

DETECTORISTS SERIES 3

EPISODE 2

Written by

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SHOOTING SCRIPT

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1 EXT. HEDGEROW - DAY

1

Two Magpies squabble in the branches of a tree. They watch a figure, Lance, metal detecting in the distance.

2 EXT. CHURCH FARM - DAY

2

Lance is detecting as two ramblers approach.

RAMBLER 1

Ah, what's this? Metal detecting
are you?

Lance removes his headphones.

LANCE

Pardon?

RAMBLER 1

Metal detecting?

LANCE

That's right.

RAMBLER 2

Found anything?

LANCE

Bits and bobs.

RAMBLER 2

Well, good luck, maybe you'll
strike gold!

LANCE

Yep, see you.

They head off and Lance replaces his headphones only to have to remove them again as a third rambler approaches.

RAMBLER 3

Hello? Looking for treasure?

LANCE

Something like that.

RAMBLER 3

What have you found?

LANCE

Oh, bits and pieces.

RAMBLER 3

No gold?

LANCE

Nope.

RAMBLER 3

Well, fingers crossed!

LANCE

Yep, see you.

The ramblers wander off. Andy approaches.

ANDY

All right?

LANCE

Yeah, this could be a problem,
public footpath. Bloody ramblers,
asking the same bloody questions.

ANDY

Here are some more.

Ramblers 4 and 5 are here.

RAMBLER 4

Ah! Metal detectors! I had a metal
detector once didn't I Rosemary?

RAMBLER 5

It's still in the garage.

LANCE

Is that so?

Pause.

RAMBLER 4

Found any gold?

LANCE

Jesus.

RAMBLER 4

Pardon?

LANCE

No, no. No gold, no.

RAMBLER 4

Fingers crossed!

LANCE (CONT'D)

Yes! Fingers crossed!

*

RAMBLER 5
Maybe you'll strike gold!

LANCE
Yeah, how many more of you are
there?

RAMBLER 4
Of us? About fifty today I think.

They look back and see a long line of ramblers approaching
across the fields.

LANCE
(to Andy)
Call it a day?

ANDY
Probably a good idea.

Titles:

detectorists

3 EXT. CHURCH FARM, LUNCH TREE - DAY

3

Andy and Lance are packing up their stuff, having a cuppa and
comparing finds. A magpie watches them from the high
branches.

ANDY
Mate, that was a good couple of
hours.

LANCE
You getting good stuff? Me too,
bloody ramblers notwithstanding...

Andy empties his finds pouch.

ANDY
All Roman. Nothing spectacular but
five of these little bronzes,
(shows him a 'partefact')
and that's part of something, not
sure what.

Lance offers his finds.

LANCE
Same here, Roman grots, four or
five.

ANDY

How many times have we searched
this field? And only now it starts
throwing up it's treasure.

Pause. They both let out a big sigh.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Six weeks and this will be solar
panels as far as the eye can see.

LANCE

Less than six weeks.

ANDY

Doesn't exactly make your heart
sing does it?

LANCE

Ah well, '*Cet bicuitus deteriatum*'.

(beat)

Just have to make the most of the
time.

Pause as they continue packing up.

LANCE (CONT'D)

You see University Challenge last
night?

ANDY

Yep.

LANCE

"What three letter generic name is
given to birds in the family
Paridae?"

ANDY

'Bzzz'

LANCE

"Magdalen, Potts"

ANDY

"Tit"

LANCE

"Tit is correct, yes"

ANDY

Classic

LANCE (CONT'D)

Classic

A distant voice calls from across the field.

ART (V.O.)
Hello there!

They look.

ANDY
Oh god, speaking of tits.

It's Art and Paul/The Dirt Sharks/Simon and Garfunkel.

LANCE
Bloody hell. Simon and Garfunkel.

'Sound of Silence' sting as they approach.

ART
Hello there!

LANCE
What are you doing here?

ART
Just passing by.

ANDY
You're always just passing by. You
must come miles out of your way to
just pass by.

Art laughs it off.

ART
Yes, it must seem like that!
(to Lance)
No, I don't think we've seen you
since your amazing find, your
golden aestival. Wanted to
congratulate you actually.

LANCE
Oh yeah?

ART
Yes. Fantastic. How does that feel?

LANCE
Having a piece in the British
Museum? Feel goooood.

ART
I imagine it does.
(beat)
(MORE)

ART (CONT'D)
Well congratulations. Here's to
you.

ANDY
Mr. Robinson.

Fist bump.

ART
Pardon?

ANDY
Nothing.

LANCE
Is that what you came to say?

ART
That and to wave a white flag, so
to speak. Don't you think it's time
to put our differences behind us
and pool resources?

LANCE
What sort of resources?

ART
Well our permissions. We've got
more than enough land to detect on
and this farm here is too big for
you two on your own.

ANDY
If you've got more than enough land
why do you want to come here?

PAUL
Sometimes it's good to...

ANDY
I didn't ask you Paul.

ART
More choice, different topography.

LANCE
You don't have any permissions do
you?

ART
We do.

Lance starts scratching his chin

LANCE

Where?

ART

Well I'm not going to tell you
unless you agree to share am I?

LANCE

(scratch)

Oh right.

ART

We have some prime locations.

LANCE

(scratch, scratch)

Do you? Do you?

ART

I know what you're doing.

LANCE

What am I doing?

ART

You're doing 'Jimmy Waffle'.

LANCE

No I'm not. I've just got an itchy
chin.

ANDY

Yeah, I've got a bit of an itchy
chin too. Tell us about these
permissions?

ART

Now you're both doing it, you're
both doing 'Jimmy Waffle',

(to Paul)

aren't they?

PAUL

'Chinny reckon', yeah.

ANDY

No we're not.

LANCE

We've both just got itchy chins.

ART

Come on Paul.

They turn and leave. Lance lifts his binoculars and watches them go.

LANCE
Spanners.

CUT TO:

4 EXT. BINOCULARS POV, FARM TRACK - DAY 4

The Dirt sharks are walking away from us down the track.

LANCE (V.O.)
(to himself)
That's it, get off our land.

5 INT. LANCE'S FLAT - DAY 5

Lance enters his flat.

LANCE
Kate? Are you here?

He nearly trips over some shoes by the door and steps over some other stuff.

LANCE (CONT'D)
Hello?

He hears sounds coming from the bathroom. He knocks on the door.

LANCE (CONT'D)
That you Kate? Can I have a word?

KATE (V.O.)
Just a minute!

He paces up and down for a second before the bathroom door opens and Kate exits in her usual hurry.

KATE
Hello dad, sorry, I'm late again,
I've got to rush.

LANCE
Just hang on a second, we need to
speak...

Kate interrupts, pointing to the framed Tennis Lady poster on the wall.

KATE

Oh dad, do you think we could take
this down, this poster?

LANCE

(taken aback)
The Tennis Lady? Why?

KATE

Don't you think it's a bit tacky?

LANCE

Tacky? No.

KATE

And a bit, well, degrading to
women?

LANCE

But she's only... scratching her
bottom.

KATE

Dad, she's got no knickers on.

LANCE

(pathetic)
Hasn't she?

KATE

I have to rush, we'll talk later.

She grabs her bag and is out the door. She shouts back.

KATE (CONT'D)

Oh dad, I think there might be a
squirrel in the flat, see ya!

And she's gone. He frowns, what?

LANCE

Squirrel?

A montage of Lance looking for a squirrel in his flat.

Poking under beds. Pulling clothes out of a wardrobe,
spooking himself in the process, getting in a right old
state.

He stands on an upturned plug and yelps.

LANCE
AARGH!

He sits on the floor, rubbing his foot and looking about.
Scared and stressed in his own flat.

7 EXT. FRUIT & VEG DEPOT - DAY

7

Lance and Toni, wearing overalls, drinking mugs of tea on a break from work. Lance has his shoe off, rubbing his foot.

LANCE
It was terrifying. I was going from room to room with a saucepan and a mop handle, poking under furniture, shaking curtains. It took an hour and a half to search the flat.

TONI
And no squirrel?

LANCE
Didn't find one.

TONI
She was winding you up.

LANCE
(first time it's occurred)
You think she was winding me up?

TONI
Sounds like a wind up.

LANCE
The little... Well anyway, that's what it's like, chaos. And she doesn't make plans and stick to them. I never know when she's going to be there.

TONI
So where does that leave us? If you can't stay with me on my boat?

LANCE
I know, I've been looking into seasickness remedies.

TONI
So have I. I think you should try hypnotherapy.

Lance winces.

LANCE

I've always tried to steer clear of
the mystical.

TONI

It's not mystical.

LANCE

It's a bit mystical.
It's not like I'm afraid of boats,
it's the movement. A hypnotist
can't make the boat stop moving.

TONI

Maybe he can, in your head. Let me
get you an appointment.

Lance blows out his cheeks, taps his temple.

LANCE

Take a brave man to go poking
around in here. Don't know what
might be unleashed.

8

EXT. BUILDING SITE - DAY

8

Tim is standing beside a trench in which three despondent
looking archaeologists are on their hands and knees.

ARCHAEOLOGIST

But I don't understand why we're
here. There's nothing down here.

TIM

Just give it another hour or so.

Andy approaches.

ANDY

Tim.

He looks round.

ANDY (CONT'D)

I think you should come and see
this.

Andy shows Tim a photo on his phone. Tim's expression becomes
serious and they start walking back towards Andy's trench.
(Tim keeps hold of Andy's phone).

9 EXT. BUILDING SITE - DAY

9

Back at Andy's trench Tim's eyes widen. A shifted flagstone has revealed a foot-square section of a Roman mosaic floor. He jumps down and gently runs his hand over the tesserae. For the first time we see some enthusiasm in him. He speaks softly, awestruck.

TIM

Amazing. The flagstones were protecting it.

ANDY

It's as if it was preserved on purpose. A layer of sand and then these stones on top.

TIM

Do we know how far they extend?

ANDY

At least another four foot in that direction, but it could go further.

Tim suddenly looks concerned as he spots TWO SUITED EXECUTIVES crossing the site towards them.

TIM

Cover this up.

ANDY

Huh?

TIM

Get a tarp or something. Cover it up.

He hands Andy's phone back and hurries off to intercept the executives. Andy looks confused but then jumps to it and covers the mosaic. He watches as Tim talks to the officials. We don't hear what he is saying but his body language is negative, pointing back towards Andy and shaking his head. He then points quickly in the other direction and leads them away.

10 EXT. RAILWAY STATION/STREET - DAY

10

Andy is talking enthusiastically on his phone as he exits the station and looks around for Becky.

ANDY

...It's all there Becks, it has to
be, the stones were put down
deliberately to protect it, I'm
sure.

He spots Becky standing by her car and waves.

ANDY (CONT'D)

I can see you.

He hangs up.

11 EXT. STREET/CAR PARK - DAY

11

Wide as Andy reaches the car and kisses Becky. They get in.

12 INT. BECKY'S CAR - DAY

12

As they buckle up and prepare to go Andy is still enthusing.

BECKY

... and the mosaic is underneath?

ANDY

I think the whole floor might be
complete. I took off the edge stone
and the mosaic was right there.
It's so beautiful, look...

He takes out his phone and goes to his photos. Swipe,
swipe... swipe...

ANDY (CONT'D)

That's weird.

BECKY

What?

ANDY

I took at least five photos.
They're not here.

BECKY

Sure they saved?

ANDY

Balls, where are they? Oh well,
I'll take some more when the stones
are lifted.

BECKY

That's brilliant. Congratulations.

ANDY

Thanks. And you know what? At last I saw some enthusiasm in Tim, usually nothing stirs him but he got quite emotional.

BECKY

Oh well good. Sounds like it's working out.

ANDY

Yeah, yeah. I think it's working out.

13 EXT. RAILWAY STATION/STREET - DAY

13

Becky's car pulls away.

14 INT. HYPNOTHERAPY CLINIC, RECEPTION/WAITING ROOM - DAY 14

Lance and Toni are at the reception desk of an out patient's clinic. Lance is filling out a form.

LANCE

But he can't make me do anything against my will?

RECEPTIONIST

You are always fully conscious, just in a very relaxed state.

LANCE

So he won't make me say anything I'll regret later?

RECEPTIONIST

No.

LANCE

(to Toni)

There's nothing specific, I'm not hiding anything, to my knowledge.

TONI

Just chill.

LANCE

Yeah, I'm just saying.
I don't want to blurt something
out.

(to the receptionist)
Do people tend to blurt?

RECEPTIONIST

There's very little blurting.

LANCE

Good. Good.

Just then an IMPOSSIBLY YOUNG LOOKING FEMALE DOCTOR opens the door of the treatment room.

DOCTOR

Mr Stater?

LANCE

Yes?

DOCTOR

Would you like to come through?

LANCE

Why?

DOCTOR

For your treatment. I'm doctor Hoffman.

Lance laughs, but then swallows it.

LANCE

Are you?

(to the receptionist)

Is she?

RECEPTIONIST

Yes, that's doctor Hoffman.

LANCE

Great good yes. Let's go.

He turns to Toni with anguish in his eyes. She comes in close.

TONI

Don't be nervous.

LANCE

Not nervous.

TONI
Try to relax.

LANCE
Am.

She kisses him.

TONI
I want this to work.

LANCE
Me too.

He enters the treatment room and the door is closed behind.
Toni doesn't look very hopeful.

15 INT. HYPNOTHERAPY CLINIC, TREATMENT ROOM - DAY 15

The room is basically a doctor's surgery with a large, comfortable chair for the patient. Lance is taking off his jacket and looking around.

DOCTOR
That's it. Take a seat there and make yourself comfortable.

LANCE
I was expecting, you know,
hangings.

DOCTOR
Hangings?

LANCE
Tie-dyed wall-hangings, wind-chimes, the smell of patchouli.

DOCTOR
Oh I see! Like a mystic.

LANCE
You won't have me doing Elvis will you?

DOCTOR
No, no. Nothing like that.

LANCE
That's the old thing isn't it?
Whenever someone says "fish and chips" I'll be compelled to sing and dance like Elvis.

DOCTOR
I suppose so.

LANCE
Do you think you could do that?

DOCTOR
I'm not a stage hypnotist Mr
Stater. Can I call you Lance?

LANCE
Please do.

DOCTOR
So the only way this can work is if
you're completely comfortable and
relaxed.

LANCE
Right ho, yes.

DOCTOR
Sit back. Success depends on your
being able to completely switch off
and trust my voice and let it carry
you away.

LANCE
Yes, be difficult if you had a
really squeaky voice or an
irritating accent.

DOCTOR
Yeah, try and put those sorts of
thoughts out of your mind for a
while, try to empty your mind...

LANCE
"I will do exactly as you say"

DOCTOR
Well done, just close your eyes and
listen to the sound of my voice.

LANCE
Listening.

DOCTOR
You don't have to tell me you're
listening, just listen.

Pause.

LANCE

Got it.

DOCTOR

You don't have to say anything.

LANCE

Sorry. I thought you were waiting
for a reply.

DOCTOR

No.

LANCE

Because you hesitated.

DOCTOR

I might do a lot of hesitating but
you don't need to worry, or say
anything, just relax, and listen.

Pause.

LANCE

Right.

16 INT. HYPNOTHERAPY CLINIC, RECEPTION/WAITING ROOM - DAY 16

Toni tries to read a magazine. Glances at a clock on the
wall.

17 INT. HYPNOTHERAPY CLINIC, TREATMENT ROOM - DAY 17

Lance is sitting back in the chair with his eyes shut. The
doctor speaks softly.

DOCTOR

So I want you to imagine you are
lying on soft, warm sand on a
beach and it's a beautiful summer's
day and the sun is on your face.
You've not got a care in the world.
Or anything to do, you can just
enjoy the sun all day...

LANCE

Sorry, sorry, I'm really sensitive
to the sun, I burn really easily, I
would never just sunbathe. Is
carpet the same as sand? Can't I
just be in my flat?

DOCTOR

Yep, you're lying on the carpet in your flat, very comfortable and warm, just right and you can feel yourself sinking into the carpet, sinking down, through the carpet, down, down, the carpet closes over you but you can still breath and you feel comfortable and supported. Down you go further...

LANCE

See, the problem is...

DOCTOR

You live on the first floor.

LANCE

I live on the first floor, exactly. I'm sinking down into Mrs. Morris' flat. She'd be terrified.

DOCTOR

(hint of irritation?)

See this is why it's best on a beach, you can just keep sinking.

LANCE

Well maybe I can have a sun shade. Like be under one of those big umbrellas?

DOCTOR

Yes, do that.

LANCE

Ok, so I'm back on the beach. Carry on... *Carry-on-ez vous.*

Lance and Toni leave the building and we go with them as they walk back into town.

TONI

You were very quick.

LANCE

I was out like a light.
(snaps his fingers)
Like that. Sparko.

TONI

Really?

LANCE

Yeah, no, I feel different, I feel, you know, as if I don't suffer from sea-sickness any more.

TONI

Why did the doctor have her head in her hands?

LANCE

Did she? I think she had a migraine coming. Can children get migraines?

TONI

She wasn't *that* young.

LANCE

She'd never heard of Uri Geller.

TONI

Why were you talking about Uri Geller?

LANCE

I was talking about fraudsters in general.

(off her look)

I wasn't calling *her* a fraudster, I was just saying there are probably some out there. But no, it feels like it's done some good.

She hands him a bottle of wine in one of those bottle-of-wine gift bags.

TONI

That's for being brave.

LANCE

Thanks. I'm going to get over to the scout hall.

TONI

Do you want to stay tomorrow night? See if it worked?

LANCE

Yeah, go on then.

TONI

We can get a take away.

I'll treat you to fish and chips.

Lance flips up his collar.

LANCE
Thank you very much.

19 INT. SCOUT HALL - DAY

19

Andy, Lance, Hugh, Terry, Louise and Varda are gathered around the Finds Table examining the Roman 'grots' from earlier. Terry has one under a loupe.

TERRY
Very nice. House of Constantine,
circa 324 to 330 ad.

LANCE
That's what I said.

TERRY
And this one's third century,
possibly Claudius the second.

LANCE
Said that as well.

TERRY
And all this from the same field?

ANDY
There's something good going on
down there. We're close, I can feel
it.

Terry spots Russell at the back of the hall facing the wall, headphones in, waving his mobile phone backwards and forwards.

TERRY
What's Russell doing?
Russell!

They all look round at Russell who is oblivious.

TERRY (CONT'D)
Russ!

Russell looks up and takes his headphones out.

TERRY (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

RUSSELL
On my new app.

TERRY
Your what?

RUSSELL
It's a new app for my phone. Metal detecting app. It's great, you can go detecting on historical sights, I'm on Hadrian's wall as we speak.

TERRY
Now I've seen everything.

Russell's phone beeps like a detector.

RUSSELL
Here we go, nice signal, twelve point five.

He gets down on his hands and knees and starts to make a digging motion with his phone, stops, looks at the phone.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
It's quite deep.

He digs again with the phone. Terry is incredulous. Russell looks at the phone screen.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
Oh! Roman centurion's helmet, nice condition too.

He shows them the picture on the phone. He swipes the screen.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
Keeping that.

He stands up and goes back to 'detecting'. Terry looks back.

LANCE
Did Andy tell you who was snooping around the other day?

TERRY
Who?

ANDY
Simon and Garfunkel.

LOUISE
The 'Antiquisearchers'.

TERRY
Didn't they change their name? To
something ridiculous?

Sheila arrives with biscuits.

SHEILA
The Dirt Sharks.

20 INT. THE WHITE HORSE - EVENING

20

A dingy little room above a pub. The Dirt Sharks, Art, Paul, and three others, GAVIN, MICHAEL and MICHAEL, sit around a dirty table with an overhead lamp like criminals plotting. It's not the cosy atmosphere of the DMDC.

Art is taking slips of paper out of a pint glass, reading them and putting them in piles. He takes out and reads the last one with barely hidden disdain.

ART
Right, well, there you go then.
It's decided. We are no longer 'The
Dirt Sharks'.

PAUL
What are we?

ART
'Terra Firma'.

PAUL
(under his breath)
Yes.

ART
But we're spelling Terra the proper
Latin way, not how you want to
spell it.

PAUL
It's scarier my way.

ART
Right. New name, new start. This
year I am determined will be the
year we are finally accepted on a
proper, organized rally. And when
we are, I want us to be prepared.

They all nod.

ART (CONT'D)
And I want to see the Dirt
Sharks...

PAUL
Terra Firma.

ART
I want to see Terra Firma get the
best find in every category.

They nod.

ART (CONT'D)
So, Gavin, what are you going to
find?

Gavin takes out a coin.

GAVIN
James the first hammered groat.

ART
Is it real?

GAVIN
Think so, I got it on ebay.

ART
How deep will it be?

GAVIN
Four, five inches.

ART
And the reading?

GAVIN
53, a bit scratchy.

ART
Good. Michael?

Michael pulls out a gold torc.

ART (CONT'D)
Be realistic.

LANCE

...so I said, "if that turns out to be the case, I will change my name, by deed poll, to Belinda Carlisle".

The DMDC erupts into good-humoured laughter. That was a really good one.

TERRY

Ha ha! What a wonderful story.

LANCE

True as I'm sitting here!

TERRY

Restores your faith in humanity doesn't it?

Sheila gets up and takes Lance's empty cup.

SHEILA

Another cup of tea Belinda?

They all erupt again into peels of laughter.

TERRY

There she goes, "another cup of tea Belinda", she's got the timing of Ken Dodd that one.

LANCE

I'll give you that one Sheila.

TERRY

We have a laugh don't we?

CUT TO:

22

INT. THE WHITE HORSE - EVENING

22

Terra Firma, in their gloomy meeting room are all laughing uproariously. It carries on for a good few seconds as we move around the table to find Paul is the only one not laughing.

ART

You idiot! How can you get something so wrong?

Paul is gutted. Humiliated.

PAUL

I just thought...

ART

What?

PAUL

It doesn't matter.

ART

Why don't you think before you open
your mouth?

GAVIN

Nob-head.

Art glares at Gavin.

ART

Well, we have had a busy week.
After a typically infuriating
encounter with two of those goons
from the DMDC, Paul and I decided
to drop in on their landowner, see
if we couldn't...

PAUL

Butter him up.

ART

Curry favour, I was going to say.
And the information he gave us
was...

PAUL

Weapons grade.

ART

Will you stop interrupting?

(beat)

Turns out Church Farm has been
acquired by a solar energy company
who are due to start converting the
land in just under five weeks.

GAVIN

So did he give you permission?

ART
He didn't. No.

He pulls out, with a flourish, a letter on solar company headed writing paper.

ART (CONT'D)
But 'Photon Harvest Solar Electricity' did. Paul's idea. Cut out the middleman, go straight to the top and offer them a service they can't live without.

GAVIN
What service?

ART
Obstruction clearance. Bits of farm machinery, unexploded bombs.

PAUL
That was my idea.

ART
I already said it was your idea. I already gave you credit. You don't have to repeat it.
Well, it was when I mentioned unexploded bombs, and what happened to that idiot Terry Seymour a couple of seasons back, that their ears pricked up.

(he slaps the letter down
on the table)

And the permission, gentlemen...

Dramatic pause.

PAUL ART (CONT'D)
is ours. is... GOD!

23 EXT. CHURCH FARM, TRACK - DAY

23

Andy and Lance are unpacking their equipment from the back of the TR7. A large solar **Photon Harvest Solar Energy** van pulls up and the driver, SOLAR JOHN, winds the window down.

SOLAR JOHN
Are you the metal detectors?

Andy and Lance look at each other.

LANCE
Are we the metal detectors?

SOLAR JOHN
Bloke I spoke to on the phone?

ANDY
Er... no.

SOLAR JOHN
Oh right, we've got some.

LANCE
Some what?

SOLAR JOHN
We've got some metal detectors.
They're going to do all this. So we
don't need you.

ANDY
Sorry, wait, what? We've got five
weeks until this farm is converted.

SOLAR JOHN
Five weeks until the panels go up,
we've already acquired the land. We
need to clear it of obstructions.

LANCE
And you've got your own
detectorists to do it?

SOLAR JOHN
Well, they're freelance, they wrote
to us, we've employed them.

ANDY
What are they called?

SOLAR JOHN
Company called... Terra Firma.

LANCE
Never heard of them.

ANDY
When are they turning up?

SOLAR JOHN
They should be here. I'm supposed
to meet them. I thought you were
them.

They all turn at the sound of a scooter approaching. Close on
Lance.

LANCE
You're kidding me...

Art and Paul arrive on a scooter, Paul driving, Art behind. They take off their helmets.

(Their helmets are similar to their hair underneath: Art's is round and beige, Paul's is a dark coloured half-helmet. Comic effect as they take them off and look the same)

SOLAR JOHN
Are you the metal detectors?

ART
Indeed we are. Terra Firma at your service, and I can see from our friends faces that they've heard the good news.

LANCE
That's a sneaky bloody trick.

He waves his stupid folder.

ART
Quite the opposite in fact, we went through all the correct channels as this paper trail will prove.

LANCE
We've been on this farm five years.

SOLAR JOHN
Well can't you all do it? I don't care if they do it as well.

ART
No, *oh no*. You granted the permission to *us* as stated here in *this email*.

ANDY
We have the permission of the landowner.

ART
Over-ridden actually.

SOLAR JOHN
Come on, there's only four of you and three hundred acres. Why can't you all work together?

ART

We gave them a chance to share and
they turned it down.

ANDY

Why should we? We got here first.

LANCE

Yeah, we got here first so why
should we share?

PAUL

You should share.

LANCE

Shut up.

PAUL

You shut up.

SOLAR JOHN

Jesus, this is like a bloody school
playground, how old are you lot? Do
it first come, first serve. Whoever
gets here first gets their choice
of field.

Andy and Lance glance at each other, this could work in their
favour.

ART

That's not fair.

SOLAR JOHN

Well then you can all sling your
hooks, I don't care.

LANCE

Hang on, wait, I could go along
with that, first come first serve.

Everyone, including Paul, looks at Art.

ART

(through gritted teeth)

Yes, okay.

SOLAR JOHN

There, see? We don't have to behave
like kids.

LANCE

But when we've chosen a field
there's an invisible force-field
around it. You can't get in.

PAUL

What if we don't have our
detectors?

ANDY

It's impenetrable. Impenetrable
force-field.

SOLAR JOHN

Alright. Now shake hands.

Art and Paul put out their hands.

ANDY

No way.

LANCE

Never.

Andy and Lance stomp off. Art calls after them.

ART

Childish.

LANCE

(calling back)

I know you are but what am I?

24

EXT. CHURCH FARM - DAY

24

Andy and Lance stride off towards their field. Two magpies
watch them go.

END CREDITS.

25

EXT. TOW PATH/NARROW BOAT - EVENING

25

We track up the side of the narrow boat, warm glow coming
from the windows, faint strains of a record player inside.
But as we reach the end of the boat the music fades away to
be replaced with the sound of retching. We find Lance on the
tow-path, leaning over some railings, looking green.

Toni comes out of the cabin with a glass of water. She steps
off the boat and goes over to Lance. She rubs his back while
he sips the water.

TONI
Feeling any better?

LANCE
(pathetic)
Think so.

TONI
Did it all come up?

He nods.

LANCE
Mmm.

Pause.

LANCE (CONT'D)
I saw some fish eating it.

TONI
Did you?

LANCE
Yeah.

END OF EPISODE.