

Only Fools...

A Nags Head Quickie

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: 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 can be made?

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

BOYCIE: Where 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 of two myself.

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

TRIGGER: Yeah, I work on the roads, don't forget.

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, ain't it?

ALBERT: I gave Del £200.

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: Okay, Del... I'll put in...

MICKY: I've got a tonne.

DEL: (interrupting) You got a spare hundred, 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 mo... These are definitely from Towser? They're not from the Driscoll brothers...

End of scene

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 joking?

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 if 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. Okay. Okay. (Hangs up).

End of scene

