

Only Fools...

A Nags Head Quickie

Scene 1

Del, Rodney, Boycie, Trigger, Uncle Albert are in the pub sitting round a table.

Micky Pearce joins them shortly.

BOYCIE: So, tell us all about this new little business venture of yours, Del Boy.

TRIGGER: Yeah.

BOYCIE: I could do with a laugh. (LAUGHS).

TRIGGER: Buying a joke shop, Del?

BOYCIE: (LAUGHS - AGAIN!)

RODNEY: (Sarcastically) No Trig; a comedy club...

ALBERT: You won't be laughing when Del explains.

DEL: Yes. Thank you, Unc.

TRIGGER: So it's not a joke shop then...

BOYCIE: (LAUGHS!)

RODNEY: Oh shut up Trig!

DEL: (Leans forward towards others) Right... Well... (Glances around cautiously) Do you remember old Towser?

TRIGGER: The cartoon dog?

DEL: Well, he's only got his hands on a load of...

MICKY PEARCE INTERRUPTS

DEL: Haven't you got a game of hopscotch to be attending, Micky?

MICKY: Alright boys? What's the secret?

RODNEY: Shush. Sit down, Micky.

MICKY: Alright, keep your hair on!

DEL: (After sipping his pina colada) Super Glue - Yourself - To - The - Road with Pre-Stick Trouser Bottoms!

MICKY: You're kidding?

BOYCIE: (LAUGHS). Nice one Del Boy. About as popular as your blow up dolls were, I bet! By the way, where is Denzil?

RODNEY: Listen, mouthy, these protesters will snap them up by the box load.

DEL: Yeah. And there's a 200% mark up. It's like printing money!

TRIGGER: Who wants to be glued to the road? They'd get run over. 'Specially with the way people drive round here.

BOYCIE: You mean those ExSTINKtion ReSMELLion morons?

RODNEY: They're standing up for the planet. So -

BOYCIE: Leave off. Have you seen them? Need a fortnight under a shower of bleach. Each. And since when did you care about the planet? The emissions your van expels!

MICKY: (Eager) Hang on a mo. How much do you reckon we'd make?

DEL: (Sipping) Got 500 pairs. So far. Tenner a pop.

BOYCIE: Where are you gonna get five grand from?

DEL: That's where you all come in...

TRIGGER: What size, Del?

DEL: What?

TRIGGER: Those trousers. I could do with a new pair or two myself.

RODNEY: Nah, Trig. They're not "normal" trousers. They're for the roads.

TRIGGER: Yeah, I work on the roads, remember?

BOYCIE: So, ten grand profit. Okay, Del Boy, if you can flog them, I'm game. I'll make you an offer, as The Dragons would say.

MICKY: I'm in too!

TRIGGER: 34 inch waist would do...

DEL: Towser wants the money - in cash - tomorrow.

TRIGGER: (Fishing in his trouser pocket) I've got it on me now. Tenner, you say?

ALBERT: I gave Del two hundred.

RODNEY: An' I've chipped in five.

TRIGGER: Five pounds! How come mine's a tenner?

DEL: And I've got a grand. So we need (brief pause) three thousand two hundred quid, or the deal's off.

BOYCIE: Alright, Del... I'll put in...

MICKY: I've got a tonne.

DEL: (interrupting) You got a spare century, Trig?

TRIGGER: A hundred quid? These trousers are bloody expensive.

RODNEY: No, Trig. For the deal.

ALBERT: You can turn it into three!

TRIGGER: But I only need the one pair. Two at a push...

BOYCIE: (Puffing cigar) And I've got the remaining three grand. Hang on a minute... These are definitely from Towser? They're not from the Driscoll brothers...

End of scene.

Scene 2

The Trotters' Flat in Nelson Mandela House.

Del, Rodney, Uncle Albert, Boycie, Trigger and Micky Peace sit around the table and on the settee.

Del's counting a wad of notes.

(Phone rings)

ALBERT: (Answering) 'Allo. Yeah. What, now? 'Course he's here. (Confused) ...Anal trouble?

DEL: Give me that. (On phone) Hello. Yeah. What? You're kidding?

TRIGGER: Joke shop idea back on, is it?

DEL: (On phone) Oh bleedin' Nora! Bonjour Au Reservoir! (Hangs up).

BOYCIE: Trouble, Del?

DEL: (Lighting a cigar - annoyed) Those bleedin' trousers.

TRIGGER: Still a tenner, Del?

RODNEY: Oh give your brain a holiday, Trig.

DEL: There's a problem with the glue!

ALBERT: Not strong enough?

DEL: No, Unc. Apparently... I could kill that bleedin' Towser. The glue is - so he says - a teeny bit... a tad... *dangerous!*

ALBERT: A bit?

RODNEY: How dangerous?

TRIGGER: Will it affect my pair?

BOYCIE: So is the deal off then, Del, or what?

MICKY: Yeah, we don't want them if they're dodgy.

DEL: (In a fluster) Listen, listen, just shut up. Shut up everyone. (Puffing profusely) Towser reckons they could be a bit *"too difficult to remove afterwards;"* that's all.

BOYCIE: How difficult?

MICKY: Yeah, will the tarmac come up with them? That stuff stains.

RODNEY: (Daydreaming) The council wouldn't be pleased...

DEL: I dunno. I dunno!

ALBERT: Could be lethal?

BOYCIE: So, we're in a bit of a sticky situation then... (LAUGHS).

RODNEY: Surely glue is supposed to be strong, though?

MICKY: Yeah, I mean, it's hardly gonna be Pritt Stick power, is it?!

BOYCIE: Well, sod those stinky rebel idiots, that's what I say. There's good money to be made. Let them sit in the road for a year of they have to. No skin off my nose.

ALBERT: But it'll be skin off their backsides when the coppers tank them!

RODNEY: Yeah, and it might be on the news.

DEL: (Sarcastically) On the news. Shut up, you tart! Look, we flog them and we fly.

TRIGGER: Magic trousers are they, Del?

BOYCIE: As long as my name's kept out of ot. Otherwise, I'll have my three grand back after all.

MICKY: I'm still game.

ALBERT: Me too, Del.

RODNEY: (Wavering) Well...

DEL: Come on Rodders. He who dares...

TRIGGER: You could sell me a pair of yours, Dave.

RODNEY: (To Del) Go on then. But we don't mess about.

DEL: You have my word, Rodney. (Reaches for phone - dials) down phone: Towser... Yeah, yeah, we know, we know. Yeah we're still on. Eleven, Sid's caf, tomorrow. Yeah, yeah, okay pal. Yeah, we've got the dough. Luvly jubbly. (Hangs up).

End of scene

