

DETECTORISTS

Episode 2

Written by  
Mackenzie Crook

Shooting Script (22/05/14)

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

Distant bird song: YELLOWHAMMER.  
Andy and Lance are detecting a few metres apart.  
Andy gets a signal and digs a plug of soil out of the ground.

LANCE  
What you got?

Andy pulls something from the hole and scrapes off the dirt.

ANDY  
Matchbox car... Chevrolet Corvette.

He considers this for a minute.

ANDY  
How in god's name does that get out  
into the middle of a field in Essex?

LANCE  
Dunno.

ANDY  
I mean, who's been playing with cars  
out here?

LANCE  
Dunno.

ANDY  
You know? A Roman coin I can  
understand, but a Chevy Corvette?  
Doesn't make any sense.

A pause as they continue detecting.

LANCE  
Did you hear about old Bob Cromer?

ANDY  
What about him?

LANCE  
Dead mate.

ANDY  
Shut up!

LANCE  
Struck by lightning.

ANDY  
No!

LANCE  
That's the third in the last year.  
Greg Peters, Janet Horwell and now  
Bob. You know why don't you?

ANDY  
Why?

Lance gets an interesting signal and starts to dig.

LANCE  
Because the best finds always show  
up just before a thunderstorm.  
Suddenly you've left it too late and  
you're the highest point on the  
landscape. All three were running  
when they were struck.

ANDY  
What a way to go.

Lance retrieves something from the hole and wipes the dirt  
from it.

ANDY  
What you got?

LANCE  
Pontiac Firebird.

Titles:

## DETECTORISTS

202 EXT. BISHOP'S FARM 'HOME FIELD' - DAY

202

Lance and Andy are eating their sandwiches sitting next to a  
hedgerow.

Lance pours out black coffee from a flask and offers it to  
Andy.

LANCE  
Cup of 'Good Morning America'?

ANDY  
No thanks.

Lance sips the coffee.

LANCE  
"That is a damn fine cup of coffee!"  
What's.....?

ANDY  
(interrupting)  
Twin Peaks.

Lance nods. Pause.

LANCE

So I was thinking of getting the  
band back to together.

\*

ANDY

What band?

LANCE

You and me.

ANDY

Were we in a band?

LANCE

Yes! We jammed a few times.

ANDY

I only remember once, round your  
flat trying to do 'Wonderwall' and  
you couldn't reach the high notes.

LANCE

It was more than once.

ANDY

Did we have a name?

LANCE

'Fanny Magnet'.

ANDY

That's right. 'Fanny Magnet'

LANCE

Anyway. I've written a song and I  
want us to do it at the open-mic  
night at The White Horse.

\*

ANDY

What's the song called?

LANCE

'New Age Girl'.

ANDY

Is it about Maggie?

LANCE

No.

ANDY

Alright. I'm up for it. If it's any  
good.

LANCE

Ok, come round before we head over  
to the club on Tuesday and I'll play  
it to you.

V.O.

Hey there!

They look up as they hear a distant shout from across the field.

LANCE

Who's this?

They squint towards two figures coming across the field.

ANDY

Looks like Simon and Garfunkel.

The two approaching figures, one tall and blonde, the other small and dark, do indeed resemble the folk duo, except they are carrying metal detectors instead of guitars.

We may as well call them PAUL & ART.

Art is carrying a folder under his arm.

The pair storm up and stop in front of them, slightly out of breath.

ART

Hello there.

LANCE

Watcha.

ART

How are we?

Lance and Andy look at each other, unsure how to answer.

Eventually:

ANDY

Feeling groovy?

Andy and Lance touch fists.

ART

Good, good....  
Lovely day.

LANCE

Isn't it.

Short pause as they look at the lovely day.  
Lance points to Art's detector.

LANCE  
Haven't seen one of them for a few years.

ART  
The Arado? Yes, very rare these days, but there's a few still out there if you know where to look.

LANCE  
Antique shops?

ART  
They're certainly classics.  
You've gone for the CTX I see. \*

LANCE  
It's a good machine.

ART  
A bit flashy for me. \*

LANCE  
Yeah. Not really your style. \*

ART  
Do you have permission to detect on this land?

LANCE  
Indeed we do. Do you?

PAUL  
Who from?

LANCE  
Not telling you.

ART  
Immature.

LANCE  
Are you?

ART  
No you are.

ANDY  
We got there first.

PAUL  
There's nothing to stop us getting  
permission from the landowner.

ANDY  
Farmer Bishop said we have exclusive  
rights. Fifty fifty.

Art indicates the file under his arm.

ART  
Well we shall have to see if we can  
make Farmer Bishop a more attractive  
proposition.

ANDY  
Who are you? A Bond Villain?

ART  
We have done extensive research. I  
assume you've done the same?

LANCE  
Of course.

ANDY  
Yep.

ART  
We shall see...

ANDY  
Mr Bond.

Art rubs a watery eye.

LANCE  
Oh god sorry. We didn't mean to make  
you cry.

ART  
It's hayfever.

LANCE  
Please don't cry mate. I feel awful.

Simon and Garfunkel start to leave the way they came.

ART  
It's hayfever, I forgot to take an antihistamine.

LANCE  
Do you want to borrow my hanky?

ART  
I'm not crying.

Andy and Lance watch them go for a long beat.

Eventually Lance shouts out:

LANCE  
Please don't cry!

They don't respond.

LANCE  
That doesn't bode at all well. What was in the file? They know there's something here.

ANDY  
We need to see Bishop, tell him not to grant anyone else permission.

Lance looks at his watch.

LANCE  
Yeah. Can you pop in and see him on the way back? I said I'd help Maggie in the shop.

ANDY  
What?! When will you learn to say 'no'?

LANCE  
I don't want to say 'no', I like helping her.

ANDY  
Alright, I'll go and see him. But remember I don't have any of your charm and charisma.

LANCE  
Do your best.

203 EXT. BISHOP'S FARM, FARMHOUSE - DAY

203

Andy approaches Bishop's run down farmhouse and knocks at the door.

Immediately a commotion starts inside with shouting and furniture being toppled. As in episode one, we never see or hear the dogs he is apparently yelling at.

BISHOP (V.O.)  
QUIET! For god's sake! Idiot  
animals! Get Down!

Eventually the door opens and Bishop steps out. \*

BISHOP  
Yes?

ANDY  
Hello Mr. Bishop it's me. I came with  
my friend to ask about detecting on  
your land.

BISHOP  
Ah yes! The metal detectors!

ANDY  
Detectorists.

BISHOP  
Have you found something?

ANDY  
Not yet Mr. Bishop...

BISHOP  
Larry. \*

ANDY  
Not yet Larry but we were wondering  
whether you'd mind not giving  
permission to anyone else to search  
your land? \*

BISHOP  
Right.

ANDY  
It's just that there's a contingency  
of *rogue* detectorists out there...

BISHOP  
Rogues?

ANDY  
Yep, 'treasure hunters'.  
(pause)  
Nighthawks.

BISHOP  
*Nighthawks?*

ANDY

Detectorists who have quite literally turned to the dark side of the force. They come under the cover of night and rob important sites of their artefacts.

BISHOP

Good God!

ANDY

I know. Despicable.

BISHOP

Tell you what I remembered after you'd gone. There were some things ploughed up years ago that you might be interested in.

ANDY

What sort of things?

BISHOP

Well, I don't know, trinkets, looked like costume jewelry to me.

ANDY

What happened to them?

BISHOP

They'll be around somewhere. God knows where. I offered them to Justine but she thought they were ugly.

ANDY

Is that your wife?

Bishop spins around in panic.

BISHOP

Where?

ANDY

No! You just mentioned a Justine, I wondered whether Justine was your wife?

Bishop's eyes have glazed over. He is brooding, breathing heavily.

BISHOP

Justine isn't here.

He looks around again. He's in a different world. Andy watches uncomfortably. Bishop looks down and stares intensely at the ground. He eventually bends down to pick up a large stick. Calls out:

BISHOP

Come on then! Where are you?  
Stop chasing those rabbits, you'll  
never catch them you great, fat,  
unhealthy creatures.

He throws the stick which stays where it lands. He watches the stick, chuckling to himself. He is himself again. He turns back to Andy.

BISHOP

Quite mad!

ANDY

Yep... insane.

BISHOP

Well, cheerio then, I'll keep my eyes peeled for those things.

Bishop turns a walks off, swinging a dog leash. Andy watches him go.

204 I/E. NEW AGE SHOP - DAY

204

Lance is helping Maggie carry some large boxes from a van into the shop.

MAGGIE

Oh that's lovely Lance! How exciting!

LANCE

Well, I thought, 'nothing to lose'.

MAGGIE

I always said you should do something with your music didn't I?

LANCE

You did.

MAGGIE

I used to love it when you played your mandolin. Reminded me of Kermit.

LANCE

Kermit plays the banjo.

MAGGIE

How exciting though!

LANCE

You think you can come?

MAGGIE

Definitely.

They deposit the last of the boxes in the shop. Lance reads the label on one of them.

LANCE

What is all of this? It says on the box, 'Mixed Spiritual'.

MAGGIE

Yeah it's spiritual stuff. Mixed. Tarot cards, dream-catchers, resin dragons. There's this massive warehouse out by Stansted. You buy it by the weight. It's cheap but you don't know what you're going to get.

LANCE

A spiritual lucky dip.

MAGGIE

Kind of yeah.

Tony appears from the back room, hair messy and wearing a grubby dressing gown.

TONY

Oh hello Lance, nice to see you. She got you slaving?

LANCE

Tony. Didn't realise you were here. You not lending a hand?

TONY

I can't. With my herniated discs.

LANCE

Gutted.

MAGGIE

Lance has invited us to a folk night at The White Horse next week.

\*

Damn.

TONY

Sounds good.

Damn it.

MAGGIE

Lance is doing a gig.

LANCE

It's not a gig. I might do a song, haven't decided yet. Probably won't.

TONY  
Alright Lance! Rock and roll! What's the song about?

LANCE  
Nothing.

TONY  
Nothing? What's it called?

LANCE  
(ignoring him)  
I better get going if that's everything Mags.

MAGGIE  
Alright love thanks. Oh, and are you still ok to take my mum to bingo?

LANCE  
Yeah ok.  
(to Tony)  
You not around?

TONY  
No. Football.

LANCE  
Oh right. You playing?

TONY  
Watching.

LANCE  
Right. Portman Road?

TONY  
No, on TV.

LANCE  
Right.

MAGGIE  
Thanks love. You know how she loves her bingo.

LANCE  
Yeah. Ok. See ya.

Lance glances across at Tony who smiles.

TONY  
(is that a hint of a smug  
grin?)  
Bye bye Lance!

205 EXT. OUTSIDE PRIMARY SCHOOL - DAY

205

Andy is sitting on a low wall opposite the entrance to a primary school at home time. He is flicking through messages on his phone and unaware that a mum is speaking to a policeman close by and looking in his direction.

The policeman wanders over.

POLICEMAN

Afternoon sir.

ANDY

Hello.

POLICEMAN

Do you have a child in this school sir?

ANDY

Pardon?

POLICEMAN

Do you have a son or daughter who attends this school?

ANDY

No, no, I don't have any kids.

POLICEMAN

Right. Just taking a few photos?

Andy hasn't caught on yet.

ANDY

Um, no, I was checking my messages.

POLICEMAN

Can I ask why you're here?

ANDY

I'm waiting for my girlfriend.  
She'll be out soon.

POLICEMAN

What class?

ANDY

Um, Chaffinch class I think.

POLICEMAN

I think all the pupils from Chaffinch class have gone.

ANDY

What? She's the teacher, she not...  
she's their teacher.

He spots Becky coming out the gates, she waves.

ANDY  
Here she is.

POLICEMAN  
Rightyoh sir, it's just you were  
making a couple of the mums nervous.

Andy looks over to where a bunch of mums are talking about him. The policeman wanders back to reassure them.  
Becky approaches.

BECKY  
Hullo. This is a nice surprise.

ANDY  
Good day?

BECKY  
Yeah, not bad.

ANDY  
Do I look like a pedophile?

BECKY  
What?

ANDY  
I've just been questioned by a  
policeman because I was making the  
mums nervous.

Becky cracks up, she thinks this is hilarious.

BECKY  
What were you doing?

ANDY  
Nothing! What do you think I was  
doing? I was just sitting there,  
waiting for you.

BECKY  
You have got a bit of a look about  
you.

ANDY  
What sort of look?

BECKY  
Well I'd have said it was more drug  
dealer than pedophile.

ANDY  
Oh, that's probably what it was.  
I feel better now.

BECKY  
Yeah, don't worry about it.

206 EXT. PARK - DAY

206

Andy & Becky are walking home through a park.

ANDY  
Lance *is not* my boyfriend.

BECKY  
He worships you!

ANDY  
No he doesn't, he thinks I'm a wet  
blanket.

BECKY  
Maybe he's more astute than I give  
him credit for.

ANDY  
Cute. I think he's lonely.  
He says he wants to get the old band  
back together.

BECKY  
Were you in a band?

ANDY  
Apparently.

BECKY  
What were you called?

ANDY  
Can't remember.  
He wants us to do one of his songs  
at The White Horse next Thursday.  
Can you come? \*

BECKY  
It's a school night. I'll have  
marking to do.

ANDY  
Bugger.

BECKY  
What's brought this on then?  
Is he having a crisis?

ANDY  
I think he's trying to impress  
Maggie.

BECKY

Oh dear. He needs to move on.  
What's the song like?

ANDY

Haven't heard it yet. Could be  
excruciating. Could be really  
embarrassing. Please come?

BECKY

You're really selling it. I'd truly  
love to come but I'll have thirty  
stories to read. Imagine their  
little faces when I tell them I  
couldn't be bothered and went to the  
pub instead.

ANDY

Fuck 'em.

Becky laughs.

207 EXT. DUAL CARRIAGEWAY - DAY

207

Andy, wearing ear-protectors is swinging a strimmer like a metal detector on the central reservation of a dual carriageway. He spots something, bends down and picks up a toad which he places in the pocket of his high-vis vest.

He stops the strimmer, feels in his pocket for his phone, answers it.

ANDY

Hello mate...

Intercut with:

208 EXT. FRUIT AND VEG DEPOT - DAY

208

A wide shot of Lance's work place. Lance is on the phone, sitting in his fork-lift. On the tarmac are upturned wooden pallets and swedes are rolling around.

LANCE

Do you like swedes?...  
Good, you coming round? I'll knock  
something up...  
Did you speak to Bishop?

209 EXT. DUAL CARRIAGEWAY - DAY

209

ANDY

Yeah, interesting. Totally mad. I'll  
tell you when I come round, I'm  
right in the middle of something...  
The A414...  
See you later.

210 INT. LANCE'S FLAT, LOUNGE - DAY

210

Close on details of Lance's exquisite aquarium.

A small plastic treasure chest ornament nestles in amongst the plants at the bottom. Every now and again the lid of the chest opens and an air bubble escapes.

Wider and we see that Andy, carrying a guitar case, is peering in the fish tank, his nose pressed up to the glass. Lance shouts through from the kitchen.

LANCE (V.O.)  
And he reckons he still has these  
'artefacts'?

ANDY  
He reckons so.

Andy slowly lifts his hand and is about to tap on the glass with his knuckle when Lance enters with two plates of food and makes him jump.

LANCE  
Don't knock on the glass, it  
stresses them out.

ANDY  
I wasn't going to.

Andy puts his guitar down and goes to join Lance at the table.

ANDY  
What are we eating?

LANCE  
'Swede Surprise'

ANDY  
What's the surprise?

LANCE  
How bland it is.

Andy eats a forkful.

ANDY  
Mmm! That *is* bland!

LANCE  
Surprisingly bland.

ANDY  
I wish you hadn't told me.  
Speaking of which, how much are we  
going to tell the rest of the club  
about Bishop?

LANCE

I reckon we keep it to ourselves for  
the 'tambourine'. If they get wind  
of the previous excavation, or  
Bishop's 'finds', what ever they  
turn out to be, someone's going to  
phone the beards and it'll all be  
over.  
We'll say we're still doing our  
research.

\*

ANDY

Deal.  
So, when am I going to hear this  
song of yours?

LANCE

I don't know if I even want to do it  
anymore.

ANDY

What? I've built myself up for it  
now. I've invited some A & R people  
down.

LANCE

I've run into a problem.

ANDY

With the song?

LANCE

With the performance. With the  
playing.

ANDY

Yeah?

LANCE

I can't stand up.

Andy looks blank.

ANDY

Yes you can, I've seen you.

LANCE

I can't stand up *and* play the  
mandolin.

ANDY

Why not?

LANCE

I just can't. I've always sat cross legged when I've been playing. Try to stand up and it all goes to shit.

ANDY

Show me.

Lance sits on the floor cross legged, takes his mandolin and plays a bit. It's alright.

ANDY

Ok.

Lance stands, tries again, it's awful.

ANDY

Right. I see what you mean.

LANCE

Might have to pull out.

ANDY

Rubbish. You've got time. Practise.

LANCE

I've tried, it's not happening. I've been playing too long sitting down.

ANDY

Well, let's hear the song.

Lance plays some of the song.

LANCE

Back when the sky was clear and blue  
I met a girl that looked like you  
But when she opened her arms  
I fell clean through  
And now I don't know what to do...  
Well?

ANDY

It's quite good.

LANCE

You sound surprised.

ANDY

I am. I'm astounded.

LANCE

Really? You think it's astounding?

ANDY

No, I'm astounded that it's quite good.

LANCE  
Fair enough.

ANDY  
(getting out his guitar)  
What are the chords?

211 INT. SCOUT HALL - NIGHT

211

At the scout hall it's the weekly meeting of the Danebury Metal Detecting Club.

Andy, Lance, Sophie, and Hugh are gathered, with cups of tea and coffee, around the 'finds table': a trestle table with three 'finds' on it. Lance is showing off, holding court:

LANCE  
...course it's ninety percent instinct. What you swinging these days, young Hugh?

HUGH  
Um, still got the VK30.

LANCE  
Nothing wrong with the VK30, Hugh.  
Good solid detector. Basic but it's got its place. Many a good find has been found with the '30'. In fact...  
(calls across to Terry who is chatting with Russell)  
Tez, what was the Eynsford hoard found with?

TERRY  
XP DEUS.

LANCE  
Oh. Thought it was the VK30.  
(to Hugh)  
No, good on you though.

Andy, Lance and Sophie step away from the group to peruse the finds table.

SOPHIE  
Are you going to announce your new permission?

Andy and Lance are taken aback.

ANDY  
How did you know about that?

SOPHIE  
You told me didn't you?

ANDY

Did I?

LANCE

Well done mate. Who else have you told?

SOPHIE

Don't worry I won't mention it. Why is it a secret?

LANCE

It's not a secret, it's just... we're still researching it.

Terry and Russell wander over towards the table.

TERRY

...No, I wouldn't wish being struck by lightning on anyone Russell...

\*

RUSSELL

You just said he deserved it.

\*

TERRY

That's not what I said...

\*

RUSSELL

You never liked Bob Cromer.

\*

TERRY

That's not the point. It makes no difference that Bob and I didn't always see eye to eye. What I'm saying is that Bob Cromer ignored some fundamental rules of health and safety. It's day one of metal detecting school.

Sophie leans over to Andy and whispers:

SOPHIE

Is there such a place?

ANDY

No.

TERRY

Bob wasn't a member of this club and I'm glad. We haven't had a fatality for three years in the D.M.D.C. and I'd like to keep it that way.

(to Lance and Andy)

Hello chaps. How did you get on with Bishop? Has he told you where he buried his wife?

\*

LANCE  
Still very much in the research  
phase Terry.

TERRY

You can never do too much research  
boys.  
What are the three 'R's I'm always  
talking about Hugh?

HUGH

Research, research, research.

TERRY

That's right, I made that up to  
emphasize just how important  
research is.  
Now, what's going on with the finds  
table?  
Two matchbox cars and a spoon on the  
finds table this week. We can do  
better than that.

Lance picks up the spoon and examines it through a loupe.

LANCE

Who's is the spoon?

HUGH

That's mine.

TERRY

Do we have an I.D. on the spoon?

LANCE

Little Chef.

TERRY

Come on people. I suggest you all go  
and change the batteries in your  
detectors.

212 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

212

Andy is walking Sophie home.

SOPHIE

So why are you being so secretive?  
What do you think is on that farm?

ANDY

Well we know there's a big Saxon  
ship burial around here somewhere.  
King Sexred of the East Saxons.

SOPHIE

Richest of the 7th century kings.

ANDY

Zactly.

SOPHIE

Why do you think he's around here?

ANDY

We know he's around here somewhere.  
Bede says so in Historia  
ecclesiastica.

SOPHIE

Wow. You know 'The Venerable Bede'?

ANDY

Wow. Do you know what 'patronize'  
means?

SOPHIE

Ha! Sorry. But I don't think half  
the professors at university have  
read Bede.

ANDY

You can learn a lot from the  
amateurs. We are the most  
passionate, the plebs...

SOPHIE

Can you say that these days?

ANDY

In a historical context, yes...

SOPHIE

I could do some reading at uni. See  
what I can find out.

ANDY

Yeah, cool.

SOPHIE

Lance won't mind will he?

ANDY

No, why should he?

SOPHIE

I think he thinks I'm muscling in.

ANDY

Nah. He's just very protective of  
his patch, and his hobby. He's got a  
problem with The Antiquisearchers.

SOPHIE

(innocently)  
The 'Antiquisearchers'?

ANDY

I know right? What does that even mean? They've just taken the first half of 'antiquities' and stuck it on the front of 'searchers'. Why don't they just call themselves the 'Antiquity Searchers'. It's not like it's a pun or anything. It's not brilliant wordplay. Makes me mad.

SOPHIE

And you say it's Lance has the problem?

213 INT. LANCE'S FLAT, LOUNGE - NIGHT

213

Lance is sitting on the floor with his mandolin and a can of beer.

\*  
\*

LANCE

This next track, This first track,  
This track... This is a song I wrote  
for a very special young lady...

He smacks himself round the face.

LANCE

I wrote this song for a very special person who means an awful lot to me. A person whose light I could only really see when she was gone and I was plunged into darkness.

He stops and thinks.

LANCE

This song is about how we sometimes can't see what's right in front of us until it's gone. About how we really only appreciate the good things in our lives... when they run off with the manager of the local Pizza Hut.

He takes a swig from the can and hangs his head.

214 INT. ANDY'S FLAT - NIGHT

214

Andy and Becky are on the sofa in front of the TV.

ANDY

No but it's actually alright. It's surprisingly good.

Becky is amused.

BECKY

Tell me the lyrics.

ANDY  
I can't remember them.

BECKY  
Yes you can, some of them.

ANDY  
You'll have to come.

BECKY  
But it's about Maggie?

ANDY  
I reckon so. Well, yeah, it is.

BECKY  
Are you singing or just playing?

ANDY  
I might lay down a harmony.

Becky cracks up.

BECKY  
Oh god, I think I'm gonna have to come. I'll work through lunch and get my marking done.  
And Lance is going to be sitting on the floor?

ANDY  
Cross legged.

BECKY  
So who's the front man?

ANDY  
He is I suppose.

\*

BECKY  
With you in the background staring at the floor.

ANDY  
I won't be staring at the floor, what do you mean?

BECKY  
You're always staring at the ground.

ANDY  
No I'm not.

BECKY  
You are! You're always scanning the ground looking for stuff. You can't help yourself. All those years of detecting. You never look up!

No wonder you've got a bad back! You  
spend your whole life stooped over  
looking at the ground.

ANDY

Oh come on!

BECKY

Honestly, I bet you'd be amazed at  
the things you've missed because  
you've been locked in your own  
little world staring at the floor.

ANDY

Rubbish.

CUT TO:

215 EXT. BISHOP'S FARM 'HOME FIELD' - DAY

215

Andy and Lance are detecting, earphones on, staring intently at the ground. A rumbling sound gets louder and louder until, with a shattering roar, the RED ARROWS pass directly overhead. Neither Lance nor Andy notice. Once they have gone Andy pulls one of his phones from his ear and looks about, he notices a figure leaning on a gate and waving on the far side of the field. It's Sophie, she is pointing up at the sky. Andy waves then calls to Lance.

ANDY

Oy mate!

Lance doesn't respond so Andy picks up a stone and throws it. Lance takes off his phones and comes over.

ANDY (CONT'D)

It's Sophie.

LANCE

Did you phone her?

ANDY

Texted.

LANCE

I thought we were doing this on our own?

ANDY

We are. She hasn't even got a detector, what's the problem? She already knew we got the permission.

LANCE

Only because you told her.

ANDY  
I don't remember telling her. What's she saying?

Sophie is still pointing skyward. They look up. Nothing.

Andy beckons her over. She climbs the gate and comes towards them. She is carrying a folder.

LANCE  
Sophie.

SOPHIE  
That was amazing! Did you organize that for me?

LANCE  
What?

SOPHIE  
The fly-past?

They don't know what she's talking about.

LANCE  
Eh?

SOPHIE  
Nevermind. How's it going?

LANCE  
Alright, yeah.

SOPHIE  
Found anything?

LANCE  
Not much.

ANDY  
Three copper nails and a screwdriver.

LANCE  
You got copper nails too? I've got five of them.

SOPHIE  
Ship's nails?

LANCE  
These are modern. Look brand new. They're a pain in the arse.

SOPHIE  
Well, I tried to find out about your King Sexred.

\*

LANCE

And?

SOPHIE

I don't know. I'm not convinced he's around here.

ANDY

Why not? Where is he?

SOPHIE

I'm not sure he's anywhere.

LANCE

He has to be somewhere.

SOPHIE

The Venerable Bede...

LANCE

Over-rated.

SOPHIE

(beat)

Ok.

Bede says that Sexred and his brothers went to fight the West Saxons and were slain.

LANCE

We know that.

SOPHIE

But if *they* went on the attack the battle would have been fought in Wessex.

LANCE

They'd have brought the body back.

SOPHIE

Their army was completely destroyed. There was no-one left.

LANCE

There might have been a couple...

SOPHIE

Sorry, I don't buy it.

Why are you so convinced he's here?

ANDY

He saw a documentary on Discovery presented by Derek Thompson.

\*

SOPHIE

Who?

ANDY  
Charlie off of Casualty.

\*

LANCE  
No, actually, it's not universally accepted that they went West.  
Some sources say that the Kings of Wessex came here and fought the battle here.

SOPHIE  
What sources?

ANDY  
Charlie off of Casualty.

\*

At this point Lance spots something in the hedge on the other side of the field.

LANCE  
Who's that?

They look over.

ANDY  
Where?

LANCE  
Over there in the hedge.

He takes out his compact binoculars.

SOPHIE  
Probably just a rabbit.

Lance starts striding across the field.

LANCE  
It's those wankers trying to muscle in on our patch.

CUT TO:

Simon and Garfunkel are lying in a ditch beside the hedge trying to be invisible. Lance and Andy arrive and loom over them. Sophie hangs back.

LANCE  
Morning.

\*

They peer up.

LANCE  
Just having a cuddle?

They sit up.

LANCE  
What's going on?

Art, petulant and defiant, cannot think of anything to say.

ART  
We don't have to justify ourselves  
to you.

LANCE  
Just having a cuddle in a ditch  
then?

ART  
(to Paul)  
Come on, let's go...

As they get to their feet a bag of copper nails falls out of Simon's jacket and spill onto the ground.

LANCE  
Hang on. Hold it right there.  
(picking up a handful of  
nails)  
You sneaky bastards! I'm calling the  
police.

He takes out his phone.

ART  
For what reason? This is a public  
right of way, we have as much right  
as you to be on this land...

LANCE  
(on his phone)  
Police please...

ART  
Just hold on....

LANCE  
Hello there, yes I'm up in a field  
off the Birchwood Road and I've just  
come across a couple, I assume  
they're a couple, canoodling in a  
ditch...

ART  
I know you're not on the phone...

Lance hold up his hand to silence them...

LANCE  
Um... if I had to describe them I  
would probably say... do you  
remember Simon and Garfunkel?...

That's right... 'Mrs. Robinson'  
that's right

ART  
I know you're not on the phone.  
(to Simon)  
Come on.

They turn and skulk off down the path.  
Andy and Lance watch them go.  
Sophie comes forward.

SOPHIE  
Who were they?

LANCE  
Antiquisearchers.

BISHOP (V.O.)  
Hey there!

They turn around to see Farmer Bishop striding across the field towards them.

BISHOP  
Don't worry, they won't bite!  
They're just being friendly!

Sophie looks around for the dogs, confused. Andy shakes his head, 'I'll tell you later'.  
Bishop approaches carrying an old shoebox under his arm.

BISHOP  
Been looking for you chaps.  
Found something for you.

LANCE  
Hello Larry, this is Sophie.

\*

BISHOP  
Pleasure, pleasure. Here now, this is what I was telling you about. Old Man Adam found these when he was ploughing god knows how long ago, thirty, forty years I should think. They're probably nothing.

He opens the shoebox and they peer in. Caked in dried mud are a couple of bejewelled metal objects, a sword pommel and a clasp.  
Andy and Lance are momentarily speechless.

LANCE  
You know what, you're right,  
probably worthless.

\*

BISHOP  
(handing Lance the box)  
Well they're yours if you want them.

Lance steps back, doesn't even want to touch the box.

LANCE  
No, no. You hang on to them, Larry.  
Do you know where they were ploughed  
up?

BISHOP  
Not exactly. But it wasn't in the  
paddock. You don't want to go  
digging around down there. Stay out  
of the paddock.

LANCE  
Will do.

Bishop takes the gold clasp from the box.

BISHOP (CONT'D)  
What would you say that was made of?  
Brass?

LANCE  
Could be brass. Could be brass.

216 EXT. BISHOP'S FARM TRACK/ ALT FIELD - DAY

216

Lance is striding purposefully down a track with Andy and Sophie trotting along behind him.

ANDY  
We have to tell him.

LANCE  
Tell him what?

ANDY  
You know damn well what. That was  
gold!

LANCE  
So?

SOPHIE  
We have a responsibility to report  
it.

Lance is climbing over a stile, he stops to address them.

LANCE  
Wrong. We don't have any  
responsibility to do anything. It's  
nothing to do with us.

You tell him what that is and he'll  
be straight on the phone to the  
Eastern Daily Press and this place  
will be crawling with stubble  
surfers before you can say  
"Staffordshire Hoard". There'll be  
plenty of time to report to our  
local 'Finds Liaison Officer' when  
we find something.

\*

ANDY

But this is could be a site of real  
importance.

LANCE

Let's hope so.

He unsheathes his detector and fires it up.

LANCE

Listen. I'm not trying to do  
anything underhand or illegal. We  
didn't find those things, 'Old Man  
Adam' did forty years ago. When we  
find something we'll go through the  
correct channels and declare it. All  
above board. But let's find it  
first. Agreed?

They nod agreement.

His detector emits a high pitched whine. A good signal.

LANCE

See?

Told you!

The Venerable Bede was full of shit.

Andy and Sophie watch with bated breath as he digs a plug.  
He retrieves the target and stands up, examining it in his  
hand, brushing off the dirt.

SOPHIE

What is it?

ANDY

What you got?

LANCE

Ford Mustang.

END CREDITS