

DETECTORISTS - SERIES 2

EPISODE SEVEN

Written by

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SHOOTING SCRIPT

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1 EXT. BRITISH MUSEUM - DAY 1

A London street at Christmas time. A black cab pulls up and Lance gets out. He Pays the driver through the window, turns around and takes in the grand entrance of the British Museum. He smiles and walks through the gates and up the steps.

2 INT. BRITISH MUSEUM, ENTRANCE HALL- DAY 2

A female receptionist is sitting behind an information desk. Footsteps echo across the stone floor. She looks up. It's Lance.

LANCE
Hello there.

RECEPTIONIST
Hello.

LANCE
And how are you diddling on this fine morning?

RECEPTIONIST
Fine thanks.

LANCE
Good. Good.
(beat)
It's Lance, Lance Stater.
(nothing)
I've got an appointment with Doctor Ewen at eleven.

RECEPTIONIST
Just a minute.

She picks up the phone and dials, waits for a reply.

LANCE
I was here last month. You remember? I told you I liked your blouse.

Blank look.

LANCE (CONT'D)
You were wearing a lilac coloured...

RECEPTIONIST
Hello I've got a Mr...?

LANCE
Stater.

RECEPTIONIST

Mr. Slater to see Doctor Ewen...

Okay thanks.

(hangs up)

Doctor Ewen isn't in today.

LANCE

Oh. Um...

RECEPTIONIST

Can I help?

LANCE

I'm here to view the Henburystone Jewel.

RECEPTIONIST

The what?

LANCE

The Henburystone Jewel. I believe it's on display. I'm the finder. I found it.

Nothing from the receptionist.

LANCE (CONT'D)

It's a gold aestel, the handle of a manuscript pointer, late Saxon....

She interrupts.

RECEPTIONIST

Saxon's in the north wing.

LANCE

Oh. Thank you.

3 INT. BRITISH MUSEUM - DAY

3

Couple of shots of Lance wandering along a corridor, looking at room numbers, consulting a map, until he gets to:

4 INT. BRITISH MUSEUM, EARLY MEDIEVAL ROOM - DAY

4

A large room with glass cabinets around the edge displaying antiquities. Three other people browse silently.

We follow Lance as he crosses the room and ends up at a cabinet. We push past him and close on the golden jewel that he found at the end of the episode 6.

Below it is a card that reads.

R5010ST78

Late Saxon Gold and Jewelled Aestel, Henburystone, Essex.

Finder: Lance Stater

Lance looks around, he wants to tell someone that he found it but the three others in the room are too far away.

He fishes around in his bag and pulls out an old manual SLR camera. He adjusts the focus and takes a photo of the display.

He sees a couple of the other visitors passing.

LANCE

Excuse me. Would you mind taking a photo of me.

He passes the camera over and stands awkwardly in front of the cabinet. At the last minute, for want of something to do with his hands, he points to the jewel.

The photo is taken and the camera handed back.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Thanks, thank you.

He obviously wants to tell them but he hesitates and the moment is gone. They have moved away.

He contemplates the jewel a bit longer. He is thoughtful.

Eventually he starts to walk away, he looks back, seems reluctant to leave.

5 EXT. BRITISH MUSEUM - DAY

5

Lance walks down the steps of the museum looking very small and sad.

TITLES:

detectorists

6 EXT. ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

6

Some beauty shots to establish we are back in Lance's natural habitat.

7 EXT. FIELD - DAY

7

Lance stands looking at the lonely, wintery landscape. He looks at his detector, doesn't seem to want to turn it on but he sighs and starts to wander off swinging it halfheartedly.

8

EXT. FIELD - DAY

8

Lance is sitting alone under a tree eating his packed lunch. He is being bothered by a wasp who will not leave him alone. Batting it away he spills his tea.

LANCE
Little stripey bastard, piss off!
Why are you even awake at this time
of year?

As he wipes himself down and pours another cup he hears a voice.

ANDY (V.O.)
Mate!

Lance looks up, Andy is coming across the field.

LANCE
Bloody hell.

Andy approaches, Lance gets up.

ANDY
Hello mate!

They almost hug but don't at the last minute. Lance points to his front.

LANCE
I won't, I just spilled my tea.

ANDY
Sure.

LANCE
What are you doing here? You're
supposed to be in Botswana.

ANDY
Came back for a week. Collect some
things. Looks like we're going to
stay out there a bit longer.

LANCE
Yeah? So it's going well?

ANDY
It's amazing mate. I've so much to
tell you.

LANCE
Becky and Stan?

ANDY
They're at home.

LANCE

Oh I'll have to come round, say hello.

ANDY

No, I meant home, Botswana home.

LANCE

Bloody hell, listen to you! You've even got a bit of an accent going on there.

ANDY

Shut up I haven't.

LANCE

But they're well?

ANDY

Brilliant yeah. Thriving. How you doing?

LANCE

Yeah. All right. Not bad.

ANDY

Sure?

LANCE

Yeah yeah. All good.

Suddenly the wasp is back.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Apart from this bloody wasp.

ANDY

What's a wasp doing up at this time of year?

LANCE

That's what I want to know. Sent to hound me.

(beat)

I went to see the jewel last week. They've put it on temporary display at the British museum.

ANDY

No way! Already?

Lance nods.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Wow. How does it look?

LANCE

(thinks)

You know what it looks like?
Looks like a wild animal trapped in
a cage.
I feel like I've captured an exotic
creature and slapped it in a zoo.

ANDY

What? You'd prefer it was still in
the ground?

LANCE

I don't know. I can't explain it.
(beat)
They haven't even given it a name.
It's called R5010ST78.

ANDY

Catchy.

During the next few speeches, unnoticed by Lance, we see the
wasp land on the rim of his cup, take a few steps, and fall
in.

LANCE

It's been prodded and poked and
catalogued and valued. I can't
remember any more what it felt like
in my hand.

Pause.

LANCE (CONT'D)

I'm doing a talk about it at the
club on Tuesday. With slides.

ANDY

Nice one. I'll be there.

LANCE

Don't build your hopes up.

ANDY

It can only be better than one of
Terry's talks. People might even
stay awake.

LANCE

There's going to be a journalist
there too. Coming down to do a
piece for the local rag.

ANDY

You've become quite the celebrity.

LANCE

Yep. Thinking of bringing out a perfume range.

ANDY

And the reward money?

LANCE

Not come through yet but it's all signed off. Next few days I should get a cheque.

He gulps his tea.

ANDY

How much?

Lance, mouth full of tea, has a quizzical expression.

We cut very wide as Lance leaps up, spits and screams.

9 EXT. SCOUT HALL - NIGHT

9

Establishing shot of the exterior. We hear Lance's voice from within.

LANCE (V.O.)

Here we see an artist's impression of how it might have looked with the shaft in place, probably cherry or rose wood.

10 INT. SCOUT HALL - NIGHT

10

Lance is coming to the end of a presentation about the jewel. He is standing alongside a slide projector with Andy, Terry, Sheila, Louise, Varde, Russell and Hugh on chairs. His left cheek is slightly swollen and red and it subtly impedes his speech.

LANCE

It may or may not have had a leather strap, again, long since returned to the earth. There is talk of replacing the shaft at some point but discussions are ongoing. And finally...

He changes the slide.

It is the photo of him standing by the cabinet and pointing at the jewel. The projector flickers momentarily.

LANCE (CONT'D)

And here she is, proudly in her place.

There's a ripple of applause and appreciation.

SHEILA
Who's that?

LANCE
What do you mean? It's me!

SHEILA
No. There. Behind you.

Looking again we can see, in the shadow of a doorway in the back of the shot, a hooded figure. It is quite shocking as we didn't notice it the first time.

LANCE
I dunno.

Suddenly the projector pops and sparks and the slide catches fire and melts away in an instant.
Terry leaps into action, unplugging the projector while Russell lunges for the fire extinguisher. Mayhem.

TERRY
Lights please Sheila!

Chairs are scattered and cries of protest go up as Russell sprays the extinguisher haphazardly. Eventually the lights go on and everyone is dripping with foam.

ANDY
Russell! Jesus!

TERRY
For god's sake Russell! I'm soaked!

LOUISE
Good work you fucking idiot.

RUSSELL
Oh that's the thanks I get is it?
You'd be happier in flames would you?
Don't know why I bothered.

Lance, dripping, is looking troubled.

11 INT. TWO BREWERS PUB - NIGHT

11

Andy, Sheila and Russell are at a table as Terry and Lance join them with drinks.

ANDY
I didn't see it.

RUSSELL
What did you see Sheila?

SHEILA

Here he is, you saw it didn't you
Lance?

LANCE

Saw what?

SHEILA

A hooded figure, in the back of
that photo.

LANCE

No, I didn't see anything like
that.

ANDY

Why did you go deathly white then?

SHEILA

It was looking at you Lance.

LANCE

Don't say that Sheila.

TERRY

I was at the wrong angle but if
Sheila says she saw something...
Sheila does tend to see things.

ANDY

What sort of things?

TERRY

Things 'not of this world'.

LANCE

Brilliant. Last thing I need at the
moment is a ghostly hooded monk
following me around.

TERRY

Are you all right Lance?
Noticed you've not had anything on
the finds table for months.

LANCE

I haven't found anything since the
aestel.

ANDY

Yeah but mate, that jewel was a
once in a lifetime. Nothing will
ever compare to that. The normal
buttons and buckles...

Lance leans in, this is serious.

LANCE

No you don't understand. I've found *nothing* since then. Not a button, not a ring pull, not even scrap. I get phantom signals. Really good, strong signals that just disappear when I've started to dig.

The others look suitably concerned.

RUSSELL

It's the curse of the gold.

LANCE

Shut up. There's no such thing.

RUSSELL

Don't be so sure.

ANDY

I found gold and I carried on finding the usual amount of stuff.

RUSSELL

That proves nothing.

TERRY

Well you remember what happened to Michael Taylor when he found that Viking bracelet. In his excitement he forgot to fill in his hole. Beryl Cambridge steps in it, breaks an ankle. Break goes gangrene. Leg comes off below the knee.

RUSSELL

Curse of the gold.

LANCE

But it's more than that. I got hay fever for the first time in my life this summer, I tripped over rocks, stumbled into nettles. I don't recognise bird songs anymore. And this...

(points to his swollen cheek)

A wasp, in December! And do you know the exact point it stung me?

RUSSELL

In the face?

Lance leans in, lowers his voice.

LANCE
(to Andy)
Right when you mentioned the reward
money.

But everyone else is suddenly distracted, staring with wide eyes past Lance where a hooded figure has appeared at the door.
Seeing their expressions Lance wheels around.
As he pulls down his hood, what at first looked menacing turns out to be just a bloke in a duffel coat. (This, we will soon find out, is the JOURNALIST come to interview Lance.)

LANCE (CONT'D)
Christ, I thought that was him.

RUSSELL
So did I. Nearly shat myself.

Terry throws Russell a disapproving look and returns to the matter in hand.

TERRY
You need to reconnect with the land
mate.

LANCE
How?

TERRY
You have to find your own way.

ANDY
They say Rod Mclynn never had
batteries in his detector, that's
how he got his nickname.
Divining Rod.

TERRY
Mick Wiffen wore period costume.
Leslie Blackmore used to put his
ear to the ground when he got a
signal and could tell if it was
worth digging or not.

SHEILA
Try dancing.

ANDY
That's Probably what angered the
gods in the first place

TERRY
I think you need to go back to
basics for a while. Ditch the CTX
and try something simpler. Swap
with Hugh.

LANCE

VK30?

TERRY

You've said yourself, good solid detector.

LANCE

Well all right, I don't mind trying the VK30 but I'm not sure about Hugh using the CTX.

TERRY

Now come on, if we're talking about karma here you've got to do your bit.

Lance looks around the table. Everyone is nodding in sombre agreement.

LANCE

Fine.

They look up as the duffel-coated man, 40s, five o'clock shadow, greasy hair, approaches their table.

JOURNALIST

Lance Slater?

LANCE

Slater. Yes?

JOURNALIST

I'm from the Eastern Daily Press. I've been sent down to interview you.

LANCE

Oh yes, we were expecting you come to the scout hall earlier.

JOURNALIST

What's it about?

LANCE

What's what about?

JOURNALIST

The article. What have you done?

LANCE

You don't know?

JOURNALIST

I've got it in my notes.

LANCE
I found a gold aestel that was
acquired by...

JOURNALIST
That's it, the pirate treasure. Got
it. I'm at the bar.

He walks back to his bar stool. Lance exchanges glances with
the others and then gets up.

RUSSELL
Don't mention the curse.

LANCE
There isn't a curse.

TERRY
Yes, otherwise they'll latch onto
that and run it as the story.

RUSSELL
"Local Man Haunted By Sinister
Presence."

LANCE
There isn't a curse.

He heads off to the bar with his pint.

12 INT. TWO BREWERS PUB - NIGHT

12

Lance approaches the bar where the journalist downs a large
whiskey with a grimace and gestures the barman to refill his
glass.

JOURNALIST
So, remind me, what was it you
found?

LANCE
It's a late Saxon jeweled aestel, a
type of...

JOURNALIST
Has to be in language that a ten
year old can understand.

LANCE
Pardon?

JOURNALIST
Can't have too many big words. Like
'Saxon'.

LANCE
Oh, well it's a, um, jewel...

JOURNALIST
Gold?

LANCE
Yes.

JOURNALIST
Diamonds?

LANCE
Garnets and glass.

JOURNALIST
I'll put diamonds. How much is it worth?

Lance knocks his glass and nearly spills it but manages to save it.

LANCE
The final valuation hasn't come through...

JOURNALIST
Roughly.

LANCE
(reluctantly)
Um, they think it will probably be about fifty thousand.

JOURNALIST
And you get all of that?

LANCE
Half. It's split fifty-fifty with the landowner.

The journalist shrugs, not that impressed.

JOURNALIST
What are you going to buy?

LANCE
To buy?

JOURNALIST
With the money. Are you going to splash out?

LANCE
I haven't decided...

JOURNALIST
Can we say holiday?

LANCE
Um...

JOURNALIST
Holiday of a lifetime.

LANCE
Okay.

JOURNALIST
Where?

LANCE
Um...

JOURNALIST
I'll put Australia. Okay that's
great cheers.

He drains his glass with another facial contortion, gets up
and exits leaving Lance a bit bewildered.

13 INT. CAR - DAY

13

Lance is driving to work in his yellow triumph singing along
to 'Hello. This is Joannie' by Paul evans.

LANCE
"Joannie came over to my house last
night
I drank a little to much red and we
got into a fight
She said I'm leaving and I let her
go alone
I felt so damn bad this morning, I
reached right for the phone
And I called her right away, to beg
her to forgive
The phone rang once, the phone rang
twice
And then I heard her say-hey
Hello, this is Joannie..."

Suddenly the car lurches and Lance turns off the radio. It
lurches again and backfires.

LANCE (CONT'D)
Crap.

14 EXT. FRUIT AND VEG DEPOT, YARD - DAY

14

A short montage of Lance's bad day.

The TR7 bunny-hops into the yard, black smoke coming from the
exhaust.

15 EXT. FRUIT AND VEG DEPOT, YARD - DAY 15

He is looking under the bonnet with a frown. Burns his hand, hits his head on the bonnet.

16 EXT. FRUIT AND VEG DEPOT, YARD - DAY 16

Lance is walking across the yard speaking on his phone.

LANCE

Come round before and I'll cook....
I don't know...

He stops by some wooden crates and reaches in.

LANCE (CONT'D)

...have you ever tried Jerusalem
artichokes?

(pause, pulls a face)

Do they?...

Ah, no, well no then. That could be
embarrassing...

All right, I'll find something else
and knock us up an Andy Murray...

Yep. Hang on,

TED! ALL RIGHT IF I KNOCK OFF ONCE
I'VE DONE THEM OKRA?

Ted signals yes.

LANCE (CONT'D)

All right, see you at mine.
Harold B Derchy.

He hangs up as he comes to the office/Portacabin and goes in.

17 INT. FRUIT AND VEG DEPOT, OFFICE - DAY 17

WAYNE, 40s and cretinous, is sitting at a desk as Lance enters.

LANCE

Alright Wayne?

Wayne ignores him.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Is Jim about?

Pause. Eventually Wayne looks up.

WAYNE

Last night right.
Went to the pub after work, three
pints, went home, fell asleep on
the couch.

(MORE)

WAYNE (CONT'D)

Woke up at seven, thought it was seven in the morning so I come into work, everything's closed, realized it was still the same day.

LANCE

What d'you do?

WAYNE

Went back to the pub.

LANCE

Right.

(beat)

Is Jim about? I want him to look at my car.

WAYNE

Jim's dead.

LANCE

Dead?

WAYNE

Yeah.

LANCE

When?

WAYNE

Cutla weeks back.

LANCE

Why didn't anyone tell me?

WAYNE

Dunno.

LANCE

How did he die?

WAYNE

Dunno.

There's a new mechanic, Tony.

LANCE

Is he in?

Wayne points out the window.

WAYNE

Over there. He's a bird.

LANCE

Pardon?

WAYNE

He's a bird.

LANCE
Tony?

WAYNE
Yeah.

LANCE
Oh. Right.

He leaves.

18 EXT. FRUIT AND VEG DEPOT - DAY

18

Lance advances across the fore court towards a (vehicle) which is up on jacks. A pair of overalled legs with heavy boots stick out from underneath. Lance approaches and bends over to look.

LANCE
Hello?
Tony?

A female voice answers from under the (vehicle).

WOMAN (V.O.)
Yep, hello.

TONI pushes herself out from under the vehicle on a dolly. She is about 40, cookily pretty with red hair under a beanie.

TONI
With an 'I'.

LANCE
Pardon.

TONI
It's Toni with an 'I', you were saying it with a 'Y'.

LANCE
No I wasn't.

TONI
Yes you were.

LANCE
I'm Lance.

TONI
Nice to meet you.

A short pause.

LANCE
Um, my car, the TR7...

TONI
Is that yours?

LANCE
Yeah.

TONI
I love that car.

LANCE
Oh, thanks. Thank you. I do most of
the work myself.

TONI
What's the problem?

LANCE
Don't know. She's misfiring. It's
got me stumped.

TONI
I can have a look now. There's no
hurry for this one.

They start to walk to Lance's car.

LANCE
Not seen you here before.

TONI
I usually do nights. I'm at college
during the day.

LANCE
What you studying?

TONI
Hair and beauty.

LANCE
Really?

TONI
Nope. Agricultural college.
Farming.

LANCE
You want to be a farmer?

TONI
That's the idea.

LANCE
Interesting.
I spend a lot of time on farmland.

TONI
That sounds a bit creepy.

LANCE
I'm a metal detectorist.

TONI
Oh that's weird!...

LANCE
What?

TONI
I have no idea what one of those
is.

LANCE
Oh, I thought you were going to say
that you were one too.

TONI
I know. That's what I wanted you to
think I was going to say.

They have reached the car and Toni is looking under the
bonnet.

LANCE
It only does it now and again and
then it just mysteriously clears
up. Jim was going to have a look
but now I find out he's checked out
on us which is a bit bloody
inconvenient. 'He has ceased to
be', 'E's expired and gone to meet
his maker'.

Toni is staring at Lance in shock.

LANCE (CONT'D)
'He is an ex mechanic'...
(horrible pause)
He was your dad wasn't he?

TONI
Yes.

LANCE
Yes, I see that now. You've got the
same... hands.

They both look at her hands. They are oily.

LANCE (CONT'D)
Sorry about that.

TONI
It's probably your carburettor.

LANCE
You think?

TONI

Probably. I'll have a look.

LANCE

Cheers.

Do you want a cup of tea?

TONI

No thanks.

Toni, clearly affronted, gets to work on the car.
Lance, gutted, slopes off.

19

EXT. FIELD - DAY

19

Andy and Lance are sitting under a tree. Lance is reading out loud from the local paper.

LANCE

Listen to this shit:

'Metal Detector Strikes Gold'

Local man Lawrence Slater...'

Lawrence Slater!

... 'quite literally struck gold
when he took out his metal detector
last summer.

The diamond encrusted object he
found is believed to be very old
though nobody can say for sure.
The priceless jewel has been valued
at £50,000 and half of that goes to
the lucky finder.

"I'm over the moon" said Mr.
Slater, 47, "I'm going to splash
out on a Caribbean cruise and
pamper myself. I've always dreamed
of being rich and now I am".

ANDY

How are you going to pamper
yourself?

LANCE

I didn't say any of that! Do you
think I could sue them?

ANDY

You could try.

LANCE

Do you know, I almost wish I'd
never found the jewel. I miss the
days before I found my first gold.

ANDY

You don't really believe there's a
curse do you?

LANCE

Well something's going on.

(beat)

I just want to start finding stuff again. Small things, the usual, button, buckles, the occasional coin.

Andy spots Hugh at the edge of the field.

ANDY

Here's Hugh.

They wave.

ANDY (CONT'D)

So you're really going to hand over your CTX?

LANCE

I'm up for it. If it'll help get me out from under this cloud. Be good to downgrade for a bit. Prove it's not all about the equipment.

ANDY

Says Captain Equipment from the 25th Century.

Hugh arrives.

LANCE

Here he is. With his VK30

HUGH

All right?

Lance stands up and goes to hand over his CTX3030.

LANCE

You ready to try this baby?

But he can't let it go. An amused Andy looks on.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Here you go now make sure you've a good grip on it. Have you got it?

HUGH

Yeah.

LANCE

Because it's heavier than you're used to. Don't pull it. Here, use the bungee support. Have you got it?

HUGH

Yeah.

LANCE

Don't pull it. Okay, I'm going to
let go now.

He does so, gingerly.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Have you got it?

HUGH

Yeah.

There is an expectant pause, Lance looks up at the sky like he expects the clouds to open and a shaft of light to shine down and lift the curse. But nothing happens.

LANCE

There you go then, just use the
default factory settings, don't go
pressing any buttons. I've got all
my specialist settings stored in
there so...

ANDY

Just let him get on with it, he
knows how to use a detector.

LANCE

Yeah. Okay.

ANDY

Lunch at twelve.

LANCE

Yeah. See you in a bit.
Oh and Hugh?

LANCE (CONT'D)

Take good care of her mate.

HUGH

K.

Andy and Hugh wander off. Lance looks at the VK30 with
disdain.

20

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

20

Beauty shots and montage of the three detecting.
During this Lance Gets caught in a nettle patch and stumbles
over a branch.

21 EXT. FIELD - DAY

21

Lance has got a signal. He cross checks and digs a plug, gets down on his knees and uses his pin-pointer in the hole. Nothing.

He takes the detector and checks the hole, nothing.

Checks the plug, nothing.

Exasperated, he slumps just as the sound of whooping reaches him from across the field and he turns to see Andy and Hugh celebrating with hands in the air.

LANCE

No.

CUT TO:

22 EXT. FIELD - DAY

22

We are with Andy and Hugh as Lance approaches.

ANDY

Come and look mate! You won't believe it!

LANCE

What you got?

Hugh proudly holds up a small silver coin.

HUGH

It's my first hammered.

ANDY

One of the Edwards.

Lance leans in to look but doesn't take the coin.

LANCE

Yup. Eddy the second, long-cross. Congratulations.

Andy and Hugh can tell that Lance is upset.

HUGH

Sorry Lance. Seems a bit rude.

LANCE

S'not your fault Hugh. It's the curse of the gold.

ANDY

Oh come on! You're not really swallowing that crud are you?

LANCE

How else do you explain it? Proves it's me not the detector.

HUGH
Like the curse of Tutankhamun.

LANCE
Exactly. That's well documented.

ANDY
I can't believe what I'm hearing.

HUGH
The Egyptian gods were angry that they were making money from the treasures. That curse only ended when they returned his mummy to the tomb.

ANDY
Right, well, we don't have a mummy or a tomb to return it to so...

Lance has drifted off. He mutters:

LANCE
Have to get it back...

ANDY
What's that?

LANCE
Nothing.

ANDY
Pub?

LANCE
Yeah.

ANDY
Your first hammy. That deserves a pint.

Hugh grins. They start to make their way out of the field but Lance hangs back.

23 INT. BRITISH MUSEUM, ENTRANCE HALL- DAY

23

Lance is waiting behind two other people to have his bag checked by a security guard at a table. When it's his turn the guard takes a brief look in the bag and waves him through.
Lance looks kind of terrified as he walks off.
He lifts his hand to check something in his inside pocket.

24

INT. BRITISH MUSEUM, EARLY MEDIEVAL ROOM - DAY

24

Lance approaches the cabinet displaying his golden aestel. He regards it for a long time.

He looks around. The only two other people are just leaving on the other side of the room.

He stares hard at the metal hinges on the door of the display cabinet.

His hand goes to his inside pocket again and this time he pulls out a pair of sheet-metal cutters, like heavy duty scissors.

Suddenly he is startled by the voice of the MUSEUM CURATOR.

MUSEUM CURATOR (V.O.)

Mr. Stater!

Lance puts the cutters behind his back and turns.

MUSEUM CURATOR

It *is* you! Robert said he thought he saw you come in.

LANCE

I wasn't, I didn't... yes, it's me.

MUSEUM CURATOR

Nice to see you. Just dropped in to see it again?

LANCE

Yes, yes... Yes.

MUSEUM CURATOR

Well I'm glad you're here, I've got this for you.

He/She has an envelope.

MUSEUM CURATOR (CONT'D)

I was about to put it in the post but as you're here it gives me great honour...

LANCE

What is it?

The curator holds out the envelope.

MUSEUM CURATOR

Your half of the reward money, it came through this morning.

Lance recoils, terrified.

MUSEUM CURATOR (CONT'D)
Congratulations.

Lance doesn't want to take it, but what else can he do?

The curator mistakes his hesitation for excitement.

MUSEUM CURATOR (CONT'D)
I know, it's quite overwhelming
isn't it?

Eventually Lance's fingers close on the envelope. A musical sting of doom signifies Lance has done wrong. He hardly hears the curator.

MUSEUM CURATOR (CONT'D)
As I say, congratulations and pop
in to see your jewel anytime.

The curator goes, leaving Lance looking horrified at the envelope in his hand.

But then he seems to have an epiphany.

LANCE
Got to give it back...

25 EXT. LONDON STREET - DAY 25

Lance walks hurriedly out of the gates of the British Museum. As he passes a bin he drops the metal cutters in. Over a zebra crossing and a few yards along the street Lance stops outside COINCRAFT, a shop dealing in coins and antiquities. He enters the shop.

26 EXT. COINCRAFT - DAY 26

Through the window of the shop we can see Lance talking to a dealer who is wearing white gloves and showing him a tray of gold coins. Lance is pointing to various of them which he removes and puts to one side.

27 EXT. COINCRAFT - DAY 27

Wider again as Lance exits the shop looking for all the world like he's got twenty five grand of gold coins in his pocket. He tries behave as though he hasn't.

28 EXT. FIELD - DAY 28

Lance is standing all alone with in a large field. He looks long at the landscape. Eventually he looks down and then kneels and places his hand on the ground.

He takes his spade and digs a plug, digs again until he has quite a deep hole.
He reaches into his pocket and takes out a velvet pouch with a draw-string. He tips it up and about fifty gold sovereigns spill onto his hand.
He puts them back in the pouch and drops it in the hole. He stands, backfills the hole, replaces the turf and stamps it down.

He looks at the horizon. A breeze rustles up the hillside and past him. He looks up. This time the clouds do part and a shaft of light does momentarily shine down on him.
He hears a beautiful bird song, crystal clear.

LANCE
Blackbird.

He looks over to see a blackbird on a nearby hedge singing it's heart out.

29 I/E. FRUIT AND VEG DEPOT - DAY

29

Lance wanders across the yard to where his TR7 is parked.

LANCE
Hello?

Toni appears.

TONI
Hey.

LANCE
All right?

TONI
Yeah, it's all done. Just needed a
(?)

LANCE
Oh brilliant. Thanks.
(beat)
Listen. I'm really sorry about the other day, I wasn't thinking.

TONI
Why, what happened?

LANCE
About your dad.

TONI
What about him?

LANCE
I... called him an 'ex mechanic'.

TONI
(remembering)
Oh! Yeah, he wasn't really my dad.

LANCE
What?

TONI
The old mechanic who died, Jim was it?

LANCE
Yes.

TONI
He wasn't really my dad. I never met him. I was joking.

LANCE
Joking?! I've been kicking myself all week about that! I actually literally kicked myself at one point. Not hard enough to leave a bruise but quite hard.

TONI
Oh dear.

LANCE
That's outrageous.

TONI
It was you who said it was my dad, I just didn't deny it.

LANCE
You confirmed it! I asked if he was your dad and you said 'yes'.

TONI
Did I?

LANCE
Yes!

TONI
Sorry, couldn't resist.

LANCE
Unbelievable.

Beat.

TONI
I fixed your car.

LANCE
Thanks. How much do I owe you?

TONI

S'fine. You can have that one.
Because of the joke.

LANCE

Wasn't so much a joke as a
dreadful, dreadful lie.

TONI

It was funny so it must have been a
joke.

LANCE

Do you want a cup of tea?

TONI

Go on then.

LANCE

Sugar?

TONI

One please.

Lance heads off to make the tea. Over his shoulder we can see
Toni watching him go. He looks back. She looks away.

Deep in the back of the shot, so that it appears above
Lance's head, a security light comes on.

He smiles.
He is smitten.

30

EXT. FIELD - DAY

30

Andy and Lance are detecting a few metres apart.

LANCE

You're flying tomorrow?

ANDY

In the evening.

LANCE

And when will you be back?

ANDY

Probably not until next Christmas
if the dig gets more funding.
But mate, you should come out.
You'd love it.

This is the first time it has occurred to Lance.

LANCE

I could do couldn't I?

ANDY

Absolutely! You should definitely come to visit. Stan would love to see you, and Becky.

LANCE

You know what? I think I might.

ANDY

Use you're reward money, splash out, fly first class.

LANCE

No no. That's all gone.

ANDY

Already? What did you spend it on?

LANCE

Not so much 'spent' as 'invested'.
A long term investment.

Lance is smiling to himself. Andy doesn't probe further.

Pause.

LANCE (CONT'D)

So, there's this bloke at work who's thinking of asking this girl out. He's been asking me for advice.

ANDY

Oh yeah.

LANCE

Yeah, he's all worried in case she says no and he feels stupid.

ANDY

What did you advise him?

LANCE

I told him he should just go for it. What's he got to lose?

ANDY

Absolutely, he should just go for it.

LANCE

You think that was good advice to give him?

ANDY

Yeah. If she says no, no big deal. At least he asked her.

LANCE

And then he was asking, you know,
if she *did* say yes, where should he
take her?

ANDY

What did you say?

LANCE

I said probably just down the pub
for a first date. Not as formal as
dinner.

ANDY

Sounds like good advice you gave
him.

LANCE

Yeah?

ANDY

Yeah, I reckon.

LANCE

And he should just try and relax
and be himself.

ANDY

Spot on.
When's he going to ask her out?

LANCE

This Wednesday I reckon.

ANDY

Oh, well tell him good luck from
me.

LANCE

You don't know him.

Suddenly gets a loud, clear signal that stops him in his
tracks. He looks at Andy.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Here we go.

Lance digs a plug and uses his pin-pointer to retrieve the
target.

ANDY

What you got?

Lance scrapes the dirt off his find.

LANCE

Bloody hell. Silver threepenny.

ANDY

Yeah?

LANCE

Victorian. It's pierced, must've been on a chain.

ANDY

Good work mate.

Lance flips the coin over and gives it a wipe.

LANCE

Hang on, it gets better. It's got a name engraved on it.

Close on the tiny silver coin as Lance's thumb wipes it clean revealing a name and date:

**EMMA
1898**

LANCE (CONT'D)

(whispers)

Emma.

Suddenly they hear a distant girl's voice carried on the wind, calling...

GIRL (V.O.)

Emma!

They raise their heads to listen and as they do we catch the briefest glimpse of three girls in Victorian dress running through the grass behind them. Andy and Lance turn but the girls have gone.
Just a large expanse of bare field.

A few beats of silence.

LANCE

Did you hear that?

Andy nods.

ANDY

Yeah.

END CREDITS.

