

DETECTORISTS

Episode 3

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Distant bird song: GREAT SPOTTED WOODPECKER

Andy and Lance are detecting some distance apart. Andy, at the edge of the field, picks up a strong signal.

Lance looks over and calls out.

LANCE

Anything?

ANDY

Not sure, good signal though.

Andy lays down his detector and takes his spade from his back. He digs a plug of earth and turns it over. Passes the detector over the hole: nothing. Passes it over the clod of earth: the detector beeps. He breaks apart the earth with his hands until he uncovers a square of silver coloured metal. He stands up and brushes the dirt off to reveal a 'Jim'll Fix It' badge with tattered remains of a red ribbon.

LANCE

What you got?

Andy regards it for a moment. Then chucks it into the hedgerow.

ANDY

Nothing.

He moves on.

TITLES:

DETECTORISTS

Andy and Lance are detecting in a field. Lance has a break, takes off his phones and pulls a thermos flask from his belt holster. He signals to Andy who wanders over.

LANCE

(offering Andy a cup)

Cafe au lait?

*

ANDY

(taking it)

Bonjour.

He swigs the coffee, hands the cup back to Lance who pours himself a cup. Andy carries on detecting.

LANCE

D'you see Celebrity Mastermind last night?

ANDY

Yeah.

LANCE

General knowledge questions were a joke.

ANDY

I know.

LANCE

And the Chosen Specialized Subjects! Joke. There was this one bird, I'd never seen her before, she only had one arm but nobody mentioned it, wasn't any need to, was answering questions on some obscure Brazilian playwright that I'd never heard of. She only got six so I think she bit off more than she could chew.

ANDY

I know, I saw it.

LANCE

And then that other one from the whatsit show was doing Patrick Swayze! The life and times of Patrick Swayze! How can you compare the two?

ANDY

(exasperated)

Oh god this is hopeless. I'm not getting anything. We don't even know if we're in the right field.

LANCE

Patience my son.

ANDY

If Bishop could just remember roughly where the gold was ploughed up...

LANCE

Mate!

ANDY

What?

LANCE

Keep it down!

Andy looks around. They are in the middle of a field and he indicates as much.

ANDY

What, you think the Antiquisearchers
have bugged the field?

LANCE

Wouldn't put it past them.

ANDY

(shouting)

Various gold artefacts were ploughed
up on this farm several decades ago
and we think it might be the site of
an important Saxon ship burial!

LANCE

Idiot!

ANDY

There's nobody within a mile and a
half.

Andy starts detecting again.

ANDY (cont'd)

Something, anything to let us know
we're on the right track...

He gets a promising signal, looks across at Lance, 'is this
it?' He takes out a trowel and digs, retrieves the target
and stands up, brushing off the dirt.

LANCE

Well?

ANDY

20p.

LANCE

Don't knock it mate.

303 INT. TWO BREWERS PUB - AFTERNOON

303

The barman places two pints and a packet of pork scratchings
on the bar.

BARMAN

Eight fifty.

Andy fishes a handful of coins from his pocket and puts them
on the bar. They are caked in mud. He removes from the pile a
small buckle, selects the right amount and scrapes off the
worst of the dirt. The barman looks at the coins and then at
Andy. He is not amused.

ANDY

Cheers.

Andy takes the drinks to a table where Lance is sitting.

ANDY (cont'd)

That didn't go down at all well.

He sits down, opens the pork scratchings, eats one, offers them to Lance who takes a handful.

LANCE

I thought you were a vegetarian.

ANDY

I am.

LANCE

Why you eating pork scratchings then?

ANDY

They're just crisps. They're pork *flavoured*.

LANCE

No they're not, they're pig skin.

ANDY

Shut up.

LANCE

Pork scratchings are fried pig skin mate. Look at the ingredients.

Andy reads the packet.

ANDY

You can't sell packets of fried pig skin... shit. How long's this been going on?

LANCE

Has always been so.

ANDY

Shit. No one ever told me.

He pushes them away and drinks some beer.

LANCE

So we still up for doing my song at the open mic night the White Horse on Thursday?

*

ANDY

I'm up for it if you are.

LANCE

Yeah. I think so.

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ANDY

How are you getting on with playing
standing up?

LANCE

Not happening. But I'm thinking it
can be my gimmick.

ANDY

What do you mean?

LANCE

Well, you know, Sandy Shaw performed
barefoot, Nick Drake used to perform
with his back to the audience. I'll
be the one who sits cross legged.

ANDY

Seems a bit pretentious.

LANCE

But it's *not* pretentious is it?
It's not an affectation because I
can't play any other way.

Lance looks over and spots Simon and Garfunkel coming into
the pub.

LANCE (cont'd)

Watch out. It's them.

ANDY

This isn't their pub.

S & G approach Lance and Andy's table.

LANCE

Afternoon ladies.

ART

Infantile.

LANCE

Are you?

ART

I'm not playing that game.

LANCE

You're brave, showing up here.

ART

We hear some interesting artefacts
were found on Bishop's farm.

LANCE

Don't know what you're talking
about.

ART

Oh, I think you do.

ANDY

We've not found anything, unless you consider drinks cans and barbed wire interesting.

ART

I wouldn't expect you two *personally* to have found anything. I'm referring to various items of possible historical interest that were shown to you by Farmer Bishop.

Andy and Lance look at each other, shake their heads.

LANCE

Nope, sorry, you've lost us.

ART

Whether or not you found the items, you have a responsibility to report anything that could be considered Treasure Trove to the district coroner.

*

LANCE

No we don't.

ART

Ah! So you *do* know what I'm talking about?!

ANDY

No. We don't.

ART

You have fourteen days to report the finds otherwise I will contact the relevant authorities myself.

PAUL

Actually twelve days now.

LANCE

Christ! He can speak!

ANDY

Is he allowed to speak?

LANCE

You're in trouble now mate. Wait 'til he gets you home.

ART

(to Paul)

Come along Paul, these amateurs are beneath us.

*

*

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LANCE
You wish we were.

*
*

ART
You always have to have the last word
don't you?

*
*
*

LANCE
No.

*
*

They turn and go. Andy and Lance watch them.

ANDY

His name *is* actually Paul.

LANCE

How did they find out?
They must have spoken to Bishop.

ANDY

Or maybe you were right. Maybe they
bugged the field.
What do we do?

LANCE

I think we have to reveal all to the
club. We can't defend the patch on
our own, and it's too important to
lose. I think we have to get the
full weight of the D.M.D.C behind
us.

ANDY

All seven of them?

LANCE

Exactly. Blitz the place. We'll go
round to Terry's. Get him to round
up the troops.

304 INT. TERRY'S HOUSE - EVENING

304

Terry is sitting at his dining room table with his coin
collection. Coin albums and reference books are spread out.
Terry is wearing white cotton gloves and studying his coins
through a table-mounted magnifying glass, looking them up in
books, writing notes in a ledger, muttering to himself. He
is in his element.

A strange ambient jazz track is playing on an old record
player and Terry's wife, Sheila, is dancing dreamily on her
own in the lounge. She stops suddenly and stares towards the
ceiling.

SHEILA

Somebody's coming.

TERRY

(not looking up)
What's that dear?

SHEILA

Somebody's coming.

TERRY

Who?

SHEILA

Two. One short. One thin.

TERRY

Right-ho.

A few beats and then the doorbell rings. Terry looks up.

SHEILA

They're here.

305 INT. TERRY'S HOUSE, HALLWAY - NIGHT

305

Terry approaches and opens the door.

Lance and Andy are on the doorstep.

LANCE

Hello Terry.

TERRY

Hello Lance, hello Andy. What can I do you for?

306 INT. TERRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

306

They enter the lounge. Sheila, still dancing, looks up and smiles.

SHEILA

It's you. Hello.

LANCE

Hello Sheila.

ANDY

Hello Sheila.

SHEILA

Would you like some lemonade?

ANDY

Um, no thanks Sheila.

SHEILA

It's fresh.

Lance glances across at Terry who subtly nods.

LANCE

I'll have some thank you Sheila.

ANDY

Oh. Go on then. That'd be nice.

TERRY

Yes please dear. Lovely.

She can hardly contain her excitement and scurries off to the kitchen.

Terry looks at the guys and smiles a sad smile, he's about to say something but decides against it.

Andy looks at the books and albums on the table.

ANDY
New acquisition Terry?

TERRY
No, just re-ordering. Decided to try them out in denominations rather than date order.

LANCE
Interesting.

TERRY
Obviously ordered chronologically *within* the denominations.

LANCE
Obviously.

They chuckle.
Lance points at a coin.

LANCE (cont'd)
May I?

TERRY
Please do.

*

Terry hands Lance a pair of white cotton gloves which he deftly dons without question. There is obviously a numismatist's code, an understanding going on here which does not need to be vocalized.
Lance studies the coin and nods appreciatively.

LANCE
Nice lustre...

TERRY
I'll see how it looks. Might go back to how it was originally if I don't like the look of it...
So, to what do I owe the pleasure?

ANDY
It's Bishop's farm.

TERRY
Ah. Thought it might be. Standing in your way is he?
Not really surprised. If *I'd* buried my wife in a shallow grave the last people I'd invite onto my property would be men with spades.

ANDY

No, no, we've got the permission.

TERRY

Really?

ANDY

Yes, he was delighted, pretty much given us free rein.

LANCE

It's what he's told us about the place.

Terry is suddenly all ears. He sits down at the table and sweeps aside some of his books and albums.

TERRY

What's he told you?

LANCE

Well, there's been a dig on the farm already, but years ago, before the war.

ANDY

Dug a few trenches but then never returned...

LANCE

And then he showed us some things that were ploughed up.

TERRY

What sort of things?

Andy and Lance exchange a glance.

LANCE

Important things. Beautiful Things. Gold and garnets.

TERRY

Go on...

ANDY

But the other lot are sniffing around.

LANCE

Antiquisearchers.

TERRY

Are they? Are they? They've got wind of it have they?

*

ANDY

Apparently so.

LANCE

We need the club, the weight of the club behind us.

ANDY

All seven of them.

Terry gets up and paces.

TERRY

What's he like? Bishop?

ANDY

Mad as a frog. Like you said.

TERRY

Has he mentioned the wife?

ANDY

He mentioned her to me but he was in some sort of trance.

Terry is deep in thought, pacing.

TERRY

What's he up to? He's up to something. You have permission to search the land?

ANDY

All except one field.

TERRY

That's where she'll be. We need to get up there.

LANCE

And it needs to be soon.

ANDY

No time to loose.

TERRY

When then?

ANDY

I can't tomorrow. Got an essay to write.

LANCE

I'm busy the day after.

TERRY

Wednesday?

LANCE

We should really rehearse for the gig.

TERRY
You have a gig?

LANCE
Yeah, White Horse, you should come. *

TERRY
Sounds good.
Thursday?

ANDY
That's the day of the gig.

TERRY
Can't do it Thursday then.
Day after?

LANCE
Perfick.

TERRY
Alright. It's set.

Sheila comes back with three glasses of lemonade on a tray.

TERRY (cont'd)
Thank you love.

ANDY
Thanks Sheila.

LANCE
Ayethenkyoo.

They chink glasses.

TERRY
The D.M.D.C.

LANCE & ANDY
D.M.D.C.

Sheila watches expectantly. They drink. We can tell from their faces that the lemonade is insanely sour but they do their best to cover it up.

ANDY
Wow. That's... lemony!

Lance can't speak.

TERRY
Gosh. Really *is* isn't it! Well done
love. Delicious!

Sheila claps her hands with glee and goes back to dancing.

307 INT. NEW AGE SHOP - DAY

307

A bell tinkles as Lance enters the shop carrying an LP. It's deserted. He wanders over to the counter and, while he's waiting, spots a basket labeled: Native American Wisdom Fridge Magnets. 3 for £2.00 He picks one out and reads it with a look of utter disdain: "We Can Only Be What We Give Ourselves The Power To Be"

MAGGIE (V.O.)

Hello?!

LANCE

Hello Mags, it's me, it's Lance.

*

MAGGIE (V.O.)

Hello love, won't be a second.

He puts the fridge magnet back. Footsteps descend the stairs and Maggie comes into the shop from the back. She looks dishevelled and out of breath.

MAGGIE

Hello love, you alright?

LANCE

Yeah, good. You?

MAGGIE

Yeah, I'm ok, I was just... I was upstairs.

LANCE

Right. I brought this back for you.

He hands her the LP, Prince's Purple Rain.

MAGGIE

Oh, was that mine?

LANCE

Yeah, it was your favourite.

MAGGIE

Oh yeah. Thanks love.

LANCE

S'alright.

You still coming along tomorrow?

*

MAGGIE

What's tomorrow?

*

LANCE

The music night at The White Horse.

*

MAGGIE

Yeah? Who's playing?

LANCE

I am, I told you. Me and Andy are doing one of my songs.

MAGGIE

Oh yeah! You said. I thought it was next Thursday, is it this Thursday?

LANCE

Yeah, tomorrow, you said you'd come. *

MAGGIE

I'll have to see what Tony's doing.

LANCE

Fu...forget...don't worry about Tony, I mean, if he's busy you should just come along.

MAGGIE

Alright, I'll see what Tony's doing. What time's it start?

LANCE

7.30 start I think but I'll text you...

Footsteps descending the stairs and Tony puts his head round the door. But he doesn't come into the shop and we can guess that he is naked.

TONY

Who was it Maggie? I *said* you should've closed up, oh hello Lance!

LANCE

Tony.

MAGGIE

Lance just invited us to a music night tomorrow. We're not doing anything are we? *

LANCE

I told you about it last week.

TONY

Don't think so no. Sounds good.

LANCE

Great.

TONY

We better carry on with that thing Maggie...moving those boxes.

MAGGIE
Yeah ok just coming.
(to Lance)
Could you just flip the closed sign
over on your way out?

LANCE
Yeah ok. See you tomorrow. *

MAGGIE
What's happening tomorrow? *

LANCE
The White Horse! *

MAGGIE
Oh yes! See you then!

TONY
See you Lance!

Lance flips the sign on the way out. The bell tinkles.

308 INT. LANCE'S FLAT - DAY

308

The chaps are rehearsing, Andy standing with his guitar,
Lance sitting cross legged on a cushion.

LANCE
You were my new age girl
You're the shine in the pearl
You're the lights of the fair
You're the tilt-a-whirl

It's not sounding good. Eventually Lance stops and puts his
head in his hands.

ANDY
What's a tilt-a-whirl?

LANCE
Fairground ride. Like a waltzer.

He groans again.

ANDY
What? I think it's sounding good.

Lance issues a low, tormented moan.

LANCE
Why did I think this was a good
idea?

ANDY
Come on mate, it's going to be
great.

(MORE)

ANDY (cont'd)

They say a bad dress rehearsal means
a good opening night.
I'm looking forward to it. And so is
Becky.

309 INT. ANDY & BECKY'S FLAT - DAY

309

ANDY

Don't come. I don't want you to
come.

BECKY

Ok. And explain to me why I
shouldn't be offended by that?

ANDY

It's going to be awful. I want to
spare you the pain.

BECKY

Oh dear.

ANDY

It *will* cause you pain.

BECKY

You were so adamant. I've set my
class an easy homework just so I
could have the night off marking.

He hands her a plastic bag.

ANDY

I got you a bottle of wine, as a way
of saying "please don't come".

BECKY

Oh cheers.

ANDY

Honestly, it's going to be dreadful.
You'll go off me. You'll see me up
there on stage, and you'll think "what
a prick, What am I doing with him?"

BECKY

To be honest you're making it sound
better and better. This is a
spectacle I don't want to miss.

He clasps his hands in a pleading fashion.

BECKY (cont'd)

Will you give me a private
performance another time?

ANDY
Absofuckinlutely.
Just not in front of a crowd.

*

BECKY
You're expecting a *crowd*?

ANDY
At *least* a crowd. Probably more.

310 INT. WHITE HORSE PUB - NIGHT

310 *

A woman at a table by the door takes money and stamps the back of punters' hands.

Andy is paying and getting his hand stamped, Lance is carrying a mandolin case and has a large cushion under his arm.
They settle themselves at a table, Lance nervously looking about.

LANCE
Is Becky coming?

ANDY
She wanted to, she really did, but she's got marking to do.
How about Maggie?

LANCE
Hmm?

ANDY
Maggie?

LANCE
What about her?

ANDY
Did you invite her?

LANCE
Can't remember, I may have done.

He looks around again.

ANDY
Who are you looking for?

LANCE
No-one. Just seeing who's here.

Pause.

LANCE (cont'd)
You've not met Tony have you? Maggie's
new bloke?

ANDY
Don't think so.

LANCE
Massive knob.

ANDY
Has he?

LANCE
No, he *is* one, not he's *got* one. I've
got no idea how big his knob is.
I imagine it's tiny.

ANDY
Probably.

Pause as Lance scans the room again.

ANDY (cont'd)
She'll turn up. And if she doesn't
then it'll just be a nice low-profile
thing. A practise run. Before the
stadium tour.

*
*

LANCE
Yeah.
(pause)
I may have put it on Facebook.

ANDY
Balls. When?

LANCE
The other night when I was feeling
confident.

ANDY
Nice.

Suddenly he spots Simon and Garfunkel across the room.

LANCE
Shit.

ANDY
What?

LANCE
Simon and Garfunkel.

*

ANDY

Where?

LANCE
Over by the bar.

The pub door opens and a group of camouflaged blokes with muddy boots enter. They don't pay. A couple of them have metal detector cases over their shoulders.

LANCE (cont'd)
Shit.

ANDY
What?

LANCE
(nodding towards the door)
More of them. Is this pub an Antiquisearchers stronghold?

ANDY
Dunno, is it?

LANCE
Where do they meet?

ANDY
(realising)
Women's Institute on a Thursday.
Bollocks. Oh well, what are they going to do?

One of the rival detectorists eyeballs the guys on the way past.

LANCE
Spotted.

The rivals make their way to the bar where they speak to Simon and Garfunkel who look across.
They start making their way over.

LANCE (cont'd)
Here we go...

ANDY
Style it out.

S & G arrive at the table.

LANCE
Evening ladies. Nice W.I. Meeting?

*

ANDY
Who makes the best Victoria sponge?
(to Paul)
I bet it's you isn't it Paul?

*

ART
What are you doing here?

LANCE
Why? Are you scared?

ART
This is our pub.

ANDY
(taking the piss)
Please guvnor, we don't want no
trouble.

ART
You're not welcome here.

LANCE
Don't start crying again, I couldn't
stand it.

A brief stand off and then the rivals head back over to the
bar.

LANCE (cont'd)
That's settled then. We're not doing
the song.

ANDY
Deal. We'll have a drink though,
otherwise they've won. What you
having?

LANCE
Pint please.

Andy makes his way over to the bar and waits to get served.
Simon and Garfunkel are up the other end, glowering.

SOPHIE (V.O.)
Hello.

Andy looks up. It's Sophie, she hasn't noticed him.

ANDY
Oh, hi Sophie.

She is taken aback.

SOPHIE
Andy! Hello!

ANDY
(looking behind him)
Who were you saying hello to?

SOPHIE
You! Who do you think?

ANDY

Oh. How you doing? So you got
Lance's message?

SOPHIE

What message?

ANDY

On Facebook.

SOPHIE

Uh, yeah, yeah, thought I'd come
down.

ANDY

Cool. Well I don't think we're doing
it now.

SOPHIE

What?

ANDY

The song.

SOPHIE

Oh really? Why not?

ANDY

Turns out this pub is an
Antiquisearcher bastion. They're all
around. A wretched hive of scum and
villiany.

SOPHIE

We must be cautious.

ANDY

What you drinking?

SOPHIE

Pint please. Where are you sitting?

ANDY

Over there.

CUT TO:

Back at the table Lance is glumly sitting surrounded by the
other members of the D.M.D.C. As Andy arrives back with
their drinks. Terry, Sheila, Russell, Louise, Varda and Hugh
are all there.

ANDY (cont'd)

Oh blimey, hello.

They say their 'hellos'.

LANCE

I *did* put it on Facebook.

ANDY

I know, Sophie's here too.

LANCE

Well that's blown it. I guess we're doing the song.

TERRY

Looking forward to it Lance.

RUSSELL

What's it called?

LANCE

Ah, you know, wait and see.

SHEILA

Is it a sad song? I love sad songs.

TERRY

(looking concerned)

Is it Lance? Is it sad?

LANCE

No, not especially.

Terry looks relieved and pats Sheila's hand.

LOUISE

Is it about your ex-wife?

LANCE

No, why would you say that?

LOUISE

Coz of how you keep going on about her.

LANCE

I do not.

LOUISE

Is she coming tonight?

LANCE

Yes, no, I don't know,
(stands up)
listen who wants a drink?

RUSSELL

I'll get them.
(he points at Louise)
Pint?
(at Varda)
Pinte?

(MORE)

RUSSELL (cont'd)

(at Terry)

Pint?

(at Hugh)

Coke? Sheila? What'll you have?

SHEILA

Pinocolada?

RUSSELL

Not sure they'll have it at The
White Horse Sheila but I'll check.
If they don't...?

*

*

SHEILA

Snowball?

RUSSELL

Got it. Lance? Andy? Same again?

ANDY

Yes please mate.

LANCE

Might as well.

311 INT. ANDY & BECKY'S FLAT - EVENING

311

Becky is in the kitchen. She has poured a glass of wine and is about to drink but she hesitates then puts it down. She goes to her bag and takes out a pregnancy testing kit in a chemist's paper bag. She is deep in thought, obviously not really wanting to take the test, but after a minute becomes resolved and exits the kitchen.

312 INT. WHITE HORSE PUB - NIGHT

312

*

The clatter of a microphone in a corner set aside for the music as a man, STAN, steps up to introduce the first act.

STAN

Cheers for coming to 'Folk It Up' at
the White Horse for what promises to
be a full evening of music and
spoken word. First up,
(looks at his piece of
paper)
Johnny Piper.

*

A ripple of applause as a young chap, JOHNNY PIPER takes the stage.

He starts to play The Detectorists theme (for this is, in fact, Johnny Flynn).

He is really good.

Off Lance's worried look. The standard is higher than he thought it would be.

313 INT. ANDY & BECKY'S FLAT, BEDROOM - NIGHT

313

A toilet flushes in the bathroom and Becky comes out and sits down on the edge of the bed. In her hand she is holding the pregnancy tester. She looks at it and then waves it back and forth in the air. As she waits for the result her eyes are drawn to a pile of clothes on the floor. A beer mat is poking out of the back pocket of a pair of jeans. She reaches over and picks it up. On the beer mat are written Sophie's name and number. She stares at it for a long time. Then she looks across at the pregnancy tester. She stares at that for a long time. Then she stares straight ahead. Her expression is blank.

314 EXT. WHITE HORSE PUB - NIGHT

314 *

Time passing shot of the pub exterior. Lights at the windows and the sound of music and applause.

315 INT. WHITE HORSE PUB - NIGHT

315 *

Johnny Piper is leaving the stage and the audience are applauding.

STAN

Thank you Johnny, lovely stuff.
Moving right along, please welcome..
Lance Stater and Andy Stone.

The D.M.D.C. applaud loudly, the antiquiseachers glare, Lance glances round one last time...

LANCE

(whispered to Andy)
Can you see her? Is she here?

and they make their way to the front.
Andy adjusts a microphone to his guitar and then stands waiting while Lance balances his large cushion on a bar stool, sits on it and then awkwardly lifts his legs up so he is sitting cross-legged.
There are a few sniggers from the audience.

LANCE (cont'd)

This is called 'New Age Girl'

He looks across at Andy and nods. Andy starts to play.

LANCE/ANDY

Back when the sky was clear and blue
I met a girl that looked like you
(MORE)

LANCE/ANDY (cont'd)

But when she opened her arms
I fell clean through
And now I don't know what to do

Because, you were my new age girl
You're the shine in the pearl
You're the light of the fair
You're the tilt-a-whirl

And when I fell I paid the price
You found a man who took a slice
of your love
He erected a circle of stones
around your heart
And like a tear-and-share
he tore us apart

Because, you were my new age girl
You're the shine in the pearl
You're the light of the fair
You're the tilt-a-whirl
You're the sun
You're the moon
You're the light in the room
You were my new age girl

They finish. Once again the D.M.D.C. applaud. Lance looks relieved as they leave the stage.

LANCE

Double whiskey?

ANDY

Thanks.

Andy goes back to the table where he is greeted by the club. Sophie shifts up and makes room for him. He sits, she kisses him on the cheek and then takes his hand.

SOPHIE

That was good.

ANDY

Shut up.

SOPHIE

It was!

ANDY

Well it was better than I thought it
was going to be, but that's not
saying much.

SOPHIE

I liked it. Why was Lance on a
toadstool? Has he got piles?

ANDY

He can't play unless he's sitting
cross legged.

SOPHIE

Seriously? That's brilliant.

Suddenly Sophie looks up.

Sophie (cont'd)

Hello?

Andy looks up. Becky is standing there. He drops Sophie's
hand.

ANDY

Oh! Hello!

BECKY

Hi.

ANDY

You came down?!

BECKY

Yep.
I was bored and that wine was a bit
shit.

ANDY

Oh, um... this is Sophie.

BECKY

Hello Sophie.

ANDY

Sophie, this is... um

BECKY

Becky.

ANDY

Becky... this is Becky!

SOPHIE

Hi Becky.

Things couldn't be more awkward.

BECKY

Well this is nice.

ANDY

Sit down, I'll get you a drink.
What do you want?

BECKY

Just an orange juice.

ANDY

Great! Really? Ok. Sit down. I'll get it.

Becky sits down opposite Sophie. Andy realizes that to get her a drink means leaving Becky alone with Sophie but it's too late now. He goes to the bar and is frantically trying to get the barman's attention when Lance comes over.

LANCE

Maggie didn't turn up.

ANDY

Becky's here.

Becky's on her way over.

LANCE

Oh yeah. Hello Becks, you alright?

BECKY

(cheerful)

Yeah good thanks Lance.

(to Andy)

Second thoughts, I'm going to head off.

ANDY

Oh... Ok. See you at home.

BECKY

Yeah. Bye Lance.

LANCE

See ya.

She exits. Andy and Lance look at each other, confused, then head back to the table on which are three empty pint glasses.
Sophie is drenched to the bone.

SOPHIE

(fake cheerful)

She was nice!

ANDY

Shit.

316 EXT. PUB CARPARK- NIGHT

316

Andy bursts out of the pub and hurries over to Becky who is unlocking her car.

ANDY

Becks!

BECKY

Who the hell is she?

ANDY

Just someone from the club.

BECKY

Someone from the club who you hold hands with?

ANDY

We weren't holding hands. *She* was holding *my* hand. For moral support.

He knows how ridiculous this sounds.

BECKY

How old is she?

ANDY

I don't know.

BECKY

Yes you do.

ANDY

Twenty three.

*

BECKY

Brilliant. Thanks.

ANDY

There's nothing going on.

BECKY

Really? Then why did you want me to stay away this evening?

ANDY

I told you, I thought it was going to be crap.

BECKY

And was it?

ANDY

Actually it was ok, we were quite pleased...

He realises this is the wrong time.

BECKY

(getting into her car)

You're pathetic. You're having a pathetic little mid-life crisis. Go on, leave me for a younger woman and get a pair of leather trousers and a motorbike while you're at it.

She slams the door and drives off.

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

317

Andy and Lance are detecting a few metres apart.

LANCE
What would you get?

ANDY
Triumph Bonneville probably. Or a
Kawasaki.

LANCE
But she calmed down eventually did
she?

ANDY
Sort of.
(beat)
You spoken to Maggie?

LANCE
Yeah.

ANDY
Why didn't she come?

LANCE
She had no recollection of me ever
mentioning it.

ANDY
Oh well.
Apart from that, did you enjoy the
show... 'Mrs. Lincoln'.

LANCE
Thought it was utterly humiliating.
But I'm glad we did it.
(beat)
Here he is...

Terry is crossing the field towards them.

ANDY
Hello Terry.

TERRY
Hello chaps. Sorry I'm late.
Flamenco class. Sheila insists.

ANDY
And rightly so.

TERRY
So... here we are! Bishop's farm.
Never thought I'd see the day.

*

*

*

LANCE
Anyone else coming?

TERRY
No, no. Plenty of time for them to get involved. Thought we could do a bit by ourselves before we invite the hoards. Bit of reconnaissance.

LANCE
Ok.

TERRY
Is he around?

ANDY
Bishop? Haven't seen him.

TERRY
Which is the field he told you to stay out of?

ANDY
The paddock, down there on Birchwood Road. Didn't want anyone digging down there.

*
*

TERRY
Well that's where we want to start then.

ANDY
Really? We sort of gave him our word...

TERRY
What's under there that he doesn't want people digging up? That's where she is. If he comes along, challenges me, I'll claim ignorance, say you forgot to tell me. Here...

*
*
*

Terry reaches into his bag and takes out two 80's police walkie talkies, hands one of them to Lance.

TERRY (cont'd)
Let me know if you find anything. Press that one when you want to speak, let go to listen.

LANCE
Will do.

TERRY
And always say 'over' at the end of a transmission.

LANCE

Copy that.

ANDY

Ten four.

Terry marches off towards the paddock.

ANDY (cont'd)

Oh dear. I think he's on a different mission.
Thinks he's back 'on the force'.
The glory days.

LANCE

He wants to crack a 'cold case'.
Wants to find Mrs. Bishop.

318 EXT. BISHOP'S FARM 'HOME FIELD'/BOTTOM PADDOCK - DAY 318

Time passing montage of Terry and the boys detecting.

319 EXT. BISHOP'S FARM 'HOME FIELD' - DAY 319

Andy and Lance are detecting a few metres apart, shouting their conversation.

LANCE

...so he's only got five on 'Life and Works of P. G. Wodehouse', on to the general knowledge round:
First question: "What flightless bird is an unofficial symbol of New Zealand?" Matey says "kangaroo".
I mean, where do I start?

ANDY

You don't have to.

LANCE

I *shouldn't* have to.

Lance removes his headphones.

LANCE (cont'd)

Nah. They're not biting. Call it a day?

ANDY

S'pose.

Lance takes up the walkie talkie.

LANCE

Come in Terry, over.

Pause.

TERRY (V.O.)

Go ahead, over.

LANCE
We're thinking of calling it a day.
(long pause)
...over.

CUT TO:

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

320

With Terry in the paddock.

TERRY
Right you are. Got a target here,
quite big, quite deep, prob'ly a
pipe or gatepost or something but
I'm gonna throw down a sondage and
check it out anyway, over.

LANCE (V.O.)
Alright, we'll give it another ten
then head down to that pub on the
corner, over.

TERRY
See you down there. Over and out.

He returns the walkie talkie to his belt then reaches over
his shoulder to retrieve a shovel that he swings over as
though it were a sawn-off shotgun. He starts to dig.

CUT TO:

*

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

321

Andy and Lance are detecting, headphones on.

In the distance behind them a huge explosion sends mud
shooting into the air.

They both pause and look at each other. They remove their
headphones and slowly turn around.

ANDY
Shit.

END OF EPISODE THREE