that none of you double park in front of the school. Mr. Daley needed to get to Asda yesterday lunchtime and couldn't get out.

TEACHER

Where are we supposed to go then? I'm having to park further and further away and walk the rest.

HEAD TEACHER

But you only live a mile away Fergus.

TEACHER  
Exactly, it's hardly worth me  
driving in at all. We to sort  
out more parking spaces.

Becky can't quite believe what she's hearing.

7 INT. LIBRARY - DAY

7

Andy walks through a basement room at the library. There are numerous alcoves and booths. Eventually he finds a row of microfilm booths and, in the very end one he sees Peter studying the screen, an empty chair beside him. As Andy approaches Peter turns.

PETER  
Lance!

ANDY  
It's Andy.

PETER  
Sorry! Andy! Lance is the other  
guy. The funny little guy.

ANDY  
Funny little guy?

PETER  
Yeah, you know.

ANDY  
Mmm. How's it going?

PETER  
Good! Good. We've found a newspaper  
article. Sophie's gone to get  
coffee.

ANDY  
Can I see?

Andy sits next to Peter.

PETER  
This is from the morning after the  
crash. There's no photo and they  
only say it was near Henburystone,  
nothing more specific. But it does  
say that the plane came straight  
down, nose first, and pretty much  
buried itself in the ground.

ANDY  
Anything about the crew?

Peter looks again at the article.

PETER

Um, no, I don't think so.

Andy takes a sheet of paper from his pocket.

ANDY

Right.

Well I managed to find a list of their names. It doesn't say what happened to them but it does say that they were 'all accounted for'. I don't really know what that means.

PETER

Where did you find that?

ANDY

I found a link on the British Aviation Archaeological Council website. Which one was your grandfather?

PETER

Let me see?

Peter takes the sheet of paper.

PETER (CONT'D)

Yes, here, Rainer Schneider. The forward gunner.

He keeps the list.

ANDY

Right.

PETER

Here's Sophie.

Sophie arrives with two coffees.

ANDY

Hi.

SOPHIE

Oh Andy! I thought you said you might not be able to make it.

ANDY

Yep. But... I managed to.

SOPHIE

Great.

She gestures to his chair.



HEAD TEACHER

... the residents of Whitehall Lodge have been complaining that parents are parking their cars in the residents only parking bays, so we have to make sure all parents know that they are not allowed to park there. Similarly some parents are parking on the yellow zig-zag lines in front of the school. We've got to make sure they know they can't do that, even if they're just dropping off.  
Is there any other business?

\*  
\*

A stuffy old teacher raises his hand.

HEAD TEACHER (CONT'D)

Gordon?

TEACHER 1

Are we allowed to park in Meadowview Road? Because it doesn't say it's residents only anywhere but they're claiming the same parking restrictions stretch around from Church Road even though there aren't any signs.

TEACHER 2

If there aren't any signs then it means there aren't any parking restrictions.

TEACHER 1

So I can park there?

Becky, exasperated, lets out a strangled yelp.

HEADTEACHER

Becky?

Becky gathers her stuff and gets up to leave.

BECKY

Sorry, I have to go.

The rest of the staff look mildly shocked as she leaves the staff room.



ANDY (CONT'D)  
 Sorry, sorry, I got distracted.  
 Okay... yeah I'll get some. I'll  
 see you at home.

He hangs up, peaks around at the cafe again and then phones  
 Lance's number.

10 INT. CAFE - DAY

10

Lance is still sitting opposite the woman, we only see her  
 back. There is quite loud Spanish music playing over the  
 stereo. He looks at his phone, tuts.

LANCE  
 (to the woman)  
 I better just get this.

He turns away.

LANCE (CONT'D)  
 Yeah, hello?...  
 I told you I'm at ScrewFix...  
 Yeah, they're having a Mexican  
 afternoon...

CUT TO:

11 EXT. HIGH STREET - DAY

11

ANDY  
 Oh right, yeah, I just forgot to  
 ask if you were going up the club  
 Tuesday?...  
 Okay right... yeah...  
 Can you get me some masonry nails?  
 Galvanized...

CUT TO:

12 INT. CAFE - DAY

12

LANCE  
 ...yep, okay... got to go, they're  
 bringing out the pinata.

CUT TO:

13 EXT. HIGH STREET - DAY 13

ANDY  
All right, see ya.

Andy smiles to himself and hangs up. He dodges out from behind the phone box and continues his 'trying-not-to-be-seen' walk away from the cafe.

14 INT. ANDY AND BECKY'S HOUSE - DAY 14

Andy lets himself in. A jar next to the front door is full of broken pieces of clay pipe. As he passes, Andy takes some more pieces from his pocket and drops them in the jar. He goes through to the kitchen.

ANDY  
Hello?

Becky enters with the baby. Andy takes him from her. Becky has the VSO brochure.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
All right Sweary?

BECKY  
Was I swearing a lot?

ANDY  
Yes. An unnecessary amount I'd say.

BECKY  
Well god.  
I was just about to break.  
I'd had all that I could take  
of their petty parking problems  
and their fete, for goodness sake.

ANDY  
Are you rapping?

BECKY  
No, I think it was just a fluke.

ANDY  
Say something else.

BECKY  
I want a change. I want to get out  
of that school and try something  
else. Go somewhere else. Do some  
good.

ANDY  
Hmm. None of that really rhymed.

\*



BECKY  
I wasn't trying to rhyme!

ANDY  
Oh sorry. What were you saying?

Andy sits down with Stan on his lap and opens a metal detecting magazine, The Treasure Searcher.

BECKY  
Doesn't matter.

ANDY  
They can't fire you can they? For storming out of a staff meeting.

BECKY  
I didn't storm I just left.

ANDY  
We'd really be up shit creek if you lost your job.

Something about this comment makes Becky stop dead. She tries to offer the brochure.

BECKY  
I wanted to show you...

But he speaks over her.

ANDY  
Don't hand in your notice just yet.

And she decides against it.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
Hey you'll never guess what I saw. Looks like Lance has taken our advice to try internet dating. I saw him holding hands with a girl when he told me he was going to the DIY store.

Becky is gutted, close to tears but Andy, the idiot, hasn't noticed. She manages to just carry on and hold it together.

BECKY  
Yeah? Nobody we know?

ANDY  
No, really young, much younger than him.

BECKY  
young?

ANDY  
Dunno. Twenties?  
They were in a cafe. Didn't see me.

BECKY  
And they were holding hands?

ANDY  
Well yeah, touching hands,  
flirting.  
He was adamant he wasn't going to  
try it but I don't know how else he  
could have met her so fast.

BECKY  
Why don't you just ask him?

ANDY  
He'll tell me when he's ready.

Baby Stan points to a coin in the magazine.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
What's that?  
That a denarius.  
Say "silver denarius of Marcus  
Aurelius"

End on a worried Becky. \*

15 INT. SCOUT HALL - EVENING

15

Sophie has some enlargements of an old black and white  
photograph of the crash site laid out on a table.  
The photo shows four or five men, one of them with a  
motorcycle, standing around a large, smoking crater in a  
field. \*

In the distance, above a line of trees, can be seen the top  
of a round church tower.

SOPHIE  
Here it is. And it seems the plane  
came down so straight and so fast  
that the hole kind of filled itself  
in afterwards.

RUSSELL  
Always fill in your holes.

TERRY  
Bad taste Russell.

SOPHIE  
It was so deep they just left it.  
Looks like it's never been  
disturbed. \*

Peter points to the photo.

PETER  
And look. This tower.

LANCE  
Well yes, that's St. Giles.

PETER  
I can see this tower from where  
I've parked my camper.

SOPHIE  
Well that's where we should start.

PETER  
Can you tell where this photo was  
taken from?

Lance and Andy lean in to look at the photo.

ANDY  
Hard to tell.

LANCE  
You can only see the top of the  
tower.

SOPHIE  
(to Peter)  
We need to get out there and have a  
look.

PETER  
Listen Terry. If we find the site,  
we'll need to apply for a license  
from the Ministry of Defence to dig  
it. I was wondering if the DMDC  
could do that on my behalf? It  
might look better coming from a  
club.

TERRY  
No problem at all mate and here's  
an idea:  
What if, when we find the location  
of the wreckage, we hold the club  
rally on the site?  
We get everyone down, more the  
merrier, barbecue, and we make a  
day of it.

HUGH  
Would I be able to keep some bits  
of wreckage?

TERRY  
I don't know about that Hugh.

HUGH  
I'll bring a wheelbarrow.

PETER

Hang on a second guys. This isn't what I had in mind. I only wanted to find the site, pay my respects. I didn't necessarily want lots of people down there.

TERRY

We'll cordon it off.

Just then the door of the scout hall squeaks loudly open and everyone turns to see a man in his early 60s enter and then step quickly back out again.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Hello? Mr. Mayor?

The door squeaks again and the MAYOR gingerly re-enters, all eyes on him.

TERRY

Russell is in charge of our new jewelry retrieval service. The Mayor here has lost his Chain of Office.

RUSSELL

His what?

MAYOR

It's the ceremonial chain, you know. It shouldn't be too difficult to find, big chunky thing.

RUSSELL

I'll get Hugh.

MAYOR

No! We don't need to...

RUSSELL

HUGH!  
THE MAYOR'S LOST HIS NECKLACE!

Hugh heads over.

TERRY

Hugh runs the jewelry retrieval service with Russell. They've had a lot of success, got a few pieces in the local paper, you might have seen them.

HUGH

I've got a scrapbook if you want to see.

MAYOR

No. Thank you. I don't want a big fuss. Silly to involve too many people.

Russell smells a rat.

RUSSELL

Where did you say you lost it?

MAYOR

Oh somewhere in the long grass or bushes by the carpark up in Farningham woods.

TERRY

The carpark in Farningham...

MAYOR

Yes, you know the one, up there.

RUSSELL

The place where all the cars park up after dark and they all...

MAYOR

I've no idea what happens there after dark, I was walking my dog and it caught on a branch and pinged off into the undergrowth.

RUSSELL

Right. Well we'll get up there then.

MAYOR

In the bushes, on the left hand side of the car park.

RUSSELL

OK.

MAYOR

Soon as you can.

He goes to leave.

HUGH

Um, if we do manage to find it.

MAYOR

Yes?

HUGH

Alright to get the local paper down to take a picture?

\*

RUSSELL

For the scrapbook.

MAYOR

No, you see, that wouldn't do at all because... I was going to give an anonymous donation to the club if you found it, and I don't like to boast about my charity work so any publicity might prevent me from making such a donation... Do you see?

TERRY

Yes, I think so.

MAYOR

Fantastic. There we are.



16 EXT. FIELD, GROUND ZERO- DAY

16

Lance's car is parked next to the buried standing stone and he and Andy are taking their stuff from the back.

ANDY

Have you ever thought about what kind of dance you'd do if you found gold?

LANCE

No. It's bad luck to practise beforehand. It has to be spontaneous. I've no idea what will come out on the day. But I imagine it'll be exuberant.

ANDY

Not too exuberant though. Remember what happened to Derek Hoof?

LANCE

Yep. Dislocated a hip.

ANDY

And it wasn't even gold in the end was it?

LANCE

Milk bottle top.

ANDY

Embarrassing.

Lance jabs his spade in the ground and leans his detector on it.

Peter's VW camper van pulls up and parks next to Lance's car. Peter and Sophie get out and they gather around Lance's detector, admiring it like a car.

PETER

So this is it? The famous metal detector.

LANCE

This is the CTX yeah, one of the first in the country. I've souped her up a bit. Fitted a larger coil. I'll give her another coat of wax midway through the season...

Suddenly, before Lance can stop him, Peter steps forward and grabs the detector.

Lance is horrified, touches his detector. Sophie and Andy also look stunned.

PETER  
How does it work? Which is the on  
button?

Lance nervously dances about as Peter clumsily manhandles the  
precious machine.

LANCE  
I don't usually like to turn it on  
so close to the car or overhead  
power cables. It could overload  
the...

Too late, Peter has turned on the CTX and is starting to  
detect on a grass verge.

PETER  
Hey look at me! I'm going to find  
some treasure!

Andy and Lance are not amused. Sophie looks a bit  
embarrassed.

LANCE  
You won't find anything there. And  
you haven't got it set to the  
right...

The detector beeps.

PETER  
Hey! Wow! It made a noise guys!  
I've found something!

LANCE  
No, look, you've got it on the  
wrong setting, it's just a drinks  
can so close to a road.

ANDY  
It's just going to be modern  
litter.

PETER  
Give me a spade guys! This is  
great!

LANCE  
You don't want to dig that up come  
on...

PETER  
Give me a spade! Come on! Lance!  
Pass me yourc 12 0! This 3..

LANCE  
Well look, dig it if you want to  
but it's just going to be... what's  
the reading?

He looks at the detector's LCD display.

PETER  
Seventy five. Is that good?

Lance looks across at Andy.

ANDY  
What is it?

LANCE  
Seventy five but it's iffy, it  
doesn't mean anything.

ANDY  
Seventy five?

Andy steps in, interested.

Lance tries to get his detector back.

LANCE  
Maybe we should just...

PETER  
No way man! This is my treasure!

Peter is digging haphazardly.

LANCE  
We don't have permission to dig  
here...

Peter passes the detector over the hole. It beeps a steady, high pitched tone. We can tell from Andy and Lance's expressions that it's a bloody good signal. Lance looks especially worried. Sophie steps forward and takes out her phone, readying it to take a photo. They lean in as Peter pokes around in the hole. The suspense is unbearable. He eventually reaches in and pulls out...

PETER  
Coke can.

Sophie takes a photo.  
Andy and Lance's relief is palpable, they are all smiles.

LANCE  
There! Told you didn't I!

ANDY

Yeah it was only ever going to be junk.

LANCE

I said it would be a can!

ANDY

You'd never find anything so close to a road.

LANCE

Ha!

Sophie sees what's going on and smiles.  
Lance takes back his CTX and subtly checks it over.  
They all start walking up the track.

PETER

So this is true what Sophie's told me? That Terry was blown up by a bomb last year?

ANDY

'fraid so.

LANCE

Blew him about forty foot he reckons.

PETER

I wouldn't have believed the world of metal detecting was so full of danger and peril.

SOPHIE

Believe it baby.

LANCE

It's an extreme sport.

ANDY

Fast and furious.

LANCE

Speaking of which, hold on to your hats folks,  
(he points)  
the Saxon round towered church!

They look across to where the church is visible above the trees.  
Sophie takes the photo from her bag and holds it up.

\*

SOPHIE

Not much to go on.

\*

\*

PETER

We can just walk in a big circle  
around it and look out for

\*

ANDY  
Or his woman.

LANCE  
Exactly.

They fire up their detectors.

CUT TO:

18 EXT. COUNTRY LANE - DAY

18

Sophie and Peter are wandering along the lane. Peter is laughing.

PETER

Did you see his face? I thought he was going to cry.

Sophie is a bit annoyed, wants to stick up for her friend.

SOPHIE

You shouldn't have taken his detector.

PETER

I couldn't help it.

SOPHIE

You don't mess with Lance's metal detectors.

PETER

He's got more than one?

SOPHIE

Legend has it he has false bookcase that pulls back to reveal a secret cabinet full of them.

PETER

Yeah?

SOPHIE

That's what they say.

PETER

They're all so weird.  
Why do you hang out with them?

SOPHIE

They're not weird!

PETER

They are, they're freaks.  
You're relatively normal compared to them.

SOPHIE

I like them. They're my friends.

Beat.

PETER

I'm not keen on Terry's idea of holding the rally on the site. It was supposed to be a poignant moment.

SOPHIE

He means well but once he's got an idea in his head...

PETER

Could you have a word with him? Try and dissuade him?

SOPHIE

I can try.

PETER

Thanks

(beat)

I didn't mean to insult your friends.

SOPHIE

You're forgiven. TT4o6 0 0 -1 0 842cm BT -0.01730000 Tc I



Lazy. LANCE

Sorry. ANDY

Pause.

ANDY (CONT' D)  
So Becky said she saw you in town  
with someone.

LANCE  
Yeah? Who?

ANDY  
Don't know. A woman.

LANCE  
When?

ANDY  
Uh, Saturday I think. Lunchtime.

LANCE  
Mmm. Don't remember. Might have  
been the old lady from downstairs.

ANDY  
No. I think it was somebody  
younger.

LANCE  
Mrs. Morris looks young for her  
age.

ANDY  
How old is she?

LANCE  
Ninety three.

ANDY  
No this was definitely someone  
younger.

LANCE  
Mmm. . .

\*

Andy's phone beeps. He takes it out and looks at the screen.

ANDY  
Text from Sophie:  
'S & G alert. Heading your way.'  
What's an 'S & G alert'?

Lance has spotted two people coming climbing over the stile.

LANCE  
Simon and Garfunkel.

PAUL and ART approach.

ART  
Hello there!

LANCE  
Old friends.

ART  
Yes indeed, it's been a long time  
hasn't it?

LANCE  
It has.

ART  
Lot of water under the bridge.

ANDY  
Troubled water?

ART  
Pardon?

ANDY  
Troubled water? That the bridge is  
over?

ART  
We've just bumped into Sophie and  
her boyfriend.

ANDY  
I don't think they're a couple.

ART  
Oh, did I touch a nerve?

ANDY  
No.

ART  
Told us all about the plane crash.

LANCE  
They told you?

ART

PAUL  
Emotional.

\*

LANCE  
What are you getting at?

ART  
Well is that the reason? Or  
is there something else? Something  
you think you may find?

\*

LANCE  
The first one.

ART  
Really?

LANCE  
Really.

ART  
You don't need metal detectors to  
lay a wreath.

ANDY  
Wise words.

ART  
We wanted to see you actually, to  
thank you.  
We've recently formed a brand new  
club.

LANCE  
That so?

ART  
Yes. You did us a favour when you  
absorbed our less committed  
members. Allowed us to streamline.  
We are now a highly efficient unit  
comprising a dozen top level  
detectorists.

LANCE  
What are you called?

PAUL  
The Dirt Sharks.

LANCE  
Ewe. Really?

ANDY  
Yuk.

ART  
What's wrong with 'Dirt Sharks'?

ANDY  
Just sounds a bit, you know...

LANCE  
Aggressive.

ANDY  
Invasive.

ART  
I don't agree.

LANCE  
Predatory.

ART  
Predatory perhaps. Sharks are efficient hunters.

ANDY  
And you, with your metal detectors, are a bit like sharks swimming, not through water but through dirt, and hunting for metal instead of food?

ART  
Yes. Exactly.

ANDY  
Oh yeah, that's good that is.

LANCE  
Yeah, it works. It's good.

ANDY  
Well done.

LANCE  
So, what? Are you asking to share our permissions? Because you've got two hopes of that: 'Bob' and 'No'.

ART  
It's amazing. Why do I understand so little of what you say?

LANCE  
Because you're as thick as two short plonks.

ART

LANCE  
You're welcome.

Andy and Lance bump fists.  
Art is furious.

They l eave.

LANCE (CONT' D)  
What a mal let.

ANDY  
Why are they here? What do they  
think they know?

LANCE  
Phone Sophie, make sure Peter knows  
not to say anything else.  
Tell hi m to keep schtum.

ANDY  
Sound of si lence.

Fist bump.

END CREDI TS.