

DETECTORISTS

Episode 3

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Shooting Script (22/05/14)

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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 chuck's 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.

\*

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  
Ayethenkkyoo.

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  
villainy.

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 &amp; 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 antiquisearchers 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'lly 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