

DETECTORISTS

Episode 5

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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

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 caulis?

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 bods 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