

DETECTORISTS SERIES 3

EPISODE 1

Written by

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SHOOTING SCRIPT

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1

EXT. CITY OF LONDON - DAY

1

An aerial shot of The Shard and surrounding skyscrapers glistening in the capital's financial centre.

2

INT. THE SHARD, CORRIDOR/MEETING ROOM - DAY

2

Shiny elevator doors open and a smartly dressed junior banker steps out clutching some printouts and strides down the corridor of an impossibly modern office building. He walks purposefully, checking his hair in the glass paneling, running his fingers through it, straightening his cuffs. It's obvious he has a pretty high opinion of himself.

He comes to a door, opens it with a pass-card, and we follow him into a large meeting room with a commanding view of the city of London.

Two high powered and stony faced executives are sitting at a conference table and another is standing, looking out of the window. Two youthful solar company entrepreneurs are presenting a business proposition. It's not a meeting that any Detectorists fan would want to be in.

ENTREPRENEUR

No noise. No odours, no moving parts. Effectively it's a lid. A power-generating lid of solar panels that we pop over the farmland, switch on, sit back and pray for sunshine...

The junior hands the printouts to the standing executive who takes them without looking at him.

JUNIOR

The figures and next year's forecast sir.

EXECUTIVE

Did you not bring biscuits?

JUNIOR

There weren't any sir.

EXECUTIVE

No biscuits?

ENTREPRENEUR

We at Photon Harvest are looking to acquire up to six hundred acres across East Anglia within the next five years. Starting with this site in North Essex which we received planning permission for on the 4th of May.

He takes a roll of charts from his bag.

ENTREPRENEUR (CONT'D)

For centuries man has looked for earth's bounty below the ground, but now we are on the brink of a new age of clean, carbon neutral energy production from the sun, and the treasure, ladies and gentlemen, is very much above our heads.

He rolls out a large satellite image of the area and points to the middle.

ENTREPRENEUR (CONT'D)

Church Farm, once the solar panels start being erected in six week's time, will be the third largest solar farm in England, and will supply low cost electricity to the local town of...

(pause as he reminds himself)

Danebury...

From above, the camera starts to zoom in on the satellite image. As it does the people fade away and the picture becomes real. Clouds drift past and the sound of strong wind is in our ears as we drop towards the ground.

As we get closer the wind noise fades and is replaced with a skylark's song.

Then we spot two tiny figures making their way along the edge of a field.

It's Andy and Lance, metal detectors on their shoulders.

3 EXT. CHURCH FARM - DAY 3

We are with them now as they survey the glorious summer's day and breath the country air.

LANCE

Look at that. Not a cloud in the sky.

ANDY

Shall we?

LANCE

Lets.

They fire up their machines.

TITLES:

detectorists

4 EXT. CHURCH FARM - DAY 4

A montage of metal detecting and beauty shots to go under Johnny Flynn's theme tune.

5 EXT. CHURCH FARM - DAY 5

Lance has got a signal and is kneeling to dig it. Andy approaches and shows Lance a small piece of rusty metal.

ANDY

What do you think that is?

Lance takes and studies the find closely.

LANCE

Ah yes, it's the retaining plate from the back of a mid 20th century socket mount. Would've had a rod coming off here, and a loop, here to attach the spring housing.

ANDY

(unimpressed)

Brilliant. I can tick that off my wish list.

Lance continues digging his target.

LANCE

Don't knock it mate, that's a piece of history right there. A small scrap of an Ordinary Life Long Forgotten.

ANDY

That's easy for you to say, you've got a piece in the British Museum.

LANCE

Oh have I told you about that?

ANDY

Where do you go from there? What do you aspire to?

LANCE

Is there a Nobel Prize for Metal Detecting?

ANDY

There should be.

LANCE

We're so lucky here, when you think about how small this island is. We're walking on archaeology. There's nowhere you can tread that hasn't been trodden a thousand times before by the Celts, the Druids, the Romans...

ANDY

What you got?

LANCE

Scaffold clamp... the Saxons, Vikings, we're spoilt.

He sits back, regards the landscape, points to it with his scaffold clamp.

LANCE (CONT'D)

I look at this landscape and I can read it, you know?: That's the site of a likely settlement: That's where the workers would have gathered for lunch...

ANDY

...that's where somebody left some scaffolding...

6

EXT. LUNCH TREE - DAY

6

Lance and Andy have finished detecting for the day and are packing up and having a cup of tea under their usual tree. Up in the high branches a MAGPIE looks down on them inquisitively before flying off.

LANCE

If you could invite any six people to a dinner party, who would they be? Anyone from history. Alive or dead.

ANDY

Alive probably.

LANCE

You know what I mean.

ANDY

I know who I wouldn't invite.

LANCE

Who?

ANDY

Stephen Fry or Jesus.

LANCE

Yeah?

ANDY

Yeah, those two get invited to these imaginary dinner parties all the time, I doubt they'd be very good company. Probably a bit bored and bolshy.

LANCE

And the Dalai Llama. Sulky.

ANDY

Dunno. Maybe Kurt Cobain.

LANCE

Oh yeah he'd be a laugh. He was famous for his sparkling dinner party conversation.

ANDY

Will there be heroin at this dinner party?

LANCE

Speaking of which. I'm sure one of Kate's friends has been smoking in my flat.

(he mimes smoking a joint)
A bit of the old...

ANDY

Go on say it.

LANCE

What?

ANDY

'Wacky backy'

LANCE

I wasn't going to say 'wacky backy'

ANDY

What were you going to say?

LANCE

Spliff.

ANDY

Cool.

(beat)
Kate's still in the spare room?

LANCE

Yeah, yeah... Yeah.

ANDY

You don't mind?

LANCE

No, no, no, it's great. Brings a bit of life to the old place. It's no longer '*Lance's Sad Bachelor Pad*', '*all spick and span and tidy*'. There are people in it now, you know? Young people. And stuff all over the floor.

(beat)
It's great. I don't even mind the...

ANDY

Wacky backy.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Spliff...

ANDY

Oh well that's good. That's great.

Pause.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Do you ever stay at Toni's?

LANCE

I can't, I get sea sick.

ANDY

She lives on a barge mate, a narrow boat. It's not being tossed upon the open sea.

LANCE

Makes no difference, I can feel it moving even when it's imperceptible to anyone else. I last ten minutes before I start sweating and heaving.

ANDY

Not a good look.

Pause.

LANCE

And how's it going at *the mother-in-law's*?

ANDY

It's great, it's great, it's going really well. She's a bit, you know, sometimes but she likes me better now I have a job. She adores Stanley, baby-sits so yeah, it's all good really.

LANCE

You don't miss having your own space?

ANDY

I've taken up vaping of an evening so I can go and stand alone in the garden for ten minutes.

LANCE

Oh well there you go. Ideal.

ANDY

Yeah.

(beat)

Yeah.

7 INT. VERONICA'S HOUSE, HALLWAY - DAY 7

Andy let's himself in the front door.

ANDY

Hello?

VERONICA (V.O.)

In here.

The slightest of reactions from Andy. He opens the hall cupboard and puts his detector away.

VERONICA (V.O.)

Make sure you put your things in the cupboard so I don't trip over them again.

ANDY

Doing that now.

He takes his boots off and puts them on a specially placed piece of newspaper inside the cupboard.

VERONICA (V.O.)

Can you put your boots on the paper.

ANDY

Yes. I've just done it. Just now.

He goes through.

8 INT. KITCHEN - DAY 8

Veronica is at the kitchen table.

VERONICA

Don't be snippy with me. I heard you.

ANDY

I hate being told to do things that I've already done or am actually in the process of doing.

It's immediately obvious, despite Andy's irritation, that things are OK between the two of them. Andy kisses her on the cheek.

VERONICA

You don't speak to Rebecca like that.

ANDY

I wouldn't dare. Is she here?

VERONICA

Giving Stanley a bath.
Don't go in the lounge, it's all
set up for my ladies.

ANDY

Okay.

VERONICA

Where have you been today? Metal
detecting?

ANDY

Yep

VERONICA

Find anything?

ANDY

Nah.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

Nah.

Becky enters holding Stan in his pajamas.

BECKY

Look who's clean and ready for bed.

Andy takes Stan from her and kisses them both.

ANDY

Hello sunshine, who's reading you a
story tonight?

STAN

You.

ANDY

Me?

VERONICA

Oh I need you to have a look at the
bathroom mirror before you put Stan
to bed, it's loose and I'm afraid
it's going to fall off the wall.

ANDY

OK, I'll have a look. I'll have to
go out and find my drill. I may be
some time.

BECKY

Shall we have a glass of wine?

ANDY

Yes please.

BECKY

I'll bring it out.

He exits.

9

EXT. GARAGE - DAY

9

Andy squeezes past clutter and furniture to where a wall of cardboard boxes are stacked at the back of the garage. Each are labeled with a different room: kitchen, bedroom, study etc.

Andy scans them until he spots the box labeled 'shed'. Right at the bottom. Bugger. He starts to shift the boxes from the top.

10

EXT. BACKDOOR - DAY

10

Becky exits the house with two glasses of wine and heads into the garage.

11

INT. GARAGE - DAY

11

She also squeezes past the clutter to find Andy sitting forlornly on the floor surrounded by boxes.

BECKY

Are you missing your shed?

Andy nods sadly. Looks at the box marked 'shed'. She sits on the floor with him.

ANDY

Who was it said "any man who, past the age of thirty, finds himself without a shed, can consider himself a failure"?

BECKY

Titchmarsh?

ANDY

Might have been Titchmarsh.

BECKY

We're not going to be here forever.
Just until we get a deposit and now
you're working that's going to
happen all the sooner.

(Andy nods)

You start a new dig at work
tomorrow?

ANDY

New site near Colchester. They're
putting up an office block and
we've been called in to check out
what could be some Roman walls.

BECKY

That could be exciting?

ANDY

No, yeah, definitely, yeah.

She senses something.

BECKY

Yeah?

ANDY

No absolutely. A lot of
archaeologists think there's a
missing Roman settlement outside
Colchester.

BECKY

There you go then,
(she chinks his glass)
Here's to you finding the Essex
Herculaneum.

They drink.

ANDY

Terry's got two sheds.

BECKY

You can have one shed.

Lance is making his lunch: cheese on toast. He meticulously
flips and lines-up two slices of toast on the grill pan. He
goes to the fridge and gets the cheese. He stares at it,
winces. One of the corners has been chopped off. He sighs,
cuts the cheese so that it's square.

He holds the irregularly shaped offcut, unsure what to do with it. Irritated, he throws it in the bin. He cuts a nice square slice of cheese and lays it on the bread.

Just then the spare-room door opens and Kate, looking hungover, shuffles towards the bathroom.

KATE

Morning.

LANCE

Well, almost.

KATE

What time is it?

LANCE

Twelve forty five.

KATE

Ah shit.

LANCE

You have a good night?

KATE

Yeah, was alright.

LANCE

Where did you go?

KATE

We had a lock-in, stayed in the bar once I'd closed up.

LANCE

You working tonight?

She goes into the bathroom and we hear the bath taps turned on.

KATE (V.O.)

Got the night off, I was going to invite some people back here. That's alright isn't it?

LANCE

Yep.

Pause.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Do you want some cheese on toast?

KATE (V.O.)

Yes please.

Pause.

LANCE

Actually love, Mrs. Morris downstairs was asking if you'd keep the noise down when you come back late.

She looks back round the door.

KATE

Jesus Christ dad, honestly, I couldn't make any less noise if I tried. This place is so deathly quiet at night the tiniest noise echoes around the town.

LANCE

I know but...

KATE

I dropped my keys, that's what it was, and I swear five lights went on up the road. People coming to their windows.

She goes back into the bathroom.

LANCE

That's Danebury for you.

A pause.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Oh Kate... you know the cheese?

KATE (V.O.)

The what?

LANCE

The cheese.

(beat)

It's just that when you cut the corners off the cheese doesn't matter, doesn't matter....

Kate, now with a towel around her looks out of the bathroom.

KATE

Sorry what?

LANCE
Doesn't matter.

13 EXT. BUILDING SITE - DAY

13

Andy is surveying a site, a large muddy expanse, taking photos and measurements. He crouches down to pick up a shard of terra-cotta and expertly scans the ground looking for features. The site manager, TIM approaches and calls out.

TIM
Stick your hat on mate, you'll get me fined.

Andy looks up, Tim is handing him an orange hard hat with the name 'Sally' written on it in black Sharpie. Andy looks around, they are in the middle of a wide empty space, nothing to fall on them.

TIM (CONT'D)
Yeah, I know, but it's the rules.

Andy dons the Sally Hat.

TIM (CONT'D)
Found anything? No?

ANDY
I don't know, this is promising stuff. This definitely looks like a roman building and there's a few bits of this around.

He hands Tim the shard of roof tile which he turns over in his hand and then absently slips into his pocket.

ANDY (CONT'D)
This is obviously the exterior of the wall so the rest of the building will be over in this area. So I'd suggest a trench parallel with the wall and then maybe a another one here to locate other interior walls or features.

Tim hums to himself and looks vaguely around before pointing in the other direction.

TIM

Mm. I was thinking more... over there.

Andy looks. Confused.

ANDY

Over there?

TIM

Yep... around there. That area.

ANDY

Why there?

TIM

See what's there. Under there.

ANDY

You mean as opposed to over here?

TIM

Mm. Yes.

ANDY

I just thought we would be more likely to find archaeology over here where the house or building was.

TIM

Yes but over there is still close by isn't it?

ANDY

Yes, I suppose.

Tim starts to move off.

TIM

Great, we'll get that marked out, don't think we need to go too deep.

Andy calls after him.

ANDY

Could I have a quick sweep around this area with my metal detector?

He stops, turns.

TIM

You've got a metal detector?

ANDY

Yes.

TIM

What for?

ANDY

It's a useful tool.

TIM

You can't go metal detecting without permission.

ANDY

I'm asking permission.

TIM

I don't think the construction company would agree to metal detectors.

ANDY

Could you ask?

Tim exhales and starts away again.

TIM

Yeah, don't hold your breath. And keep your hat on mate. Health and safety.

Andy is left somewhat bemused. Can't figure out what's going on.

14

EXT. SCOUT HALL - DAY

14

Our usual 1st Ep establisher of the DMDC-HQ.

TERRY (V.O.)

I can see from the healthy state of the finds table that last week's wet weather has helped your detecting. The ground was so parched and cracked at the beginning of the month but a good few days of rain and before long the cracks become moist which not only makes it much easier to get your tool in...

15 INT. SCOUT HALL - DAY

15

In the hall the assembled club members, SHEILA, RUSSELL, HUGH, LOUISE, VARDA, Andy and Lance are stifling giggles. TERRY is addressing them from the finds table.

TERRY

...but we all know what moister conditions mean, don't we Hugh?

HUGH

Deeper penetration.

Russell and Louise squeak.

TERRY

Deeper penetration. That's right. Another six inches in some cases. Sorry what's funny?

RUSSELL

Nothing.

TERRY

Louise?

LOUISE

Nothing.

RUSSELL

Sorry Terry, I wasn't concentrating, what do moist conditions mean?

TERRY

Deeper penetration.

RUSSELL

That's it.

TERRY

Oh I see, you're being smutty aren't you? Cover your ears Sheila, I don't think you should hear this filth.

She doesn't.

LOUISE

Sorry Sheila.

SHELIA

I don't mind.

TERRY

Luckily young Hugh doesn't get it.

HUGH

Get what?

RUSSELL

He's nearly thirty five.

TERRY

Well, smutty innuendos aside, as I say, some choice finds on the finds table.

He holds up two golf ball sized bronze artefacts.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Who's are the crotal bells?

RUSSELL

(high voice)

Those are mine Terry.

TERRY

Lovely pair.

RUSSELL

Thank you.

He holds up a sixpence and an old penny.

TERRY

Two nice Victorian coins there, whose are they?

HUGH

They're mine. My first hoard.

TERRY

Not sure you can call that a hoard Hugh. Purse spill maybe. Were they in the same hole?

HUGH

Close.

TERRY

How close?

HUGH

Fifty yards. But they were in a straight line.

ANDY

There are only two of them. Any two points on Earth are connected by a straight line.

TERRY

Now, I believe we have some 'Jewelry Retrieval Service' news Russ?

RUSSELL

Indeed. You'll recall how Hugh here found an interesting badge that turned out to be an identification tag from Her Majesty's Prison Chelmsford.

He shows a print out picture of the find.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

Well, after some research, we were able to match the prisoner number to a Mr Oliver Meeker who sadly passed away in 1993, *BUT*, we found out that his widow is still alive and living in Ipswich and we were able to return the badge to her.

LANCE

How did that go down?

RUSSELL

It was a complete surprise, she had no idea her husband had even been to prison. She thought he worked in Columbia for eighteen months.

HUGH

In the hotel industry.

Russell opens a copy of the local paper to a page with the headline:

WIDOW BREAKS DOWN AS LOST ITEM IS RETURNED

Underneath is a photo of an old lady in an armchair with her head in her hands. Russell and Hugh are crouched next to her, beaming. Russell is handing over the badge in a presentation case.

RUSSELL

She was very emotional.

HUGH
Quite tearful.

ANDY
Do you know why he went to prison?

RUSSELL
Yeah. I'd rather not say. Not nice.

Louise has taken the paper and flicked to a page with a photo of a large solar farm stretching to the horizon and the headline:

THIRD LARGEST SOLAR FARM IN UK GIVEN GO AHEAD

LOUISE
Look at this. Another solar farm.
There won't be any land left to
detect soon.

LANCE
It's clean sustainable energy
Louise. You have to move with the
times. Embrace the change.

HUGH
Don't they fry birds?

ANDY
Fry them?

HUGH
Fry them out of the sky. Like zap
them with solar beams?

LANCE
Solar panels absorb sunlight Hugh,
they don't reflect it back in
concentrated death-rays.

SHEILA
Don't they confuse bees?

LANCE
A confused bee is better than no
bee at all.

ANDY
They're good for bees, because they
plant wild flowers in between the
solar panels.

SHEILA
The bees do?

ANDY

No, the farmer does, for the bees
to pollinate.

SHEILA

Oh that's nice.

LANCE

Why, where's this new one going?

Louise scans the article.

LOUISE

It's... in... hang on a sec...
um... where are we?... da, da, da,
da... 3rd largest solar farm in...
13 mega-watts... Ah! Here we are!
*"Due to start construction in six
weeks at..."*

16

INT. TWO BREWERS - EVENING

16

Andy and Lance are sitting at a pub table, staring at the
newspaper article in stunned silence.

Neither say anything until, eventually, Terry, Sheila and
TONI enter with drinks and join them, jolting them out of
their stupor.

TERRY

Look who I found! Toni's here.

Lance looks up.

LANCE

Oh hello love.

She squeezes in next to him and kisses him on the cheek.

TONI

Hello you.

TERRY

(dishing out drinks)
Cider, numbers, numbers, and an
Aperol Spritz for m'good lady wife.

TONI

Thanks Terry.

ANDY

(glum)
Thanks Terry.

LANCE

(glum)

Thanks Terrypin.

TONI

Hang on. Has something happened?

Lance shows her the newspaper article.

LANCE

Just found out we're losing our farm.

TONI

Oh no. You've been there for years haven't you?

He nods.

LANCE

Five.

TERRY

Well exactly, you've searched the place out. You said yourself, have to accept change. Time to move on.

ANDY

No such thing as searched out Terry, there's always more.

LANCE

I've always thought there's something good on that land. Something significant. I thought this was the year we were going to find it.

SHEILA

How long will the solar panels be there?

LANCE

Says the lease is thirty years.

SHEILA

How old are you now?

He looks at her.

LANCE

Forty eight.

Sheila does the maths in her head. Her expression says "Yeah, you'll probably be too old".

TONI

You'll find a new permission.

LANCE

Don't know. It's getting harder and harder.

SHEILA

Oh well! Lets all take off our gloomy hats and talk about something else!

TERRY

Good idea love. Change of subject.

Extended pause.

SHEILA

I hear your Kate dropped her keys the other night.

LANCE

How do you know that?

SHEILA

Who was telling us that Kate dropped her keys? It was Miriam wasn't it? From the pet shop?

TERRY

Miriam heard from one of the mum's at Clown Land.

SHEILA

Did she find them again?

LANCE

Oh I don't think she lost them.

SHEILA

Just dropped them.

LANCE

I think so.

SHEILA

I'll have to tell Miriam.

LANCE

If you could.

17

EXT. STREET - EVENING

17

Lance and Toni leave the pub and walk down the road arm in arm.

TONI

It might be a good thing. You can spend more time with me. Or start writing songs again.

LANCE

Hmm...

TONI

When are you going to play me something on your mandolin?

LANCE

I'm not very good.

TONI

That wasn't the question.

LANCE

Ah, I don't know.

They have reached the corner where they go their separate ways.

TONI

Tonight?

LANCE

Um...

TONI

Kate's there?

LANCE

She's got some friends staying.

TONI

I don't mind.

LANCE

Yeah. The place isn't really my own at the moment.

TONI

Can't you bring your mandolin to mine?

Lance looks reluctant.

Toni takes out a paper bag.

TONI (CONT'D)
I stopped off at the chemist and
got these.

She takes a small box out of the bag.

TONI (CONT'D)
Sea sickness pills.

LANCE
Ah, it's just, they don't agree
with me.

TONI
(wagglng the box)
"Yes we do!"

LANCE
I'm sorry. I've tried them before.
They make me hallucinate.

TONI
That sounds fun.

LANCE
And give me the runs.

TONI
Oh.

LANCE
I'm sorry. I'll sort it out with
Kate I promise.

TONI
OK. Well then... I'll see you
tomorrow?

LANCE
Yes, I'm sorry.

TONI
S'alright.

They kiss and part company, but Lance stops and watches her
go for a moment, concerned.

Andy and Lance are detecting.

Lance stops. Something's brewing.
He takes off his headphones.

LANCE

I'm living in a squat.

Andy, a few yards away, turns.

ANDY

Did you say something?

LANCE

I said I live in a squat.
There's shit everywhere. Towels on
the floor, piles of clothes, dirty
plates and mugs, spillages.

ANDY

What's brought this on?

During the next dialogue they both return to detecting as
they talk.

LANCE

Toni won't stay while Kate's there.
I'm afraid I'm going to lose her if
I don't sort it out soon. It's not
my place any more. I want it to be
spick-and-span again.

ANDY

You should say something to Kate,
if she's staying there rent free.

LANCE

I know but I'm afraid she'll just
up and leave again if I say
anything.
I find myself treading on
eggshells. Literally one day last
week. There were eggshells on the
kitchen floor.

ANDY

If it's any consolation I hate my
job.

LANCE

I thought you loved your job.

ANDY

It's bullshit. I don't know what's
going on there. The site manager
doesn't seem to know what he's
doing. He's dead behind the eyes. I
thought you had to be passionate to
be an archaeologist.

(MORE)

ANDY (CONT'D)

You can't just reluctantly fall into it. It's bullshit. Don't know what I'll do without this place to escape to. I haven't even got a shed.

Lance looks at the sky.

LANCE

Clouds coming. Shall we call it a day?

ANDY

OK. Turning off detectors in...

ANDY (CONT'D)

Five... four... three... two...

LANCE

Five... four... three... two...

Andy gets a good signal.

ANDY

Hang on...

LANCE

What you got?

ANDY

Jumping about between 50 and 80. Bronze but it could be a shottie.

He retrieves the target and wipes off some dirt.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Bloody hell, look at that. It's a whistle.

He shows Lance a small bronze whistle.

LANCE

Oh lovely, good job.

ANDY

What's that, military?

LANCE

Hawking whistle, a falconer would have used it to call a bird back. Does it work?

ANDY

It's full of dirt. Hang on.

Andy cleans the artefact with a stalk of grass and knocks the dirt out. He stands and looks at Lance.

LANCE

Go on.

Andy puts the whistle to his lips. Hesitates. Then blows hard.

A clear, shrill note echoes across the fields.

Andy and Lance stand in silence for a few seconds and then shudder simultaneously. Eventually:

LANCE (CONT'D)

Pub?

ANDY

Go on then.

They swing their detectors onto their shoulders and start off down the hill. As they do we hear the echo of the whistle on the wind and they start to become transparent, fading away as the treeline changes behind them. The same field but long ago:

19

EXT. FIELD, ROMAN ENGLAND - DAY

19

A girl of about 16, wearing a simple white dress stands in long grass looking at the sky. She raises her hand to her mouth and blows on a small bronze whistle, shrill and ghostly. She turns to look over her shoulder and we see her face clearly for the first time. She has tears in her eyes.

We see what she is watching:

On a windswept hillside a funeral is taking place. It is the third century a.d. and the Roman funereal rites are unfamiliar. A solemn gathering of five or six people around a shallow grave dug in the earth. Among them, a distraught woman kneeling, two younger children comforted by relatives. An elder incants and raises his arms to the gods.

In the background are the smoking remains of a funeral pyre.

'Magpie' by The Unthanks plays over the following montage:

THE UNTHANKS

One's for sorrow,
Two's for joy,
Three's for a girl
and four's for a boy,
five's for silver,
six' for gold,
seven's for a secret never told.

Devil, Devil I defy thee
Devil, Devil I defy thee
Devil, Devil I defy thee

An earthenware pot is passed forward and placed in the grave with reverence and incantations. Another stone pot is place next to it and this one we see is filled with shining gold coins.

In a nearby hedgerow a magpie lands and watches with an inquisitive eye. It is joined by a second magpie.

The funeral scene and the girl fade away leaving the empty landscape.

The leaves fade from the trees and snow covers the ground.

20

EXT. FIELD, WINTER - DAY

20

The magpies fly down and scratch at the snow, pecking at the frozen ground. They fly off to shelter in a tree and watch the spot.

The snow fades from the land and spring comes around.

21

EXT. FIELD, 18TH CENTURY, SPRING - DAY

21

A pair of young lovers in peasant clothes walk away from us across the field.

The magpies watch from the hedgerow.

THE UNTHANKS

The magpie brings us tidings
of news both fair and foul
She's more cunning than the Raven,
More wise than any owl.
And she brings us news of the
harvest,
Of the barley wheat and corn,
And she knows when we'll go to our
graves,
And how we will be born.

The magpies keep watch on the spot as the leaves fade and winter comes round again.

THE UNTHANKS (CONT'D)

One's for sorrow,
Two's for joy,
Three's for a girl
and four's for a boy,
five's for silver,
six' for gold,
seven's for a secret never told.

More shots of the countryside and generations of magpies.

22 EXT. FIELD, 20TH CENTURY - DAY 22

Dissolve to 20th century and a VINTAGE 1950s TRACTOR is ploughing the field.
A few gold coins are turned up and as soon as the plough is a safe distance the magpies swoop in to spirit them away.

22A EXT. CHURCH FARM - DAY 22A

The plough furrows fade and we dissolve back to the present day, pasture field with the fully grown oak.

End of episode.