

DETECTORISTS

Episode 5

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501 EXT. OLD PATCH - DAY

501

Cawing of distant CROWS It's very early morning.

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

Crow shit lands on Andy's jacket.

He looks forlornly down but otherwise doesn't react.

Wide shot of Andy in the field, utterly alone.

He swings the detector onto his shoulder and trudges off.

TITLES:

DETECTORISTS

502 EXT. OLD PATCH 'LUNCH TREE' - DAY

502

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

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

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

SOPHIE

Hey.

ANDY

Hey.

SOPHIE

I phoned, left a message.

ANDY

Oh, sorry, phone's on silent.

SOPHIE

I went to Bishop's farm but you weren't there.

ANDY

Nah. Well, the M.O.D. are still carrying out their geo-phys survey.

SOPHIE

Only in that one field.

ANDY

Yeah. Didn't really want to go there again without Lance.

SOPHIE
Is that why you've fallen out?

ANDY
Kind of.

SOPHIE
Sorry. That's my fault.

ANDY
No. S'alright.

Few beats of silence.

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

ANDY
Yeah, cheers.
She's left me.

SOPHIE
What?! Why?

ANDY
Not really sure.

SOPHIE
Where's she gone?

ANDY
Her mum's.

SOPHIE
Is that my fault as well then?

ANDY
Probably.

SOPHIE
Sorry. What you going to do?

ANDY
About Becky or Lance?

SOPHIE
Both.

ANDY
Dunno. Thinking of giving it all up.

SOPHIE
What? Detecting?

ANDY

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

SOPHIE

Lance will be gutted.

ANDY

Becky won't though.

Pause.

SOPHIE

Did you see University Challenge
last night?

ANDY

Nah.

SOPHIE

I thought you *always* watched
University Challenge.

ANDY

I don't know how to turn the TV on.

SOPHIE

What?

ANDY

Becky *always* turns the TV on.

SOPHIE

Are you serious?

ANDY

There's three remote controls. It's
a complicated sequence involving all
three and I've never got to grips
with it.

SOPHIE

You need to get her back.

ANDY

Yep. Otherwise I'll never get to
watch TV again.

Pause.

SOPHIE

Do you want to do a quick sweep of
this field then?

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

SOPHIE
 See ya.

Sophie watches him go.

503 EXT. DUEL CARRIAGEWAY/BUSY ROAD - DAY

503

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

504 EXT. FRUIT & VEG DEPOT - DAY

504

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

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

LANCE
 Alright Cliff?

Cliff nods. Lights a fag.

CLIFF
 Done them sprouts?

LANCE
 Yep.

CLIFF
 Done them caulif?

LANCE
 Yep.

Pause, Cliff takes a massive drag on his cigarette.

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

CLIFF
 See what?

LANCE
 University challenge?

Cliff just looks vacantly at him.

LANCE (cont'd)
 Quiz show on TV?

Cliff stares.

LANCE (cont'd)
Jeremy Paxman?

Cliff continues to stare until:

CLIFF
Done them spuds?

LANCE
Yep.

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

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

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

He calls across the yard.

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

Ted signals yes.

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

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

505 INT. NEW AGE SHOP - DAY

505

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

CUSTOMER
What properties do the amethyst ones have?

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

CUSTOMER
And the moon-stone?

LANCE

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

CUSTOMER

And the quartz?

LANCE

Quartz will give you a mild sense of
paranoia.

CUSTOMER

Have you got anything Shamanic?

LANCE

Shamanic? Yeah over there...

He waves his arm towards a corner of the shop.

LANCE (cont'd)

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

She wanders away.

The door of the shop opens and Maggie enters.

MAGGIE

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

LANCE

S'alright. How'd it go?

MAGGIE

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

LANCE

So what does that mean?

MAGGIE

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

LANCE

Pizza Hut...

MAGGIE

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

LANCE

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

MAGGIE

She'll have to come with. If only I could find someone who could give me a loan. Just for a couple of months.

LANCE

Well, I suppose...

MAGGIE

Oh Lance really?!

LANCE

I don't know if I can, I mean, I'd have to do some sums, work out if I can spare...

MAGGIE

Oh it would be so good of you. It would only be for a couple of months while I sort this all out. The shop's actually starting to pick up, it's been going really well.

LANCE

Yeah?

MAGGIE

Yeah! Really well. Have you sold much while I've been gone?

LANCE

One pack of tarot cards to a vicar. How about Tony? Hasn't he got any savings?

MAGGIE

No. Not that he's told me about. Spends it all on his car.

LANCE

Right.

MAGGIE

Oh you'd really save me if you could Lance, it'd mean we could stay here and I'd get to see you more often.

LANCE

Well I don't know if I can yet, Mags. I'll have to see.

MAGGIE

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

LANCE

Go on then.

MAGGIE

Do you take sugar, I can't remember.

LANCE

Do I take sugar? You know I do. One.
Tea without sugar is vegetable soup.

MAGGIE

Oh yeah, that's right. Won't be a
minute.

She goes through to the back.

Lance knows he is being taken for a fool and looks glum.

Suddenly the customer is back at the counter with a gnarled
wooden stick.

CUSTOMER

What does this do?

LANCE

Oh god it's a ...spirit stick.
You... hit spirits with it.

506 EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

506

Andy is crouching by the front door and calling through the
letter box.

ANDY

Come on Becks please, I feel like
I'm in a Richard Curtis film.

Becky suddenly opens the front door and the letter box snaps
shut, painfully trapping one of Andy's fingers.

He yanks it free.

BECKY

I told you not to come, I told you
I'd phone you.

ANDY

I lost my phone. I thought you might
have been trying to call.

BECKY

That's bollocks, I can see your
phone.

It's sticking out of his trouser pocket.

ANDY
I found it again.

BECKY
Were there any messages from me?

ANDY
No.

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

ANDY
I've sold my detector.

Becky is genuinely quite taken aback.

BECKY
Really?

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

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

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

BECKY
It's not about the detecting Andy.

ANDY
What's it about then?

BECKY
You really don't know?

ANDY
No. I don't think I do.

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

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

BECKY

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

ANDY

It's not. She kissed me.

BECKY

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

ANDY

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

BECKY

Well 'congratulations'.

ANDY

There were no tongues... *

BECKY

Please spare me.

ANDY

How did you...? Did you take this?

BECKY

No I didn't! I've got better things
to do than sneak around spying on
you. It was left on the doorstep. I
don't know who took it.

ANDY

I'm not sleeping with Sophie.

BECKY

I didn't say you were sleeping with
Sophie. I just think you're getting
nice and friendly with a view to
hopefully sleeping with Sophie in
the near future. *

ANDY

No. I'm not. That's not what I want.

BECKY

What do you want?

ANDY

You. I want you. *

BECKY

Well, I don't know if I want you
anymore. I've got to think. I need
some time. Don't come round here.
Don't phone me.

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

ANDY
Do you want...?

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

Flustered, he goes to put it in his pocket.

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

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

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

BECKY
I don't want it in there thanks.

ANDY
Pardon?

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

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

ANDY
Have you got a recycling bin...?

BECKY
Take it with you.

ANDY
Right...sorry.

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

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

507

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

SOPHIE
Hello.

LANCE
Hello.

SOPHIE
How's it going?

LANCE
Yeah, brilliant yeah.

SOPHIE
Are they biting?

LANCE
Nope. Not today.

SOPHIE
You spoken to Andy?

LANCE
Who?

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

LANCE
Why do you think?

SOPHIE
Because of the gold?

Lance is silent for a moment.

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

*

*

So when you buy a second hand detector and go out for the first time and find gold with my best friend, yes, I'm jealous. Because I wanted to be there.

SOPHIE
I didn't find it. It was Andy.

LANCE
And you're his lucky charm?

SOPHIE
I don't know. I didn't find it. I didn't plant it. He found it on his own.

LANCE
Yeah. I know.

SOPHIE
You don't believe in lucky charms.

LANCE
(he's softening)
You wouldn't believe it if you'd seen me in Maggie's shop yesterday.

SOPHIE
Yeah?

LANCE
Yep. Quite the new age salesman I was.

SOPHIE
I didn't get to meet Maggie, the other day at the pub.

LANCE
Nah. Lucky probably. She'd have fleeced you.

SOPHIE
Yeah?

LANCE
Yeah. Asked me for a loan. So she can pay the rent and keep her shop open.

SOPHIE
Did you give it to her?

LANCE
No. I didn't say I would but I didn't say I wouldn't.

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

SOPHIE

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

*

LANCE

Coz he's a cunt.

SOPHIE

Gotcha.

Pause.

SOPHIE (cont'd)

Don't do it Lance. Don't lend her
anything.

LANCE

It's none of your business.

SOPHIE

I know. Sorry.

Pause.

LANCE

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

SOPHIE

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

LANCE

Pardon?

SOPHIE

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

LANCE

What was?

SOPHIE
Maggie leaving you.

LANCE
Eh?

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

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

SOPHIE
Sorry...how do you mean?

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

SOPHIE
You won the lottery?

LANCE
Yes!

SOPHIE
The *National Lottery*?

LANCE
Yes!

SOPHIE
How much?

LANCE
Three hundred grand.

SOPHIE
Shut up! *

LANCE
It's true.

SOPHIE
Fuck off! *

LANCE
I did. It was November the fifth. She told me she was leaving. She'd met this other bloke, and she left. I was reeling. Didn't know what to do. So I went for a walk. There was fireworks everywhere, lighting up the sky, like everyone was celebrating my misfortune.

I went to the offy, wanted a can but
I only had a quid in my pocket so I
bought a lottery ticket. Never
bought one before. Won it.
Three hundred K.
Bam! Thank you very much.

*

SOPHIE
No way!

LANCE
True. You're the only person I've
ever told.

*

**

SOPHIE
Can I borrow a tenner?

LANCE
No.

Sophie spots two figures coming across the field.

SOPHIE
Oh dear.

LANCE
What?

SOPHIE
It's them. The Everley Brothers.

LANCE
Simon and Garfunkel.

They let the two rivals approach across the field.

*

ART
Hello there!

Lance doesn't bother to respond.

ART (cont'd)
We've got good news.

LANCE
Go on.

ART

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

LANCE

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

ART

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

LANCE

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

ART

Immature as usual.

LANCE

Prick. Alright, let's go.

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

LANCE (cont'd)

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

Andy waves the envelope.

ANDY

(to Art)

Did you take this photo?

ART

No.

ANDY

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

SOPHIE

What is it?

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

SOPHIE (cont'd)
What the fuck is this?

ART
We have no idea.

LANCE
What is it?

Andy shows Lance who raises his eyebrows.

LANCE (cont'd)
Photoshop?

ART
There's no photoshop involved.

SOPHIE
You bastard Phil.

Lance and Andy look at Sophie.

ANDY
Phil?

LANCE
Phil?

ANDY
(to Phil (we'll still call
him 'Art'))
Is you're name Phil?

LANCE
(to Sophie)
How do you know his name is Phil?

ANDY
I thought it was Art.

PAUL
Why Art?

LANCE
Shut the fuck up Paul.

ANDY
What's going on?

SOPHIE
(to Art/Phil)
Do you want to tell them?

ART
Not really.

ANDY
 (to Sophie)
 Are you an Antiquisearcher?

SOPHIE
 Was.

ANDY
 Was?

SOPHIE
 They asked me to keep an eye on you.

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

LANCE
 Season 22, episode 3.

BISHOP (V.O.)
 Hello there!

They look across to see Bishop climbing over a stile.

LANCE
 Here we go.

BISHOP
 I see you've met. Exciting news eh?

ANDY
 Brilliant yeah.

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

LANCE
 Super.

BISHOP
 And I understand you chaps are
 helping them out.

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

BISHOP
 What? Why?

*

ANDY

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

*

SOPHIE

Andy...

*

ANDY

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

*

BISHOP

Oh come along, you're all metal
detectors.

ANDY, LANCE, PAUL & ART
Detectorists.

Lance turns to Andy.

LANCE

Pub?

ANDY

Go on then.

They turn and walk off.

SOPHIE

Andy!

He doesn't respond.

SOPHIE (cont'd)

I'm sorry.

Sophie sadly watches them go.

We track with Andy and Lance who don't say anything for a
long time until:

LANCE

See 15 to 1?

ANDY

Nah. Can't switch on the telly.

LANCE

It's not the same.

ANDY

I know.

LANCE
I miss William G Stewart.

ANDY
Yep.

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

ANDY
William G never cracked jokes.

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

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

508 INT. SCOUT HALL - DAY

508

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

Everyone looks dejected.

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

RUSSELL
Sold us down the river.

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

ANDY
Had it for years probably.

LOUISE
And Bishop's farm?

ANDY
Gone.

RUSSELL
Bugger.

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

ANDY

Yep. Likewise.

RUSSELL

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

LANCE

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

RUSSELL

There's still half a jar of Nescafe.

LANCE

Take it.

LOUISE

Are we just going to disband?

LANCE

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

HUGH

Like the Lone Ranger?

LANCE

Bit like the Lone Ranger Hugh, yeah.

RUSSELL

What about you Andy.

ANDY

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

HUGH

Like Tonto?

ANDY

Not really Hugh.

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

RUSSELL

Terry! You're back!

TERRY

Can't keep a good man down Russell.

LANCE

How's the leg?

TERRY

Bit stiff but on the mend.

SHEILA

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

TERRY

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

RUSSELL

Couldn't find it.

TERRY

Well that's great. That's indicative
of the attitude of this club isn't
it? I'm away for a week and
everything falls apart. Why
couldn't you just use *that* table? Or
that one?

RUSSELL

We always use the same one.

LANCE

Nobody had anything to put on it
anyway Terry.

TERRY

Really? Nobody? Nobody has found
anything this week?

ANDY

We were just telling everyone. We've
lost Bishop's farm.

TERRY

Who to?

ANDY

The Essex Archaeological Society,
the Ministry of Defence, The
Antiquisearchers, you name them.
We're about the only people in the
county that aren't allowed on the
land.

*

TERRY

Where's Sophie?

ANDY

Gone to the other side.

TERRY

Dead?

ANDY

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

SHEILA

Bitch.

TERRY

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

LOUISE

It's you that let her join.

TERRY

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

LOUISE

Sexist.

SHEILA

You should see him in his flamenco outfit.

LOUISE

Sexist, Sheila, not sexy.

TERRY

So, have you decided on a new president?

ANDY

Can't do it Terry. Lost the enthusiasm.

LANCE

Sorry Terry.

TERRY

Well. I suppose that's it then. The end of the Danebury Metal Detecting Club.

Everybody winces as the door squeaks open again and a bloke looks in.

BLOKE

Um... is this the metal detecting club?

TERRY

You're too late I'm afraid. We're not accepting any new members. In fact we're disbanding the club. Thanks for your interest.

The bloke reaches behind and pushes a large cardboard box into the hall. He bends down to read the label.

BLOKE
Um... delivery for... Lance Stater?

Lance is surprised to hear his name but then quickly realises what it is and groans.

LANCE
Oh god, I ordered those fleeces
didn't I.

TERRY
What fleeces?

LANCE
It was part of my bid to be
president, I ordered fleeces with
D.M.D.C. badge embroidered on them.

BLOKE
Shall I bring the rest in?

TERRY
There's more?

BLOKE
Five more boxes.

LANCE
I had to order a hundred and fifty.
To get the price down.

Russell has opened the first box and pulled out a fleece.

RUSSELL
They're alright these.
Camouflage.

LANCE
What else?

RUSSELL
What you going to do with them?

LANCE
Share them out. Twenty one fleeces
each.

TERRY
No. Come on. We can't disband. Not
now we've got fleeces.
I'm withdrawing my resignation.
Taking back the presidency. Let's
breath some new life into the club.
We'll hold an open day! Recruitment
drive, a fund-raiser.

*

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

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

LANCE

Ok.

RUSSELL

Yep, alright.

TERRY

That's more like it!

Awkward pause.

RUSSELL

Do you want us to lift you onto our
shoulders?

TERRY

Not with my leg, no.

SHEILA

Give it a week.

509 INT. ANDY'S FLAT, LOUNGE - NIGHT

509

Andy is sitting on the sofa frustrated, juggling three TV
remote controls. The screen is blank.

A bottle of whiskey is half empty on the table.
He give up and goes through to the kitchen.

510 INT. ANDY'S FLAT, KITCHEN - NIGHT

510

Andy puts a slice of bread in the toaster and waits. He's
looking unsteady.

He glances down and sees that the bin is overflowing. He
wrestles the bag out of the bin.

511 INT. ANDY'S FLAT, BATHROOM - NIGHT

511

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

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

512 INT. ANDY'S FLAT - NIGHT

512

Andy is slurring slightly on his mobile phone:

ANDY

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

He hangs up.

ANDY (cont'd)
Brilliant. That's sorted then.

His phone beeps. Voicemail. He listens.

SOPHIE (V.O.)
Hey Andy it's Sophie, I wanted to see you and...

He presses a button.

PHONE (V.O.)
Message deleted.

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

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

LANCE
There they are. Bastards.

ANDY

Who?

LANCE

Simon and Garfunkel. Detecting the
spoil heap.

ANDY

Damn it. Think what we could be
missing down there. My gold stater
was only about four inches down.

LANCE

What are you going to do with it?

ANDY

I want to give it to Becky.

LANCE

Nice gesture.

ANDY

Yeah. It would be if she was
speaking to me.

LANCE

She still not answering your calls?

Andy shakes his head. Thinks for a bit.

ANDY

Can I tell you something private?

LANCE

Becky's pregnant.

ANDY

What the...? How did you know?

LANCE

You finally figured it out did you?

ANDY

Who told you?

LANCE

Nobody told me. It's obvious.

ANDY

How is it obvious?

LANCE

Well, she hasn't been drinking for
the past few weeks, and we all know
how Becky likes a drink. You told me
she's been sick in the mornings.
Even though she hasn't been
drinking.

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

(beat)

How did you figure it out?

ANDY

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

*

LANCE

You need to go and get her back.

ANDY

Yeah. You're right.

He gets up to go, Lance spots something through his binoculars.

LANCE

Not right now though. Rozzers have turned up.

ANDY

Really?

He hands over the binoculars. We see a view of the site. A police car has drawn up and three officers are speaking to the archaeologists.

ANDY (cont'd)

What are they doing?

LANCE

Could just be routine, just, you know, 'policing'.

ANDY

They've given Simon and Garfunkel their marching orders.

LANCE
Yeah?

ANDY
Yeah. They're packing up.
Homeward bound.

They touch fists.
Andy passes back the bins.

LANCE
Bishop's down there.

ANDY
Is he?

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

ANDY
Have you got your detector?

LANCE
Does the pope shit in the woods?

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

514

Bishop is talking to one of the excavation team who is
explaining what they're doing. Andy and Lance approach.

LANCE
Hello Larry.

BISHOP
Hello there! What about all this
then? It's like the battle of the
Somme! Trenches and mud and god
knows what!

ANDY
What's happening?

BISHOP
Quite exciting, first trench they
put down, bones!

ANDY
Really?

BISHOP
Really! Right there! A grave. The
history chaps tell me they're
looking for a Saxon and they think
they may have found him, straight
away.

*

*

*

ANDY

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

*

BISHOP

What's that?

ANDY

Saxon bones would have rotted away a
long time ago.

LANCE

Why are the fuzz here?

BISHOP

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

LANCE

They're coming over.

They look up. Two police officers are approaching.

OFFICER

Mr. Bishop?

BISHOP

Larry, please.

*

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

OFFICER

Do you recognise this Sir?

Bishop peers at it.

BISHOP

Good god that's Justine's wedding
ring!

OFFICER

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

*

BISHOP

Me? Really?

OFFICER

Yes, do you understand?

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

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

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

Andy gives him the thumbs up.

ANDY
Will do.

LANCE
All under control.

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

END CREDITS