

ROD

50s You have to be a certain kind of guy to stick with Chris, and Rod loves being that guy. He can give back what he gets, and has a deadpan humour, which has always made Chris laugh. He drinks a lot but never so much as to have a problem. He would work every hour to make his shop a success, and John was his mate, even though the relationship was originally channeled through the wives.

Rod grabs Chris and hugs her

Rod Has anyone ever told you, you're the most b-yyyooootiful wife a man could ever –

Chris *(being hugged)* Rod, what are you playing at?

Rod So what, a husband's not allowed to buy his wife bouquet now, for a celebration? Where d'you want them? *(He heads towards the kitchen)*

Chris Rod, you can't – *(She pulls him back)* There's naked women out there.

Rod Love, it's Knapeley. There's naked women everywhere. *(He winks)* Hey, Annie

Annie *(Slightly embarrassed)* Hi, Rod.

Chris We had these in the shop?

Rod *(dropping his head in mock shame)* I had to go to Tesco. *(to Annie)* John wouldn't bloody approve of THAT, would he, eh? David has bought these from the hand of Goliath.

Annie They're beautiful

Chris How did you know?

Rod What?

Chris *(confused)* You said you bought these to celebrate –

Rod I did! To celebrate the fact that somewhere out there across the dales of Yorkshire, a manufacturer of personalized wedding cakes has come down with a summer cold!

Chris *(Slightly irritated)* What?

Rod *(Holding up a necktag)...* and has consequently pulled out of the Northern Bridal Fair in Leeds! We're in! *(Putting it on himself)* Tomorrow, my darling, we are stand number two-one-nine!

Chris No, "we" can't be. "We're" going on *television!*

Rod What?

Chris Isn't it great?

(Beat)

Rod Right. But at these fairs, you're better at all the actual selling, "meeting people" stuff. You're just... *(Feeling awkward in front of Annie. He smiles at her)* She's fantastic at that.

Chris Rod! *(As if this explains everything)* It's **TELEVISION!**

Rod *(suddenly hard as nails)* Chris, we're going to the bridal fair. We don't have the luxury not to. *(Chris leaves, Rod is wounded)* Never, Annie, make a business out of something you love. *(He just about finds a smile for Annie)* I go for a walk now up to Grizedale, see all the flowers and I think, "It's you little bastards who are screwing us over." *(Beat)* You feel like running through 'em all, kicking all the bloody heads off. *(He looks to the sunflowers)* Then again, John managed it, didn't he? *(Beat)* Worked that park for thirty years, never stopped banging on about how beautiful it was. Couldn't bloody shut him up.