

DETECTORISTS – SERIES 2

EPISODE SEVEN

Written by

Mackenzie Crook

SHOOTING SCRIPT

16 JUNE 2015

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL
(not to be copied and redistributed)

Copyright Channel X North/Lola Entertainment
Unit 10, 7 Wenlock Road
LONDON
N1 7SL

Telephone: +44 (0)20 3394 0394

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, Henburyystone, 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.

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 Darchy.

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.

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.

