

**Only Fools & Horses**  
**"The Glue That Holds Us Together"**

by

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**FADE IN:**

**INT. TROTTER'S FLAT. LOUNGE - MORNING**

The flat is filled with an array of their latest dodgy deals. A stack of games consoles labelled rejects. Water-coloured paintings which have been water damaged. And boxes of "Trotter Glue".

Laying on the sofa playing some ultra-violent video game is DAMIEN. The volume is rather deafening.

DEL enters, yawning, wearing such a vibrant colour of yellow dressing gown that it could be used to paint signs in a tunnel.

DEL.

Gordon Bennett, Damien! I can't hear myself think with that bleeding thing on. Turn it down or turn it bloody off!

DAMIEN.

Sorry, dad. I'm on the last level, I won't be much longer.

DEL.

Very well. What you doing up so early anyway? It's only half past six. We don't usually see you before noon.

DAMIEN.

Well actually, I ain't been to bed. This game is too good.

DEL.

You've gotta stop that, Damien. It ain't normal to be up all night.

DAMIEN.

Uncle Rodney said you were always up all night when you were young.

DEL.

Yes, but I was out pulling birds.

DAMIEN.

So, you got any tips for me to pull the chicks then?

DEL.

Of course I do, what do you take me for? First rule is never buy the first drink, that could get messy. Secondly, never get lumbered with the fat bird.

RAQUEL O.O.S.

Oh really?

Del spins around to see RAQUEL standing in the doorway.

DEL.

Good morning, sweetheart. Would you like a cup of tea?

RAQUEL.

Never mind that, Trotter. I don't want you giving Damien bad advice.

DEL.

No I wasn't. All I meant was he shouldn't be up all night playing those ridiculous video games, that's all.

(off Raquel's look)

Okay, I'll stop sharing my years of wisdom with him.

RAQUEL.

That would be a good start. Now we're up we might as well get on with things.

DEL.

Yeah, you're right love. Those dishes won't wash themselves.

RAQUEL.

I was actually talking about setting a date to renew our wedding vows.

DEL.

Ah, of course. Still can't believe it's been eleven years since I made an honest woman of you.

RAQUEL.

That's because it's been fourteen.

DEL.

(lying)

I knew that.

(then)

I'll go put the kettle on.

He exits to the kitchen.

RAQUEL.

Can I rely on you today, Derek?

DEL. (O.O.S)

I just gotta pop down the Nag's Head to complete a deal, then I'm all yours, sweetheart.

RAQUEL.

Good, because I thought we'd go into town and get everything sorted.

DEL. (O.O.S)

Sounds good to me, love. I just need to meet with a business associate first. Got a feeling this Trotter Glue is gonna be the making of us.

RAQUEL.

Del, how on earth is that gonna happen? The bottles are glued bloody shut!

DEL. (O.O.S)

That just goes to show how powerful the stuff is.

He re-enters from the kitchen carrying two mugs of tea.

RAQUEL.

(taking a cup)

Thanks.

(then)

Have you heard from Rodney?

DEL.

Hardly, it's only six bloody thirty.

RAQUEL.

I meant lately. Cassandra said he's been acting weird.

DEL.

It's Rodney, if he wasn't acting weird there'd be a problem.

RAQUEL.

Well try and talk to him, Del. See if you can find out what's going on.

DEL.

I give up with him, I really do. I've been looking after him all his life, it's about time he stood on his own two feet for once.

RAQUEL.

You don't mean that. He's your brother and always will be. You can't deny that, Del. He looks up to you like a father. And if something's bothering him, it's

(MORE)

RAQUEL. (cont'd)  
only you he's going to tell. So get dressed and go talk to him.

DEL.  
Maybe it's for the best that he starts to stand on his own two feet. Stop relying on me. I mean, I ain't gonna be around forever.

RAQUEL.  
You're going to speak to him and that's the end of it, Derek. Now stop acting like a child and go get changed.

DEL.  
Maybe you should stop worrying about Rodney and start worrying about our eighteen-year-old son staying up all night, every night.

RAQUEL.  
Damien's twenty five.

DEL.  
Is he? When did that happen?  
(then)  
Anyway, I'm too busy to speak to that plonker today. I've got very important business deals to seal.

RAQUEL.  
Oh will you stop with your business deals, Derek! It's because of your business deals that we have debts up to our eyeballs, and why you've squandered a life changing amount of money.... Twice!

DEL.  
(insulted)  
First of all, it wasn't my fault the stock market crashed. And second of all, I haven't squandered anything. I invested Uncle Albert's money in this glue, which will make us millionaires. You just gotta have a little faith and patience, sweetheart.

RAQUEL.  
And you've gotta start living in the real world, Del. All this wheeling and dealing don't work, haven't you realised that yet?

DEL.

Now that hurts, Raquel. Everything we've had, have and ever likely to have has come from my wheeling and dealing and business foresight.

RAQUEL.

Fantastic. I'm glad someone's owned up.

DEL.

And what exactly is that supposed to mean?

RAQUEL.

Look around, Del. What do we have exactly? We live in this poxy flat surrounded by over two hundred neighbours and thirty floors from the ground! The TV's on the blink, the sofa has more springs in it than Zebedee, and every time the door knocks we have to switch everything off in case it's the bailiffs!

DEL.

And you're welcome for all that.

Then the TV suddenly blows up.

DAMIEN.

Nooooo! I was nearly finished! God, I hate this place!

He storms off into his bedroom, slamming the door behind him. As he does so, a painting falls off the wall and smashes on the floor. Raquel stares at Del.

DEL.

What?

**INT. RODNEY & CASSANDRA'S FLAT. KITCHEN - SHORT TIME LATER**

RODNEY, in his pjs, is childishly opening and slamming shut the cupboard doors, presumably looking for some breakfast. CASSANDRA enters, looking tired and highly unamused.

CASSANDRA.

(sarcastic)

Could you try and make some more noise, Rodney? I think there's someone in Cardiff who you haven't quite woken up yet.

RODNEY.

Why ain't there ever anything decent to eat in this place?

CASSANDRA.

You're acting like a big kid again.  
What the hell's wrong with you?

RODNEY.

Nothing's the matter with me. I  
just want some breakfast, is that  
too much to ask?

(then)

I'm fed up of all this. I mean,  
what's it all about, eh?

CASSANDRA.

Right, that's it, Rodney. Come on,  
start talking to me. Lately, you've  
been like Mrs. Maguire's newsagents  
on the corner - you never open up.  
I'm your wife, if you can't tell me  
what's bothering you, then who can  
you tell?

RODNEY.

Oh, I don't know. I'm just tired of  
things never working out, that's  
all. When is our luck gonna change,  
eh? When is something good gonna  
happen to us?

CASSANDRA.

What you on about, Rodney? We both  
have good jobs, and we have a  
beautiful daughter. If that doesn't  
make you happy, then what will?

RODNEY.

It's got nothing to do with Joan. I  
think the world of her, you know I  
do. I'd do anything for her, but  
that's the problem ain't it?

CASSANDRA.

And what problem is that exactly?  
Rodney, you're an amazing dad. And  
husband, when you're not acting  
like a baby who's lost his dummy.

RODNEY.

Oh, I can't do this, Cassandra. I'm  
going down the cafe for some decent  
grub... And company!

He exits, leaving Cassandra standing there alone with her  
thoughts.

Moments later, Rodney re-enters.

RODNEY.

I just gotta get changed first.

INT. CAFE - LATER

Rodney walks into the cafe, sees Del seated at a table with a briefcase by his side, turns and goes to leave.

DEL.

Oi, Rodders, over here! Come on, I got a bacon sarnie with your name on it.

Rodney thinks this over. On the hand one, he doesn't want to speak to Del, but on the other, he is bloody starving! He decides to let his stomach do the talking and sits with Del.

DEL.

There you go, you know it makes sense. Here, get this down you.

Del hands Rodney the sandwich. Rodney doesn't need to be asked twice, as he begins to wolf the entire thing down in a matter of seconds.

DEL.

Bloody hell Rodney, slow down.

RODNEY.

Sorry Del, but I'm starving. I ain't had a decent meal in days.

DEL.

You still ain't. That thing is full of grease, fat, and God knows what else.

RODNEY.

Well, it tastes good to me.

After a brief pause, Del speaks up...

DEL.

So, what's been going on then, bruv? You can tell me.

RODNEY.

There's nothing wrong with me, alright?! I'm just a little stressed, that's all. And I ain't had much sleep lately.

DEL.

Is that what's bothering you then, you ain't had enough shut-eye? Gordon Bennett Rodney, next you'll be telling me you got teething problems!

RODNEY.

Del, just leave it. I'm not in the mood for you today.



DEL.

And I'm not in the mood for you  
either, you depressing git!

RODNEY.

I better be going. I got stuff to  
do.

DEL.

So do I bruv, and it don't involve  
seeing you slobber over a bacon  
sandwich. I'm about to seal a deal  
to take Trotter Glue global.

RODNEY.

Finally managed to open the  
bottles, have you?

DEL.

Well... No.... Not exactly, but  
it's early days yet.

RODNEY.

(sarcastic)

Well, let me know when you're gonna  
appear on Dragons Den, I'm sure  
Deborah Meaden will love it. She'll  
certainly love your dress sense,  
that's for sure.

DEL.

Dragons Den? Now there's an idea,  
Rodney. Those dragons would be  
eating out of the palm of my hand  
in no time.

RODNEY.

You're not serious? Del, they'll  
laugh you out of there.

DEL.

No they won't because we speak the  
same lingo, don't we? We're  
business people, Rodney. Successful  
people levitate towards me, I've  
always been the same. This time  
next year we will be millionaires.

RODNEY.

Well, good luck with it all. But  
I've got my own job to worry about,  
in case you'd forgotten.

DEL.

Oh, leave it out Rodney. You work  
in a poxy supermarket, hardly the  
top of the world, is it?

RODNEY.

For your information, I am the supervisor. And you only knock it because I don't give you my 10% discount. Anyway, with some hard graft, I could be manager in that so-called "poxy supermarket".

DEL.

So what? You'll be able to wear a suit to work, big deal. You ain't gonna become a millionaire working there, I can tell you that now.

RODNEY.

Oh, and I'd become a millionaire working for you, right?

DEL.

Need I remind you it was under my guidance that we became millionaires?

RODNEY.

And it was under your guidance that we became potless two weeks later!

DEL.

That's your problem Rodney, you're always living in the past. You gotta let things go, that's why you're so stressed all the time. You're mentally constipated.

(then)

Listen Rodney, real work is what kills people. It just drains you of life. That's why you're always walking around with a face like a smacked arse!

RODNEY.

When you're done insulting me, I have places to be.

He goes to get up, but Del gestures for him to sit back down.

DEL.

Sit down a minute Rodney, I ain't finished yet. Look, I know I messed up the last time we made it to the financial rooftop, but I've changed since then. I'm more mature now. I have real ideas, real ambitions. And I wanna go legit too.

RODNEY.

Legit? You? Huh, that'll be the day.

DEL.

I'm serious Rodney. I need to set an example for Damien, make sure he don't go down a shady path in life. I want him to follow after me. And I also wanna leave him something when I die.

RODNEY.

(under his breath)

Your soul will probably do for that devil child.

DEL.

What's that Rodney?

RODNEY.

Oh, nothing. So, you're serious about all this legit stuff then?

DEL.

On mum's grave, Rodney. But I can't do it on my own. I need your help. Damien tries his best, but he just ain't up to it. That's why I need your intellect, your drive, your ambition. We were the dream team, you and me. I mean, you want Joan to have a future where she don't have to worry about cash, right?

RODNEY.

Well of course I do, but it's easier said than done, init?

DEL.

It don't have to be, Rodney. Together we can take over the world. Come on, hey, what do you say?

RODNEY.

I can't just pack my job in, Cassandra would kill me.

DEL.

I'm not asking you to quit your job, not yet anyway. Wait until the first million comes your way then jack it in. Come on, you got the GCEs, I need you on board. I'm gonna make Trotters Independent Traders.... Dependent.

RODNEY.

It does sound tempting Del, I ain't gonna lie.

DEL.

Of course it does. I don't know about you but I'm fed up of scrimping and saving. I don't wanna stay on the bottom looking up. I've been to the top and I wanna get back there and stay there this time. There's never been a better time for business owners, Rodney. And now we actually have a product people will wanna buy.

(pulls out a bottle of  
glue from his briefcase)

This glue will make us rich beyond our wildest dreams, I promise you. Now come on, you in or not?

RODNEY.

Count me in, Del!

They shake hands. This goes on longer than Del would like.

DEL.

Okay, you can let go now Rodney. People are staring.

RODNEY.

I'm trying, they're stuck.

Both struggle to break free.

DEL.

You dipstick, Rodney!

RODNEY.

Me?! It's you and that bloody glue. It's lethal!

DEL.

(sighs)

I don't know, it must've leaked out. See what I mean bruv, this stuff is like goldust. It's gonna make us a killing.

RODNEY.

Cosmic. Now how the hell we gonna get loose?

Del picks up a knife. Rodney recoils.

RODNEY.

On your bike! You ain't coming near me with that thing!

DEL.

No, you divy! There's butter on this, it will loosen us up....

**INT. HOSPITAL. CORRIDORS - LATER**

Del and Rodney are walking through the crowded corridors, both with their damaged hands bandaged up.

DEL.

Will you stop giving me the silent treatment, Rodney? I get enough of that at home with Raquel, I don't need it with you as well. Now I've said I'm sorry, what more do you want?

RODNEY.

What more do I want? Perhaps the first three layers of skin back on my hand would be a good start!

DEL.

I told you the glue was good, Rodders.

RODNEY.

Good? It's a bloody death trap!

DEL.

Oh, shut up you tart! The doctors said the injuries would heal. But what about me, eh? I've missed my big business deal now, and it's all your bloody fault!

**INT. DEL'S VAN - SHORT TIME LATER**

Del is sat in the driver's seat, Rodney is beside him, still nursing his injured hand. Del parks the van outside the cemetery.

RODNEY.

What we doing here?

DEL.

If you won't talk to me, maybe you'll talk to mum.

RODNEY.

Oh, this is ridiculous. I've had enough of this.

DEL.

(serious)

Rodney, I wanna know what's going on and I wanna know now. You're my brother, you can't lie to me. I can see right through it.

RODNEY.

What you going on about?

DEL.

Oh leave it out, Rodney.  
Something's up with you.

RODNEY.

I don't know, it's just those  
places, I guess. Hospitals, I don't  
like them.

DEL.

Nobody likes 'em, Rodney. They're  
not meant to be tourist  
attractions.

RODNEY.

I know, but the places are full of  
death, ain't they? They're  
horrible. Everyone in our family  
has died there. Granddad.... Uncle  
Albert... Our mum.... No one ever  
comes out.

DEL.

For God's sake Rodney, we were only  
in there to get plasters put on our  
hands!

RODNEY.

I'm not talking about today.

DEL.

Then what are you talking about?

RODNEY.

I had an operation....

This revelation stops Del in his tracks...

**EXT. REGISTRAR'S OFFICE - SAME TIME**

An increasingly frustrated Raquel is pacing up and down  
outside the building. She keeps checking her watch, getting  
angrier by the second...

**EXT. CEMETERY - A LITTLE LATER**

Del and Rodney are stood over their mum's towering grave.

DEL.

You said you had an operation, what  
kind of operation?

RODNEY.

It don't matter. Look, I gotta get  
to work. And you gotta pick up  
Raquel. She'll be wondering where  
you are.

Del grabs Rodney's arm.

DEL.

Rodney, what is it?

RODNEY.

.... I'm scared, Del.

DEL.

Scared? What on earth have you gotta be scared about? I tell you about being scared. I ain't getting any younger you know. I'm becoming an old man, Rodney. Some mornings, I can't get out of bed without doing my back in!

RODNEY.

I'm not talking about old age and your creaky back! Bloody hell.

DEL.

Then what are you going about, Rodney? I'm starting to lose my bloody patience here.

RODNEY.

Just forget it, Del.

Rodney turns his head to the grave.

RODNEY.

Why can't life be easy, eh Del?

DEL.

That's what everyone wants, bruv. Our mum never had it easy either. She was out all hours, come rain or shine, just to put food on the table for us. And then I carried on the trait.

RODNEY.

I never thought life would turn out like this, you know? I had so many hopes and dreams when I was younger. I wanted to be successful, I wanted a family.

DEL.

And you got both, didn't you bruv?

RODNEY.

I guess, yeah. But everything always gets messed up. Everything good in our lives have always gone tits up.

DEL.

It's okay Rodney, I forgive you.

RODNEY.

Me?! I was talking about you!

DEL.

That's charming that. Everything I've done for you and this is the thanks I get.

After a short pause, Rodney speaks up...

RODNEY.

I stayed up all night last night.

DEL.

(impressed)

Yeah? You and Cassandra still doing okay then bruv?

RODNEY.

What? No, nothing like that. I mean't I was up all night thinking.

DEL.

Thinking about what?

RODNEY.

My life. The choices I've made.

DEL.

Why did you go depressing yourself?

RODNEY.

I'm 55 years of age and look at me. I'm a complete failure, ain't I? Joan don't speak to me, Cassandra hardly ever touches me, and there's guys half my age higher up the work ladder than me.

DEL.

Just pull the ladder from under them then.

RODNEY.

(ignoring Del)

And just when I think things couldn't get worse, I go and get the news I've been dreading.

DEL.

What's wrong, Rodney?

RODNEY.

I found a lump.... At first I tried to pretend it was nothing. Just my imagination, you know? I was just kidding myself. It wouldn't go away, so that's when I went to the doctor and he told me....



DEL.

Why didn't you tell me any of this before? I would've come with you, Rodney.

RODNEY.

There was nothing you could've done, Del. I haven't even let Cassandra know.

DEL.

Don't you think you should? She is your wife after all.

RODNEY.

I know, and I will. I just didn't wanna worry her, that's all.

DEL.

And are you okay now?

Rodney nods.

RODNEY.

Doctors said it's been fully removed.

DEL.

Well, that's good, init?

RODNEY.

Yeah, but what if it comes back? I mean, once you've been in hospital, you never really come out, do you?

DEL.

You can't go thinking like that, Rodney. You just gotta take each day as it comes. You overcome it, that's what counts. You're one of the lucky ones.

Rodney begins to cry.

DEL.

Come here.

They share a hug. Del then happens to see the time on his watch, his eyes widen.

DEL.

Rodney, you dipstick! I was meant to see Raquel half an hour ago! You've really lumbered me in it this time.

He storms off, with Rodney following close behind.

INT. TROTTER'S FLAT, LOUNGE - LATER

Damien is sitting down texting on his phone when the front door opens and Raquel storms through with a face like thunder. Del follows shortly after, rather timidly.

RAQUEL.

I can't believe this!

DEL.

I'm sorry, but I was as surprised as you.

RAQUEL.

Believe me, NO ONE was as surprised as me!

DAMIEN.

So, did you two set the date?

RAQUEL.

No, we did not!

DAMIEN.

Oh, what happened?

RAQUEL.

Your father happened.

(then)

Not only was I waiting outside for over an hour for him to turn up, but it turns out people are funny about allowing couples to renew their wedding vows when they're not actually BLOODY MARRIED!!

DAMIEN.

What?! But I was at the church when it happened. I don't get it.

Raquel gives Del a fierce look.

DEL.

Can you stop looking at me like that? And stop blaming me too. It ain't my fault, Raquel.

RAQUEL.

And who's fault is it exactly?! Who else am I supposed to blame?!

(then)

I knew asking you to get the vicar was a mistake.

DEL.

He told me he was a vicar, how was I to know he was lying? We were running out of time and I didn't

(MORE)

DEL. (cont'd)

think to ask to have a look at his bloody CV. He said he was a vicar and I believed him. Although I did think it was odd when he asked for cash in hand on the day.

RAQUEL.

Derek, we're not bloody married! Is that not getting through to you?! Our entire relationship has been a lie! All these years down the toilet! How do you think that makes me feel?!

DEL.

I'm sorry love, but I think you're being a little selfish here.

RAQUEL.

Excuse me?!

DEL.

This came as quite the shock to me, too. All this time I thought you were my wife, but it turns out we've been living in sin. But you're just brushing away my feelings like they don't matter.

RAQUEL.

Derek, don't. I'm seriously not in the mood. I'm going to have a lay down - alone!

Raquel storms out of the room, Del is left looking dumbfounded.

DEL.

(sarcastic)

I think she's taken it rather well.

DAMIEN.

Just think how bad it would be if you two were actually married, eh?

(off Del's look)

I'm going.

He rushes out of the room.

**INT. RODNEY & CASSANDRA'S FLAT. BATHROOM - SAME TIME**

JOAN is sitting on the bath, crying. She's holding something in her hand, but we can't quite see what. There's a knock on the door.

RODNEY. (O.O.S)

Joan love, you gonna be much longer? I'm bursting out here.

JOAN.  
 (shaky)  
 Sorry, dad. Be out in a second.

RODNEY. (O.O.S)  
 You okay, sweetheart?

JOAN.  
 Yeah.

RODNEY. (O.O.S)  
 You sure, you sound like you're  
 crying?

JOAN.  
 I've just watched a sad movie,  
 that's all.

RODNEY. (O.O.S)  
 Why bother depressing yourself? I  
 thought this family did that enough  
 for you.

Joan wipes away some of her tears, throws what she was holding in the bin, flushes the toilet to make out she's been and then exits.

**INT. TROTTER'S FLAT. DEL & RAQUEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Raquel is sitting up in bed reading a magazine. Del enters, she looks up, puts the magazine away, switches off the side-light and lays down, making the point of turning her back to Del's side.

DEL.  
 You know, this is how MARRIED  
 couples are supposed to act.  
 (then)  
 Too soon. I am sorry about all  
 this, Raquel. I really am. I didn't  
 mean for any of it to happen. I was  
 just trying to do what I thought  
 was best, you know?

He gets into bed.

RAQUEL.  
 I don't wanna talk about it, I just  
 want to sleep.

DEL.  
 It's not like I did it on purpose  
 or nothing. But if you think about  
 it, it's not actually the worst  
 thing in the world not being  
 married.

Raquel immediately switches her light on, sits up waiting for Del to explain further. Still seething.

RAQUEL.

What?!

DEL.

Well, married couples don't exactly last long these days. I mean, look at that Redknapp fella. He might look like David Beckham, but he can't hold onto his bird. So we may have had a lucky escape.

RAQUEL.

A lucky escape?!

DEL.

You just need more time to think about it.

RAQUEL.

What I need is less time around you!

DEL.

Look on the bright side, you can get rid of that wedding picture now because it only makes you sad to see how badly you've aged since.

(off Raquel's look)

I think I'll go sleep on the sofa.

**INT. NAG'S HEAD - NEXT DAY**

Del and DENZIL are talking to one another at the bar.

DENZIL.

So, now she's giving you the silent treatment?

DEL.

I wish. She just keeps yelling at me every chance she gets. Doing my head in.

DENZIL.

My Coreen was the same. Women can drive you potty.

(then)

So, what you gonna do about it?

DEL.

I don't know. She's genuinely never been this mad with me.

A very attractive twenty-something barmaid named MILEY approaches.

DEL.

(to himself, sarcastic)

Oh great, this is all I need.

MILEY.

Ah, just when I thought this job couldn't get worse, I gotta listen to you two rabbit on like a pair of teenage girls at a Justin Bieber concert. So what's on the agenda today?

DENZIL.

Del's found out he ain't really married and now Raquel is angry with him and--

DEL.

Denzil! Will you stop?!

DENZIL.

What? You always used to tell Mike everything.

DEL.

Yes, but this ain't Mike.

DENZIL.

It's Mike's daughter, same thing.

DEL.

No, there's two very different things about them actually.

MILEY.

So, you're not really married? How did that happen?

DEL.

I don't think you'd understand. It's really rather complicated.

MILEY.

Try me.

DEL.

(sighs)

Well, I had to hire the vicar and--

MILEY.

Got it.

DEL.

You got it? How could you possibly get it from just that?

MILEY.

You said you were in charge of getting the vicar, so I'm guessing that went wrong, he wasn't who he said he was and most probably just wanted some quick cash and you,

(MORE)

MILEY. (cont'd)  
being you, fell for it and now  
you're REALLY paying.

DEL.  
No one likes a know-it-all.

MILEY.  
So, what are you planning on doing?  
Whatever it is, I suggest you do  
the opposite.  
(off Del's look)  
I got more advice if you want it?

DEL.  
You think I'm desperate enough to  
want advice from you?  
(then)  
Yes, please.

MILEY.  
Why don't you just be the hero and  
propose to her?

DENZIL.  
Yeah, Del. Why don't you just do  
that?

DEL.  
It's not that simple.

MILEY.  
You've only gotta say four words. I  
think even you can manage that,  
unless you're scared she'll say no?

DEL.  
She's not gonna say no. I mean,  
look at me.

MILEY.  
Then ask her to marry you. That's  
the only way you can put all this  
right. Give her the wedding that  
she deserves.

DEL.  
I guess I could do that.

MILEY.  
I'll write the four words down so  
you don't forget them.

DEL.  
You're giving me the right hump you  
are, young lady!

INT. TROTTER'S FLAT. LOUNGE - EVENING

Raquel dejectedly walks into the flat to find it lit with candles as Del stands in the middle of the room dressed in his best suit.

DEL.

Surprise.

RAQUEL.

They haven't cut the electric off, have they?

DEL.

No, nothing like that. I was hoping it would be romantic.

RAQUEL.

Derek, if this is just a way to get me into bed, then I'm really not in the mood. I've had a long day.

DEL.

No, it's not about that. It's actually the complete opposite. Just let me talk.

(he gets down on one knee and groans)

This was easier all those years ago.

RAQUEL.

That's because you didn't do this all those years ago. You just put an ad in the lonely hearts section of the Peckham Echo asking me to marry you.

DEL.

You said you liked that!

RAQUEL.

Just get up before you do yourself an injury.

DEL.

Raquel, I just wanna tell you how lucky I feel everyday to have you in my life. And I know I mess up a lot but--

RAQUEL.

That's an understatement.

DEL.

Raquel, this ain't easy for me, so can you just listen, please?



RAQUEL.

Okay, I'm sorry. Go on.

DEL.

I know I mess up a lot, but I'm trying my best to make things right. You mean the world to me.

(he gets out the ring)

Raquel, will you marry me?

RAQUEL.

(starting to cry)

You bought a new ring?

DEL.

Yeah, no expense has been spared. Twenty-seven carat, no lie. It's the real deal. So, Raquel, will you do me the honour of becoming my wife?

RAQUEL.

I will.

The pair hug and kiss.

DEL.

Lovely jubbly.

(then)

Does this mean I'm forgiven?

RAQUEL.

Absolutely, but you didn't have to go to all this trouble.

DEL.

Really? I wish you'd told me that earlier.

(Raquel playfully hits him)

I'm kidding, you deserve it. You okay to marry me next Saturday?

RAQUEL.

Next Saturday? That's a bit soon, ain't it? How are we supposed to afford it and get everything ready?

DEL.

Relax, just let me sort everything.

RAQUEL.

The last time I did that, we spent over a decade wrongly thinking we were married.

DEL.

Just trust me this one time. All you have to do is get yourself a nice dress for the day, sort out the guest list, order the food and write out the invitations.

RAQUEL.

And what are you doing exactly?

DEL.

I'm getting us the venue.

RAQUEL.

I already have a bad feeling about this. Do I dare ask where you have in mind?

DEL.

I was thinking the Nag's Head?

RAQUEL.

The Nag's Head?!

DEL.

I know what you're thinking, but you can remove those negative thoughts from your mind. I know it's not the most romantic of places to get married, but I assure you I have the best people on the job and it will look perfect once it's all finished.

RAQUEL.

(sarcastic)

Oh god, I can hardly contain my excitement.

DEL.

Raquel, this is gonna be the most amazing day of your life. Well, actually, night. It's a night wedding.

(off Raquel's look)

Well, it was cheaper to book at night.

RAQUEL.

Just make sure we actually DO get married this time.

DEL.

Don't worry, I'm not gonna make the same mistake again.

RAQUEL.

So, who's gonna be marrying us?

DEL.

Rodney.

RAQUEL.

Rodney?!

DEL.

Yes, Rodney. He's fully qualified and everything. Remember, he did that online course awhile back. I knew all that knowledge would come in handy one day.

RAQUEL.

You sure he's gonna be okay?

DEL.

He'll be fine. As long as he remembers to turn up.

(off Raquel's look)

Which I'm sure he will.

Damien enters.

DEL.

Damien, guess what?!

DAMIEN.

We've become so poor that we can't even afford to switch the lights on?

RAQUEL.

We're getting married! For real this time.

DAMIEN.

Does this mean that I have to wear a suit again?

RAQUEL.

I'm afraid so.

DAMIEN.

I just want to make it clear that I am not happy about this.

The phone rings. Del picks it up.

DEL.

Au Revoir. Ah, Rodders. Great news. Raquel said yes. So get your best suit, and we'll see you next Saturday at 8 in the Nag's Head, don't let me down.... What do you mean you can't?.... Oh, shut up you tart! I don't care what kind of delivery is coming in, you get your arse down that pub...

He hangs up.

DEL.  
The selfish little sod!

RAQUEL.  
Can't he do it?

DEL.  
Oh, he'll do it alright, even if I  
have to drag him there myself.

**INT. TROTTER'S FLAT. LOUNGE - NEXT DAY**

Raquel is rushing around doing a million different things at once. Del is just sitting down trying to prize open one of the bottles of glue, oblivious to it all.

RAQUEL.  
(sarcastic)  
Don't strain yourself, love.

DEL.  
Uh?

RAQUEL.  
Can I just get your attention for a  
minute?

DEL.  
Yeah... Sure.

Del remains glued to the bottles.

RAQUEL.  
Derek, I'm serious. I'm gonna be  
really busy this week and I need  
you to do something for me.

DEL.  
That's never a good idea, but I'll  
give it my best shot. What can I do  
for you, darling?

RAQUEL.  
Damien said he will be out until  
around six on Saturday and I need  
you to pick him up drive him to the  
wedding.

DEL.  
Whoa, whoa, whoa. Ain't I gonna be  
a little too busy on our wedding  
day to be chauffeuring him around?

RAQUEL.  
Busy doing what exactly?

DEL.

I don't know, but it's gotta be better than spending any amount of time with those mates of his. I'm telling you there's something seriously wrong with 'em. Think they've been sniffing too much glue.

RAQUEL.

You won't have to spend any time with them, just pick Damien up. I don't trust him to get there on his own, and I just want everything to go perfectly this time.

DEL.

Alright sweetheart, but if I'm late don't blame me.

Raquel kisses him on the cheek. Del goes back to sorting out the glue but it slips out of his hand and flies against the wall, sticking to it instantly. Raquel reacts.

DEL BOY.

Look how strong it is, we're onto a winner with this one.

**INT. RODNEY & CASSANDRA'S FLAT. BATHROOM - FEW DAYS LATER**

It's the day of the wedding, and Joan is helping her best friend CHELSEA get ready for it by doing a bit of makeup.

CHELSEA.

Ow! You're poking me with the pencil!

JOAN.

That's because you're not sitting still!

CHELSEA.

It's you, you're too violent!

(then)

Just get me a tissue, so I can wipe it off and start again.

JOAN.

Get one yourself, I gotta start getting ready too.

Chelsea grabs a tissue and starts wiping away at her face. She throws it in the bin, afterwards. She suddenly has a shocked look on her face after something catches her eye.

CHELSEA.

Oh my god!

JOAN.

What is it?! What's wrong?! It's not a spider, is it?

CHELSEA.

(pulls out a positive pregnancy test)

This is what I think it is, right?

JOAN.

Yeah...

CHELSEA.

You know what this means, right? Your mum and dad are having another baby. You're gonna have a little brother or sister. Aren't they a bit old for all that now, though?

JOAN.

Chelsea, listen to me. You cannot tell anyone about this.

CHELSEA.

Why? I think they already know. Your dad ain't THAT stupid.

JOAN.

That's not what I meant. It's not your place. Just drop it.

CHELSEA.

The pregnancy test or the situation?

JOAN.

Both.

CHELSEA.

Fine, I will.

She drops the test back into the bin.

CHELSEA.

So how do you feel about not being an only child anymore? Welcome to my world.

JOAN.

Shut up, Chelsea. Anyway, we don't even know the facts yet.

CHELSEA.

What do you mean? If it's not your mum's, then whose is it?

(off Joan's troubled look)

Oh my god! Oh my god!

JOAN.

Yes.... I'm pregnant. But you can't tell anyone.

CHELSEA.

But this is massive!

JOAN.

I know, I know. But I also know that my mum is gonna kill me when she finds out and I haven't come to terms with anything myself yet. I need time to think things through first.

CHELSEA.

You're only fourteen, Joan. You can't be a mum yet.

JOAN.

I'll be fifteen by the time the baby's born.

CHELSEA.

(sarcastic)

Oh, that makes it all okay then.

JOAN.

Mistakes happen. I don't need you giving me advice.

CHELSEA.

No offense, but I think you do.

JOAN.

Chelsea, I am begging you to keep this a secret. Can you do that for me?

CHELSEA.

I don't know. What's it worth?

JOAN.

The happiness of your best friend?

CHELSEA.

You're gonna have to do better than that.

JOAN.

How about twenty quid?

CHELSEA.

Now we're talking.

JOAN.

You really are the devil's spawn, ain't you?

CHELSEA.

Just looking out for number one.  
But you're gonna have to tell your  
mum and dad sooner or later anyway.

JOAN.

I choose later. Now come on, let's  
finish your makeup.

**INT. SUPERMARKET - EVENING**

Rodney, in his work uniform, and a few of his colleagues are rushing around the store trying to finish early. They are literally throwing things onto the shelves.

RODNEY.

Yes, finally finished!  
(looks at his watch)  
And five minutes ahead of schedule.  
(then)  
Okay, guys. Thanks for the help,  
you can all go home now.

The colleagues look at each other, shrug and just follow Rodney to the entrance doors.

Rodney opens the doors for them and they rush out without looking back. He goes to close the doors when DANNY and TONY DRISCOLL stop him. Rodney is rather shaken by their sudden presence.

DANNY.

Hello Rodney.

RODNEY.

Danny, Tony... I didn't know you  
were out of prison.

TONY.

What the wardens don't know won't  
hurt 'em.

DANNY.

That's enough, Tony!  
(to Rodney)  
We're just out for a little while.  
Visiting our old haunts and mates.  
Nothing wrong with that, is it?

RODNEY.

No...., I guess not. Thing is,  
we're closed.

DANNY.

Before six? Since when?

RODNEY.

Since today. It's actually Del's  
wedding.



DANNY.

Oh really? What bird's he hooked up with this time?

RODNEY.

No, it's still Raquel.

DANNY.

I thought they got married fourteen years ago?

RODNEY.

Yeah, so did Del. It's a long story...

DANNY.

There's no hurry. I only want a little chat, Rodney. You know where we can find Boycie?

RODNEY.

(nervous)

Boycie? Haven't seen him in years.

DANNY.

Really? I heard he fled to the country after stitching me and my brother up.

RODNEY.

(lying)

No, I didn't know that.

DANNY.

You sure about that Rodney? You're a good man, be a shame for anything bad to happen to you. I want to know where I can find Boycie and I want to know now.

RODNEY.

I really don't know where he is.

DANNY.

That's too bad, Rodney. It really is. Because I'm not leaving here until you start telling the truth.

The Driscoll Brothers push their way into the store.

DANNY.

Lock the doors, Rodney. Any low life could walk in otherwise.

Rodney reacts, before locking the doors.

DANNY.

Now, there's no need to panic.  
We're not here to hurt you... As  
long as you give us what we want,  
that is.

RODNEY.

I honestly don't know where Boycie  
is. If I did I'd tell you.

DANNY.

I'd love to believe you Rodney, I  
really would. But I can tell you're  
lying.

RODNEY.

I swear I'm not!

DANNY.

Relax Rodney, I'm sure you're not  
purposely lying to me, you've just  
forgotten some things, that's all.  
It'll just take a bit of time for  
you to remember. Lucky for you, we  
have all the time in the world.

**INT. DEL'S VAN - LATER**

Del is smartly dressed in his wedding suit. Damien is sat in  
the back of the van.

DEL.

If it wasn't bad enough I had to  
pick you up, now I gotta go and get  
Rodney too. Can't believe I've  
become a taxi driver on my bleeding  
wedding day!

DAMIEN.

I'm not happy about any of this  
either. I was doing well with that  
bird until you came and nabbed me.

DEL.

She was twice your age, Damien!  
Even I would've had to have thought  
twice!

The carphone rings. Raquel's name appears on the dashboard.  
Del gestures to Damien how clever that is. Del answers.

DEL.

Yes, Raquel. I've picked up Damien.  
I'm on my way now to get Rodney.

RAQUEL. (V.O.)

Good, you'll be here in no time.

DEL.  
That's the plan.

**INT. NAG'S HEAD - SHORT TIME LATER**

The whole place has been rearranged for the wedding. Flowers and decorations everywhere. It looks beautiful. Many guests are seated. Raquel is stood at the bar with Cassandra.

RAQUEL.  
I just know something's gonna go wrong.

CASSANDRA.  
Everything will be fine, stop worrying.

RAQUEL.  
I'm sorry, but anytime Del is involved something always goes wrong.

CASSANDRA.  
Well, he's gotta change sometime...

**EXT. SUPERMARKET - SAME TIME**

Del parks the van and exits. He walks up to the entrance and knocks on the doors.

DEL.  
Rodney? You in there? Come on, I haven't got all night. I'm meant to be marrying Raquel, in case you've forgotten.  
(still no answer)  
Come on you plonker, let's go!

**INT. SUPERMARKET - SAME TIME**

Danny and Tony are wandering up and down the aisles with Rodney, who is looking completely terrified. Danny stops.

DANNY.  
Ah, that's a voice I ain't heard in a long time.

DEL. (O.O.S)  
Rodney?! Get your arse out here and open this door!

DANNY.  
We're gonna have to let him in, it'll be rude not to. Now follow my lead, and don't do anything stupid. I know that's difficult for a Trotter.

INT. SUPERMARKET - SHORT TIME LATER

Rodney opens the doors to let Del in.

DEL.

There you are. What the bloody hell is all this about? You know I have to be at the Nag's Head as soon as possible.

Del enters, and The Driscoll Brothers suddenly appear behind him. Del turns and is horrified to see them.

DEL.

(sarcastic)

Danny... Tony... What a nice surprise.

DANNY.

Derek, good to see you. Me and Rodney were just having a nice friendly chat. Maybe we should do the same, it has been a long time after all. Would be nice to catch up.

DEL.

Ah, Danny, I'd love to but you see I'm meant to be marrying Raquel. I really can't do this.

DANNY.

That's nice, Del. I'm happy for you. I'm sure everything will go smoothly.

DEL.

(sarcastic)

Well, it's going cushty so far.

(then)

Come on, what's all this about anyway?

DANNY.

I don't want you to miss your wedding, Del. A good friend like you, would just break my heart.

DEL.

That's good, Danny. You know it makes sense.

DANNY.

Of course. I just need to know where Boycie is.

DEL.

Boycie? I ain't seen him since he left for the countryside.

DANNY.

Oh don't give me that, Del. I know you and Boycie are tight. But he did me wrong, and now he needs to pay. Tell me where he is and you're both free to go and enjoy your lives.

DEL.

Danny, I ain't got a clue where he is.

DANNY.

Then it looks like we're in for a long night then....

DEL.

Dipstick, Rodney!

**INT. DEL'S VAN - LATER**

All we can see is Del in the driver's seat talking on the carphone with Raquel.

DEL.

It's a long story, Raquel. But all you need to know is that I'm on my way to the wedding, so you can relax.

(then)

Oh, and we've got an extra couple of guests too. The Driscoll Brothers have decided to greet us with their presence, ain't that nice of 'em?

We ZOOM OUT to see Danny in the passenger seat, and Tony, Rodney and Damien crammed into the back.

RAQUEL. (V.O.)

The Driscoll Brothers?! Oh my god, that's all I need!

DANNY.

Relax, we don't want no trouble.

DEL.

They're just looking for Boycie and Marlene, that's all, and I told 'em we ain't seen them in years so it's a waste of time, but they insisted on coming.

MARLENE. (V.O.)

Come on Raquel, shouldn't Del be here by now? You know what Boycie gets like if he has to smile for too long.

Danny hangs up the phone. Del puts his head down, knows he's been caught out.

DANNY.

Well, well, well, looks like you haven't been entirely truthful after all.

DEL.

He's an old mate, Danny. I don't wanna see him get hurt.

DANNY.

Who said anyone was gonna get hurt? I only want to chat to him.

DEL.

Ah, that's lovely jubbly then.

DANNY.

Why don't you put your foot down, Del? You don't wanna be late for your bride to be now, do you?

DEL.

No... I guess you're right.

Del puts his foot down.

**INT. NAG'S HEAD - NIGHT**

A sweating BOYCIE is pacing up and down the room, wondering how best to get out of the situation. MARLENE is sat down knocking back drinks.

BOYCIE.

What do you mean The Driscoll Brothers are on their way here?! I thought they were still in prison?!

RAQUEL.

So did I.

BOYCIE.

So what the bloody hell they doing coming here?!

RAQUEL.

I don't know! But I do know I don't want my wedding ruined by some fight.

BOYCIE.

I knew it was a bad idea coming back to Peckham. I should never have accepted the invitations. This is all your fault Marlene!

MARLENE.

Me? It was you who grassed on The Driscoll Brothers. I hate living in the country anyway, it smells funny.

BOYCIE.

And Peckham don't?

MARLENE.

Well, yeah, but I like this smell.

BOYCIE.

Well, tough. If we stay here much longer my head's gonna be on display in Madame Tussauds!

(then)

Come on, Marlene. Let's get outta here!

MARLENE.

Trust you to always spoil things.

BOYCIE.

Blame The Driscoll Brothers for wanting to kill me!

MARLENE.

We're sorry about this, Raquel. We'll see you again sometime.

BOYCIE.

Don't count on it!

They rush out of the venue.

Cassandra goes to comfort Raquel, while Chelsea speaks with Joan.

CHELSEA.

I think you should tell her.

JOAN.

Chelsea, drop it. Now's not the time.

CASSANDRA.

What you two whispering about?

CHELSEA.

Joan's got something to tell you?

CASSANDRA.

Yeah?

Joan looks to Chelsea, then at her mum and takes a deep breath.

JOAN.

Fine, if you must know I--

A shaken Del, Rodney and Damien burst through the doors, stopping Joan in mid-sentence.

CASSANDRA.

This ain't over.

Joan breathes a sigh of relief.

DAMIEN.

That was so cool.

RODNEY.

(sarcastic)

Yeah, maybe we'll make it a yearly thing, eh?

Del approaches Raquel.

RAQUEL.

You okay?

DEL.

Been better. The old april's going a bit though.

RAQUEL.

Where are they?

DEL.

They spotted Boycie and Marlene fleeing so they've gone after them.

RAQUEL.

Oh God, should we call the police?

DEL.

Damien already has. And anyway, the Driscoll Brothers have got the van. They won't get far. During the scuffle, one of the bottles of glue split open and went all over the steering wheel and dashboard. Boycie and Marlene will be able to get to Mexico before The Driscoll Brothers leave that van.

(then)

You look beautiful, by the way.

RAQUEL.

Thank you.

DEL.

Now let's get wed!

Cassandra spots Rodney.



CASSANDRA.

Bloody hell Rodney, you could've at least changed!

RODNEY.

Excuse me for forgetting my tie but I've been held hostage by two escaped prisoners for the last two hours!

**INT. NAG'S HEAD - SHORT TIME LATER**

Music begins to play as the newly married couple kiss. Miley walks up to Del and hands him a piece of paper.

DEL.

What's this?

MILEY.

Just the bill for tonight.

DEL.

I assumed this was gonna be on the slate?

MILEY.

That's your trouble, you will insist on assuming things. I'm not as stupid as my dad, I've got a business to run.

DEL.

(looks at the paper)

Gordon Bennett, I can't afford this!

MILEY.

(grins)

That's not my problem.

(to Raquel)

Congratulations.

She walks away.

DEL.

(to Raquel)

Once we get the investment for the glue we'll be rich, don't worry.

RAQUEL.

I don't wanna think about anything tonight. I just wanna spend the evening with you.

DEL.

Sounds good to me.

They hug.

DAMIEN.  
Can you believe this?

JOAN.  
I know, it's lovely.

DAMIEN.  
And I heard we're gonna have  
another addition to the family.

JOAN.  
What?

DAMIEN.  
I found a test in the bin at  
Rodney's. Ain't it amazing?

JOAN.  
Uh-uh.

Joan suddenly looks scared. A tear trickles down her face.

**INT. DRAGON'S DEN STUDIOS. WAITING ROOM - FEW WEEKS LATER**

Del and Rodney, in their best suits, are sat in the Dragon's Den waiting room.

RODNEY.  
I can't believe you roped me into  
this thing, Derek.

DEL.  
Oh, shut up. Just let me do the  
talking and we'll be millionaires.

RODNEY.  
Christ, I have a bad feeling about  
this....

**INT. DRAGON'S DEN STUDIOS - SHORT TIME LATER**

A nervous looking Rodney and a confident Del are stood in front of the row of Dragons. PETER and DEBROAH are the only two still interested.

PETER.  
So, Derek--

DEL.  
Mais Oui, Mais Oui, please call me  
Del.

PETER.  
.... Del, what gave you the idea to  
create a super powerful glue?

DEL.

I was talking with my brother Rodney one day, and it just came to me like a bolt of lightning.

PETER.

What kind of things can't it glue?

DEL.

No, that's the beauty of this glue. It can literally stick to anything.

PETER.

Anything? I'm struggling to believe that.

RODNEY.

Oh, believe me it's true.

DEL.

He's right. This stuff even managed to lock up two escaped prisoners.

PETER.

I don't follow?

DEL.

We glued them to our van, you see. It took the police two weeks to scrub the glue off, but we got our van back in the end. It was in all the papers and everything. I'm quite the celebrity around these parts.

RODNEY.

(to Del)

And you cut me out of all the photos.

DEL.

That's because you're not as photogenic as me.

DEBROAH.

Can I ask how much you have invested so far?

DEL.

Of course, Deborah. You know, that's my most favourite name.

DEBROAH.

(deadpan)

Investment?

DEL.

Roughly, give or take, about £300,000.

DEBROAH.  
£300,000?! And have you actually  
sold any?

DEL.  
Well, no, not exactly.

DEBROAH.  
Why not?

DEL.  
We've had a few little snags,  
that's all.

RODNEY.  
Yeah, like not being able to open  
any of the bottles because they'd  
been glued shut.

DEL.  
(sarcastic)  
Yes, thank you, Rodney!

DEBROAH.  
Right, I see...

Debroah and Peter converse. Del leans into Rodney,  
completely misreading the situation.

DEL.  
(whispers)  
We're knocking 'em bandy, Rodney.

PETER/DEBROAH.  
I'm out.

**INT. NAG'S HEAD - SHORT TIME LATER**

A depressed Rodney and Del are sat at a table, mulling over  
everything that went wrong.

DEL.  
I knew it was a bad idea inviting  
you.

RODNEY.  
Now, don't go blaming me Derek! I  
didn't wanna go in the first place!  
I knew they wouldn't invest.

DEL.  
That's because you kept cramping my  
style. They were putty in my hands  
until you kept opening your  
bleeding mouth.

RODNEY.

Del, the bottles are glued shut!  
And when we do manage to get one  
open, the stuff is bloody lethal!

DEL.

That thing will make us  
millionaires, Rodney. We just gotta  
go down a different route now  
because of you.

Boycie enters and approaches.

BOYCIE.

Del Boy. Rodney.

DEL.

Alright, Boyc?

BOYCIE.

I am now those Driscoll Brothers  
are locked up again. I just wanted  
to thank you for that, Del.

DEL.

Don't mention it. What are friends  
for?

BOYCIE.

I guess we are friends.

DEL.

Of course we are. Tell you what, do  
you wanna invest in some Trotter  
Glue? You could double your money  
on it.

BOYCIE.

No, you're quite alright. I just  
wanted to come and say thank you.

They shake hands. He hands Del an envelope.

DEL.

What's this?

BOYCIE.

A thank you.

DEL.

Ah, Cushty.

Del puts it in his pocket.

BOYCIE.

I'll see you around, Del.

DEL.

Yeah, okay Boyc.

Boycie exits.

RODNEY.

Well, aren't you gonna open it?

DEL.

I got bigger things on my mind than  
a thank you letter from Boycie.  
Like how we're gonna get this glue  
globalised.

**INT. RODNEY & CASSANDRA'S FLAT. FRONT ROOM - NEXT DAY**

Cassandra is sat on the sofa reading some celeb magazine  
when Rodney enters shaking an umbrella.

RODNEY.

Cor, it's chucking it down out  
there. Is Joan here?

CASSANDRA.

No, she went for a walk about an  
hour ago.

RODNEY.

A walk in this weather?

CASSANDRA.

Lots of people like walking in the  
rain, Rodney.

RODNEY.

Yeah, but they're usually being  
chased by men in white coats.

(then)

Is she okay? She's seemed a little  
down for a few weeks now.

CASSANDRA.

(sarcastic)

I wonder where she gets that from.

RODNEY.

And what's that supposed to mean?

CASSANDRA.

You're always moping and sulking.  
It was bound to rub off on her  
sooner or later.

RODNEY.

Don't go pinning this one on me,  
Cassandra. She's a teenage girl...

CASSANDRA.

And?

RODNEY.

Well, you were a teenage girl too,  
maybe you know what she's going  
through?

CASSANDRA.

You mean women's problems?

RODNEY.

Well, I don't wanna get too  
technical, but yes.

Just then, Joan enters. She looks quite upset and soaking  
wet. She is wearing a coat, hat and gloves.

CASSANDRA.

Hey, Joan. You okay, love?

JOAN.

I don't feel very well.

RODNEY.

Then take off your gloves!  
(laughs at his own joke)  
You get it?

CASSANDRA.

(ignoring Rodney)  
Maybe walking in the rain weren't  
the brightest of ideas, love.

JOAN.

It's the only chance I get to have  
time to myself.

RODNEY.

Anything you wanna talk about?

JOAN.

No.

RODNEY.

Alright then.

CASSANDRA.

You want me to make you a nice hot  
chocolate with some marshmallows,  
love?

JOAN.

No, maybe later. I think I'm gonna  
have a lay down and sleep it off.

CASSANDRA.

Okay, love. Whatever you think is  
best.

Joan heads up the stairs.

CASSANDRA.  
(to Rodney)  
Any ideas?

RODNEY.  
There's definitely something  
bothering her.

CASSANDRA.  
Nothing gets past you, does it?

**INT. TROTTER'S FLAT. LOUNGE - LATER**

A fed up Del gives up trying to open a bottle of glue and  
throws it down on the table.

DEL.  
If I could just get them open we'd  
be set for life.

The post gets delivered.

DEL.  
Let's see what crap I've been sent  
today.

He picks up the letters, all bills. He sighs, throws them in  
the bin.

DEL.  
For once, I'd like some good news.

He grabs a drink and cigar before taking a seat. He then  
remembers Boycie's envelope, pulls it out of his pocket.

DEL.  
Let's see what all this is about  
then.

He opens the envelope. As he looks at the contents, his  
mouth drops, the cigar falls to the floor.

DEL.  
Dessous De Plat!

**INT. RODNEY & CASSANDRA'S FLAT. FRONT ROOM - LATER**

Rodney and Del are sat down, both in a state of shock.

DEL.  
So, what do you think? You reckon  
he's telling the truth?

RODNEY.  
It seems that way to me, Del. But  
this is Boycie we're talking about.  
He's never told a truth in his  
life.



DEL.

The Boycie I know wouldn't lie about this. Our gold has been found, Rodney! Our legacy awaits us.

RODNEY.

So, what do you suggest we do?

DEL.

We go pay Boycie a visit.

**EXT. BOYCIIE'S COUNTRY COTTAGE - EVENING**

Del and Rodney arrive outside Boycie's luxury country cottage in their van. They exit the vehicle. Del looks up at the place, likes what he sees.

DEL.

Cor blimey, look at this place, Rodney. Now this is a bit of me.

RODNEY.

Yeah, well, if this is all true you will be able to buy one just like it. But if you ask me, I think Boycie is just pulling our leg.

DEL.

If he is, then the Driscoll Brothers will be the least of his concerns.

RODNEY.

So what's his game then?

DEL.

I don't bloody know, Rodney! That's why we're here, init? To get some answers. Now go ring the bell.

RODNEY.

Wait.

DEL.

What now?

RODNEY.

Marlene still hasn't got that dog has she?

DEL.

I don't know, why?

RODNEY.

Well, you remember what Duke was like with me. Imagine the damage a Rottweiler could do. It would rip me limb from limb.

DEL.

Don't worry Rodney, I'll protect you. Now, shut up and go ring the bell.

Rodney hesitantly walks up the garden path and rings the bell.

**INT. BOYCIE'S COUNTRY COTTAGE - SHORT TIME LATER**

Boycie is sat down on his very expensive leather sofa, opposite Del. Meanwhile, Rodney is stood, looking around, worried a dog may attack him at any moment.

BOYCIE.

I'm telling you Del, it's the truth. I wouldn't lie to you about this. I can't really divulge how we came to discover it, but all you need to know is I have it and it's yours.

DEL.

Oh yeah and what's the catch?

BOYCIE.

There ain't one. You saved my life, and I owe you. Granted, when I found it I was gonna keep it but after all that with the Driscoll Brothers, I've had a change of heart.

DEL.

Well it's about time, your heart has been black since I've known you.

BOYCIE.

That ain't fair Del, I'm trying to do good by you here.

DEL.

How do you know this gold bullion is ours anyway? It could be anyone's.

BOYCIE.

The reason I know is that the case ain't just filled with gold, it's stacked with jewellery - your mum's jewellery, to be precise. No one in South London ever wore the stuff she did. It's definitely your gold, Del.

DEL.

Okay then, where is it?

BOYCIE.

I'll go get it. If you'll excuse me.

Boycie exits.

DEL.

So Rodney, what do you think? Seems legit, eh?

RODNEY.

I can sense that dog is here, Del.

DEL.

Will you stop going on about that sodding dog?! We're about to become multi-millionaires and that's all you can think about?

RODNEY.

Derek, if there is a man-eating Rottweiler here I can guarantee you the only thing I'll be spending my millions on is bloody hospital bills!

Boycie returns carrying a large and heavy case. He drops it on the floor.

DEL.

Is that it?

BOYCIE.

(sarcastic)

No, it's Marlene's makeup. Of course this is it.

(then)

Well, ain't you gonna open it?

DEL.

I'm just preparing myself, that's all.

BOYCIE.

Well hurry up, I ain't got all day. I'm a busy man.

Del takes a deep breath, then opens the case only for his face to drop. We look inside to see that the case is empty except for his mum's jewellery. We hear Boycie's famous laugh.

RODNEY.

Is this some kind of joke, Boycie?

Del turns around, infuriated.

BOYCIE.

Just hold on, Del. I couldn't resist. You should see the look on your face. Oh come on, cut me some slack. I don't get many laughs since I left Peckham.

DEL.

What the hell is this, Boyc?

BOYCIE.

I sold the gold.

DEL.

You did what?!

BOYCIE.

Let me finish. I sold the gold, and I was planning on keeping the cash. But I can't do it, so I guess this is yours.

He takes out a cheque from his jacket pocket and hands it to Del, who opens it. The cheque reads: £3 million.

DEL.

Three million quid? And it's all mine?

RODNEY.

Ours.

DEL.

Same thing.

BOYCIE.

You're welcome, Derek.

DEL.

If this bounces, I'm gonna come back up here and BOUNCE your arse to the moon and back, you hear me?

BOYCIE.

It's real, Del. Enjoy your retirement.

He holds his hand out. A tearful Del shakes it. Just then we hear a dog barking in the distant. Rodney legs it out of the cottage.

DEL.

What a 42-carat plonker!

**INT. NAG'S HEAD - NIGHT**

Del, Rodney, Raquel and Damien enter the Nag's Head. Miley is behind the bar, Del approaches.

MILEY.

So I heard it didn't go well on Dragon's Den? That's a shame. I'm truly baffled why they didn't invest. Still there's always next year, right? I'm sure you'll make it one day.

Del grins at her, takes the cheque out of his pocket and shows it to her. Her face drops.

MILEY.

That thing real?

DEL.

Yes. What can't speak can't lie.

MILEY.

You're a millionaire?

DEL.

That's what it says here.

MILEY.

Didn't you already become a millionaire years ago and blow the lot?

DEL.

Yes, but that's all in the past now.

(then)

So how much was it that I owed you for the wedding? Whatever it is, add the price of this place to it.

MILEY.

What?

DEL.

I wanna buy this pub off you.

MILEY.

And who said I wanna sell?

DEL.

Oh, leave it out. You hate this place as much as your old man did. I'm giving you a get out here and a damn good price too.

MILEY.

Yeah, how much?

DEL.

You can name your price.

MILEY.

You sure about this? This place hardly makes any money.

DEL.

I don't care about any of that. This pub has been my second home since I was 12 years old. I have so many memories here. I want the Nag's Head to become part of the Trotter Family for generations to come.

MILEY.

Then you got yourself a deal. I'll draw up the paperwork. I guess this calls for champagne.

Del and Raquel hug. Rodney and Cassandra do the same. Damien tries to hug Miley, but she pushes him away.

Cassandra then receives a phone call. She goes into a corner of the bar to get some quiet. Moments later, she returns all upset.

RODNEY.

Cass, what is it?

CASSANDRA.

It's Joan...

**INT. DEL'S VAN - LATER**

Rodney and Cassandra are sitting in the van outside a large house in a posh part of town, still shell-shocked from the news they've received.

RODNEY.

Are we even sure she's here?

CASSANDRA.

Chelsea called me to say she was.

RODNEY.

None of this can be true, though. Our little girl can't be pregnant. She's got her whole life ahead of her....

CASSANDRA.

I know, I can't believe it either. But the signs have been there for ages, we've just been too stupid to realise it. She's been crying out for help and we've ignored her.

RODNEY.

We've offered to talk to her.

CASSANDRA.

A mother should sense these things.  
She's pregnant and I didn't even  
realise it.

(sighs)

What are we gonna do?

RODNEY.

I honestly don't know. I thought  
having money would make life  
easier, but more fool me, eh?

CASSANDRA.

Are you as scared as me?

RODNEY.

Terrified.

They hold hands, both looking for guidance in each other.

**INT. CHELSEA'S HOUSE. HALLWAY - SHORT TIME LATER**

Chelsea is standing in the hall with Rodney and Cassandra.

CHELSEA.

She's in the front room. I ain't  
got a word out of her since she got  
here. But she looks in a bad way.

CASSANDRA.

Rodney, can you go in? I don't  
think I can face any of this at the  
moment.

RODNEY.

What makes you think I can? I don't  
know what to say to her.

CASSANDRA.

Just be her dad. And I'll be her  
mum. That's all we can do.

Rodney braces himself as he touches the door handle that  
leads into the front room. He takes a deep breath, then  
enters.

**INT. CHELSEA'S HOUSE. FRONT ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Rodney sees Joan sitting on a chair. She looks up, her eyes  
all puffy from crying. She looks scared and worried. She  
stands up, a little shaky, wipes her eyes.

Rodney just looks at her. It's a rather tense moment as we  
don't quite know which way he's going to react yet. He walks  
over to Joan..... and gives her a hug. It's not a big hug or  
anything, he just holds her tightly. Kisses the top of her  
head.

JOAN.  
 (crying)  
 I'm so sorry, dad.

RODNEY.  
 Everything's gonna be okay, Joan. I  
 promise.

As the song, "What A Wonderful Life" begins to play out, we get a montage of scenes of the Trotter Family enjoying their newfound wealth:

- Del and Raquel stand outside a luxury cottage estate in the country. The proud owners of their new home.

- Del pulls up in a Rolls Royce outside a state-of-the-art apartment complex. He exits the vehicle with Damien. He throws him a set of keys. The pair embrace.

- Del and Rodney are standing over Trigger's grave. It says he was a good friend to Boycie, Denzil, Del Boy and.... Dave. Rodney smiles.

- Rodney, Cassandra and Joan are in a beautiful and large home. The view outside is rather spectacular. Rodney looks at his wife and daughter, and smiles. For the first time in awhile he's confident everything will be okay.

- Del is riding around his massive garden on a motorised mower. Raquel looks on in equal measure of enjoyment and fear.

- Cassandra and Joan are looking through a baby name book. Rodney comes over and points to a name. Joan makes a face as if to say "no way!". The name he is pointing to is David.

- Del stands proudly outside the Nag's Head. His name above the door. He enters, makes himself a drink and raises a glass to Mike.

DEL.  
 All the best, Mike.

**EXT. CEMETERY - DAY**

Del, in his luxury new car, arrives at the cemetery. He steps out, and walks over to his mother's grave.

DEL.  
 Well, mum, we made it. I know we made it a couple of times before but this time it's for real. Even Rodney and I ain't stupid enough to blow a life changing amount of money three times in a row. Okay, Rodney might be but I'll make sure he don't.

Rodney arrives.



RODNEY.

Alright, Del?

DEL.

Yeah, couldn't be better. What you doing here?

RODNEY.

Just felt right to come pay mum a visit.

(then)

Do you think she'd be proud of us?

DEL.

What you going on about? Of course she would be.

RODNEY.

I hope so.

DEL.

She's looking down on us now with a great big smile, flanked by Grandad and his awful cooking, and Uncle Albert and his wartime tales.

RODNEY.

Cor, what a picture, eh?

Del stays silent for a little while.

RODNEY.

What's wrong?

DEL.

I don't know. It just feels like everything is complete now. Like our story is finished.

RODNEY.

Every story has to have an ending, Del.

DEL.

I know bruv, I know.

RODNEY.

.... So, you planning any holidays this year?

DEL.

Well, Raquel wanted to go to Miami for a fortnight.

RODNEY.

Miami?! Bloody hell Del, I hope you didn't say yes. I'm still having nightmares about the last time we went.

DEL.

Don't worry, we agreed on Florida instead. It was Damien's idea. He wanted to go to Disneyland.

(then)

So, how is Joan?

RODNEY.

She's getting there. We all are.

DEL.

It'll be alright. I've seen lots of people have kids younger than her. It's all the rage these days. You see it everyday in the news, don't you?

(off Rodney's look)

Sorry, I was just trying to make a joke. She'll be alright because she has you and Cassandra.

RODNEY.

I hope so. And what about you? You enjoying your retirement?

DEL.

I'm not retired, Rodney. I own the Nag's Head in case you had forgotten.

RODNEY.

You know what I meant. No more wheeling and dealing, ducking and diving?

DEL.

(shrugs)

Well, I had to give it up sometime, didn't I? Too many laws these days anyway.

RODNEY.

Okay, what's wrong?

DEL.

I'm scared, Rodney.

RODNEY.

What about?

DEL.

Well, we've been here before, ain't we? We've been rich twice already and we let it slip through our hands. What if it happens again? I don't think God gives you fourth chances in life.

RODNEY.

Del, listen to me. That will not happen this time around. There is no way we will lose our money again.

DEL.

Yeah? How can you be so sure?

RODNEY.

Because this time I ain't giving you my share!

DEL.

You saucy git, I'll punch you on the nose now.

(then)

We had some fun over the years though, right bruv?

RODNEY.

Wouldn't change a thing of it for the world.

Rodney suddenly remembers a lot of the bad stuff that has happened to him over the years as we get a quick montage of the memories:

- Rodney being forced to pretend to be 14-year-old to win an art competition.
- Getting a bad suntan from Del.
- Dropping an expensive chandelier.
- Coming face-to-face with an escaped mental patient.
- Chasing a butterfly all over town.
- Getting a job at a funeral directors.
- Being chased in the van by a gang of youths.
- The bus blowing up on a trip to Margate.
- On the run from the mafia in Miami.
- Dressed up as Batman & Robin with Del...

RODNEY.

Okay maybe I'd change a few things.  
(then)

You know something, Del. You've been so much more to me than just a brother. Almost like a dad. And I've never really said it before, but thank you. Thank you for everything.

DEL.

Shut up, shut up you tart!

RODNEY.

I just wanted you to know that I did appreciate everything you did for me.

DEL.

I know, I know.

(then)

So, what you got planned today?

RODNEY.

Not sure yet, what about you?

DEL.

Thinking of throwing a party in the Nag's Head for all the regulars. All drinks on the house, of course. Why don't you let Cassandra and Joan know, make a night of it?

RODNEY.

Yeah sounds good to me, Del.

DEL.

Come on then, let's go. It's bloody freezing. I can feel myself turning into an cyborg here.

RODNEY.

It's iceberg.

DEL.

Eh?

RODNEY.

Don't matter.

Del puts his arm around Rodney's shoulder, they exit...

RODNEY.

Del, can I ask you something?

DEL.

Fire away, Rodney.

RODNEY.

What did you do with all that Trotter Glue?

DEL.

I chucked the bleeding lot in the bin.

RODNEY.

You're kidding?! Isn't it illegal to dispose of glue that way?

DEL.

Don't worry, they'll never make the  
charges stick.

RODNEY.

They will with that glue!

They both laugh.

As Del and Rodney exit, they slowly become cartoon  
silhouettes as they walk away from us.

THE END.