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Distant bird song: SKYLARK  
 A bleak field of stubble.  
 We hear faint electronic whines and beeps.  
 Through the mist two stooped figures, LANCE and ANDY appear  
 some distance apart, wearing headphones and swinging metal  
 detectors in front of them.

LANCE  
 (calling out)  
 Anything?

ANDY  
 Fuck-all. Three shotgun caps and a  
 blakey.

They carry on in silence for a bit until Lance picks up a  
 signal and kneels down to dig a small hole with a trowel. \*

ANDY (CONT'D)  
 What you got?

LANCE  
 Ring pull. '83. Tizer.

From a pocket on his 'utility vest' Lance pulls out a clear  
 plastic bag of ring pulls and pops it in.

ANDY  
 What d'you do with them?

LANCE  
 Bag 'em up, stick 'em on ebay.  
 People buy this shit.

ANDY  
 Sad tits.

LANCE  
 You said it.

They continue across the field in silence.

TITLES:

## DETECTORISTS

Andy and Lance are sitting under a tree eating their  
 sandwiches and drinking tea from a flask.

LANCE  
 See University Challenge?

ANDY  
(sadly)  
Yeah.

LANCE  
Anythin'g?

ANDY  
Nah. You?

LANCE  
Nah.  
(beat)  
Nearly got Benjamin Britton.

ANDY  
You can't nearly get an answer  
right.

LANCE  
I had it in my head. Didn't say  
anything. Chickened out.

ANDY  
Were you on your own?

LANCE  
Yeah.

ANDY  
But you were still too scared to  
say it out loud?

LANCE  
Yeah.

ANDY  
Doesn't count.

LANCE  
I know.

ANDY  
Should've gone for it.

LANCE  
I know.

Pause.

LANCE (CONT'D)  
You coming up the club Tuesday?

ANDY  
What's happenin'g?

LANCE  
Terry's giving a talk on buttons.



LANCE  
Stunk like Playdoh.

ANDY  
Heads up, who's this?

LANCE  
Dunno.

SOPHIE  
Hi.

LANCE  
Hello there.

SOPHIE  
Saw you in the field earlier. Sorry to interrupt, are you metal detectors?

LANCE  
No my love, this...  
(taps his detector)  
...is a metal detector. We are metal detectorists.

Andy is cringing.

SOPHIE  
Oh. Sorry.

LANCE  
Not a problem at all.

SOPHIE  
I'm Sophie.

LANCE  
Pleased to meet you Sophie. I'm Lance, and this is...

ANDY  
Andy.

SOPHIE  
I'm a student. History student. I thought it might be interesting, you know, see what sort of things you guys find, local history.

LANCE  
Wise move Sophie. What you got there Andrew?

\*

Andy fishes a handful from his 'finds pouch'.

ANDY

Bits and pieces, Victorian penny...  
(he holds up a bullet)  
Battle of Britain, that's nice.

LANCE

That's worth a quid on the  
interweb...

ANDY

Won't do it mate.

LANCE

Idiot.

SOPHIE

Why not?

ANDY

Don't sell my finds, don't agree  
with it.

LANCE

Christ, you must have half a ton of  
scrap round your house. You up to  
date on your tetanus? If you  
invested in some jiffy bags you  
could give up your cleaning job.

SOPHIE

Are you a cleaner?

ANDY

No.

LANCE

He is a cleaner.

ANDY

It's a temping agency. They get me  
all kinds of work.

LANCE

All kinds of cleaning work.

ANDY

Mainly yeah.

LANCE

Andy's been studying for a degree  
in archaeology for... how long's it  
been?

ANDY

Long time. But I'll get there, and  
when I'm a qualified archaeologist  
I'll get to see the good stuff.

LANCE

Yeah, bones and bits of pot. Swap your detector for a pallet knife and spend all day scraping dirt off dirt. No thank you, show me to the non-ferrous metals mate.

ANDY

Whore.

SOPHIE

Do you belong to a club?

LANCE

D.M.D.C. Danebury Metal Detecting Club. At the scout hall opposite the Two Brewers on the High street.

SOPHIE

And what sort of thing happens there?

LANCE

We compare finds, discuss the hobby. Sometimes there's a guest speaker.

ANDY

This Tuesday Terry, club president, is giving a talk on buttons.

SOPHIE

Buttons?

LANCE

You heard him.

SOPHIE

Wow. Outrageous. You going along?

LANCE & ANDY

Oh yes, definitely, we'll be there. Etc.

SOPHIE

Could I drop in?

LANCE & ANDY

Yeah, yeah, come along. You'll find us a friendly bunch. Always on the look out for new blood. (Etc.)

SOPHIE

Cool, I'll see you there.

LANCE

Cheerio.

She heads back the way she came leaving Lance and Andy just a little bit in love with her. They try to think of something to say but instead just nod and sip their tea, content to let it remain unsaid.

103 INT. ANDY'S FLAT - NIGHT

103

Andy lets himself in and goes through to the lounge where his girlfriend Becky is watching TV.

ANDY  
Hello love.

BECKY  
Alright?

ANDY  
Yeah you?

BECKY  
Yep. You're late.

ANDY  
Went to the pub.

BECKY  
Oh. Which one?

ANDY  
Brewers.

BECKY  
Oh right. The Two Brewers?

ANDY  
Yeah.

BECKY  
The pub on the corner of our road?

ANDY  
Um... yeah.

BECKY  
Oh nice.

ANDY  
Sorry, I should have phoned.

BECKY  
Might have been nice.

ANDY  
I was with Lance, I didn't think you'd want to hang out with Lance. You think he's a bit of a dick.



BECKY

ANDY

I did find a nice penny. Young  
Victoria, 1865.

Becky fakes a big yawn.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Shut up! That's been in the ground



TONY  
Hello mate! Long time no see.

LANCE  
Yep.

TONY  
Did you just pop in to say 'hello'?

LANCE  
No I needed a...

\*



TONY

I like bergamot and vetiver.

Lance can hardly contain his hate.

LANCE

Nah, you're alright, I'll just get vanilla.

TONY

Oh right. I always think they smell of mini-cabs.

\*

Lance pays for his candle.

LANCE

Cheers Mags. See you.

MAGGIE

Bye love.

107 EXT. HIGH STREET - MORNING

107

Lance leaves the shop looking sad and dejected. He stops by a bin and takes the candle out of his pocket. He sniffs the candle sadly and then drops it in.

108 INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

108

Andy is at work listening to his ipod through headphones, sweeping a vacuum cleaner in front of him like a metal detector. He stops, bends down and picks up a metal button. He flips it over in his hand thoughtfully, then takes out his mobile and dials a number.

109 EXT. FRUIT AND VEG DEPOT

109

In a yard outside a large fruit and veg distribution warehouse, lorries are parked and fork-lift trucks are unloading pallets of produce.

One of these is operated by Lance who is talking on his mobile.

LANCE

Bollocks mate, you just want to see that girl again... Yes you do, I can read you like a book, anyway, she won't turn up...

Good, well then you won't be disappointed...

No, come round to mine, I'll knock up a ruby then we can head over...

Alright, anything you don't eat?

(pause)

Apart from meat and fish?

(pause)

Be back in an hour.

He puts his phone away and calls out to the foreman.

LANCE (CONT'D)  
Alright if I knock off once I've  
done these aubergines Ted?

TED signals yes.

110 EXT. PRIMARY SCHOOL - DAY 110

Becky is leaving work for the day, carrying a pile of exercise books to her car. Her phone rings, she puts the books on the roof of the car and answers the phone.

BECKY  
Hey.

111 INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY 111

ANDY  
Watcha, you ok?... Lance has  
invited us round for a curry before  
we head off to the club tonight...  
Do you want to come?...  
(he winces)

112 EXT. PRIMARY SCHOOL - DAY 112

BECKY  
Obviously not... For so many  
reasons not least of which is that  
I'm not *ea11* invited, you're just  
saying it because I had a go at you  
the other night.  
What's happening at the club  
tonight?...  
Buttons?

113 INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY 113

ANDY  
You heard me. Do you want to come?

114 EXT. PRIMARY SCHOOL - DAY 114

BECKY  
Fuck off.... Yep, I love you too. See  
ya.

115 EXT. FRUIT AND VEG DEPOT - LATER 115

Lance is collecting ingredients for the curry.

He pulls at a stack of wooden pallets, reaches in and retrieves a large onion which he checks over and pops into a

Back at the lorry he is on his stomach reaching underneath with the broom. He manages to knock a cabbage rolling into the yard, picks it up and adds it to his haul. He takes the bag of veg over to his YELLOW TRIUMPH TR7.

\*

116 INT. LANCE'S FLAT, KITCHEN - DAY

116

Lance, wearing a topless lady comedy apron, peels and chops vegetables and puts them in a big saucepan. He opens a cupboard which is completely bare save for a large jar of curry powder. He spoons some into the pot.

The doorbell rings and Lance wipes his hands on the boobs of his apron.

117 INT. LANCE'S FLAT, HALL - DAY

117

Lance opens the door to Andy who hands over a four-pack of Guinness.

ANDY

Nice tits.

LANCE

Aye-thenk-yoo.

ANDY

Something smells...

LANCE

Good?

ANDY

No, something just smells.

LANCE

Very droll.

Andy follows Lance up the hall and into the kitchen.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Stick those peelings in the compost bin for us will you.

ANDY

You've only got a balcony. What do you use compost for?

LANCE

Never know when it'll come in handy.

Andy gathers up the 'organic waste'. He holds up a cabbage leaf with a clear tire-tread mark across it.

ANDY



LANCE  
(taking a look)  
Scania R470

118 INT. LANCE'S FLAT, LOUNGE - DAY

118

In the lounge black ash units display blokey trinkets: a model of a red Ferrari Testarossa, some crappy trophy, a signed photo of Linda Lusardi in a clip-frame. There is also a well kept aquarium of tropical fish. At the table, as they shovel curry, Lance excitedly points to his laptop screen.

LANCE  
See, I was reading about how coz we've had a hot, dry summer all the earthworks and archaeological features are showing up as dry patches in fields.

ANDY  
Right...

LANCE  
So I had a look, on Google Earth. Looked around the area, scanned the fields see what I could see.

ANDY  
Right...

LANCE  
And look! Henburystone. Those cabbage fields off the B1010, have a look...

Andy leans in close.

LANCE (CONT'D)  
There!

Lance points at the screen.

LANCE (CONT'D)  
Ring shaped feature in the field.

ANDY  
Ok...

LANCE  
Iron-age round-house! Look at it! But 'what's more' over here, to the right...voila! Another one!

He moves the mouse and then points again at the screen.

LANCE (CONT'D)

And then...move over to the right we've got another, slightly larger circular feature but this time with some sort of entrance. A gateway! All in a line! It's a fucking iron age settlement!

Andy looks at Lance, trying to figure out if he's serious or not.

ANDY

Iron-age settlement?

LANCE

What? Look at it! They're right there. All in a line!

ANDY

Mate. You look at it.

Lance looks closely.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Notice anything?

LANCE

No...what?

ANDY

Do these "features" seem to spell anything?

LANCE

No... wait... G...O..O..... fuck it!

ANDY

Do they seem to spell 'Google'?

LANCE

Fuck it!

ANDY

You prick.

LANCE

It's the Google Earth watermark.

ANDY

It's the Google Earth watermark.

LANCE

You've made that mistake before haven't you?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

ANDY

Yeah but I realised after fifteen seconds and never told anyone.

\*  
\*  
\*

Andy takes control of the computer.

ANDY

No, I'll tell you where we want to be, I've been doing my own recon...  
(he points to the screen)  
this farm here. I can't remember anyone going there before can you?  
Look, this is the original Roman road running up here.

Lance peers closer.

ANDY (CONT'D)

And where you've got Roman, who's to say you haven't got Saxon as well.

We all know there's a Saxon ship burial somewhere in this part of the county. Just got to find it first.

LANCE

(dreamily)

Saxon hoard... that's basically the Holy Grail of treasure hunting.

ANDY

Well no, the *Holy Grail* is the Holy Grail of treasure hunting.

LANCE

If you're going to be pedantic I'd say the Ark of the Covenant is the Holy Grail.

Don't mention it at the club. We'll see if Terry knows who owns the land.

They chink Guinness cans.

119 EXT. SCOUT HALL - EVENING

119

Lance's flashy yellow TR7 is parked amongst a selection of small, scruffy cars of various shades of brown.

120 INT. SCOUT HALL - EVENING

120

The weekly meeting of the Danebury Metal Detecting Club (DMDC) is underway. TERRY SEYMOUR, a gentleman in his fifties and president of the club, is coming to the end of his talk on buttons, a slide projector shows a picture of a featureless button.

\*

Eight or so members are sitting on foldy chairs looking thoroughly bored. Amongst them are:

LOUISE and VARDA are a couple in their early thirties.

HUGH is an awkward, spotty teenager.

RUSSELL, forties, is fast asleep and snoring.

\*

Terry's wife SHEILA is sitting to one side in a world of her own, sometimes laughing at an internal joke, sometimes mouthing an imagined conversation.

Lance and Andy sit there looking pissed off. Lance looks at his watch and Andy glances round to see if Sophie has turned up yet. She hasn't.

TERRY

...so if you think about how many buttons our predecessors had on their clothes compared to the number of coins they would have had in their pockets is it any wonder that we find many more buttons in our day to day detecting than we do coins?

Louise gives an unexpected audible yawn. Terry glares.

LOUISE

Sorry.

TERRY

And so the humble, 'boring' button is a very real piece of social history. Lights please Sheila.

Sheila is away with the fairies.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Sheila?

She springs into action and switches the lights back on. The members yawn and stretch.

TERRY

Thank you.  
Any questions?

Nothing.

TERRY

Nobody?  
Right-ho then. Club notices:  
Now, some of you have been complaining about other detecting clubs muscling in on your sites.

RUSSELL

It's those wankers from The Antiqui searchers.  
They're spying on us.

TERRY

Russell...

RUSSELL

I spent weeks researching that site, putting together a folio, only to find someone had got there the day before me and secured permission.

TERRY

The Antiquishers are officially affiliated with the museum so I find it hard to believe they would be that underhand. But to be on the safe side I'll not be accepting any new members until the beginning of next season.

Just then the Scout hall door squeaks loudly and Sophie walks in.

SOPHIE

Oh hello. Is this the metal detecting club?  
(She spots Lance and Andy)  
Oh hi!

Lance takes it upon himself:

LANCE

Hello Sophie. Everybody, this is my friend Sophie.

Andy roles his eyes.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Sophie, these are the 'amassed ranks' of the Danebury Metal Detecting Club.

The detectorists are a bit stunned.

A pause and then all the blokes chime in at once rather too enthusiastically.

BLOKES

Come in! Welcome! Have a seat!

They are thrilled.

SOPHIE

I hope you don't mind. I was just interested to see what was going on and what you'd found. And I understood there was going to be a talk about buttons...

Lance and Andy suppress giggles.

BLOKES

(again, too enthusiastically)  
No! Come in! Welcome! Etc!  
I'm Russell! Terry! Etc!

Sophie takes a seat next to Andy (he's chuffed, Lance isn't).

TERRY  
Welcome Sophie. You're very  
welcome. I'm afraid you've missed  
my talk on buttons but I'll happily  
do a recap...

LOUISE  
No!

\*

RUSSELL  
Please no!

\*

\*

SOPHIE  
Oh no, that's fine thank you.

TERRY  
Well have a seat Sophie, you're  
very welcome.

LOUISE  
What happened to 'no new members'?

TERRY  
Sorry?

LOUISE

ANDY  
Monster Munch packets.

Sophie laughs.

We cut to Lance talking to Terry at the bar.  
Lance is showing Terry a print-out of the map they were  
looking at earlier.

TERRY  
... the land belongs to one Lawrence  
Bishop, mad as a frog. People have  
tried to get permission but he always  
refuses. Doesn't want people digging  
around in his fields. Very odd  
character.

LANCE  
Yeah?

TERRY  
His wife disappeared years ago. When I  
was on the force, I didn't personally  
work on the case but I know they had a  
big file on him.  
Watched him for years but couldn't  
ever get anything on him. Not even  
enough to get a warrant out to search  
his land.

LANCE  
Doesn't bode well.

SOPHIE pays for the drinks and they move to a table.

LANCE

\*



SOPHIE  
Yeah, that'd be good.  
I'll write down my number.

She writes her number on a beer mat and hands it to Andy who is sitting next to her.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)  
Somebody text me.  
When are you going out again?

ANDY  
Saturday?

LANCE  
Can't. Got to take Maggie and her  
mum to the bingo.

ANDY  
What? Again?

SOPHIE  
Who's Maggie, your wife?

ANDY  
Ex-wife. She uses him.

LANCE  
She doesn't use me. I want to help.

ANDY  
Why can't the Pizza Hut manager  
take them?

LANCE  
I like doing it.

ANDY  
Bollocks mate. You need to forget  
her or she'll keep on taking the  
piss. Move on.

LANCE  
Cheers for the advice. Advice that  
I neither want nor asked for. Mind  
your own bloody business.

SOPHIE  
How about you Andy? Have you got a  
wife?

ANDY  
Me? No, I'm not married, I...

The last orders bell is rung at the bar.

LANCE  
Oh, do we want another one?

ANDY

It's my round. Same again?

SOPHIE

No, I'd better get going, have to get up early.

LANCE

That's got to be a first: 'Student Gets Up Early!'

\*  
\*

SOPHIE

Funny.

TERRY

LANCE  
No it was something about "same  
again".

ANDY  
Same again?

LANCE  
Ooh yes please.

122 INT. ANDY'S FLAT - NIGHT

122

Andy and Becky are on the sofa watching TV. Becky has her feet up on Andy's lap. Andy's laptop is on the arm of the sofa and he is looking at maps.

BECKY  
You do...

ANDY  
I don't.

BECKY  
You do. You always mention what she's  
wearing.

ANDY  
That's coz I don't like what she's  
wearing.

BECKY  
But you say it every time she comes  
on TV.

ANDY  
I ne e like what she's wearing.  
(a pause)  
I don't fancy Fiona Bruce.

BECKY  
Yes you do.

ANDY  
I don't.  
I tried once. I thought she'd be a  
good person off the TV to fancy but  
I didn't get very far, couldn't  
manage it.

Becky laughs.

BECKY  
Who do you fancy off the TV then?

ANDY  
(he's not falling into  
this trap)  
No one springs to mind.

\*

BECKY

Bullshit! There must be someone.

ANDY

Nope, can't think of anyone.

BECKY

Susanna Reid!

ANDY

Nope. You're the only one for me  
Becks.

BECKY

Idiot.  
Are we still going to my sister's  
tomorrow?

\*

Andy wins.

ANDY

Ah. I'm going out with Lance.

BECKY

Oh what?

ANDY

Sorry, I forgot.

BECKY

Jesus you spend more time with him  
than you do with me.

ANDY

No I don't.  
What time were you going?

BECKY

For Lunch.

ANDY

Oh, we might be finished by then.  
We're going to see some mad land  
owner to see if we can get his  
permission.

\*

BECKY  
Right, so if he gives you  
permission you'll want to go  
detecting.

ANDY  
True.

BECKY  
Have to hope he doesn't then.

ANDY  
Fingers crossed.  
Can we switch over?  
She's making me feel sick.

\*  
\*

Becky flicks channels.

\*

BECKY  
QI?

\*  
\*

123 EXT. BISHOP'S FARM, TRACK - EARLY MORNING

123

Andy, Lance are walking down a track between two fields.

ANDY  
Did you hear that on QI last night?

LANCE  
I knew that before it was on QI.

ANDY  
Right. And it's just a coincidence

Detectorists - Episode 1 - 26A.

The bell sounds deep inside the house, and immediately an angry voice starts shouting apparently at dogs. Lance backs up nervously.

VOICE

Get down! All of you calm down! Be quiet! Stay back in there!

We can't hear any dogs.

They hear bolts being drawn back and eventually the door opens and LAWRENCE BISHOP steps out hurriedly closing the door behind him.

\*

BISHOP

Get back in there!

Bishop is in his sixties. He is constantly busy and fussing but at the same time oddly vacant. His eyes will suddenly glaze over as if he is hearing voices and though he is very enthusiastic about what you've just said you're not sure he's heard a single word.

He turns round, distractedly wiping something off his hand with a rag.

BISHOP

Yes?

LANCE

Hello sir, sorry to disturb you...

BISHOP

Have you come about the...

LANCE

The...?

BISHOP

The... what *have* you come about?

ANDY

No, you're not expecting us actually.

BISHOP

Am I not?

LANCE

No.

A pause.

LANCE

Um, we're actually metal detectorists and we were wondering if we could have permission to search your land?

\*

\*

BI SHOP  
Really? Good lord. Was it a  
competition?

ANDY  
Pardon?

BI SHOP  
Did I send off for it?

LANCE  
No, no. I guess it's just your  
lucky day.

BI SHOP  
Fascinating. Cup of tea?

Andy and Lance exchange a glance, WTF?

124 INT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

124

Inside the farmhouse is crammed with stuff floor to ceiling.  
A large kitchen with a table and around it a few chairs and a  
sofa.

BI SHOP  
Don't mind the dogs, they're a bit  
boisterous but they're only being  
friendly.

Scattered around are dog bowls, dog baskets, blankets etc, but  
no sign of an actual dog.

BI SHOP  
Just push them off the sofa if  
they're in your way. They're not  
even supposed to be on the  
furniture.

Bi shop makes tea in three chipped mugs and, unable to find a  
spoon, stirs them with an oily screwdriver.

ANDY  
So Mr. Bi shop...

BI SHOP  
Larry, please...

ANDY  
Larry. Nobody has ever approached  
you for permission before?

BI SHOP  
Never.

LANCE  
So nobody has ever detected on this  
land?

\*

\*



BI SHOP  
Not as far as I know.  
There was that dig years back.

He hands them tea.

ANDY  
Sorry, 'dig' Larry? \*

BI SHOP  
Yes, archaeological dig, years ago  
before the war. My grandfather told  
me about it when I was in short  
trousers.

He looks at the boys. They look back.

BI SHOP  
When I was a child.

ANDY  
Yes.

LANCE  
Yes.  
Did they find anything?

BI SHOP  
No! Didn't have time. Dug a few  
trenches and then the war happened  
and there was more important things  
to spend money on.

ANDY  
Do you know what they were looking  
for?

BI SHOP  
No idea.

LANCE  
But you'd be happy for us to have a  
look round?

BI SHOP  
Yes, yes, let me know what you turn  
up.  
(his eyes glaze over)  
Stay out of the paddock on  
Birchwood Road. You can't go  
digging down there. \*

LANCE  
Okey doke. \*

ANDY  
Yes, will do. We'll stay out of  
there.

BISHOP

Now, if you'll excuse me. Has anyone seen the phone?

They look around where they were sitting as they get up to go.

BISHOP

Bloody dogs have hidden it haven't they.

He storms out of the room.

BISHOP

Have one of you beasts stolen my telephone...?

The guys look at each other, not sure what to make of it all.

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

125

Andy and Lance are unsheathing their detectors and strapping on finds pouches.

LANCE

This is it mate, this is the big one! That's exactly what they had to do with Sutton Hoo, abandon it because of the war. But *he* came back and finished it off.

ANDY

This lot have left it to us.

LANCE

"This time next year we'll be mi wyonai res".

ANDY

We've got to do this properly, mark out the site with a grid system, do it area by area, make sure we cover everything.

LANCE

Sod that, let's get detecting.

ANDY

We should spend a few days surveying the site before we even turn the detectors on. Look for features, potential earthworks...

Lance's detector beeps as he turns it on.

LANCE

Too late, I turned it on.  
Come on, we'll look for your  
'features' tomorrow, I've got a good  
feeling about this.  
Look at when they were looking for  
Richard III, first trench they put in:  
bingo!

ANDY

You're right, fuck it.

He powers up and dons his headphones.

LANCE

This is going to be massive mate, you  
mark my words.

He gets a good signal, looks at Andy.

LANCE

Here we go. Get ready to get rich.

Andy looks on in anticipation as Lance digs the signal and  
retrieves something from the hole.

ANDY

What you got?

LANCE

Biscuit wrapper. Mint Viscount. '75

END CREDITS