

DETECTORISTS SERIES 3

EPISODE 6

Written by

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SHOOTING SCRIPT

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1

EXT. CHURCH FARM, FIELD - DAY

1

Andy is digging a signal. Lance is watching.

LANCE  
What you got?

Andy retrieves the target, wipes some mud off.

ANDY  
Bloody hell. Is that...?

Lance leans in.

LANCE  
Blimey mate, let's see...

As Andy removes dirt he reveals what is clearly a spear-head.

LANCE (CONT'D)  
That. Is. Beautiful.

ANDY  
Is that what I think it is?

LANCE  
It's a ruddy spear-head mate.  
Incredible condition.

ANDY  
Medieval?

LANCE  
Older I'd say. I dunno, could it be  
Roman?

ANDY  
Unbelievable. Do you have any water  
to clean it?

Lance points.

LANCE  
There's a water tank over there.

CUT TO:

2

EXT. CHURCH FARM, FIELD - DAY

2

Close on a galvanized metal water tank in the nettles at the side of the field. A smiling Andy approaches and dips the spear-head in the water, wiping away the mud and admiring his find.

He looks up and spots something off camera. His smile fades. We pull out wider to see what has caught his attention: a rusty wrought-iron gate leaning against the tank. The tops of the railings are shaped identically to Andy's 'spear head'. One of them is missing.

Titles:

**detectorists**

3 EXT. CHURCH FARM, HEDGEROW - DAY 3

Two magpies watch from the branches.

4 EXT. CHURCH FARM, LUNCH TREE - DAY 4

Lance and Andy are by the tree.

LANCE

I thought there was something a bit fishy about it.

ANDY

You bloody liar! You nearly wet yourself. You said it was in "incredible condition".

LANCE

Exactly, it was the condition that told me something was wrong. No age to it.

ANDY

You're so full of shit.

(sulky beat)

God, I wish I hadn't seen the railings, then I'd still have a spear-head.

LANCE

Now you know how it feels to have your treasure so cruelly snatched from under your nose.

ANDY

Feels like crap.

LANCE

Wait a minute. It's the same isn't it?

ANDY

What's the same as what?

LANCE

The same as me losing my gold coin.

ANDY

Not even nearly the same.

LANCE

It's a sign. A clue.

ANDY

Are you building up to one of your bits of mystic wisdom?

LANCE

There's something to do with karma going on.

ANDY

You're not going to get in any book of quotations with that mate.

5

EXT. CAR PARK/CANAL TOWPATH - DAY

5

Lance and Kate are taking boxes and bags from the boot of the TR7. Lance takes a box marked 'FRAGILE'. He closes the boot and they talk as they head along a path to the canal side.

KATE

I don't know why you don't give it up dad.

LANCE

Give up detecting?

KATE

Yes, it causes you so much anxiety.

LANCE

What, *metal* detecting?

KATE

Yes. Stressing about, I don't know, weather conditions, ground conditions, battery life, magpies. It doesn't seem to bring you much enjoyment at all. It's all secrets and lies and espionage. Jealously guarding your hobby.

(MORE)

KATE (CONT'D)

And now you're talking about  
'revenge' and 'comeuppance'.

LANCE

But we have to redress the balance.  
Get our own back on those idiots.  
It's what I was saying about karma.

KATE

When I think of karma I associate  
it with nice things: You do  
something nice and nice things will  
happen to you. You see it as a tool  
for revenge.

Lance thinks about this.

LANCE

Well what do you suggest?

KATE

Oh just let them on the land for  
god's sake. Let everyone come, get  
a band, have a festival. You lose  
the farm in a few days don't you?

LANCE

But what if one of *them* found the  
rest of my hoard?

KATE

Then at least it will have been  
found. Anyway, I thought you said  
his detector was an antique?

LANCE

It is, it's a twat's metal  
detector.

KATE

There you go again being mean. Stop  
being a bully. Play nicely with the  
other detectorists. That's when  
nice things will start to happen.

This causes Lance to fall silent in thought for a moment  
before they arrive at Toni's narrow boat. Toni is waiting for  
them onboard with a bottle of Champagne and three glasses.  
Kate, excited, hops aboard. Lance hesitates.

KATE (CONT'D)

Woo hoo! My very own ship!

TONI

It's a boat.

KATE

I'm upgrading it. From today it's a ship. Come on dad.

LANCE

I don't know if I...

KATE

Oh come on, have a glass of wine.

LANCE

Water looks a bit choppy...

KATE

It's like a mirror, what are you talking about? You'll be fine.

A weak smile and he passes the box over before making a meal of getting onboard. Once on deck he steadies himself with one hand and takes a glass with the other.

TONI

Cheers!

They chink glasses.

KATE

Cheers!

LANCE

Cheers.

KATE

(to Lance)

See, it's not so bad is it?

LANCE

Not so bad, no...

KATE

I want a picture, Toni handing over the keys. Does it have keys?

TONI

Of course it has keys.

KATE

Take this dad...

She hands Lance her glass, forcing him to let go of the side. Kate puts her arm around Toni and lines her phone up for a selfie. But they then become aware of Lance.

He is swaying and having to side-step across the deck to compensate for the perceived roll of the boat. Toni and Kate just stare at him and his strange little dance.

6 INT. VERONICA'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY 6

Becky enters the room and looks out of the window.

7 EXT. VERONICA'S GARDEN, BECKY'S POV- DAY 7

Andy and Stan are lying on a blanket on the lawn building a house out of Lego.

8 INT. VERONICA'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY 8

Becky smiles to herself. Veronica enters.

BECKY

Look at these two mum.

They watch Andy and Stan for a moment through the window.

BECKY (CONT'D)

See what they're making?

VERONICA

A house?

BECKY

It's the house we went to see. He can't stop thinking about it.

VERONICA

Oh dear. He needs his own place.

BECKY

I know. He's been making homes for hedgehogs and putting up bat boxes. Some sort of nesting instinct kicking in.

Pause.

VERONICA

When's the auction?

BECKY

Sunday.

VERONICA

And you're going along?

BECKY

I don't know what else to do. He's got it in his head that we're going to win it. I'm just worried that, when we don't, it'll hit him hard.

Becky dries her hands on a towel and exits leaving Veronica looking out the window. From her point of view we see that Stan has wandered off to a different part of the garden and Andy is now playing with the Lego alone. He is concentrating and meticulously fixing the roof.

9 EXT. SCOUT HALL - EVENING

9

The light is beginning to fade on our last establisher of the scout hall.

TERRY (V.O.)

This is a big moment for me because, as you all know, I've been working on this for a long time. And, at various points on that journey, I've begun to feel quite despairing that it would ever get published...

10 INT. SCOUT HALL - EVENING

10

Terry is standing at the front.

TERRY

...and there's only one person to thank for helping me through those dark days and that is, of course, my darling Sheila, without whom...

LOUISE

Come on Terry, we want to see it, never mind the speeches, we all know how great Sheila is...

ANDY

Yeah, come on, have you got it there? Lets have a look.

Terry reveals a jiffy bag from behind his back to coos of anticipation.

TERRY

Let me just explain that this is only the proof copy, the finished product will have a better...

RUSSELL

Just show us.

LANCE

Terry-Cloth, Terry-Cloth, Terry-Cloth!

Terry takes a slim volume from the padded envelope.

TERRY

Alright, alright! Ladies and gentlemen I give you...  
Common Buttons of North West Essex  
by Terrence Seymour.

Wild applause and whistling. Terry passes the book to Andy who admires it and passes it on.

TERRY (CONT'D)

I'm obviously not expecting to make the New York Times Best Sellers List, would be nice but...  
The Co-op on Ummsdale Road have said they'll stock a few copies.  
We'll just see how it goes.

HUGH

You could sell it on the DMDC website.

TERRY

Good idea. How's that going?

HUGH

Still no visits.

LANCE

I keep meaning to.

ANDY

Me too.

LOUISE

(admiring the book)  
What's the print run, Terry?

TERRY

Initial print run of forty five.

LOUISE

Thousand?

TERRY

No. Forty five. So there'll be one for each of you and a bunch left over for the general public.

HUGH

Will you sign mine?

TERRY

Certainly will Hugh. I'll probably sign all of the first editions.

RUSSELL

Could you leave mine blank then? Be worth more.

SHEILA

He might be the next J K Rowling.

TERRY

I doubt it'll spawn a movie franchise and theme park darling.

SHEILA

Button World! I'd go!

TERRY

Does sound like a good day out admittedly.

ANDY

Speaking of a good day out, Lance and I have a proposition.

He looks to Lance, Lance nods.

ANDY (CONT'D)

You know we're losing our permission on Monday? Well, we've decided it's time to open it up, get everyone down on the last day and blitz the place, find anything that's there before it's covered over.

TERRY

'Bout bloody time. You think there's more to find?

ANDY

Who knows Terry? But we could do with your help.

SHEILA

It's going to be a nice day on Sunday.

TERRY

It is. And guess what I took delivery of this very morning?

ANDY

What?

TERRY

Brand spanking new gazebo.

RUSSELL

How big?

TERRY

Three metres by nine.

RUSSELL

(whistles)

LANCE

Bring it along Terillium. We'll chuck the finds table under it, see if we can't get an FLO down, make it official. You can sell your books.

TERRY

You heard the man. These boys need our help. Full turn out required. No excuses.

LANCE

There's just one thing.

ANDY

We may not be the only ones there.

11 EXT. THE WHITE HORSE - NIGHT 11

Andy and Lance approach a rough looking pub.

12 INT. THE WHITE HORSE - NIGHT 12

They enter the pub and look around. It is deserted except for the bartender, one grizzled old timer and his ugly dog. They take the long walk to the bar. The dog growls as they pass. The bar tender is reading a paper.

LANCE

Is this where the detectorists meet?

BAR PERSON

Pardon?

LANCE

Is it... Terra Firma?

BAR PERSON

Eh?

ANDY

The Dirt Sharks?

BAR PERSON

Huh?

LANCE

Simon and Garfunkel?

BAR PERSON

They're upstairs.

LANCE

Cheers.

They edge back past the ugly dog and ascend a gloomy staircase.

13

INT. THE WHITE HORSE, UPSTAIRS ROOM - NIGHT

13

They enter a dark and unwelcoming room above the pub.

LANCE

Bloody hell this is grim.

Faded posters advertize a long forgotten cabaret night from 2003. Art and Paul sit at one of a number of small tables.

ART

Welly welly well well well. Look who's come crawling back.

Lance turns to go.

LANCE

I can't do this.

Andy stops him, turns him back around. They walk over.

ART

(scoffs)

Look who it is. The "*Danebury Metal Detecting Club*".

ANDY

That *is* our name.

ART

I know.

ANDY

You said it as though you were making up some funny name for us.

ART

If I were to make up a funny name for you, believe me, it would be funnier than that.

ANDY

Would it?

ART

Oh yes.

Beat.

ANDY

You said you could get a preservation order put on that tree.

ART

Well that's the trick isn't it? Tree Preservation Orders don't just... materialize. We made clear our demands.

LANCE

Nice to see you apply the same ethics to your bat conservation as you do your metal detecting.

PAUL

You're not interested in bats. Why do you want to save that tree?

ART

And what have you found in that field that you're guarding it so closely?

ANDY

If you help us we'll tell you.

ART

And we get to detect on the field?

ANDY

For one day. The last day before we lose it.

ART

And we have the entire field, to ourselves, for the whole day.

LANCE

No. That we cannot agree to. No more sneaking around. We're doing it properly. It will be a rally, with a £5 entry fee that will be donated, at the end of the day, to your bat charity.

ANDY

If you can protect that tree.

Paul and Art's demeanor changes, the bravado drains away.

PAUL

A rally?

ART

Like a proper, organized rally?

ANDY

Yeah. That's the deal. And we'll get the County Finds Liaison Officer down to record everything so it's all above board.

LANCE

Take it or leave it. It's our final offer.

PAUL

Will there be a barbecue? I heard sometimes they have a barbecue.

LANCE

Um... possibly, if the weather's nice.

ART

And, will there be... a gazebo?

Lance and Andy exchange a glance: *huh?*

ANDY

Er... there will be a gazebo yes.  
Terry's got a new gazebo.

ART

A new one? We could come early and  
help set up.

LANCE

Could if you wanted.

ART

Thing is... we're not...

He glances at Paul: *should we?*

PAUL

We haven't got...

LANCE

What is it?

ART

We're not currently members of the  
National Council for Metal  
Detecting.

LANCE

Oh. Right.

PAUL

It's been tough the last couple of  
years...

ART

After the... you know, the  
troubles, we've found it hard to  
get references.

ANDY

Well, I guess we could make you  
honourary DMDC members for the day?

He looks to Lance.

LANCE

Don't see why not.

Art and Paul are genuinely choked up, Art is fighting back  
tears.

ART  
(mumbling)  
Yeah... okay... sounds good...

He turns to Paul.

ART (CONT'D)  
Have you got a...?

Paul checks his pockets. Lance takes out a packet of tissues and offers it.

LANCE  
Do you want a...?

ART  
Thank you.

14 EXT. CHURCH FARM, LUNCH TREE - DAY 14

A couple of magpies in the hedgerow are watching four distant figures gathered around the tree.

15 EXT. CHURCH FARM, LUNCH TREE - DAY 15

Close on the 'NO TRESPASSING' tape flapping in the wind. It goes taught and we pull out to see Lance winding the tape around his hand as he circles the tree. Andy is removing the steel rods while Art and Paul are taping a copy of the Tree Preservation Order to the trunk. They come together.

LANCE  
So they can't touch it?

PAUL  
Not for six months, by which time,  
hopefully, you'll have bats  
hibernating in the boxes.

ANDY  
Well, you know, cheers.

A hesitant shaking of hands but Art is distracted, looking around.

ART  
You said there was going to be a  
rally, is there still going to be a  
rally?

Andy points.

ANDY

Here they come.

They look over to where a procession of cars, vans, and detectorists are coming up the track.

16

EXT. CHURCH FARM, FIELD - DAY

16

*(The following sequence is an homage to the barn-building scene in 'Witness'. The music will also be similar)*

- From the lunch tree back towards the gate we see the rest of the gang arriving into the field: Terry and Sheila in their car, Louise, Varda and Hugh on foot, Russell in his car at the back.

- Terry's car parks up, he and Sheila get out, salutations are exchanged.

- Boot opening, trestle tables pulled out.

- Table legs unfolded, table flipped the right way up, bowl of lemons and a squeezer plonked down by a smiling Sheila.

- Louise and Varda pass carrying long poles, Russell is at his car next to the TR7 as Art passes.

RUSSELL

I hear you're good with gazebos?

ART

Well, it's been a while.

RUSSELL

No matter, we can always use a hand.

Terry walks past with an armful of metal poles and canvas.

TERRY

Hurry up now, we've a gazebo to erect and we don't have a whole day to do it.

A montage of the gazebo building:

- Hugh working up a sweat slotting poles together and laying them on the ground.

- Andy and Lance take the poles and fit them into A-frames.

- Terry supervises as everyone comes together to raise the frame of the gazebo.

Andy, Louise, Art and Hugh are pulling guy-ropes from one side and Lance, Varda, Paul and Russell are pushing with their metal detectors from the other.

- Once vertical Hugh gets onto Russell's shoulders to start securing the top.

- The canopy is pulled over the frame and everyone helps to tie it on.

- Lance steadies a step ladder for Art as he climbs up to tie the canopy. Sheila passes with a tray of lemonade. Lance takes one, goes to drink, but then hands it up to Art who takes it as a friendly gesture. We cut away as Art drinks deeply from the glass.

- Varda is stretching out a guy-rope while Louise hammers in the peg. (In the background we might spot Art coughing and spluttering lemonade). The tables are being set up in the tent: a finds table, one for the FLO, and a 'merchandise' table (fleeces and lemonade).

- Terry, buckling on a utility belt, is gazing at Sheila as she hands out drinks. She suddenly becomes aware of his gaze and looks up. She coyly looks away. Terry smiles to himself.

16A EXT. CHURCH FARM, FIELD - DAY

16A

The gazebo erected, everyone gathers around Terry for the pre-match briefing.

TERRY

Glorious day to be here as we say "farewell" to a long loved and, I understand, recently productive permission. Thank you to Andy and Lance for opening it up for us all, as well as to our new friends Paul and Phil.

Little ripple of applause, Art sniffs.

ART

Hay fever...

TERRY

What can you tell us Lance?

LANCE

We think we've got a Roman burial folks, or the remains thereof.

(MORE)

LANCE (CONT'D)

We've found parts of a cremation urn, parts of another pot and diverse contemporary artefacts including the infamous gold Septimus Severus, found on this very spot, stolen from this very spot by a bloody magpie.

ANDY

Yeah, mainly concentrated in this area, up this end, but Roman coming up all over this field and beyond.

TERRY

Lots of land to choose from ladies and gents, so coils to the soil, have a good day's detecting.

They all raise their detectors to the sky and turn them on in a symphony of beeps.

16B EXT. CHURCH FARM, FIELD - DAY

16B

On Lance as he fires up his CTX, dons the headphones, and sets to detecting.

He's only gone a few paces before he stops and looks up. Nobody has left the area and all are swinging their detectors around the gold find-spot. Lance removes his headphones.

LANCE

Guys, can we spread out a bit?

Nobody hears, they've all got headphones on.

LANCE (CONT'D)

GUYS!

They look up, remove headphones.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Come on, look at you all. Spread out a bit.

Some people start to reluctantly edge away. Others try to stay.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Shoo! Shoo!

Wide shot as they eventually disperse.

17 EXT. CHURCH FARM, FIELD - DAY 17  
Detecting and nature shots.

18 EXT. CHURCH FARM, FIELD - DAY 18  
Lance is detecting. He looks up to see Toni approaching across the field.

LANCE  
I knew you wouldn't be able to resist.

TONI  
Thought I'd better come and see what it's all about. Find out what I'm sharing you with.

LANCE  
Prepare to be transported to a world of wonder and adventure.

TONI  
Right ho. You found anything?

LANCE  
Nah.

Andy approaches sans detector.

ANDY  
Hello Toni, how's it going?  
(to Lance)  
Mate, I've left my stuff by the tree. I'll be back in an hour. Don't find anything.

LANCE  
Where you going?

ANDY  
Just nipping off to buy a house. Do you want anything?

LANCE  
No, I'm alright cheers.

As Andy walks off Lance calls after him.

LANCE (CONT'D)  
Remember, decide on your price and don't go over it.

Andy gives a thumbs up.

19 EXT. LANE/FARM TRACK - DAY 19

Becky is waiting in her car at the side of the road as Andy approaches and gets in the passenger side. The car pulls away.

20 INT. BECKY'S CAR - DAY 20

Becky driving, Andy in the passenger seat.

ANDY

So with the money from your car,  
that's fifteen grand we've got,  
tops.

BECKY

Yep.

ANDY

We'll just, you know, see how it  
goes. If we get it we get it, if  
not...

BECKY

Yeah.

ANDY

You alright?

BECKY

Yeah just, nervous, anxious,  
excited, I don't know.

ANDY

Let me do the bidding.

BECKY

Really?

ANDY

Yeah yeah, I know how to do it. You  
hold up the card to raise the bid a  
thousand pounds, and you do this...  
(he holds up his finger and  
thumb an inch apart)  
... to raise it five hundred.

BECKY

You think you can handle it?

ANDY

I don't mean to brag darling, but I've been watching these programs for years while you've been at work. I think I know what I'm doing.

21 EXT. AUCTION HOUSE, CAR PARK - DAY

21

Becky's car swings into the crowded car park and Andy and Becky get out and hurry to the building. Becky is wrestling an armful of paper and files.

ANDY

Have you got the card?

BECKY

What card?

ANDY

The card with the number on that you wave to bid? Where do we get the card?

BECKY

I don't think we *need* that card.

ANDY

Are you sure? The ones on YouTube usually have a card.

They enter the building.

22 INT. AUCTION HOUSE, ENTRANCE - DAY

22

Despite the full car park, the place seems to be deserted as Andy and Becky approach a large set of double doors. Andy glances at a sign Blu-tacked to the wall: 'No Joking in the Auction Room. Auction in Progress'.

23 INT. AUCTION ROOM - DAY

23

Andy and Becky enter through the double doors into a large room with lots of grim-faced people sitting on rows of chairs and standing around the sides, many of them in sheepskin coats. Andy and Becky take a position against the back wall.

They look around. Despite the number of people, the room is completely silent and still. Everyone has an expression of utter boredom, poker-faced, trying not to look at all interested. They stare into space and never get eye contact.

Some wear baseball caps pulled down low. Some are slumped down in their seats pretending to be asleep, but occasionally peeping.

At the front the auctioneer stands behind a lectern looking down at some papers and appears to be made of wax.

ANDY

Look, they've all got cards, I knew it.

Andy speaks to a bloke standing next to him.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Excuse me, are we supposed to have a card to wave? With a number on it?

The bloke ignores him, looks straight ahead. Andy frowns: *This is weird.*

Suddenly Andy and Becky jump as the auctioneer starts to speak very fast into the microphone.

AUCTIONEER

Lot three bit up set stock property six five, six five, six six three, H, 1930s midi-terrace cottagette.

ANDY

What was that?

BECKY

Ssh. Ours is the one after this. Just watch how they do it.

AUCTIONEER

A lot of excitement about this one. Lot of excitement in the room, lot of excitement on the phones.

We see a row of people on phones. They look anything but excited.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)

Twin contract sub-ownership rental guidelines pertaining and potential under-clauses pending. Agents charges come under section seventeen part three, but merchants and contractors can waive the severance in person within twenty one days.

(MORE)

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)

What have we got we start me over  
if you like for there now there?

ANDY

What did he say?

BECKY

Ssh.

The auctioneer starts pointing to different parts of the room  
with his pen.

AUCTIONEER

Get me on the way... Where are you  
going to be?... How can I expect  
you?... Can you feel my eye? Draw  
it... Bring me a opener...  
Somebody.

ANDY

'the fuck's he talking about?

The room falls completely silent and still for a long time  
before, suddenly and rapidly:

AUCTIONEER

Forty five I have thank you sir do  
I see forty six forty six I have do  
I see forty seven forty seven I see  
may I say forty eight forty eight  
for you now, is it forty nine?  
Forty nine? Forty nine? Forty nine?  
No? Do I have forty nine? Forty  
nine I have, do I see fifty?

The auctioneer's pen is twitching fractionally from side to  
side. Andy and Becky are frantically looking around to see  
who's bidding. Nobody seems to be moving in the slightest.  
They all look as bored as ever.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)

Forty nine then any more bids at  
forty nine I'm selling once at  
forty nine...

Pause.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)

I'm selling twice at forty nine...

Longer pause.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)

I'm selling for the third and final time at forty nine thousand pounds... any more bids?...

Long, long pause and then,

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)

Fifty I'm bid new bidder thank you sir I have fifty do I see fifty one sir fifty one I have do I see fifty two, fifty three, fifty four, fifty five, fifty six, fifty seven, fifty seven, fifty seven selling at fifty seven thousand pounds once twice three times (BANG) sold thank you sir moving on.

There's a flurry of movement and shuffling of papers and Andy cranes his neck to try and see the successful bidder as he pulls his collar up and slinks off through a side door.

ANDY

What even was that? Jesus. It's not like this on Property Lottery.

24

EXT. CHURCH FARM, FIELD - DAY

24

Back at the rally Lance is on his hands and knees enthusiastically digging a target. Toni is standing watching with a blank expression.

LANCE

I can tell it's nonferrous because of the tone of the signal and the reading is telling me it's at about three inches, three and a half. And now, because I know the machine so well, I can hear that this is a small, disk shaped target and very likely a bronze coin.

He takes his pin-pointer and locates the target. Toni leans in slightly to see. Lance extracts a large, crumpled, square corned-beef tin.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Oh right, well that was giving off a false signal that time. That's just a, what's that...?

TONI

Corned-beef tin I'm just going to go and sit over there for a while, out of the sun.

LANCE

Okey doke yeah, I'll shout if I find something good.

She wanders off. Lance watches her go: *That didn't go very well.*

25

INT. AUCTION ROOM - DAY

25

AUCTIONEER

Next up bit lock stock trot four four twelve D. Tatterdown Cottage.

BECKY

This is it. This is us.

ANDY

Is it? I don't understand what he's saying. I honestly don't.

Becky finds the numbered card in her file and hands it over.

BECKY

Keep calm. Concentrate.

Andy grips the card in his fist and concentrates hard. The auctioneer points with his pen.

AUCTIONEER

Guide me in someone... cast me a starting block... anyone... fetch it up... ticking... can I hear you forward?... can I hear you aft?... thank you sir fifteen thousand bid do I hear sixteen anywhere? Fifteen thousand I have, any more?

Andy is stunned. That's his limit and he didn't even bid. He looks at Becky.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)

No more bids? At fifteen thousand?

Andy rather pathetically raises his hand and does the finger and thumb sign for 'half'.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)  
Fifteen and a half fresh bid do I  
hear sixteen sir? Sixteen I have,  
seventeen sir?

Andy sadly shakes his head.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)  
Sixteen and a half?

Shakes his head again.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)  
Selling at sixteen then, once,  
twice and three times at sixteen  
thousand pounds...

Becky swipes the card from Andy and starts to bid.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)  
Seventeen thousand at the back of  
the room new bidder thank you madam  
do I hear eighteen? nineteen,  
twenty, twenty one, twenty two,  
twenty three, twenty four...

Andy makes a couple of attempts to swipe the card back off  
Becky but keeps missing as it bobs up and down with the  
bidding. Becky pushes him away.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)  
Twenty five? No? The bid is twenty  
four thousand with you at the back  
madam any advance on twenty four  
thousand pounds, going once...  
going twice...

Andy is aghast. What has she done? But then...

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)  
Thirty thousand, new bid on the  
phone do I hear thirty five madam?

Becky raises the card.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)  
Thirty five I have, forty on the  
phone...

Becky raises the card.

Andy sort of shuts down, goes into some sort of stupor, just  
staring.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)  
Forty five, fifty on the phone,

Becky raises the card.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)  
Fifty five madam? Thank you. All  
out on the phone, any more bids in  
the room before I sell to the lady  
at the back for fifty five thousand  
pounds once and twice and three  
times (BANG) sold to the lady at  
the back moving on...

It's over, they both stare ahead, stunned. Andy eventually  
speaks.

ANDY  
What have you done?

BECKY  
It's alright.

ANDY  
They'll send people round. They'll  
take Stan.

BECKY  
It's alright Andy.

ANDY  
We'll go to prison.

BECKY  
Andy.

ANDY  
You'll go to prison.

BECKY  
My mum's going to lend us the  
money. I've got it here.

He finally turns to look at her.

ANDY  
Well why didn't you fucking tell  
me? I nearly passed out.

BECKY  
It's ours Andy, we won it.

ANDY  
I can't feel my legs.

26

EXT. CHURCH FARM, FIELD - DAY

26

Back at the rally Lance is detecting. He looks up to see Toni fast asleep in the grass at the edge of the field. He looks the other way and spots Art detecting. He watches him for a moment before wandering over, takes off his headphones.

LANCE

Come on then. I dare you to swap for an hour.

Lance offers the Minelab CTX3030 to Art who takes it in exchange for the Arado 120B.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Careful, it'll feel like a Formula One racing car to you. You won't be used to the power.

ART

Oh please, look at this ridiculous thing, it does everything for you, you can't feel like you're in control.

Lance is checking out the Arado.

LANCE

Where do you shovel the coal? I assume it's steam driven?

ART

What's this? '*Spoons mode*'? Isn't that a bit specific?

LANCE

Not if you're searching an old cutlery dump.

ART

The Arado is sleek, elegant, minimalist. This is vulgar, like a monster truck.

LANCE

Jealous. What year is this?

ART

It's an original. 1978.

Lance is hit by a wave of nostalgia.

LANCE

Is it? Same year as my Triumph.

He lifts the Arado to his face and sniffs deeply.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Yep, there it is. 1978. Well I never.

ART

Good year.

LANCE

They'll be 40 soon.

ART

'The Big Four Oh'.

LANCE

Might have to get a photo of them together...

27 EXT. CHURCH FARM, FIELD - DAY

27

In a different part of the field Russell is on his knees digging a target when Hugh wanders up to see.

HUGH

What you got?

Russell holds up a wire coat hanger.

RUSSELL

I think it's some sort of holder for a garment. A support, if you will, for an item of clothing.

HUGH

That's probably still in usable condition.

RUSSELL

It's a keeper.

28 EXT. CHURCH FARM, FIELD - DAY

28

We are with Varda as she kneels to dig a target. She waves clods of earth over her coil until she locates the find, brushes it clean. A smile breaks out across her face.

We go in close to see that she has found a simple bronze finger ring, no stone but still nice and decorative. She tries it on her finger, too big. She looks around to see Louise detecting a little way off. Varda looks again at the ring then gets up and starts walking over to Louise.

29

EXT. LANE/FARM TRACK - DAY

29

In the field beyond we may spot Varda kneeling in front of Louise and holding her hand as, in the foreground, Becky's car pulls up and parks in the lane. Andy and Becky get out and start up the track towards the rally. Becky has a bottle of wine and two glasses.

BECKY

How are your legs?

ANDY

Still a bit trembly.

She spots Toni sitting under a tree with a book.

BECKY

There's Toni looking bored, you go and play.

He kisses her.

ANDY

I love you.

BECKY

Love you too.

They split and Andy heads into the field. She calls after him.

BECKY (CONT'D)

Hurry up and find some gold. We've never been skinter.

30

EXT. CHURCH FARM, FIELD - DAY

30

Lance is detecting with the Arado. He hears a shout and looks up to see Andy crossing the field towards him.

ANDY

(shouting)

Hey mate! I'm a homo...

The end of the sentence is lost on the wind. Lance takes off his headphones, waits for Andy to get closer...

LANCE

You're a what mate? I only got 'homo'.

ANDY

Homeowner, I'm a homeowner.

LANCE  
No way, you won it?

ANDY  
Bloody won it.

LANCE  
Congratulations. With twelve grand?

ANDY  
Well, no. We went over.

LANCE  
Who did the bidding? You?

ANDY  
Yeah, yeah, me, yeah.

LANCE  
With the little card?

ANDY  
Yeah. Just,  
(mimes bidding)  
all of that...

LANCE  
Good work mate. Congratulations.

Andy spots the Arado.

ANDY  
Hang on, what you doing? What's  
that?

LANCE  
Trying it out. My idea. And do you  
know what? It's not bad.

ANDY  
That's embarrassing. I leave you  
for a couple of hours...

LANCE  
Really clear signals, no faffing  
about...

ANDY  
You turned Injun didn'cha?

LANCE  
Simple but effective...

ANDY

Didn'cha?

31 EXT. CHURCH FARM, FIELD - DAY 31

Terry is detecting. He gets a signal. Digs, pinpoints, and retrieves his target. It's a button, a particularly nice regimental button with a clear coat of arms. He looks delighted.

Terry looks to the edge of the field where Shelia is sitting under a tree. She has a book open in her lap but is just gazing serenely out across the field.

Terry waves. Shelia waves back.

He holds up the button. She is too far away to see it or to hear what he is saying but he half mouths, half speaks to himself.

TERRY

Nice button. Welsh guards. Second infantry.

Shelia gives a thumbs up as if she has understood.

Terry looks out at the verdant English countryside. He has tears in his eyes.

32 EXT. CHURCH FARM, FIELD - DAY 32

Wide as the day is coming to an end and the shadows are lengthening. The gazebo is being dismantled. Everyone is starting to gravitate towards the gold-find spot, chatting, comparing finds, patting backs.

33 EXT. CHURCH FARM, FIELD - DAY 33

Sitting at the edge of the field Becky and Toni drain the wine from their glasses and start to get up and move to where people are gathering.

BECKY

You're fully moved into the flat?

TONI

Yep.

BECKY

And how's it going?

TONI

Good I think. Getting used to each others... ways.

BECKY

Yeah?

TONI

Eccentricities...

BECKY

I hear you.

Pause.

TONI

Does Andy keep things in little boxes?

BECKY

Oh yeah, miscellaneous collections of things in little tins.

TONI

Right, phew, so that's normal is it?

BECKY

I don't know about normal...

TONI

That makes me feel better.

(beat)

And we've discovered we can't watch Spring Watch together.

BECKY

Treats it like a quiz show?

TONI

Shouts out the names of the birds to show me how clever he is. Gets them all right as well.

BECKY

He's a keeper.

TONI

Yeah.

Beat.

BECKY

Andy can make anything out of  
Meccano....

34

EXT. CHURCH FARM, FIELD - GOLDEN HOUR

34

Close on the group gathered at the gold find spot with the tree up on the hill behind them. Terry is summing up.

TERRY

A good day all, no gold  
unfortunately, despite the earlier  
false alarm.

PAUL

Yes, sorry. I shouldn't have done  
that dance.

TERRY

I'm all for dancing Paul, as any  
one of these people will tell you,  
but in the field we only dance for  
gold.

PAUL

I didn't expect everybody to run  
towards me like that.

TERRY

You've not been to a rally before.  
We forgive you.  
As I say, no gold but I feel we've  
found all there is to be found, and  
if there was a grave here it's lost  
to time and the plough.  
And with that let us retire to The  
Two Brewers where the first round  
will be most definitely on me.

A ripple of applause and people start to move off. Andy and Lance linger.

TONI

You coming?

LANCE

Yeah, I was just going to...

He trails off. Becky and Toni exchange a look.

BECKY

Do you need a moment alone?

LANCE  
Do you mind?

ANDY  
Would you?

They smile and wander off. A pause.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
So that's it then. Wasn't to be.

LANCE  
Nope. Not this time.

ANDY  
What do we do now?

LANCE  
Find a new permission and carry on  
mate. Got to keep searching.

Andy nods.

ANDY  
Don't know why we do it.

LANCE  
No? I do.

ANDY  
I thought you probably would.

LANCE  
Time travel.

Pause.

ANDY  
Go on.

LANCE  
Metal detecting is the closest you  
can get to time travel. When you  
found that whistle and blew it, and  
we heard that sound for the first  
time in centuries...

ANDY  
That was awesome...

LANCE

You see, archaeologists gather the facts, piece together the jigsaw, work out how we lived and find the buildings we lived in. But what we do is different. We pick up the scattered memories. We fill in the personality. We are story tellers and miners of stories. Detectorists are time travellers.

Pause as Andy mulls this.

ANDY

Yeah, alright, I'll give you that.

LANCE

Pub?

ANDY

Go on then.

They turn and start to walk back across the field and up the hill to where the TR7 is parked beneath the tree.

35 EXT. CHURCH FARM, FIELD/LUNCH TREE, DRONE SHOT - GOLDEN HOUR ~~35~~.

We cut wide as Andy and Lance walk away from us. The camera moves up and around in a large arc so that we overtake the chaps and end up above the tree and the car with them walking towards us. In the distance we can see the other club members making their way off the land. In the branches of the tree several magpies flap and squabble, and then fly off. We see the gold coins in the fork of the trunk start to sink down like the sand in an egg-timer, we hear them trickling down inside, and then we see them start to spill, one by one, out of a fissure onto the ground.

We start to pull up and back so that, by the time Andy and Lance reach the tree, they are just dots.

END OF EPISODE.