

**AUCHTERMICHTY
AW-STARs**
VERSUS THE WORLD

THOMAS CLARK

Auchtermichty Aw-Stars Versus the World

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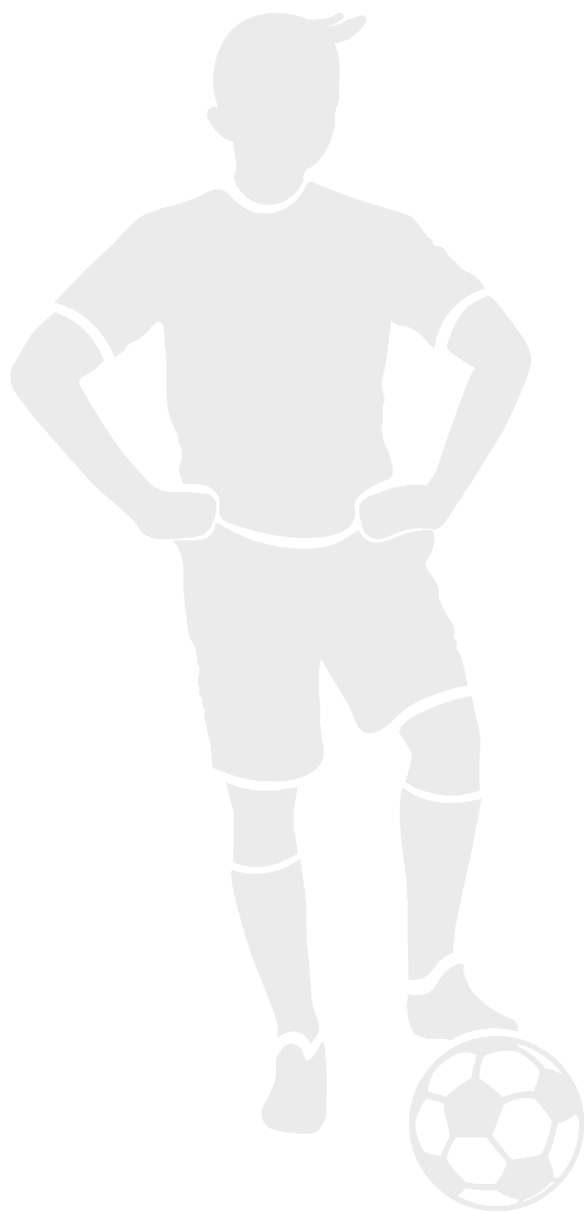
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THE STORY SAE FAUR...

Six times champions o the Invercludgie District League, five time winners o the Scottish Youth Cup; the famous Auchtermichty Aw-Stars are the greatest youth team ever tae kick a baw. But a mix-up wi registration forms sees the team's prood 223 gemme winnin streak unner threit, as the Aw-Stars are entered tae compete in the Intergalactic Cup, an inter-planetary tournament for the weirdest and maist radge fitba teams in the hale universe.

Jyne the Auchtermichty Aw-Stars as they traivel amang unkennt stars, gangin heid tae heid on and aff the pitch wi aliens, cyborgs, and mutant numpties. Will they keep the streak alive, or will the gemme finally be a bogey?

Let's find oot . . .



TEAMSHEET

Auchtermichty Aw-Stars

MALKY McMUCKLEHAUNS. Goalie. Would stap a cannonbaw, if ye were daft enough tae fire wan at him. No feart o onythin, cept mebbe his maw.

HAMISH HEIDTHEBAW. Centre hauf. Lowp o a salmon, memory o a goldfish.

DEEK DECKEM. Defensive midfielder. Tackles first, checks whit team they're in later. Got booked wance for twa-fittin his ain shaddae.

FIONA FAIRLIEFIT. Captain. Midfielder. Fleet o fit, stoot o hert, an shairp o tongue. Dinnae mess.

BILLY BIGTIME. Winger. Auchtermichty Grammar's Dreamboat o the Month, twelve months rinnin. Gets his maw tae iron his snood afore every gemme. If he wis chocolate, he'd eat himsel - then wirry about it aw gawin straicht tae his thighs.

TAMSIN TAEBASH. Striker. A goal-scorin machine wi a richt-fit welly and a wan-track mind. The maist dangerous spot on ony fitba pitch is a straicht line atween her and the net.

COACH MCGOWK: Gaffer. Seen a gemme o fitba on the telly wance, an kind o got the gist. Cairries a clipboard everywhere, sae's fowk ken he's the manager an no jist the bus driver.



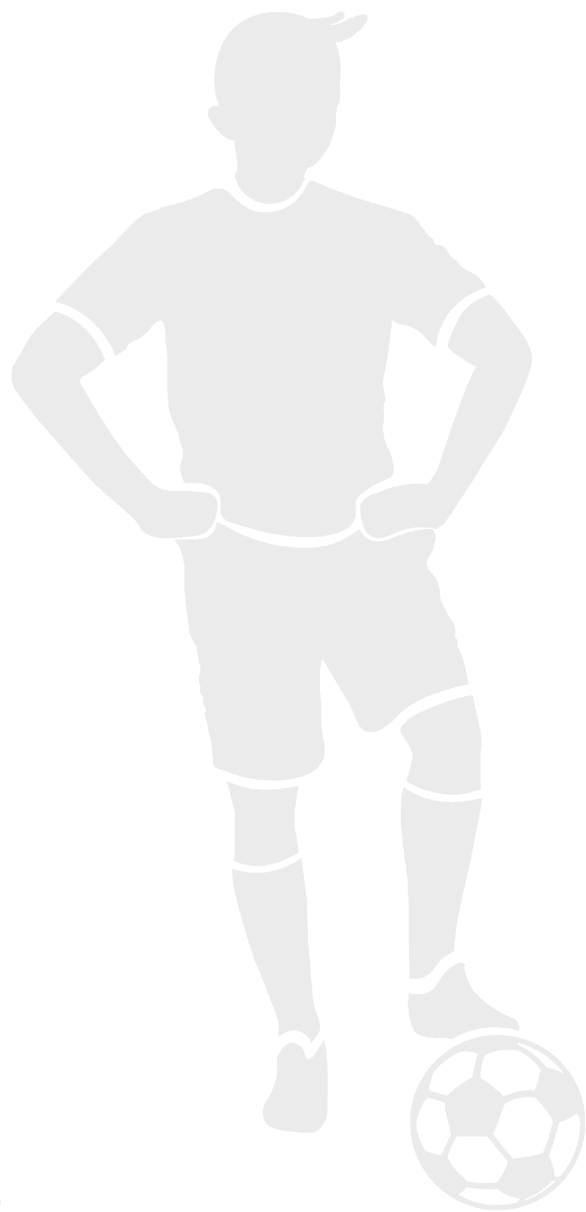


The Day's Opponents

MALKINOID3000

The Day's Ref

CAMMY CAIRDEM, fae Cardenden



SCENE 1

(A chyngin room, daurk an empty. Nae signs o life, no a braith o soond but the chitterin o faur-aff birds. Then, ootside, absolute bedlam. Major stushie gaun on. Shoutin and roarin, gettin looder and looder. Somethin's comin. Somethin muckle. The door flees open. Bricht lichts flash on.)

TEAM: CHAM-PI-OOOOONEEES! CHAM-PI-OOOOONEEES! Olé, olé, olé!

BILLY: EA-SY!

(A dizzen-odd boys and lassies in Auchtermichty Aw-Stars trainin taps swarm intae the chyngin room, giein it pure laldy. BILLY BIGTIME lowps up ontae a bench, clappin his hauns ower his heid.)

TEAM: CHAM-PI-OOOOONEEES! CHAM-PI-OOOOONEEES! Olé, olé, olé!

BILLY: EA-SY!

(The team keep on singin and dancin. FIONA staggers intae the chyngin room, puggled, a muckle kitbag ower each o her shooders. She stares aroond at them aw wi a face like thunder.)

FIONA: Haw! HAW! That'll dae, youse lot! I says, THAT'LL DAE!!!!



(She's got some voice on her. HAMISH, staunin next tae her, acts as if an air-horn jist went aff in his lug. The singin quickly dwynes awa. BILLY, still clappin, the last yin tae stop.)

BILLY: EA...

FIONA: Enough's enough, Billy. Caw canny wi aw the celebrations, aye?

BILLY: How?

FIONA: Och, ah've been readin up about it, how yer big teams dae things; yer Real Madrids and yer Barcelonas and that...

Billy: Aye?

FIONA: Weel, appairtly maist fitba teams save their celebrations for EFTER the gemme.

(BILLY shaks his heid and smiles.)

BILLY: Och, Fiona. That's awricht for wee diddy teams like Barcelona. But we're no *maist* fitba teams. We're the ***Auchtermichty Aw-Stars!***

(The cheers fae the rest o the team near enough blaw the roof aff the hale chyngin room.)

BILLY: Six times champions o the Invercludgie District League! Five time winners o the Scottish Youth Cup! The greatest youth team ever tae kick a baw!

HAMISH: Undefeaitit in – coont them! – twa-hunner and twinty-twa gemmes! The langest winnin streak in the history o Scottish fitba! We've taen every staunin record and we've



smashed them aw tae bits!

BILLY: (Pointin tae himsel) Maist assists!

TAMSIN: (Pointin tae hersel) Maist goals!

MALKY: (Pointin tae himsel) Maist clean sheets!

DEEK: (Pointin tae himsel) Maist yellae cairds!

(Awbody gies him a funny look.)

DEEK: (Quietly) Jist sayin, like.

BILLY: There's no a team in the country that's got a snawbaw's chance against us, Fiona. I dinnae ken whit ye're gettin aw fashed about.

FIONA: We didnae get tae be the best team in Scotland by takkin things for grantit, Billy. We got there by pittin the oors in. By wirkin hard. By giein a hunner per cent in every single gemme.

(The rest o the team nod and murmur in agreement.)

DEEK: Aye, richt enough, Fiona.

MALKY: Fair point.

BILLY: Aye, awricht, awricht. Keep yer hair on, skipper. We're aw over this the day.

FIONA: We'll see.

BILLY: Gie's peace, Fiona. Honestly, this yin's in the bag.



FIONA: Aye. Aw, an speakin o whit's in the bag. . .

(FIONA heaves the bags ower her shouder an ontae the flair. The team look at her, then at the bags, then at her again. Their faces turn as white as sheets.)

BILLY: Naw.

FIONA: But aye.

TAMSIN: It isnae.

FIONA: It is.

DEEK: It *canna*e be.

FIONA: It's naethin but.

BILLY, TAMSIN and DEEK: No. . . .

(They reach intae the bag aw at wance an pull oot. . .)

BILLY, TAMSIN and DEEK: The *away* strip!!!

(The hale team groans as the shirts are held up, bowfin mixer-maxters o puce, beige, an snottery-green.)

HAMISH: (Coverin his face wi his hauns) Ma een! They're meltin!

TAMSIN: I think I'm gonnae boak. It's like they took aw oor schuil denners an turnt them intae a fitba strip.

DEEK: We'd be better aff weirin ma granny's auld curtains. The wans her cat wis sick on.



BILLY: How are these meant tae gang wi ma fantoosh new buits?! Nut. I cannae deal wi this.

MALKY: How is yon McGowk even oor manager? The auld radge couldnae pick his neb in the daurk wi baith hauns.

FIONA: Weel, there's nae pynt girnin aboot it. They're no aboot tae chynge the rules jist for us. Away team weirs their away tap. Disnae matter if they're the best team in the hale entire *galaxy*.

BILLY: The best team in the hale entire galaxy? Ooft, I like the soond o *that*.

(Awbody laughs. COACH MCGOWK walks in readin a wee bit o paper, but naebody peys him ony mind.)

DEEK: Magine it, eh. Us playin against, like, a team o mad mental aliens or that.

MALKY: Ken! (He hauds up his hauns like he's seein it up in lichts.) The day's gemme: Auchtermichty Aw-Stars versus the Guardians o the Galaxy!

BILLY: Pfft. Peasy or whit?! They'd be pickin up yon wee widden gadgie wi a plastic poke and a pair o tweezers wance Deek'd finisht wi him.

HAMISH: It widnae jist be aliens, but. Bet aw the planets would hae different kinds o fowk on them. Mebbe ye'd get a team that's aw zombies, jist. (He hauds his airms oot an turns roond tae TAMSIN.) Braiiiiins!

TAMSIN: Slavers! Thae zombies'd be oot in the first roond. Whit if they'd tae play against a team o ninjas or that? They'd get pure circles run roond them. Hiiiyia! (She kids on tae karate chop HAMISH.)



COACH: Weel, let's jist tak it wan gemme at a time, eh. Ye can anely beat whit's pit in front o ye.

(There's a lood rummle fae outside, a beepin noise like a bin lorry reversin.)

BILLY: Speak o the Deil.

DEEK: That'll be them, eh. Onybody up for a wee scoutin mission? I'm gonnae hiv a wee keek throu the door.

(DEEK crosses ower tae the chyingin room door an peeks throu the crack. MALKY jynes him.)

FIONA: Gie's a swatch at their teamsheet then, gaffer.

COACH: (Haundin it ower) On ye go, hen. Cannae mak heid nor tail o it, masel. It's jist a load o nummers, like some auld wifie's bingo caird.

(At the door, MALKY and DEEK are haein a wee pushin match.)

MALKY: (Pushin up ahint DEEK) Shift yer muckle heid oot the road then, Deek. Ye're like a beach baw stuck on a snooker cue.

DEEK: (Elbowin MALKY oot the wey) Aye, look wha's talkin! Ye'd mak a better door than a windae, Malky. You've got a heid like a... a Brussel sprout!

MALKY: Eh?! Brussel sprouts are like, *yon* size!

(MALKY hauds up his fingir an thumb, wan inch apairt. DEEK stares at them wi a straicht face.)

DEEK: Aye, I'm meanin a *muckle* Brussel sprout, but.



(The rummle outside gets awfy lood, aw o a sudden. DEEK an MALKY press their een up tae the door.)

MALKY: Och, it's no them. It's jist a bunch o big metal boxes.

HAMISH: Ach, it's probably for tae pit them in wance we're finisht wi them.

DEEK: Nah, it's jist some filin cabinets.

MALKY: Whit, filin cabinets wi lichts an aerals an muckle big wheels?!

DEEK: I never said they wirnae *fancy*, like.

FIONA: (Lookin up fae the teamsheet wi a blank expression.) Thon's no filin cabinets.

DEEK: Eh?

FIONA: Ah says, thon's no filin cabinets. (She waves the teamsheet at them.) Thon's the *ither team*.

BILLY: Whit're ye bumpin yer gums about, Fiona?

FIONA: (Tae COACH) Dae ye ken wha we're playin the day?

COACH: Eh? Aw aye, it's, erm, Raith Rovers.

FIONA: Raith Rovers? (She pynts at the teamsheet.) Naw, it's Raith ROBOTS. Ye've went and pit us in for a tournament for *robots*.

(Awbody groans.)



TAMSIN: This is no real. Are ye tellin me ye've never heard o the Robot World Cup?

MALKY: It's no meant tae be for actual fitba teams, gaffer. It's meant tae be for, like, inventors an that.

BILLY: O aw the glaikit... Weel, we'll jist need tae forfeit. I'm no gettin pit in the air by R2-D2. No in ma spang-new buits.

FIONA: Aye, but if we dinnae play...

BILLY: Whit?

FIONA: Thon's the end o the streak. Twa hunner an twinty-twa gemmes. Finisht. Duin wi.

(Awbody gangs awfy quiet for a meenit.)

DEEK: Look, hiv ony o you lot even watched the Robot World Cup afore? I mean, thon robots cannae play for chocolate. Hauf o them cannae even pit wan fit in front o the ither wioot cowpin ower, never mind pullin aff a Rabona or onythin fantoosh like yon.

MALKY: Aye. Aye! Deek's spot on! They're a bunch o wheellie-bin wasters, the lot o them! They'd mak big Hamish here look like Jinky Johnstone!

HAMISH: Eh?

FIONA: Weel... Awricht then. Wha's up for it? Tae keep the streak alive?

(She sticks her haun oot. For a wee meenit, it hings there in the air. Then, yin by yin, the ither players aw pit their hauns on tap o hers.)



DEEK: In for a penny, eh?

TAMSIN: Forrit thegither!

MALKY: Richt ahint ye, skip!

BILLY: Naebody better touch ma buits, is aw. Ah'll dae ma actual bunnet, sweir doon.

FIONA: Wan! Twa! Three!

TEAM: AUCHTERMICHTY AW-STARSS!!!

(The team brek up an head aff tae their benches tae get chynghed. Anely Hamish is left staunin there, haun still stickin oot.)

HAMISH: Aye, but... Wha's Jinky Johnstone...?

SCENE 2

(The centre circle o a fitba pitch. Aw roond the grund, the buzz o anticipation. The REFEREE walks on, baw in haun. He checks his watch.)

REFEREE: Baith captains, please!

(FIONA walks in frae stage left, shakes hauns wi the ref. She lowps up an doon on the spot for a meenit, daes a couple o stretches. There is a low rummlin noise frae stage right. FIONA and the REFEREE watch wi peely-wally faces as MALKINOID3000, a huge robot bristlin wi lichts an screens an muckle metal skelfs, stramps intae view.)



FIONA: Ehh...

(FIONA hauds oot her haun, no shuir whit pairt o MALKINOID3000's body tae shak hauns wi. A metal thingmy shoots oot fae the robot's chist, jist aboot pulls FIONA's airm oot its socket, then disappears.)

FIONA: (Shakkin aff her haun.) In the name o the wee man!

REFEREE: Braw, wee bit o guid sportmanship, that's whit I aye like tae see. Noo, heids or tails?

FIONA: Ah'll tak...

MALKINOID: SCANNIN.

(MALKINOID stares doon at the coin in the REFEREE's open haun.)

MALKINOID: SCAN COMPLETE. MALKINOID3000 PREDICTS WI SEVENTY-SEVEN-POINT-TWA PERCENT CERTAINTY THAT THE COIN WILL COME DOON... HEIDS.

(The REFEREE tosses the coin.)

REFEREE: Heids it is, richt enough. Whit end ye takkin?

MALKINOID: SCANNIN.

FIONA: Michty me.

MALKINOID: SCAN COMPLETE. WI WIND ADVANTAGE IN THE FIRST HAUF, MALKINOID3000 PREDICTS WI NINETY-EIGHT PERCENT CERTAINTY THAT THE WINNERS O THIS GEMME WILL BE... RAITH ROBOTS.



FIONA: Whit?! Sae ye're sayin we've anely got, like, a *twa* percent chance o winnin?!

MALKINOID: WRANG.

FIONA: Richt. Weel, that's guid.

MALKINOID: MALKINOID3000 PREDICTS A TWA PERCENT CHANCE O THE GEMME BEIN ABANDONED DUE TAE THE EARTH GETTIN TOTALLY BANJOED BY A METEOR FAE OOTER SPACE. MALKINOID3000 PREDICTS ZERO PERCENT CHANCE O VICTORY FOR...

(MALKINOID's voice chynges tae the automated voice fae aff the trains.)

MALKINOID: AUCHTERMICHTY. OXTERS.

FIONA: (Annoyed.) Aw-Stars! Auchtermichty AW-Stars!

REFEREE: Awricht ma louns, let's hae a guid clean gemme the day, eh? Nae hackin, nae chibbin, an definitely nae lasers, aye?

MALKINOID: SCANNIN.

FIONA: Nae... lasers...?

(MALKINOID stares doon at FIONA for a meenit.)

MALKINOID: PROBABILITY O A GUID, CLEAN GEMME... NO FOUND.

(MALKINOID stramps back off tae the richt. Fae the left, BILLY stoats in, booncin a fitba.)



BILLY: Hiv we got the kick-aff, then?

FIONA: (Still a bit dumfoonert.) Aye. That and a hale lot mair.

BILLY: Braw.

(He pits the baw doon on the centre spot, licks his fingir, an hauds it up tae the wind.)

BILLY: Wan Billy Bigtime blooter comin richt up. Thae midden-buckets'll no ken whit hit them.

(The REFEREE nods at them and blaws his whistle.)

BILLY: Awricht troops, let's dae this! AUCHTERMICHTY...
AWWWWW-STAAAAARS!

(FIONA tees the baw aff for BILLY, and they baith chaarge aff tae the richt.)

SCENE 3

(The Auchtermichty goalmooch. MALKY, leanin against yin goalpost, organisin an aff-stage waw.)

MALKY: Ower a bit. Back a bit. Naw, ower a wee bittie mair!
Back a bit! Ower a bit!

(A baw whistles in fae aff-stage at the speed o licht, straicht intae the net. MALKY looks at it.)

MALKY: ... Back a bit.



(The tannoy crackles intae life.)

TANNOY: GOAL FOR RAITH ROBOTS, SCORED BI NUMMER THREE THOOSAND, MALKINOID! THON MAKS IT RAITH ROBOTS SEVENTEEN, AUCHTERMICHTY AW-STARs HEE-HAW!

(HAMISH hobbles in, picks the baw oot the net. He flings it tae DEEK, wha's jst comin ontae the stage. DEEK stares at the baw wi winner.)

DEEK: Scorch merks, mun. Actual scorch merks.

(DEEK chucks the baw aff-stage. HAMISH stares at MALKY and shaks his heid.)

HAMISH: Wheelie-bin wasters, he says.

MALKY: Aye, awricht.

HAMISH: Jinky Johnstone, he says.

DEEK: Weel. We're gettin closer.

MALKY: Right enough, aye. By the time they're a hunner tae naethin up, I'll mebbe hiv had a touch, eh.

DEEK: I hope no. No unless thon gloves ye're weirin are made o titanium.

(MALKY checks the label, shakes his heid.)

MALKY: Nup. I've anither pair in ma bag, but.

DEEK: Ye could hiv twinty pairs on at wance, Malky. It'd no mak ony odds. Soon as the baw cams aff that big yin's fit...



(DEEK jouks as the baw flies past him, intae the net.)

HAMISH: It's in the net.

(MALKY picks the baw oot the net, throws it back again.
HAMISH sighs an shaks his heid again.)

MALKY: Awricht, then, Hamish, seein as you're the wan that kent better, seein as you're the wan wi aw the big ideas; whit are we supposed tae dae? Turn them aw aff and on again? Cross oor fingirs an hope the Wi-Fi gauns doon?

HAMISH: How am I meant tae ken? But we've got tae dae *somethin*. Ye're no sayin youse twa are gonnae jist staun here for ninety meenits, are ye?

DEEK: Och, naw. No ninety meenits. (They aw wince as a crunchin tackle is heard aff-stage.) I mean, I dout there'll be a wee bittie injury time.

SCENE 4

(BILLY dribbles the baw in frae stage left. The REFEREE pantin, tryin tae keep up.)

BILLY: (Tae himsel) Doon but no oot, Auchtermichty Aw-Stars lookin for wan o their big-name players tae grab this gemme by the scruff o the neck. . . The comeback stairts here, and noo it's Billy Bigtime on the break! Taks it past yin, past twa. . . Oooff!

(BILLY pulls aff a perjink wee step-over past. . . weel, naebody.)

BILLY: Leas him for DEID there! This is Bigtime. . . Bigtime, aw



the wey... Bigtime... He MUST score!

(As BILLY draws his fit back tae shoot, MALKINOID appears fae naewhaur tae breenge richt throu him, tak the baw, and daunder aff wi it. BILLY throws his hauns up in the air.)

BILLY: Ref-er-ee, mun!

(The REFEREE lifts his whistle tae his mooth. MALKINOID staps deid an stares back at him. The REFEREE slowly looks him up and doon.)

REFEREE: Ehh... Play on.

(MALKINOID exits stage left, the REFEREE follaein a fair bit ahint. BILLY bangs his fist on the grund, shoutin efter them.)

BILLY: EH?! Nae foul in, aye?! Nae lasers, aye?! That's a pure minter, that!

(TAMSIN and FIONA jog in frae stage richt, pull BILLY back tae his feet. BILLY dichts the clart aff his shorts, checks himsel up and doon.)

BILLY: Look at the state o me. I anely jist ironed these leggins, anaw. So much for nae hackin, eh.

TAMSIN: Ken. I'm aboot scunnered wi this. Nae nae kiddin.

(BILLY is aboot tae run back doonfield when FIONA grabs him by the airm.)

FIONA: Haud on, Billy. Whit did ye jist say there?

BILLY: Oww! No you anaw! So much for nae hackin, I says!



FIONA: Nae hackin! That's it! That gies me an idea!

TAMSIN: Whit are ye on about, Fiona? Hiv ye tried tacklin this lot? It's like fifty-fiftyin a camper-van.

FIONA: It's no thon kind o hackin I'm on about. Listen, Billy, hiv ye got yer phone on ye?

BILLY: (Suddenly sleekit) Naw... Coorse I dinnae... Whit kind o bawheid taks their phone ontae a fitba pitch wi them?

FIONA: It's jist they're awfy muckle shinpads ye're weirin the day. I wunnert if ye'd mebbe turnt intae a big fearty, aw o a sudden.

BILLY: (Lookin doon) Eh?! Naw, that's jist ma...

(They look at each ither. BILLY sighs and reaches doon intae his soack. He pulls oots his mobile phone and hauns it ower tae FIONA.)

BILLY: (Takkin a pure beamer.) It wis jist a wee idea for wan o ma goal celebrations, like. I wis gonnae rin ower tae the main staun and tak a quick selfie wi aw ma fans.

FIONA: Billy, I could jist kiss you richt noo.

BILLY: I jist thocht it'd be a wey o giein somethin back... Wait, whit?

(FIONA types awa quickly on the phone.)

FIONA: We'll mebbe no can hack these robots the wey Deek would dae it... But there's mair than wan wey tae hack a thing...



TAMSIN: (Readin ower her shooder.) HOW... TAE... HACK... A...
COMPUTER... That's it, Fiona! That's the verra wan! That's how
we're gonnae beat them!

FIONA: We've time left. If we could hack intae their Wi-Fi network
and shut them aw doon, we could still score enough goals afore
full-time tae win this!

TAMSIN: (Still lookin ower FIONA's shooder.) It's askin for a
passwird.

(They aw look at each ither.)

FIONA: You're takkin National Fower Computin are ye no,
Tamsin? How's about it?

TAMSIN: (Thinkin) Computers dinnae talk normal like we dae,
but. They dinnae ken Scots. They've got their ain language that's
aw wans an nuthins. Binary, it's cawed.

FIONA: Richt, so whit would their passwirds be like?

TAMSIN: Weel, likesay, nuthin-nuthin-nuthin-wan.

(FIONA, typin.)

FIONA: Nut.

TAMSIN: Whit about wan-wan-wan-nuthin?

(FIONA tries it, shaks her heid.)

TAMSIN: Awricht, how's about wan-wan-nuthin-nuthin...

BILLY: Hiv ye tried 'passwird'?



(They baith look at him.)

FIONA: Ye're kiddin, aye?

BILLY: Jist try it. P-A-S-S-W-O... Naw, sorry, I mean, P-A-S-S-W-~~I~~-R-D.

(FIONA tries it.)

FIONA: We're in!

(They aw cheer.)

FIONA: Richt! Noo aw we need tae dae is gang intae the control panel and...

(The licht fae the mobile phone suddenly gangs aff. Their faces drap. FIONA turns slowly an stares at BILLY.)

FIONA: Did ye never think tae charge yer phone, Billy?

BILLY: I charged it afore we cam oot! It's jist, weel, I micht hae takken a few practice selfies, like.

TAMSIN: A few?

BILLY: A few... thoosand.

(FIONA sighs, throws the phone back tae BILLY.)

FIONA: Weel, I dout we're jist gonnae hiv tae dae this the guid auld-fashioned wey.

TAMSIN: Yon's the wey we've aye duin it afore! Let's no gie up noo!



FIONA: Mon the Aw-Stars!

TAMSIN: MON THE AW-STARS!

BILLY: (Starin at the phone) Aye, but whit's the pynt in winnin if I cannae tak a victory selfie?

(FIONA and TAMSIN shoot him a look.)

BILLY: I mean... Mon the Aw-Stars!

(FIONA and TAMSIN rin aff stage left. BILLY gies his phone wan last joogle, sighs, an chases efter them.)

SCENE 5

(The Auchtermichty goalmooth. The REFEREE wi his airm up, signallin for a free-kick. DEEK, arguin.)

DEEK: Ye're jokin, ref! How am I meant tae foul wan o them?! I never even touched him!

REFEREE: Aye, but ye looked at him awfy funny.

(DEEK thraws his hauns in the air and rins ower tae jyne the Aw-Stars waw.)

MALKY: Back a bit... Back a bit...

MALKINOID: MEGA-BLOOTER... CHAIRGIN...

(MALKINOID slowly draws his fit aw the wey back. The players in the Aw-Stars waw aw look at yin anither.)



MALKY: (Up tae high-doh) Back a bit! BACK A BIT! Aw o yese!!
Jist get oot the road! That thing's gonnae blaw ye sky-high!

(The waw disnae move wan inch.)

HAMISH: We cannae jist staun oot the wey and let them score,
Malky.

TAMSIN: That's no whit the Auchtermichty Aw-Stars are aw
aboot.

DEEK: If we cannae win, we've at least got tae play the richt wey,
richt up until the verra end.

FIONA: I'm awfy sorry, guys. I tried tae think o some wey we
could stap them. But I couldnae dae it.

HAMISH: Dinnae blame yersel, Fiona. We're aw in this thegither.

TAMSIN: It's no jist doon tae you. You've got us oot o enough
daft scrapes as it is.

BILLY: Aye. This is aw ma fault. Me an ma stupid phone.

MALKINOID: MEGA-BLOOTER... CHAIRGED. COMMENCIN IN
THREE...

DEEK: This is it, awbody.

(The Aw-Stars waw links hauns an shut their een.)

MALKINOID: TWA...

BILLY: Aw, mammy, daddy, mammy, daddy!



MALKINOID: WAN...

FIONA: Cheerio, awbody!

MALKINOID: NUTHIN!

(MALKINOID's fit shoots oot like a rocket, then... staps. The baw trundles slowly ower the grund and bumps intae FIONA's richt fit. She opens her een.)

FIONA: Whit... eh... whit?!

(The Aw-Stars aw open their een.)

MALKY: Whit... Whit happened?

DEEK: He's stapped movin. (He looks around.) Aw o them hiv!

HAMISH: It's as if they've aw jist... ran oot o batteries.

TAMSIN: Mebbe they're solar-powered or that?

(DEEK looks up intae the sky.)

DEEK: Solar-power? In Scotland?!

BILLY: Oot o batteries. Man, man. That's a scunner, that.

(BILLY walks ower tae MALKINOID. He plunges his airm, oter-deep, intae the robot's wirks, pulls oot his mobile phone, and disconnects it fae the chairgin cable.)

BILLY: Didnae even manage hauf a charge oot o them. Ach weel. It's enough tae get a couple o wee photies, but.



(BILLY stauns next tae MALKINOID wi a muckle beamer on his coupon an taks a selfie o them baith. Meanwhile, FIONA looks up at the scoreboard.)

FIONA: Twinty-five meenits left. An we've got tae score...

TAMSIN: Forty-wan goals! C'mon! Let's get crackin!

(Wi FIONA in front, dribblin the baw, the Aw-Stars burst awa upfield.)

AWTHEGITHER: Auch-ter-muchty... AWWWWW-STAAAAARS!

(They aw gang aff stage richt, leain BILLY on his phone, on his ain. FIONA pokes her heid back in.)

FIONA: Billy!

BILLY: Hmh?

FIONA: We've got forty-wan goals tae score intae an empty net. Are ye jist gonnae staun there?

BILLY: Haud on, I'm jist uploadin this photie.

FIONA: Hurry up, then. We've the assists tae divvy up anaw. I'll see if I can save ye a hat-trick.

(FIONA rins back aff-stage. BILLY follaes, slowly.)

BILLY: (Typin on his phone as he walks.) Feelin... cute... Micht... delete... later... but...



SCENE 6

(A chyngein room, daurk and empty. Nae signs o life, no a braith o soond but the chitterin o faur-aff birds. Then, ootside, absolute bedlam. Major stushie gaun on. Shoutin and roarin, gettin looder and looder. Somethin's comin. Somethin muckle. The door flies open. Bricht lichts flash on.)

FIONA: CHAM-PI-OOOOONEEES! CHAM-PI-OOOOONEEES! OIé, olé, olé! EA-SY!

(The team, every wan o them heid-tae-toe wi bruises and plasters, file quietly in ahint, watchin FIONA as she sings an dances in the middle o the flair.)

FIONA: CHAM-PI-OOOOONEEES! CHAM-PI...

(She catches DEEK's ee – the yin that isnae a total keeker, onywey.)

DEEK: No the noo, skip, eh?

BILLY: Gonnae caw canny wi the celebrations, Fiona, aye? Naebody's in the mood.

(FIONA laughs as if they're kiddin on. They arenae, but.)

FIONA: Whit's the maitter wi youse lot, then? We won, din't we? We're the best team in the galaxy, in't we?

BILLY: Best team in the galaxy...? Whit ye on about? That wisnae even the first roond, Fiona. That wis jist a *qualifier*.

MALKY: (Checkin on his phone) We're lookin at Android Athletic in the next roond, an that's afore we even get onywhaur *near* the



big teams.

FIONA: Whit dae ye mean, big teams?

MALKY: Och, ken, jist aw the best teams in the hale universe, ye ken.

(They're aw readin aff their phones.)

BILLY: West Bromwich Aliens!

MALKY: Creepy-Crawley Toon!

DEEK: Dundeid Unitit!

HAMISH: Werewolverhampton Waunderers!

TAMSIN: Dynamo Deils! Three times winners o the Carline Cup!

BILLY: Bitin Albion! **Fower** times champions o the National Zombie League!

FIONA: Aye, awricht, awricht! I get the picture, dolly mixture.

DEEK: Listen tae this – 'Arctic Thistle o the ASL...'

MALKY: Abominable Snawman League.

DEEK: '... play their hame games on the ice planet Oberon in the hert o the Andromeda Nebula'. The Andromeda Nebula! Michty me! Ma da moans the face aff me if he's tae drive us tae Kirkcaldy.

FIONA: Weel, this is whit ye aw wantit, wis it no? Tae be the best team in the galaxy? Or are yese aw jist happy gubbin a bunch o



wee bairns oot in the clachans?

(Awbody gangs awfy quiet.)

HAMISH: They're no *that* wee.

BILLY: But we're no guid enough, Fiona.

FIONA: I dinnae ken that. You dinnae ken that. Naebody finds oot how guid they are by winnin aw the time.

MALKY: Aye, but twa hunner and twinty-three gemmes...

FIONA: It's got tae finish some time, Hamish. And if it wis up tae me, I'd want it tae end wi us toe-tae-toe wi the best team we've ever played, giein it pure laldy.

(FIONA hauds her haun oot in the air.)

FIONA: Whit dae ye think, then? Are we aw in?

(There is a lang pause. Then, yin by yin, the ither players pit their hauns on tap o FIONA's.)

MALKY: Yin for aw, and aw for yin!

DEEK: Andromeda, here we come!

TAMSIN: Auchtermichty aw the wey!

FIONA: Whit about you, Billy?

(BILLY, the anely player no pairt o the huddle, is sittin by himsel on the ither side o the chyngin room wi a wirrit look on his face.)



FIONA: Are ye dancin'?

BILLY: Are ye askin'?

FIONA: I'm askin'.

(BILLY thinks about it. Then he walks ower an pits his haun in.)

BILLY: I'm dancin'.

(FIONA pulls a pure beamer.)

FIONA: Okiedokie! Here we gang! WAN! TWA! THR...

(There's a lood thump at the door. The hale team look at each ither.)

TAMSIN: Naw. Naw, naw, naw.

DEEK: That's no them, is it? That cannae be them here awready?

MALKY: It's warlocks. I kent it'd be warlocks.

BILLY: It's no! It's gorgons! They're gonnae turn the hale jingbang o us intae stane! (Pause.) Mind, I ayeweys said I'd mak a bonnie statue.

HAMISH: It could be onythin! Bogles and broonies and kelpies! Och, me!

(There's a lood dunt at the door. Awbody totally still.)

FIONA: Listen, awbody. Whit's the absolute warst thing it could be?



TAMSIN: A dragon.

HAMISH: A minotaur.

BILLY: Oor new away kit.

FIONA: Weel. Whitever it is, we can face it sae lang as we face it thegither.

(FIONA gangs up tae the door. Quietly, the Auchtermichty Aw-Stars file in ahint her. She turns roond tae look at them, nods. Opens the chyngin room door.)

FIONA: Awricht then. Wha's next?





**AUCHTERMICHTY
AW-STARs**
DEID MAN'S KIST



TEAMSHEET

Auchtermichty Aw-Stars

MALKY McMUCKLEHAUNS. Goalie. Would stap a cannonbaw, if ye were daft enough tae fire wan at him. No feart o onythin, except mebbe his maw.

HAMISH HEIDTHEBAW. Centre hauf. Lowp o a salmon, memory o a goldfish.

DEEK DECKEM. Defensive midfielder. Tackles first, checks whit team they're in later. Got booked wance for twa-fittin his ain shaddae.

FIONA FAIRLIEFIT. Captain. Midfielder. Fleet o fit, stoot o hert, an shairp o tongue. Dinnae mess.

BILLY BIGTIME. Winger. Auchtermichty Grammar's Dreamboat o the Month, twelve months rinnin. Gets his maw tae iron his snood afore every gemme. If he wis chocolate, he'd eat himsel - then wirry aboot it aw gawin straicht tae his thighs.

TAMSIN TAEBASH. Striker. A goal-scorin machine wi a richt-fit welly and a wan-track mind. The maist dangerous spot on ony fitba pitch is a straicht line atween her and the net.

COACH MCGOWK. Gaffer. Seen a gemme o fitba on the telly wance, an kind o got the gist. Cairries a clipboard everywhere, sae's fowk ken he's the manager an no jist the bus driver.





The Day's Opponents

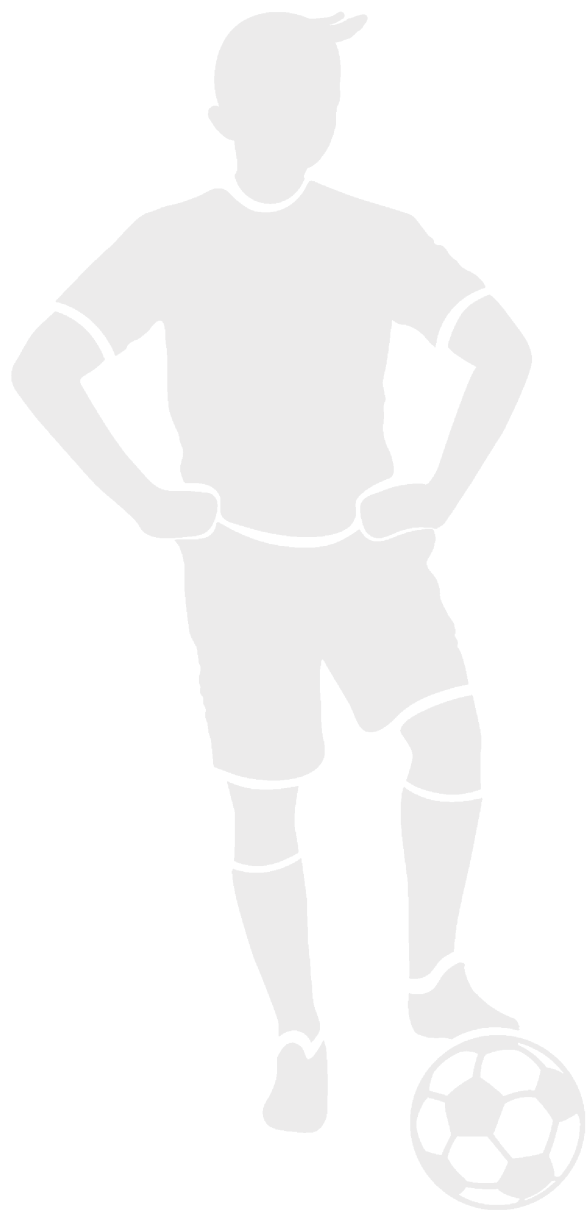
LANG JOHN SILLER

POLLY THE PARROT

CAPTAIN HAUN DINGER

The Day's Ref

FINGAL FOWEREEN, fae Forfar



SCENE 1

(Slap-bang in the middle o a faur-aff desert, the Auchtermichty team bus, hauf-buried in the sand. COACH MCGOWK dottin aboot, haudin his phone up, tryin tae get a signal. The Aw-Stars sittin in a row along the shaddae o the bus, bored oot their faces.)

MCGOWK: Nearly... Nearly... Ooyah! Dinnae fash, ma loons! We'll be back on the road afore ye ken it!

TAMSIN: I wish he'd stop sayin that.

DEEK: (Guddlin in the sand) Ken, eh. Auld bauchle's no got a Scooby whaur we are.

MALKY: There must no be a chippy for miles, then. McGowk can smell a puddin supper fae twa hunner yairds.

FIONA: There's nae point girin aboot it. Yese kent whit yese were signin up for. It's the Intergalactic Cup, ye ken. The awa gemmes arenae gonnae be sittin on oor doorstane.

DEEK: Man, I could murder a puddin supper the noo.

TAMSIN: I'm stairvin. I used the last o ma denner money fower service stations ago.

MALKY: How dae ye think Billy feels? Daftie spent his hale twinty



quid at the first stap.

BILLY: Aye, but ye get whit ye pey for. Thon wis an industrial-grade fidget spinner. Thae things are built tae last.

TAMSIN: Aw aye? Whaur is it noo?

(BILLY's face draps.)

BILLY: Never you mind.

(DEEK stauns up and kicks oot at a pile o sand.)

MALKY: Aye, nae bother, Deek. Dinnae mind me sittin here.

DEEK: Wha plays their hame gemmes on a desert island, but?! I mean, I get that they're meant tae be pirates and aw that, but ye're no tellin me they actually like haein sand in their claes. I'm aboot red-raw wi scratchin, mun.

(DEEK reaches doon the hind-end o his breeks and howks oot a haunful o sand.)

DEEK: Check oot the nick o that! Thae punders are anely jist new-on last Seturday, tae!

HAMISH: I've sand comin oot ma lugs, here. I mean, actually comin oot o ma lugs. Get a swatch at this!

(MALKY claps himsel on wan side o his heid, and a shooper o sand shoots oot his ither lug.)

FIONA: Richt. Either we can aw sit aboot watchin Deek scratch his bahookie, or we can gaun ower the tactics for the day's gemme. Case ony o yese had forgot whit we're meant tae be



daein here.

(The ither Aw-Stars aw moan.)

BILLY: Dinnae stairt wi aw thon tactics havers again, skip.

HAMISH: There's nae point in it, Fiona. We spend hauf the week wirkin on oor gemme plan, then we turn up and fund oot that the ither team are vampires or selkies or scorpions made oot o fire and that's it aw oot the windae.

TAMSIN: Thae vampires, mun. Wha arranges a twelve o'clock kick-aff for twelve midnicht?!

BILLY: I dinnae get it, but. Whit's supposed tae be that scary about pirates? Nae offence, Malky.

MALKY: (Annoyed) Eh?! How's that meant tae offend me?!

DEEK: Richt enough, eh. It's no as if they're banshees or zombies pirates or sowt like that. Pirate's jist a job. There's naethin scary about a job.

FIONA: Ye've no heard ma da talkin about his job, then. Honest tae God. Ye'd think the letterboxes had teeth or somethin.

MALKY: Mind when we used tae play against the teachers at primary schuil? We wirnae feart o them, were we? Pirate's jist a job like teacher's jist a job. Bein a teacher disnae mak ye scary.

HAMISH: Weel, unless ye're Mrs Scott.

(They aw shudder at wance.)

BILLY: Shouldnae be allowed.



TAMSIN: Pirates aren't the same thing as teachers, but. See, what's scary about pirates is they've hardly got any teeth.

MALKY: Neither'd Mrs Scott.

TAMSIN: They hivnae got any teeth. ... Or een... Or legs... That's how fowk are feart o pirates. Watch. (She pits her haun ower wan ee, and pulls her leg up ahint her back.) ARRRR!

(TAMSIN hops about on wan fit, tryin no tae cowp ower. The ithers luik at her.)

DEEK: Aye, richt enough, that's, ehm, awfy scary, Tamsin.

MALKY: Stuff o nichtmares, that.

BILLY: Are youse lot deady?! Luik at her! Caw that scary? (He points at TAMSIN as she hops heid-first intae the side o the bus.) Fair enough, ye'd no want her sittin next tae ye on the train. But ye'd fancy yer chances against her fae twelve yairds oot, wid ye no?

FIONA: Aye, but that's no the full picture, Billy. They'll hiv, like... Whit dae ye caw them... Thae bendy things...

(She tries tae draw somethin in the air wi her hauns. Naebody kens whit she's on about.)

HAMISH: Come tae think o it, whit dae pirates hiv?

(They aw think about it.)

FIONA: (Finally) Cutlasses!

TAMSIN: And cannons!



DEEK: And heuks!

MALKY: And parrots!

BILLY: Pfft. Is that it? I'd no swap Deek for ONY o that. (He thinks.) Except mebbe a wee parrot. That'd be class. I'd teach it thon sang the fans used tae sing about me. There's anely waaaaaan Billy Bigtime...

(They aw luik at him.)

FIONA: Ye mean thon sang you used tae sing about ye.

BILLY: (Shruggin) I dinnae ken wha stairtit it. That's whit happens when somethin gangs viral.

(FIONA rolls her een.)

BILLY: Imagine that, but. A wee parrot, singin about me. That'd be mental.

DEEK: Squaaawk! Billy Bigheid! Billy Bigheid! Squaaawk!

(They aw laugh – weel, except for wan o them. BILLY stares at DEEK wi a face like fizz.)

BILLY: Honestly, mun. Next transfer windae. I'd swap ye in a hertbeat. Widnae even hiv tae be that guid a parrot.

(COACH MCGOWK cams daunderin back ower, still haudin his phone up.)

MCGOWK: Awricht, troops! We're anely a couple o miles awa fae the grund, sae I'm thinkin we'll jist ditch the bus and Shanks' pony it fae here. Hauf an oor, forty-five meenits



taps. Soonds guid?

(The Aw-Stars aw moan.)

MCGOWK: Thon's the spirit! Wee jog along the sands'll warm yese aw up! Haud forrit, ma loons, we'll be there in nae time! An oor at the ootside!

(Grumpin an girnin, the Aw-Stars pick up their bags and follae MCGOWK aff intae the desert.)

SCENE 2

(A chyngin room, kittit oot like the galley o a muckle boat. Portholes for windaes, hammocks hingin fae the beams – the hale jingbang. The Aw-Stars stagger in the door in a clood o sand and stour. Their faces are like thunner.)

BILLY: A wee jog, he says! An oor at the ootside, he says!

(He shaks his heid. The sand faws oot his hair in muckle dauds.)

MALKY: Best o it is, tae, they'll never fire him while we're on a twa hunner gemme winnin streak. Is there no some wey we can get him his jotters wioot us hivvin tae get beat first?

DEEK: He's lost the chyngin room, mun.

HAMISH: Aye, ye're no kiddin.

DEEK: Naw, I mean literally. I jist seen him walk past the door and back oot intae the desert.



BILLY: Och, weel. We'll hiv tae hire a replacement. Has onybody got a balloon we can draw a face on?

FIONA: Awricht, awricht. Haud yer wheesht, youse lot. We're rinnin late as it is.

(The mutterins o mutiny slowly quiet doon as the Aw-Stars get chyngeed. HAMISH pits his buits on, then pulls oot a letter and stairs readin.)

DEEK: Haw. Whit's that?

(HAMISH hides the letter ahint his back and breks oot in a total beamer.)

HAMISH: Eh? Whit? Naethin.

DEEK: (Grabbin at the letter) Aw aye. Naethin, is it? Ye've a coupon the colour o a ripe tomatae and it's aw ower naethin? Gie's it.

(HAMISH keeps joukin awa, tryin tae keep the letter oot o DEEK's reach.)

HAMISH: Keep yer snottery neb oot. It's nane o yer beeswax, awricht?

DEEK: Is it fae thon Hannah lassie ah saw ye wi at Pizza Howff that yin time? Bet it is an aw.

HAMISH: It isnae! I mean... I dinnae ken wha ye're on about.

DEEK: (Clasps his hauns next tae his heid.) Ma dearest darlin Hamish... I cannae stap thinkin about ye... I wish I could get yer coupon oot o ma heid, or yer clart oot ma towels...



HAMISH: Och, gonnae gie it a bye, Deek?

DEEK: The wey the muinlicht boonces aff yer big sweaty broo... Thae totey wee een in yer muckle heid, like thumbtacks stuck in a big daud o Blu-Tak...

HAMISH: It's no fae a lassie, awricht? It's fae Real Madrid.

DEEK: (No shuir.) It isnae.

HAMISH: It is. They're wantin tae sign me.

DEEK: Gie's that.

(DEEK rips the letter oot o HAMISH's haun.)

DEEK: (Readin) Dear Mr. Heidthebaw... We're delitit tae inform ye... Da-de-da-de-da... Ootstandin young talent... Blah-blah-blah... Fower year contract... Yada yada yada... Subject tae final confirmation fae oor scouts...

(DEEK's face draps. He luiks up at HAMISH.)

DEEK: It's no for definite, then? The scouts could still turn roond and say naw?

HAMISH: They're here tae watch me the day.

DEEK: Sae, if ye pit in a hauf-decent shift... That's you? Awa tae bide in Spain? Forever?

HAMISH: Weel. Mebbe. I've no made ma mind up yet.

(DEEK tries tae luik as if he's no bothered.)



DEEK: I wunner how much money we'll get for ye. Fifty, sixty million?

HAMISH: Ken. It's a lot tae think about.

DEEK: Imagine aw the teacakes we could buy.

HAMISH: Eh?! This is the biggest decision o ma life, and aw you're bothered about is teacakes?

DEEK: Weel, naw. There's tablet and, and caramel wafers and...

HAMISH: That's it? That's aw ye've got tae say about it?

DEEK: I'm tryin tae be supportive, mun! Whit wad ye raither I said? That ye shouldnae gang? That some o the... ithers wad miss ye?

HAMISH (Pittin awa the letter.) Weel, dinnae tell onybody, awricht? I'm still switherin about it.

DEEK: Aye, awricht. And onyway. Mebbes they'll see ye hiv a howler the day and they'll no want ye ony mair.

HAMISH: Whit dae ye mean?

DEEK: I'm jist sayin, like. There's nae point getting yersel aw up tae high-doh about it when it micht no even happen. I mean, if ye stink the place oot like ye did against thae cyborgs thon time...

HAMISH: Wheesht! Here's Tamsin comin! Dinnae say onythin!

DEEK: No a wird.

(TAMSIN walks ower, in the middle o pittin her hair up.)



TAMSIN: Awricht, ma loons. Whit's fresh, then?

HAMISH: Naethin.

DEEK: Aye, naethin, Tamsin.

(TAMSIN glances up at them.)

TAMSIN: Aye, naethin except that Hamish is signin for anither team and Deek's feart his best pal's gonnae leave him sae he's kiddin on he's no bothered, eh.

(She shaks her heid.)

TAMSIN: Och, this stupit bobble. Sweir doon.

(TAMSIN walks aff, still footerin wi her ponytail. HAMISH and DEEK luik at each ither.)

HAMISH: How daes she...

DEEK: Dinnae ask, Hamish. Jist dinnae ask.

SCENE 3

(The centre circle o a fitba pitch. It luiks mair like a pitch for beach fitba, but – the hale thing is knee-deep in sand. Aw round the grund, there's a buzz o anticipation.)

COMMENTATOR: Loons and lassies, walcome tae the Sand Siro for the day's Intergalactic Cup square-go atween the Barraland Buccaneers and the day's visitors, the Auchtermichty Aw-Stars! It's a brammer o a day for a gemme o a fitba, and the sun's giein



it the full boona, sae mak shuir an slap on a wee skitter sun-tan lotion, aye? Noo please gie it up for the day's teams!

(There's a hefty roond o applause roond the grund. The REFEREE walks on, cairryin a fitba in wan haun. He checks his watch.)

REFEREE: Captains! In ye come!

(FIONA walks in fae the left, windmillin her airms. She staps at the centre circle, daes a couple o stretches. Then she luiks up intae the sky, daes a double-take, luiks again.)

FIONA: Whit the...?

(FIONA and the REFEREE stare upwards as a muckle black shaddae creeps along the grund and ower them baith. Fae the richt, a braw-luikin chiel in fantoosh claes cams swingin in on a rope. He daunders ower wi a gallus grin on his coupon.)

HAUN: Sorry tae keep yese baith waitin. Couldnae get the auld bird staitit at aw this mornin.

FIONA: Eh...?

(HAUN DINGER pynts up intae the sky.)

HAUN: Ma spaceship. The Millenium Fankle. She's a muckle rust-midden, really... But she luiks the pairt, eh no?

FIONA: Aye... I... I suppose.

HAUN: But whaur are ma manners?! I'm Haun Dinger, captain o the Barraland Buccaneers. But ye can jist caw me Haun.



(He shaks hauns wi FIONA and the REFEREE. FIONA luiks him up and doon.)

FIONA: Ye dinnae luik awfy muckle like a pirate.

HAUN: (Laughin.) Weel, pirate's no a wird we like tae use, nooadays. It's gey auld-fashioned. We prefer tae think o oorsels mair as Space Pauchlers.

REFEREE: Weel, Captain Dinger...

HAUN: Haun, honestly.

REFEREE: I'm awfy sorry, Captain Haun! Heids or tails?

HAUN: Och, let the young lassie pick.

FIONA: Fine. Heids.

(The REFEREE flips the bawbee up intae the air. They aw staun there for a meenit watchin, waitin for it tae cam doon. It disnae.)

FIONA: Whit's the story here, then, ref?

REFEREE: I dinnae ken! Whaur'd it gang?

HAUN: Aw, wis that yours? I jist saw it lyin aboot. I didnae think onybody'd miss it.

(He reaches intae his pooch, pulls oot the REFEREE's bawbee. Taks a swatch at it.)

HAUN: Ach, tails, tae. Sorry, hen. Ye cannae win them aw.

(He gies the bawbee back tae the REFEREE.)



FIONA: Tails wis it, eh?

HAUN: Straicht up, lass. They dinnae caw me Honest Haun for naethin.

(They shak hauns and walk awa. The REFEREE pits the baw doon on the centre spot, checks his watch. Checks again. It's no there.)

REFEREE: Noo whaur's ma watch went?

(HAUN sighs, pulls the watch oot o his pooch.)

HAUN: Ye're needin tae tak better care o yer stuff, mun. Jist lyin oot whaur ony fly man could cam along and huckle it awa.

(He hauns it back, and winks at FIONA.)

HAUN: They cannae shoot ye for tryin, eh?

SCENE 4

[The Auchtermichty hauf. The Aw-Stars in their team huddle.]

FIONA: Awricht, Aw-Stars. Keep the heid and screw the boabin the day, aye? Dae yer jobs and we've got this in the bag. Nae daft mistakes! This disnae slip! Three! Twa! Wan!

AW-STARS: MON THE AW-STARS!

(The huddle breks wi an awmichty cheer, and the Aw-Stars spreid oot. BILLY cuts oot tae the richt wing, staps deid at the sicht o a wee robot parrot scratchin in the sand. He walks up tae it, tentily.)



BILLY: Erm... Are you their nummer fower? I'm supposed tae be merkin ye, if ye are.

FIONA: Billy! Whit are ye daein?! Their nummer fower, I telt ye!

BILLY: I ken! I ken that!

(BILLY luiks doon at the parrot again, notices somethin in its claw.)

BILLY: Here! Whit's that ye've got there, Polly? Is thon... gowd?

POLLY: Squawk! Pieces I ate! Pieces I ate! Squawk!

BILLY: Whit've ye fund, Polly? Is that buried treisure ye've got there?

POLLY: Squawk! Pieces I ate! Pieces I ate!

(BILLY hunkers doon, creeps ower tae the parrot.)

BILLY: Here, Polly-polly-polly... Bring it ower tae yer auld pal, Billy Bigtime.

POLLY: Squawk! Billy Bigheid! Billy Bigheid! Squawk!

BILLY: (Ragin.) BIGTIME! Billy BIGTIME!

(POLLY squawks as BILLY lowps for her, and shoots intae the air like a rocket. She flees aff towards the Auchtermichty goalmooth, BILLY chasin her. He rins past HAMISH and DEEK.)

HAMISH: We're shootin the ither wey, Billy... Ach, he's no listenin.



DEEK: Thon's jist whit we need. Ye heard the skipper, eh, Hamish? Nae daft mistakes the day, aye?

HAMISH: Whit dae ye mean?

DEEK: Jist sayin, mun. Ye've a lot ridin on this. Ye cannae afford tae dae onythin daft. Mind when yer granda came tae see us an ye scored that stoater o an o.g.?

HAMISH: I'd the sun richt in ma een!

DEEK: Weel, there's plenty o sun the day, bud. I jist howp the scout minds tae mention that in his wee report.

(HAMISH, fashed, squints up intae the sunny sky. DEEK watches him, then turns awa wi a sleekit smile on his face.)

SCENE 5

(The Auchtermichty goalmouth. POLLY flees in wi a shooer o spairks, haudin something shiny in its claws. It lands on tap o the Auchtermichty crossbar.)

POLLY: Squawk! Pieces I ate! Pieces I ate!

(BILLY comes on pantin, staps deid wi his hauns on his knaps. He's puggled awready.)

POLLY: Squawk! Pieces I ate! Pieces I ate!

BILLY: Awricht, birdbrain. Ye think ye're deid smart, but ye jist met yer equal.



POLLY: Squawk! Billy Bigheid! Billy Bigheid! Squawk!

BILLY: Bigtime! BIGTIME!

(BILLY rins up tae the crossbar an stairs lowpin up an doon unnerneath it, tryin tae reach it. He's naewhaur near, but. MALKY walks in and stauns there, watchin him.)

MALKY: Ye needin a backie-uppie, wee man?

(BILLY staps, stauns there pantin.)

BILLY: Wee man?! Ye've a cheek. I'm five fit fower! And a hauf!

MALKY: Aye, and the last twa fit's aw heid. Whit about. . .

POLLY: Squawk! Billy Bigheid! Billy Bigheid! Squawk!

BILLY: Bigtime! (BILLY lowps up at the bird again, then turns tae MALKY.) See you. That's slander you're spreidin, that is. I could get ye done for that.

MALKY: (No bothered.) Phone the polis, then.

BILLY: (Rollin his een.) Phone the polis. That's your answer tae awthin.

(BILLY lowps at the crossbar anither couple o times.)

MALKY: Och, dinnae be a bawheid, Billy. Let me gie ye a. . .

POLLY: Squawk! Billy Bawheid! Billy Bawheid! Squawk!

(BILLY turns tae MALKY an gies him the evils.)



MALKY: Luik. Dae ye want me jist tae lowp up an grab it?

BILLY: Naw, ye're awricht. I've seen your notion o lowpin an grabbin. It's like watchin an elephant chasin a butterflee roond an ice rink. Ye couldnae catch a cauld if ye were staunin up Ben Nevis in yer punders.

MALKY: Are ye wantin a haun or are ye no?

BILLY: Naw, I'm guid the noo, ta. But if I'm needin somebody tae drap the thing ower their shooder then shout at Hamish as if it wis his fault, ye'll be the first tae ken.

POLLY: Squawk! Polly want a cracker!

BILLY: Aye, I'll gie ye a cracker, awricht. A crack across the jaw.

(MALKY squints up at POLLY. Clocks somethin shiny.)

MALKY: Here, whit's that it's got in its claws?

BILLY: Riches, mun. Treisure.

MALKY: Whit, like actual treisure? Doubloons kind o treisure? X mairks the spot kind o treisure?

BILLY: Guid as.

MALKY: (Still squintin.) Aye, I can see it noo! Aw gowd an shiny! Man, thon must be wirth an absolute mint!

BILLY: Finders keepers, but.

MALKY: Aye, but ye'd gang haufers, richt? If I helped ye?



BILLY: Haufers for hauners, eh. (He lowps up at the crossbar again. Naewhaur near.) Aye, awricht. Fine.

MALKY: (Sarcastic.) Och, are ye shuir? It's awfy guid o ye. Whit wi me no bein able tae catch a cauld and aw that.

BILLY: Aye, but that wis a fitba I wis talkin about. I seen ye at yon scammie at wee Hughie's weddin. Up like a salmon, ye were. If it wis a piggy bank we played wi insteid o a baw, you'd be turnin oot for Barcelona by noo.

MALKY: Oot the wey, eh. I'm gonnae need ma best rin-up for this.

(MALKY steps back tae the penalty spot, then taks a rinner at the goalmooth. He lowps up at POLLY, skelps intae the crossbar, and birls heid-first intae the net. POLLY flees straicht up intae the air.)

POLLY: Squawk! Blaw the man doon! Blaw the man doon! Squawk!

(POLLY flees aff upfield in anither shooer o sparks. BILLY looks at MALKY, fankelt up aw tapsalteerie in the net.)

BILLY: Weel. That couldnae hae went ony warse.

(As they baith luik at each ither, LANG JOHN SILLER hobbles in on goal, winds up his peg-leg, an fires the baw intae the net.)

SILLER: Arrr! Fire in the hole, ma herties! Anither goal for Lang John's plunder!

(LANG JOHN SILLER dabs an hobbles aff stage, pointin wi baith his heuks tae the sky. MALKY and BILLY watch him gang.)



BILLY: Did ye jist see that?!

MALKY: I'm no shuir. Did I?

BILLY: Michty me.

(BILLY shaks his heid.)

BILLY: And there's Coach McGowk tellin us their striker's got nae left fit.

SCENE 6

(The edge o the Auchtermichty penalty box. HAMISH ahint, DEEK shieldin the defence a few yairds ahead. Baith squintin up intae the sky.)

DEEK: Yours!

HAMISH: Naw, yours!

(DEEK rins back tae the edge o the box, heids awa the baw as it draps oot the air.)

DEEK: Ooyah! (He rubs his napper.) Whit dae they use for fitbas around here? That wis like stickin the heid on a cannonbaw!

HAMISH: Mebbe it wis.

(DEEK staggers forrit, still rubbin his heid.)

DEEK: Straicht up, mun, that heider's taen aboot six points aff ma IQ. I think I've forgot whit maths is.



HAMISH: Welcome tae ma warld, mun. Maist gemmes I'd be as weel jist weirin ma buits on ma foreheid.

DEEK: Aye, difference is, but, you've no got ony brain cells left tae loss. And onywey, I dinnae ken whit ye're girnin about. Ye've no made wan heider aw day.

HAMISH: Aye, I hiv.

DEEK: Naw, ye hivnae.

(They baith lock een wi each ither.)

HAMISH: Aye. I hiv.

DEEK: Naw. Ye hivnae.

HAMISH: Hiv!

DEEK: Hivnae!

HAMISH: Hiv!

DEEK: Hivnae!

HAMISH: (Glancin up.) Yours!

DEEK: Naw, yours!

HAMISH: Naw, yours!

(DEEK birls roond and heids the baw awa as it draps oot the sky. He turns back roond tae HAMISH.)

DEEK: Fact, noo I think about it, ye've no touched the baw



wance aw gemme. Whit's the deal, aipple peel?

HAMISH: Och, ye jist dinnae unnerstaun guid fitba. See, tap-level defendin is aboot the tackles ye dinnae mak.

DEEK: Aw, aye? That's awfy interestin, that. I've been playin alangside yin o the tap defensive prospects in the country for years and, fae whit I've seen, guid defendin is aboot shankin the baw intae the caur park and wipin yer snottery neb on yer shooder.

HAMISH: Aye, and mebbe that's how you'll still be playin cuppie on the street wi yer wee brither and his pals in ten years time. Bangin on aboot the time ye had a trial wi Arbroath and beltin it up the road when the baw hits Mrs Maither's front windae.

DEEK: That richt, aye? And I doot aw the while you'll be struttin yer stuff at Auld Trafford or the Camp Nou?

HAMISH: The camp whit?

DEEK: The Camp Nou.

HAMISH: Weel, I dinnae ken if it'll be noo or later, but it'll happen, wan wey or anither. Merk ma wirds.

(DEEK shaks his heid, and is aboot tae walk awa. Then a thoct hits him.)

DEEK: That's it, in't it!? That's whit this is aw aboot!

HAMISH: Whit are ye bumpin yer gums aboot noo?

DEEK: Dinnae gie's it. I've had ye sussed fae day dot, pal. Ye've been hidin fae the baw aw gemme. It's cause ye dinnae want tae



mak a mistake, case thon scout sees ye and chynges his mind.
That's the size o it, eh no?

(HAMISH disnae say onythin. DEEK claps his hauns thegither
and points at him.)

DEEK: A-HA! Bustit! Ye aye think ye're that smairt, din't ye? Ye
micht as weel hae it tattooed across yer napper. There'd be
plenty o room for it, onywey. Ye think ye can keep a secret fae
yer best pal?

HAMISH: (Flatly.) Wha says ye're ma best pal?

(The twa o them staun there, starin at each ither. Finally, DEEK
shaks his heid and walks back tae midfield. There's a lang
silence.)

HAMISH: ... Deek?

DEEK: Aye?

HAMISH: Yours.

(DEEK luiks back at him ower his shooder.)

DEEK: Naw, yours.

HAMISH: Naw, yours.

DEEK: Naw. YOURS.

SCENE 7

(The Barraland Buccaneers corner flag. The anely soonds are



the rummlin o the crood and the faint roar o the tide tummlin towards the shore. Then a voice ower the tannoy.)

COMMENTATOR: Whit a day for a gemme o fitba, and WHIT a gemme o fitba we're watchin here at the Sand Siro the day! At three-nuthin doon, the Auchtermichty Aw-Stars luikt about ready tae walk the plank – but twa quick goals hae pit them on the verge o a stoatin comeback! And noo here's Taebash!

(The crood gets a bittie looder.)

COMMENTATOR: This is Tamsin Taebash cuttin in fae the richt... Jouks past yin... Past twa... Michty! Lowps ower wee Jock Sparra like he wisnae even there! Billy Banes beltin ower tae cover...

CROOD: Ooooooh!!

COMMENTATOR: WOOOF! Tamsin Taebash there wi her trademerk Taebash Bir! Banes'll need tae pey tae get back intae the stadium efter that yin! Here's Taebash... Taebash aw the wey.... Taebash... TAEBASH!!!

(The crood gangs totally mental.)

COMMENTATOR: Whit a skelp! Whit! A! SKELP! In aff the crossie! Wan-Ee'd Pete never even saw it! An absolute stormer o a goal! Mind the name – Tamsin Taebash!

(TAMSIN cams fleein in fae the left, hauns in the air, face reid fae screamin.)

TAMSIN: GET IN THERE! YA DANCER!

(She lowps in the air an birls richt roond, lands Ronaldo-style.)



TAMSIN: Back in this! MON THE AW-STARS!

(TAMSIN stauns there, airms oot, waitin tae get mobbed. A meenit gangs past, then twa. The crood gaun quiet. Somebody coughs.)

TAMSIN: Ehh... Lads? Mon the Aw-Stars?

(Efter a bittie, FIONA comes in fae the left, hoppin on her left fit while tryin tae tie the laces on her richt.)

FIONA: Sorry, Tamsin. Ma laces got aw fankelt.

TAMSIN: Whit's the deal, Fiona?! Whaur IS awbody?!

FIONA: Ye think ye've duin it in a richt guid knot, but then yin o thon haufwits stramps on yer fit and that's you back tae square wan.

(TAMSIN grabs FIONA by the shouders.)

TAMSIN: Fiona. Did ye even SEE ma goal? That wis the equaliser. That wis ma hat-trick. If Billy scored a goal like that, he'd get himsel framed and hung up in the toon haw.

FIONA: Aye, naw, I seen it. I mean, I caught it oot the corner o ma ee. It wis a belter, richt enough. I howp somebody got it on camera. It'd be a sin if the laddies never got tae see it.

TAMSIN: Whaur are the laddies?!

FIONA: Erm... Hamish keeps rinnin awa fae the baw... Deek keeps rinnin efter Hamish... Billy and Malky are chasin a robot parrot... And Coach McGowk went back tae the chyngin room tae get his whistle five meenits in, and I hivnae seen him syne.



TAMSIN: Sae, whit, it's jist been me and you!? Playin against a hale team o space pirates? By oorsels?! This hale gemme?

FIONA: Ach, it's kept it interestin, but. Eh no?

(They smile at each ither, and dae their secret celebration.)

FIONA: Mon the Aw-Stars, eh?

TAMSIN: Aye. Mon the Aw-Stars.

SCENE 8

(The AUCHTERMICHTY penalty box. POLLY flees in again, chased by MALKY and BILLY. They baith luik shattered.)

POLLY: Squawk! Pieces I ate! Pieces I ate! Squawk!

(MALKY lowps up at POLLY again, misses by a mile. He stauns wi his hauns on his knaps, pechin.)

MALKY: That's me, Billy. I'm knacked.

BILLY: Nae wunner. Ye must hae taen at least fower goal kicks the day. I'm surprised yer legs are still haudin ye up.

MALKY: Dinnae stairt. I've a stane in ma shoe and awthin.

(MALKY sits doon on the grund an taks aff his shoe. He turns it tapsalteerie an pours oot about twa pund o sand.)

MALKY: See that?! That's whit ye're up against. It's like rinnin throu aipple crumble.



BILLY: Naw, I'm bein deadly. Thon muckle heid on thae puir wee legs. It's like a twa-stick toffee aipple.

POLLY: Squawk! Billy Bigheid, Billy Bigheid! Squawk!

BILLY: Billy BIGTIME!

(BILLY grabs MALKY's shoe oot his haun and chucks it at POLLY.)

POLLY: Squawk! Cannon on the starboard bow! Squawk!

(POLLY tries tae jouk oot the wey, but the shoe hits the treasure oot o its claws and intae the sand wi a saft plop.)

BILLY: Oh ya beezer ye! It drapped it! It drapped it!

MALKY: Haw! Thae buits are gen-up Tap-Tech Superfly Seiven Thoosands! Ma da's pal sells them doon the mairket!

BILLY: Och, whit dae you need buits for? Be as weel wi tissue boxes on yer feet, for aw the odds it'd mak.

MALKY: I dinnae...

BILLY: Malky, jist for wance in yer life, can ye wheesht talkin about yer da's pal and dae somethin useful? Get up aff yer hind end and help us find yon treasure!

MALKY: (Gettin up.) Weel, they're guid buits, but they're no exactly...

BILLY: The treasure, Malky! I'm talkin about the treasure, no yer glaikit knock-affs!



(The pair o them daunder around the penalty box, kickin the sand aw ower the place.)

BILLY: It wis richt aboot here, I seen it!

MALKY: Ma da'll kill me. There's anely ten pairs like them. Even Ronaldo's no got a pair. Ma da's pal got them in special.

(He taks a muckle kick at a big daud o sand, and bloaters it richt in BILLY's coupon.)

MALKY: Aw naw! Sorry, Billy!

BILLY: (Wipin his face.) Honestly, mun. When it's a goal kick, ye can hairdly get the baw aff the grund, but when it's a daud o sand ye're pittin in ma ee, aw o a sudden ye've a kick like a cuddy that's got stung by a bee.

MALKY: It's nice tae be nice, Billy, eh? Naebody moans when you tak a corner an pit it straicht oot for a bye-kick.

BILLY: Aye, weel, that's jist tactics. It's the anely wey tae stap them fae hittin us on the break.

(The twa o them plod aboot, kickin awa. The baw flees in fae the richt, lands inatween them. BILLY kicks it awa wi a luik o pure scunneration.)

BILLY: (Shoutin aff-stage.) GONNAE WATCH, EH?! (Tae himsel.) Tryin tae dae somethin useful, here.

MALKY: Gie it up, Billy. We're never gonnae find i...

POLLY: Squawk! X mairks the spot! X mairks the spot! Squawk!



(MALKY an BILLY luik at POLLY, then at each ither.)

BAITH: The penalty spot!

(Richt awa, the twa o them are doon on their knaps scairtin about in the sand.)

BILLY: A glint! A glint! I jist seen it!

MALKY: Man! We're gonnae be mintit! I'll be able tae buy ma da THREE greenhouse windaes!

BILLY: Pfft. Ma da can gang whistle. Naebody's gettin their clatty paws on the Billy Bigtime Bonanza!

POLLY: Squawk! Billy Bog-time! Billy Bog-time! Squawk!

BILLY: Och, awa. (BILLY hoys a haunful o sand at POLLY, wha flees awa.)

MALKY: I've got the corner o it! Gie's a haun!

(They baith reach intae the hole.)

MALKY: Awricht. Wan! Twa! Three!

(Wi a muckle heave, the twa o them faw backarties intae the sand. BILLY hauds something shiny tae his kist.)

BILLY: I've got it! I've got it!

MALKY: Whit is it, Billy?! Doubloons? Diamonds? Rubies? Gie's a swatch, then!

BILLY: Aye, haud on!



(BILLY balances the treasure on his finger and spins it. MALKY's face faws.)

BILLY: Aw man! Check oot that action! Smooth as silk! That's a belter, that is!

MALKY: A fidget spinner?! Ye had us gawin throu aw that for a fidget spinner?!

BILLY: Eh?! This isnae jist ONY fidget spinner. This is a Clashmaclaiver Three Thoosand!

MALKY: Ye get them doon the mairket. Ma da's pal sells them twa for a poond.

BILLY: Aw. Richt.

(The twa o them watch the spinner as it slawly spins tae a halt on BILLY's finger.)

MALKY: Gie's a shot, then.

BILLY: Get yer ain.

MALKY: Shots each, Billy. That's whit we said!

(MALKY grabs for the spinner as BILLY tries tae pull it awa. They fecht ower it, each pullin at a corner o it.)

MALKY: Haufers for hauners!

BILLY: Finders keepers! Awbody kens that!

(BILLY gies the spinner a howk, and it flees oot o baith their hauns and intae the sand. They stare at each ither.)



MALKY: Luik at us baith. Fechtin ower somethin that's twa for a poond.

BILLY: Ken. And I'll tell ye somethin ye cannae buy for ony amoont o money. Freends like us.

(They luik at each ither and nod. Then they baith dive heid-first intae the sand.)

BILLY: Leave it! It's mine!

MALKY: Finders keepers, mun! FINDERS KEEPERS!

COMMENTATOR: And the ref blaws for full-time! This gemme is gangin tae penalties!

SCENE 9

(The Auchtermichty Aw-Stars staunin in the centre circle. Tense as onythin. Awbody facin tae the richt except FIONA, wha's facin left, wan haun ower her een.)

FIONA: I-cannae-luik-I-cannae-luik-I-cannae-luik-I-cannae-luik...

(The faces are a picture. The penalty is taen. Herts stap deid. Then.)

AWBODY: YAAAAAAAASSSS!!

(FIONA birls roonds as awbody gangs mental; bear hugs, high-fives, punchin the air.)

FIONA: Did he score? Did he score?



TAMSIN: Get IN there!!

DEEK: Back o the net, mun!

(FIONA wipes the sweat aff her broo, pats her beatin hert.)

FIONA: I cannae deal wi this. Sweir doon.

(BILLY strolls in fae the richt, tae muckle cheers.)

HAMISH: (Clappin him on the back.) Nerves o steel, Billy, mun!
Nerves. O. Steel!

DEEK: Richt in the postage stamp!

BILLY: Och, there wis never ony doot.

FIONA: Weel, that's us fower-three up. If Malky can jist save this yin...

(There's a soond fae the richt like a laser cannon chairgin up.
Then an explosion.)

MALKY: (Aff-stage) Oooooooya!!

BILLY: (Shoutin) Nice dive, Malky!

TAMSIN: (Shoutin) Ye're getting closer!

FIONA: Weel, that wis quick. Sae we're needin this next yin tae win, and it's...

(She checks her teamsheet.)

FIONA: Hamish.



(HAMISH gangs white as a sheet.)

HAMISH: Eh? Whit?

TAMSIN: Ye're up, Hamish.

HAMISH: For....?

FIONA: A penalty, Hamish. Ye're takkin a penalty.

HAMISH: Awready? Me?

BILLY: (Pattin his back.) Time tae shine, mun. Heidthebaw tae hammer hame the last nail in the coffin. Knock em deid.

(HAMISH, no movin an inch. DEEK luiks at him, luiks awa.)

HAMISH: But whit if ah miss?

FIONA: Weel, we'll get beat. But it'll no be the end o the world, ken.

TAMSIN: Aye, it's anely a gemme, Hamish.

BILLY: (Unner his breith.) Anely a gemme. Gie's peace, Tamsin.

HAMISH: I... I dinnae think I can, Fiona.

FIONA: Eh? Whit dae ye mean?

HAMISH: Ma legs. They've went tae jeely. I cannae muive.

BILLY: Somebody pairk a burger van ahint their goal. Ye'll no see him for dust.



(Naebody laughs.)

TAMSIN: Are ye serious, Hamish? Ye cannae muive?

HAMISH: It's jist. . . I've had an awricht gemme. I dinnae want tae waste it noo.

FIONA: Hamish, you're oor pal. Nane o us are gonnae think less o ye if ye miss.

(HAMISH luiks up intae the staunds.)

HAMISH: Somebody nicht.

(Awbody staunin there. Naebody kens whit tae dae.)

FIONA: Hamish, I jist. . .

DEEK: Mine.

(DEEK gets up aff the grund, brushes the clart aff his knaps.)

FIONA: Eh?

DEEK: Mine, I says. I'll tak it.

BILLY: You?! Nae offence, Deek, but ye've never taen a penalty in yer puff.

DEEK: Weel. There's a first time for awthin.

FIONA: Deek. Ye shuir aboot this?

(DEEK and HAMISH luik at each ither.)



DEEK: Ye're richt, Fiona. As lang as ye've got pals, ye've naethin tae loss.

(DEEK grabs up a fitba and walks aff stage. Awbody stauns there watchin him.)

BILLY: Weel, that wis an awfy nice winnin streak we used tae hiv.

TAMSIN: I've seen Deek miss the grund wi a stane. Whit is he daein takkin a penalty?

FIONA: He says he's shuir. We need tae believe in him.

HAMISH: I dae.

(They aw watch on wi peely-wally faces.)

BILLY: Michty me! Whaur he is gawin wi thon run-up?!

TAMSIN: Here he gangs!

FIONA: I-cannae-luik-I-cannae-luik-I-cannae-luik...

(Aff-stage, the soond o a fitba bein blootered wi aw o somebody's micht.)

SCENE 10

(Again the Aw-Stars, wanderin in the desert. FIONA in front, cairryin a trophy in the shape o a treisure kist. Awbody else weirin gowden eye-patches.)

BILLY: Honestly, mun. Whit's wrang wi jist gein us normal



medals?! No awthin has tae be aboot bein a pirate.

MALKY: It's no even real gowd. Ma da's pal widnae touch these.

TAMSIN: Man, man. If this is youse when we win, whit are yese gonnae be like when we get beat?

BILLY: Ye'll never fund oot, Tamsin. We're never gonnae get beat.

(Jist aheid o them, HAMISH catches up wi DEEK.)

HAMISH: Ye awricht, mun?

DEEK: Aye. Yersel?

HAMISH: Aye.

(There's an awkward pause.)

HAMISH: Thon wis some penalty ye hut, Deek. Near enough ripped the goalposts up oot the grund.

DEEK: Ach, I've seen your penalties, Hamish. I jist wantit tae gie the goalie a chance, eh?

HAMISH: Ye kiddin? The wey I wis playin the day, I'd hae taen their spaceship richt oot o orbit.

(They baith laugh.)

DEEK: Weel... If that's yer last gemme for us... It wisnae a bad yin tae bow oot on, eh.

HAMISH: Ma last gemme? Hiv ye signed up some ither centre-hauf wi a heid like a baked tattie and een like thumbtacks in a



daud o Blu-Tak?

DEEK: Naw, but... Ye're awa tae Real Madrid, are ye no?

(HAMISH shrugs.)

HAMISH: Och, wha am I kiddin? Ma da willnae even let me gang tae the end o the street wioot a signed note.

DEEK: Aye, but this is different, is it no?

HAMISH: Onygates, I'd get awfy lanesome oot in Spain by masel. Dae ye ken they dinnae even speak Scots there?

DEEK: Richt enough, aye. Even yon Yamal laddie anely talks in Spanish, and he's wan o the brainy yins.

HAMISH: See, whit's meant tae happen when they sign youth players, is that they sign twa o them fae the same country sae's they dinnae get hamesick. That wey they can still hing about thegither, and bide in the same hoose and aw that.

DEEK: Aye, but whit's the chances o Real Madrid signin anither player fae Scotland, but? That's wance in a lifetime, that.

HAMISH: Weel, I'm no richt shuir. But whit I dae ken is their scouts were here the day, and there wis a laddie oot there daein the wark o twa men.

(DEEK pulls his collar up tae hide his beamer.)

DEEK: Weel, onywey... When did I ever say ye'd a heid like a baked tattie?

HAMISH: Och, ye were still gettin roond tae it. Still, least ma



heid's no hauf sae muckle as yours.

DEEK: Eh?! Ye mean yours, richt?

HAMISH: Naw, yours!

DEEK: Naw, yours!

HAMISH: Naw, yours!

(The twa o them banter awa as TAMSIN walks past, takkin doon her hair. She catches up wi MALKY and BILLY.)

TAMSIN: Awricht, ma loons? Whit's fresh?

MALKY: No muckle. Whit's up wi thae twa?

TAMSIN: Ach, Hamish is kiddin on his da willnae let him gang tae Real Madrid sae's he can still pal about wi Deek. Same auld, same auld.

BILLY: Michty me. Bromance o the century or whit.

TAMSIN: Ken, eh. It's nearly as bad as chasin aboot efter a fidget spinner for ninety meenits jist sae's ye've an excuse tae hing aboot thegither.

(BILLY and MALKY luik at her.)

TAMSIN: Och, this stupit bobble. Sweir doon.

(TAMSIN walks awa, still footerin wi her hair.)

BILLY: Whit is she even on aboot?!



MALKY: Och, wha kens. Sae, onywey, I'll hae the fidget spinner Mondays, Wednesdays, and Friday morns, and we'll share it at the weekend, aye?

BILLY: Fair's fair. Will I come roond tae your bit tae pick it up, or dae you want tae come roond tae mine?

MALKY: Weel, I could come roond tae yours Tuesdays and Thursdays, and then you could come ower tae mine the rest o the time?

BILLY: Awricht, but whit about holidays?

MALKY: Weel, I'd a wee idea about that. . .

(As they spraff awa, a beam o licht shoots doon fae the sky. HAUN appears, staunin ben the beam. He nods at FIONA.)

HAUN: Captain Ferliefit.

FIONA: Captain Dinger.

HAUN: Weel. Luiks like the best wumman won, efter aw.

(He winks at her, and they shak hauns.)

HAUN: Awfy weel played, skipper. Tellin ye, we could dae wi a lassie like you on board the Millennium Fankle.

FIONA: Oh aye? Is that richt?

HAUN: Are ye for real? Lassie wi your brains, ye'd be rinnin yer ain crew afore the year wis oot. Picture it, quine. Captain Ferliefit o the USS Doolander. . . Attack ships on fire aff Orion's shooder. . . The c-beams at Tannhooser Yett, glitterin in the



daurk... Whit dae ye think?

FIONA: Man, thon aw soonds awfy braw...

(Ower on the ither side o the stage, the ither Aw-Stars are haein a wee stushie.)

DEEK: Aw, sae ye think ma heid's muckle?! There's a loon wi a telescope staunin oot in his gairden back in Auchtermichty that thinks he's jist discovered a new planet!

HAMISH: Hiv ye even seen your heid?! Coorse ye hivnae! There's no a luikin-gless muckle enough! Yer heid's that massive ye need three profile pictures tae fit it aw in!

MALKY: Ye aye think ye're bein that sleekit, but naebody faws for it! Even thon daft parrot had ye sussed, Billy Bawheid!

BILLY: Billy BIGHEID! I mean, Bigtime!

(FIONA pulls a face, and turns aroond tae HAUN.)

FIONA: But it's no for me. I've a crew o ma ain tae luik efter here.

HAUN: Suit yersel. But if ye ever chynge yer mind...

(He winks and points tae the sky.)

HAUN: Ye ken whaur tae find me.

(HAUN luiks up intae the sky and stairts tae punch somethin intae the computer on his wrist.)

FIONA: ... Haun?



HAUN: Aye, lass?

FIONA: Afore ye gang... Can I hiv ma watch back?

(HAUN rolls his een, then taks the watch aff his ither wrist and hauns it back.)

FIONA: Ye cannae shoot a man for tryin, eh?

HAUN: (Laughs.) Och, I should hae kent I'd no be able tae pull a stunt like that on a lassie like yersel. Best o luck, skip, Safe traivels.

(HAUN punches somethin intae his ain watch, then disappears intae a beam o licht.)

FIONA: Aye. Safe traivels, Haun.

BILLY: Guid riddance, mair like.

FIONA: Och, naw. He wis wan o the guid guys.

(They aw stairt walkin again. It's quiet oot here, and awbody's ower puggled tae talk. Then BILLY pulls a face like he's jist thocht o somethin.)

BILLY: Here, that wis kind o easy, wis it no?

(FIONA and TAMSIN stap deid and gie him the evils.)

BILLY: Naw, I mean... I ken youse did maist o the wark...

(FIONA and TAMSIN fold their airms across their kists.)

BILLY: Weel, aw o the wark... But think about it; the twa o youse



shouldnae be able tae beat a hale team jist by yersels... Should ye?

TAMSIN: How no? We've managed it fine up tae noo.

(TAMSIN hauds her haun oot flat, and FIONA slaps her for five.)

BILLY: Naw, but... I'm jist sayin, like. Thon pirates wis in an awfy hurry tae get awa.

FIONA: Nae wunner! Did ye no see the chasin we jist gied them?!

TAMSIN: They got their heid in their hauns tae play wi, mun! Weel... the wans that've got hauns, that is.

FIONA: Pure riddie, like! They'll no be in a hurry tae tak their faces for a walk roond here for a lang while, tellin ye!

(MCGOWK staps deid, luiks about.)

MCGOWK: Here... Is this no whaur the bus wis parked? I mind it cause o aw the sand and that, ken.

MALKY: Eh? Mebbe we walked past it?

DEEK: Aye, nae bather, Malky, we jist walked past a hale muckle bus wioot seein it. Are ye blind as weel as daft?

TAMSIN: Are ye bein serious, gaffer?! Ye're no tellin us ye've actually lost the bus?!

MCGOWK: (Haudin his phone up.) Och, weel. The next service station's jist ower thon ben. It'd be a cheek tae caw it fower oors walk. Five oors, taps. Yese could dae wi the exercise.



(The Aw-Stars pick up their bags and walk efter him, grumpin and moanin.)

HAMISH: Fower oors! Did they no hae taxis in pirate times?!

DEEK: It cannae jist hae disappeared. It's got tae be unner here... Somewhaur.

FIONA: Aye, jist keep yer een oot for a muckle X, eh?

MALKY: Whit a joke. We must hae the anely coach in the hale galaxy that disnae ken how tae Park the Bus.

BILLY: Weel, there's nae point girnin, eh. Whit's duin is duin.

(They aw turn and luik at him.)

TAMSIN: Eh, whit?

FIONA: Aye, you feelin awricht, Billy?

BILLY: Tap o the warld, skip. See, I've got somethin tae keep me occupied for the next fower oors. Jist as weel there's at least wan o us had the brains tae cam oot aheid.

(He pats doon his pooches.)

BILLY: Noo... Whit did I dae wi it?

SCENE 11

(The cargo bay o the Millenium Fankle, a pure midden o scrap pairts, pirates DVDs, and cheap knock-affs. In the middle o it aw, the Auchtermichty team bus. HAUN and LANG JOHN SILLER



staunin in the midst o the guddle, luikin gey chuffed wi theirsels.)

HAUN: No a bad wee haul for a day's wark, eh?

SILLER: Ye're no kiddin, captain. We'll get five hunner Star Bawbees for that on WeeBay, easy.

HAUN: Braw. That should keep us gawin un til we track doon oor next set o tumshies. . . I mean, oor next gemme, eh, Lang John?

(They baith laugh. HAUN plumps himsel doon in the captain's seat.)

HAUN: Awricht, Lang John. Plot a coorse for Port Thingmijig. Let's get this show on the road.

SILLER: Aye aye, captain! (He points at somethin on the control deck.) And are ye wantin me tae fling that in wi the rest o the booty?

HAUN: Nah, ye're awricht. I've a special contact that deals wi them.

(He picks it up and spins it on his index fingir.)

HAUN: Ye widnae believe it, but he gets a poond for twa o these doon the mairket.

(They baith staun there watchin it spin wi muckle smiles on their faces.)

SILLER: Gie's a shot, then.

HAUN: Get yer ain.





**AUCHTERMICHTY
AW-STARNS**
OOR AIN WARST ENEMIES



TEAMSHEET

Auchtermichty Aw-Stars

MALKY McMUCKLEHAUNS. Goalie. Would stap a cannonbaw, if ye were daft enough tae fire wan at him. No feart o onythin, except mebbe his maw.

HAMISH HEIDTHEBAW. Centre hauf. Lowp o a salmon, memory o a goldfish.

DEEK DECKEM. Defensive midfielder. Tackles first, checks whit team they're in later. Got booked wance for twa-fittin his ain shaddae.

FIONA FAIRLIEFIT. Captain. Midfielder. Fleet o fit, stoot o hert, an shairp o tongue. Dinnae mess.

BILLY BIGTIME. Winger. Auchtermichty Grammar's Dreamboat o the Month, twelve months rinnin. Gets his maw tae iron his snood afore every gemme. If he wis chocolate, he'd eat himsel - then wirry about it aw gawin straicht tae his thighs.

TAMSIN TAEBASH. Striker. A goal-scorin machine wi a richt-fit welly and a wan-track mind. The maist dangerous spot on ony fitba pitch is a straicht line atween her and the net.

COACH MCGOWK: Gaffer. Seen a gemme o fitba on the telly wance, an kind o got the gist. Cairries a clipboard everywhere, sae's fowk ken he's the manager an no jist the bus driver.



The Day's Opponents

EVIL FIONA

EVIL DEEK

EVIL HAMISH

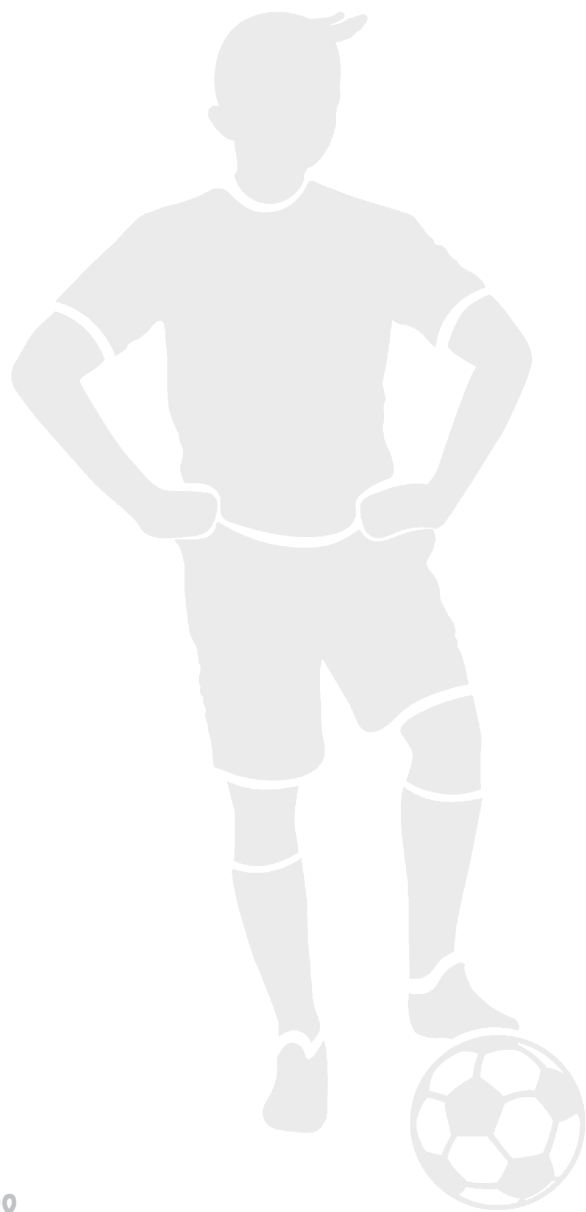
EVIL TAMSIN

EVIL MALKY

The Day's Ref

MILES AHINT, fae Musselburgh





SCENE 1

(It's the howdumdeid o nicht in the team hotel, the nicht afore the cup final. The Aw-Stars are cooried up in their beds – weel, aw except wan o them.)

BILLY BIGTIME tippy-taes intae the daurk sittin room in his jammies, keekin ower his shooder. He sits doon on the couch, sets up whit luiks like an iPad on the wee table in front o him. He leans richt in for a better luik.)

BILLY: Hiya, you.

(There's a noise in the lobby. BILLY near enough lowps oot o his skin. But it's naethin.)

BILLY: (Tae the screen.) Dinnae fash, they're aw sleepin. I wantit it jist tae be me and you. See, there's somethin I've been wantin tae tell ye for a while noo.

(He clears his thrapple, wance, twice.)

BILLY: Whit it is, is... I luv ye.

(He pulls the tap o his jammies up ower his face and taks a pure riddie. Bursts oot laughin.)

BILLY: Sweir doon, I'm jist pure mad about ye! Ye're aw I can think about!



(He stauns up, picks up the screen. Hauds it up tae his face.)

BILLY: Fae the first time I saw ye, I kent ye were somethin special. And I kent you felt the same wey about me. It wis written in the stars!

(BILLY dances roond the room wi the screen at airm's length. He staps, stares deep intae it.)

BILLY: I'd mairry ye richt noo, if I could.

(BILLY shuts his een, leans intae the screen for a muckle smootch. The owerheid lichts switch on.)

FIONA: It's twa o'clock in the mornin, Billy Bigheid. Whit ye daein prancin about the livin room wi a mirror?

(FIONA is staunin in the doorway in her jammies, wan haun on the licht switch. BILLY luiks at the mirror in his haun and quickly flings it ontae the couch.)

BILLY: BIGTIME! It's Billy BIGTIME! An whit's it tae you, onywey?!

FIONA: Were ye walkin in yer sleep?

BILLY: Ach, I can score *goals* in ma sleep, Fiona. Pittin wan fit in front o the ither's naethin tae *me*.

FIONA: It's awricht tae be nervous, Billy. Nicht afore a big gemme like this. I cannae get tae sleep either.

(BILLY shaks his heid and flings himsel doon ontae the couch.)

BILLY: Pfft. 'Big gemme'. Gie's peace.



FIONA: The final o the Intergalactic Cup? If thon's no a big gemme, it'll dae till wan comes along.

BILLY: Och, I'm no takkin onythin awa frae the rest o them. I ken it's a big deal tae this lot. Deek thinks it's the best day o his life if there's awready 10p in the vendin machine when he gangs tae buy a Crunchie. But this is jist a steppin stane for me.

FIONA: I ken, Billy, I ken. We've aw seen yer five-year plan.

BILLY: See, that's your problem richt there, Fiona. You could be playin for wan o the best teams in the warld. Weel, for their reserves, mebbe. But ye've nae ambition.

FIONA: I'm awready playin for the best team in the warld. C'mon. Bedtime.

(She grabs BILLY by the wrists and stairts pullin him up aff the couch.)

BILLY: Auchtermichy?! The best team in the warld?! Whit planet you livin on, hen?

FIONA: The blue and green wan wi the champions o the hale galaxy bidin on it. Up ye get, wee man. If ye're guid, I'll read ye a bedtime story.

BILLY: Gonnae mak it wan o yer team-talks? I'll be oot like a licht afore ye ken it.

(FIONA face draps. She lets go o BILLY's wrists, and he faws back ontae the couch wi a muckle dunt.)

BILLY: OOHAAH! Haw, watch it, you! Dae ye no ken how much this bahookie's wirth tae me? The jeans adverts'll pey for ma



hoose on their ain!

FIONA: Ken whit, Billy? Sometimes you're yer ain worst enemy.

(She storms oot. BILLY rubs his bahookie, then picks up the mirror.)

BILLY: Dinnae you listen tae her. She jist cannae unnerstaun a luve like oors.

SCENE 2

(It's a bricht and bonnie mornin, and the Auchtermichty team bus is on its wey. COACH MCGOWK is drivin, squintin intae the sun. At the front o the bus, FIONA, TAMSIN and MALKY are quietly talkin about tactics. At the back o the bus, bedlam.)

BACK O THE BUS: OHHHHHH... THE FRONT O THE BUS, THEY CANNAE SING, THEY CANNAE SING, THEY CANNAE SING...

FIONA: Sae whit we'll need tae dae is, Malky, Plan B: act as if ye're gonnae play it oot short frae the back and suck them in...

BACK O THE BUS: THE FRONT O THE BUS, THEY CANNAE SING, THEY CANNAE SING FOR PEANUTS!

FIONA: Then, wance they try tae get the lowp on us, hit it lang for Tamsin tae flick on, and I'll rin ontae it frae deep...

BACK O THE BUS: TAMSIN, TAMSIN, GIE US A WAVE! TAMSIN, GIE US A WAVE!



(TAMSIN sighs and waves at them.)

BACK O THE BUS: YEEEEESSSS! YA DANCER!

FIONA: Ye shouldnae encourage them, ye ken. That's aw they're luikin for, a reaction.

TAMSIN: Aye, and the anely wey tae shut them up is tae gie them wan. Richt, sae whit wis aw that about the target man... target wumman, I mean?

FIONA: Weel, whit I'm sayin is...

BACK O THE BUS: TAMSIN, TAMSIN, GIE US A WAVE! TAMSIN, GIE US A WAVE!

(FIONA shaks her heid.)

FIONA: Could hae set ma watch by it.

MCGOWK: Richt youse lot! Bahookies on seats! Noo!

(Awbody sits doon apairt frae BILLY, wha's staunin on his seat at the back, tryin tae get a selfie wi the team.)

BILLY: Gonnae sit still, youse lot?! Honestly, mun. As if it's no hard enough tryin tae get Hamish and Deek's muckle heids intae the same photie. It's like tryin tae fit an elastic band roond twa beach baws.

MCGOWK: Ye've been telt, Billy! Sit doon!

BILLY: Ocht, wheesht, mun... Richt! I'll jist pit a wee bit filter on it sae's no tae scare the bairns... Aaaaaand... There we gang! Like, share, comment, awbody!



HAMISH: (Checkin his phone.) I'm no sharin *that*, Billy. Ye can hardly even see the rest o us ahint yer big baw-heid.

DEEK: Ken. I cannae tell whether I'm luikin at a team photie or a solar eclipse.

FIONA: Billy, the gaffer says ye've tae sit doon!

BILLY: Youse dinnae ken quality content, that's aw. Ye think aw ma thousands o fans are subscribin tae ma channel jist tae see Hamish wi his fingir hauf-wey up his neb? This'll gang viral, I'm tellin yese. Braw photie, guid hashtag – it cannae fail!

DEEK: (Readin aff his screen.) Aye, that's a stoater awricht. Hashtag, A Star Is Borin?

BILLY: *Born*, it says! A star is *born*! (He luiks at his phone.) Aw *naw*.

(HAMISH and DEEK burst oot laughin. BILLY, frantic, stairs hammerin awa at his phone.)

FIONA: Billy! Sit DOON!

BILLY: I've got tae get that doon afore some bampot screenshots it. If Real Madrid retweet it *noo*, I'll be the laughin stock o La Liga.

HAMISH: Och, jist leave it, Billy. Naebody cares.

BILLY: Says *you*. Yer ain granny couldnae pick ye oot o a line-up. You hivnae a brand tae luik efter, like I dae.

DEEK: Why are ye that obsessed wi whit random fowk think about ye, Billy? Ye cannae get AWBODY in the warld tae like ye.



BILLY: I'm no fashed about *awbody*. Jist the wans that've got money.

FIONA: BILLY! Sit doon! Last warnin!

BILLY: Aw, aye? Or else whit?

(Suddenly, aw the lichts the gang aff and the hale bus lowps about fower fit aff the grund. BILLY cracks his heid on the roof, as DEEK and HAMISH get flung thegither intae the corner. Awbody's gawin aff their nut.)

BILLY: Ah, ya scunner, ye!

DEEK: Aw mammy-daddy-mammy-daddy-mammy-daddy-mammy-daddy!

HAMISH: It's thon McGowk! He's taen us straicht aff a cliff... again!

FIONA: Calm doon, laddies. Is awbody awricht?

MALKY: Whit's gawin on, Fiona? Are we in a tunnel? It's pitch black oot there.

DEEK: Michty. I cannae see ma haun in front o ma face.

HAMISH: That's MA face.

DEEK: Aw. Sorry.

FIONA: Whit's happenin, gaffer? Whaur we gawin?

MCGOWK: Dinnae ask me. I jist gang whaur the SatNav tells me tae.



BILLY: (Unner his breith.) I'll tell ye whaur tae gang awricht, ya glaikit auld...

MALKY: Dae ye think we can get a SatNav that'll tell Hamish whaur tae staun at corners? It's like watchin a giraffe daein the beep test.

TAMSIN: Here, is thon no oor high schuil we're gawin past?!

(They aw rin tae the windaes and keek oot intae the daurk.)

FIONA: It cannae be.

TAMSIN: It IS. It's even got thon fitba Hamish shanked ontae the roof thon time.

HAMISH: If in doot, pit it oot, that's whit I ayeweys say.

MALKY: Haw, gaffer. Ye didnae pit yer AIN address intae the SatNav, did ye?

MCGOWK: Nae chance. No efter aw thon stushie last time.

DEEK: And luik! There's the bingo haw, and the library!

TAMSIN: And the auld fowk's hame!

BILLY: And the hair stylist's! (They luik at him.) I'm jist sayin, like.

FIONA: Haud on, here's a road sign comin. (She squints through the windae at it.) Auchtermichty, five miles... Up the wey?!

(They aw luik up.)



MALKY: I cannae see onythin.

BILLY: *You* couldnae see the Forth Road Brig if it wis pentit inside yer ee-lids.

(HAMISH lifts up the sun-panel in the roof and luiks oot.)

HAMISH: Nut, I cannae see ocht up there either. Wait a meenit. . . There's a fitba grund comin up.

(DEEK squeezes his heid oot the sun-panel.)

DEEK: That's OOR grund! McGowk's went and drove us back tae oor AIN pitch!

TAMSIN: Haud on. I think I ken whit's gawin on here.

FIONA: Whit dae ye mean, Tamsin?

DEEK: (Readin the sign.) Welcome tae Heelstergowdie Pairk, hame o. . . Tapsalteerie Toon FC?

TAMSIN: I seen a programme on Nebfulms about this. It's about these bairns that get stuck in the Withershins Warld.

MALKY: Ma da gets stuck in Witherspains aw the time. Gangs awa for a haggis burger and a bevy and ye dinnae see him again till hauf past midnight.

TAMSIN: Withers*hins*, I says. It's like, back-tae-front. Upside-down. Everythin there's the opposite o the wey it is in oor warld.

BILLY: Aw, richt. Sae, likesay, in the Withershins Warld, Hamish stairtit greetin at the *stairt* o Frozen. Is that whit ye mean?



DEEK: Naw, she means in *this* warld, Hamish didnae greet at Frozen at aw.

HAMISH: I *didnae* greet at Frozen!

DEEK: See? Telt ye.

TAMSIN: Naw, naw. Ye've got me aw wrang. Whit I'm sayin is, there'll be ANOTHER Hamish here, and THAT yin willnae hiv stairtit greetin at the end o Frozen.

HAMISH: (In a huff.) I *didnae* greet. I jist had stoor in ma een frae when Malky got his wallet oot at the ticket machine.

FIONA: Sae whit ye're sayin is, Tamsin... That this Tapsalteerie Toon lot are mebbe, like, the exact *opposite* o us?

TAMSIN: Could be. Likesay, in thon programme I'm talkin about, the Withershins Warld wis pure hoachin wi aw the baddie versions o the guid fowk.

FIONA: Sae how did the guid fowk win, then?

TAMSIN: (Settlin in.) Weel, whit it wis, richt, at the stairt o the first episode there's this auld chiel wirks at a muckle science lab, ken? Anely ye dinnae ken if it wis in the past or in the present day, aye? Sae whit happens then is...

SCENE 3 – HAUF AN OOR LATER

(TAMSIN, sittin cross-legged on her seat in the bus. The rest o the Aw-Stars still staunin there, starin at the flair.)



TAMSIN: Sae ye've aw these Russian laddies buildin this machine tae open the portal, richt? But ye still dinnae ken if the sheriff kens that or no yet. Or mebbes the hale thing is aw a dream, cause mind thon lassie fell asleep at the stairt o episode thirty-fower, and ye dinnae see her again efter thon? Sae, onywey, the factory blows up and ye think that's that.

FIONA: (Howpfu.) And is it?

TAMSIN: Nut. Cause, ye see, the airmy fellas were jist kiddin on about the secret code. And that's when it aw stairs tae get interestin...

SCENE 4 – ANITHER HAUF OOR LATER

(TAMSIN still talkin. The Aw-Stars sprawlin about, sleepin on the flair and on each ither's shooders. Even FIONA luikin kind o knackered.)

TAMSIN: Sae that's him deid – weel, ye think he is. But then it cuts tae this nuclear base in the middle o naewhaur wi its front door hingin open, and guess whit's sittin there in the snaw? His hat!

MALKY: (Hauf-asleep.) Wha's hat?

TAMSIN: Were ye no listenin? The fella frae the truck stop that's wife wirks in the museum!

MALKY: Whit museum?

TAMSIN: Dae ye need me tae gang through it aw again?! The museu...



DEEK: (Quickly.) Naw, he disnae! He kens whit ye're on aboot!
We aw dae!

FIONA: Sae... How *did* the guid fowk win then, Tamsin?

TAMSIN: Eh? They didnae. That's no until season seiven.

(The Aw-Stars groan aw at wance.)

TAMSIN: Ken, eh. I cannae wait either.

(There's a lang silence.)

MALKY: Noo whit, skip?

FIONA: Weel, if they're the opposite o us, mebbe they're pure honkin at fitba? I'm jist pittin it oot there.

BILLY: If they're the opposite o us, mebbe they think winnin is mair important than awbody gettin a wee rin-oot.

FIONA: Och, dinnae stairt wi this again, Billy.

BILLY: I'm jist sayin. When ye've got the best player on the pitch – probably the best player o his generation – ye dinnae sub him aff wi five meenits tae gang when ye're anely twa goals up. That's Fitba 101, that.

FIONA: Some things are mair important than winnin aw the time, Billy.

BILLY: Name wan.

(FIONA thinks about it.)



FIONA: (No shuir.) Ehm... There's loads...

MCGOWK: Awricht, then. Let's gang win oorsels a trophy, eh?

(The Aw-Stars file aff the bus - aw o them except for BILLY. He waits until he's the anely yin left, then hauds his phone up for a selfie.)

BILLY: Gie the peepul whit they want. That's ma motto.

SCENE 5

(Inside the grund. A daurk, clatty corridor wi twa doors. The Aw-Stars cam in frae the left.)

HAMISH: I cannae believe this. It's the exact same as oors!

DEEK: Check it oot! It's even got thon snotter Malky wiped on the notice-board that time!

HAMISH: Jings. It's the same colour and awthin. Haw, Malky, gonnae taste it and see if it's the same flavour?

FIONA: Richt, youse lot. Wheesht the noo, eh.

(FIONA stairts tae open the door tae the hame chyngin room.)

TAMSIN: Haud on, skip! We're no the hame team!

FIONA: Michty. Ye're richt. I'm jist that used tae it.

(The Aw-Stars gang intae the awa chyngin room. A meenit efter, BILLY walks intae the corridor.)



BILLY: Aye, dinnae fash yersels haudin the door open for me or that, eh. Bet Pele cairried his ain bags an aw.

(BILLY shaks his heid, then opens the door tae the hame chyingin room and stoats awa in.)

SCENE 6

(The hame grund o Tapsalteerie Toon. It's black as the deid o nicht, and the anely licht comes frae the full moon that hings owerheid. The pitch is an absolute midden, wi muckle divots aw ower it and the grass growin up tae yer knaps. The Aw-Stars squeeze oot o the totey wee tunnel, sideweys and wan by wan. TAMSIN staps deid by the side o the pitch, pokes her fit oot at somethin lyin in the grass.)

TAMSIN: Michty me. Wid ye check oot the state o *this*!?

DEEK: Skip, ye're needin tae come ower here and get a swatch. Broken bottles... Hauf-bricks... And, *eh naw!* Mingin! Daes *naebody* pick up efter their dugs around here?!

(HAMISH leans ower tae luik, then lowps awa and howks his shirt up ower his neb. His een are watterin.)

HAMISH: Whit *size* are the dugs aboot here? And mair tae the point, whit are they *feedin* them? Pieces and boak?

MALKY: (Kickin oot at a muckle daud o grass.) This is as bad as thon patch o jaggy nettles McGowk had us trainin in that time. Ye'll be gettin bit by somethin a lot warse than a puddock this time, Deek.



DEEK: Puddock!?! Did ye see the *size* o thon thing? Hamish could hae pit a saddle on it and rode it back tae his hoose!

TAMSIN: This is gonnae play havoc wi ma hay fever, I'm tellin yese aw richt noo. Aa-aaa-aaaaCHOO!

(HAMISH squints intae the daurk.)

HAMISH: Here, has onybody seen a wee fella about *thon* height, wi buits like ma granda's baffies and a haircut straicht oot the catalogue?

(FIONA luiks aroond.)

FIONA: Aye, whaur *is* Billy? I hivnae seen him syne... I dinnae even ken. The bus?

DEEK: I widnae fash yersel, skip. Ye'll hear him afore ye see him.

MALKY: Aye, and ye'll smell him lang afore that.

(The REFEREE comes in frae the richt, carryin the baw unner his airm. The Aw-Stars aw groan at the sicht o it.)

TAMSIN: No a Mouldymaister Three-Thoosand! Last time I pit the heid on wan o them, I woke up in casualty.

MALKY: I mind thon. Ye'd tae weir yer fringe doon tae yer ee-broos for about six months.

(DEEK and HAMISH luik at each ither.)

DEEK: Bagsie no in the waw!

HAMISH: Bagsie no... *Och*.



REFEREE: Captains! In ye come!

(FIONA walks ower, stretchin an windmillin her airms. A meenit efter, EVIL FIONA comes in frae the richt in her pitch-black Tapsalteerie Toon tap, textin awa on her mobile phone and chowin a wad o chuggy.)

REFEREE: Awricht then. Let's...

EVIL FIONA: Haud on.

(She gangs on textin. FIONA and the REFEREE staun there, waitin.)

EVIL FIONA: Richt. (She pits her phone awa and luiks at FIONA wi a smirk.) Awricht, hen? Pure LUVE yer hair.

FIONA: Whit's wrang wi ma hair?

EVIL FIONA: Naethin. And dinnae let onybody tell ye different.

(FIONA turns reid and pats her hair doon wi her hauns. EVIL FIONA whips oot her phone and taks a photie o FIONA.)

FIONA: Haw! Whit dae ye think ye're daein?

EVIL FIONA: Wheesht the noo. (Typin.) Ma pal... disnae think... her hair... luiks guid. Like... if you think... she luiks stoatin!

(EVIL FIONA's phone maks a lood bagpipe skirl.)

EVIL FIONA: There. It's awa.

FIONA: Whaur did ye... I didnae say ye could...



EVIL FIONA: Use yer wirds, hen.

FIONA: Wha said ye wir alloued tae tak ma photie?!

EVIL FIONA: Ach, there's nae need tae thank me. I've got twinty-fower million fowk follaein me. There's got tae be somebody oot there thinks ye're bonnie.

(EVIL FIONA luiks up at her and winces.)

EVIL FIONA: Weel. Kind o.

(EVIL FIONA gets her phone oot again. FIONA jist stauns there, fizzin.)

REFEREE: Awricht! I can see ye're baith awfy nice lassies, sae let's hae a guid clean gemme the day, aye?

EVIL FIONA: (Sweet as hinny.) Ye'll get nae bother oot o us, ref.

REFEREE: Braw! Weel, heids or tails?

EVIL FIONA: (Shruggin.) It's aw the same tae me.

REFEREE: Ach, ye're richt. Let's no even bother wi it. Youse want tae jist tak the kick-aff?

EVIL FIONA: Aye, we're no wantin tae chynge ends. I dinnae think the licht ower there is awfy... flatterin. (She luiks at FIONA and shaks her heid.)

REFEREE: Check oot youse twa. Aw palsy-walsy awready. Dae yese even *need* a referee?

EVIL FIONA: (Sweetly.) Ye can pit yer whistle awa, ref. I dinnae



think ye'll be usin it.

(FIONA still staunin there ragin. EVIL FIONA's phone maks a lood bagpipe skirl.)

EVIL FIONA: Here we go, here we go! The votes are in, the public hiv spoken! And it's a clear thumbs-u... (She luiks at her phone and grimaces.) Weel. Ye got a muckle reaction, onywey. And mebbe they're jist laughin cause they think ye're that cute. Like thon video o that panda sneezin.

REFEREE: There's a bricht side tae everythin, eh. (He checks his watch.) Weel, I hate tae come atween guid pals, but we'll need tae kick on. Yese'll hae time for a blether efter.

FIONA: (Grittin her teeth.) Ye're no kiddin.

REFEREE: Mind noo, we're aw on the same side here, lassies. There's nae winner and losers the day. We're **aw** winners. We're **aw** losers.

EVIL FIONA: (Smirkin.) Never a truer wurd wis spoken.

REFEREE: Awricht, then! Let's hae a wee haunshake and get this show on the road!

(FIONA hauds her haun oot tae EVIL FIONA, wha luiks doon at it a meenit afore takkin it.)

EVIL FIONA: (Luikin at FIONA's haun.) Och, hen! That's a wee shame, that. I ken ye think there's nae point even tryin onymair, but honestly; I've a pal that rins a nail salon, and she can wirk *miracles*...

(FIONA snatches her haun back and storms awa wi a face like thunner.)



EVIL FIONA: Ach, is that no a sin. And she's that bonnie when she smiles, tae. (Pause.) Weel. Kind o.

SCENE 7

(The gemme is unner wey. On the edge o their ain box, DEEK shuttles back in front o HAMISH.)

DEEK: Drappin in tae cover, here, Hamish.

HAMISH: I see ye, Deek. Ye're awricht there.

(The twa o them staun there, watchin the play.)

DEEK: I dinnae get this, bud. They're awricht, but... They're no really ony better than us.

HAMISH: Weel, they're better at twa things – cheatin and greetin.

DEEK: Still, but. If it wisnae for the fact that they've got their Billy and we dinnae hiv oors, we'd be rinnin awa wi this.

HAMISH: Ken. Can ye imagine his face when he finds oot we won without him?!

(They baith laugh as FIONA backs in frae the richt.)

FIONA: Youse twa, stick! He's mine!

(Frae the richt, in the pitch-black strip o Tapsalteerie Toon, BILLY dribbles in wi the baw.)



BILLY: Flood the channels, Aw-Stars! I've got this yin on toast!

(FIONA and BILLY approach each other tentily. BILLY daunders back and forth with the baw, FIONA tracking him with the wey.)

BILLY: Awright, hen? Mon I'll tak ye for a wee walk.

(BILLY feints to the right, cuts to the left, then back again. FIONA near enough turns herself inside-out keeping up with him. BILLY steps dead with his fit on the baw and laughs.)

BILLY: Ye're no puggled awready, quine?! Ye wantin a wee sit-doon?

FIONA: It's your mooth that's needin a rest, ma loon. If we'd the money for the wind farms, we could rin the hale National Grid off aw yer blowstin.

BILLY: Ach, it's anely blowstin if ye cannae back it up. Watch this.

(BILLY pulls the baw away from FIONA and passes it straight through her legs.)

BILLY: Intae the tunne!! Choo-choo!

(FIONA's face turns bright red.)

FIONA: (To herself.) C'mon, Fiona! Get yer heid in the gemme!

(BILLY dusts off his hauns and shakes his heid.)

BILLY: Nae offence, like, but that's a pure minter, that. *Oor* Fiona wid never get duin that easy.



FIONA: Aye, weel, oor Billy micht be a muckle big-heid but at least...

BILLY: (Annoyed.) BIGTIME! It's Billy BIGTIME!

(The twa o them realise somethin, slowly turn and luik at each ither.)

FIONA: ...Billy?!

BILLY: ...Fiona?!

FIONA: Whit are ye daein, Billy?! Ye're playin for the wrang team!

BILLY: Eh?! How dae you ken? Mebbe it's you that's playin for the wrang team!

FIONA: Let's see, then. Whit daes your manager's B.O. smell like?

BILLY: Oor manager's no got B.O. ... (He stops and think about it.) Aw. Richt.

FIONA: Ye must hae went intae the wrang chyngin room! Och, Billy, man! I've been that wirrit about ye!

EVIL FIONA: He's no a bairn, ye ken.

(EVIL FIONA comes in frae the richt, still textin awa on her phone.)

EVIL FIONA: He disnae need tae dae whit *you* tell him, hen. He's got a mind o his ain.

BILLY: Aye, that's richt. I *dinnae* need tae dae whit you tell me,



Fiona. I've got ... I've got a ...

(He froons and turns roond tae EVIL FIONA.)

EVIL FIONA: A mind o yer ain.

BILLY: Aye, a mind o ma ain!

FIONA: Naeboddy's sayin ye dinnae, Billy. But bein pairt o a team means no ayeweys gettin yer ain wey.

BILLY: Pairt o a team! That's awricht for *youse* – I ken whit youse get oot o haein me in yer team. Wan-point-fower-twa goals per gemme, no tae mention aw the assists and the sponsorship deals. But whit am *I* gettin oot o this team? Whit's in it for *me*?

FIONA: I cannae answer that, Billy. That's somethin ye need tae wirk oot for yersel.

BILLY: Aw, I've wirked it oot for masel, awricht. Dae ma pan in for this team every Setturday, and whit thanks dae I get? Subbed aff for somebody's wee brither wi ten meenits still tae gang. Weel, I've got ma career tae think o, Fiona. It's aboot time I stairtit lui kin oot for masel.

FIONA: Billy, mun. Ye anely need tae lui kin oot for yersel when ye've got naeboddy else tae lui kin oot for ye.

BILLY: Ken whit. That's the first sensible thing ye've said aw day.

(FIONA lui ks at BILLY, howpfu. He turns tae EVIL FIONA.)

BILLY: Here, did ye get thon nutmeg on camera?

EVIL FIONA: Awready pit it up. Five thousand likes, straicht



aff the bat.

BILLY: Guid. Ye minded tae tag me in it, but? And Real Madrid tae?

(BILLY and EVIL FIONA walk awa thegither, baith starin intae the screen o EVIL FIONA's phone. FIONA watches them gang.)

FIONA: (Tae hersel.) Cheerio, Billy. Tak tent o yersel, ma loon.

SCENE 8

(The centre circle. There's no a sowel tae be seen. Then, frae aff-stage, a muckle CRASH, like a hunner-caur pile-up. The referee's whistle blows, frantic. DEEK rins in frae the richt, shoutin back ower his shooder.)

DEEK: Och, awa ye gang, ref! Caw thon a foul?! I've seen worse tackles at the auld kirk jumble sale!

(DEEK walks awa, still shakkin his heid.)

DEEK: Yellae caird for *that*? That wis a thing o beauty, that tackle. I should be getting, like, a Nobel prize for it. Dangerous play, man. Nae *danger*.

(Frae the richt, EVIL DEEK walks in. Ye can tell he's evil cause he's got his socks pullt up and his shirt tucked in. DEEK luiks at him.)

DEEK: I dout I'll be mairkin you, then, eh?

EVIL DEEK: I beg your pardon?



DEEK: (Alood.) I SAYS... I DOUT I'LL BE MAIRKIN YOU, THEN.

EVIL DEEK: I'm dreadfully sorry, I don't speak Gaelic.

DEEK: Och, nae wirries, me neither. Hamish maks oot as if he daes cause he watched an episode o Padraig Post wance and he kind o got the gist o it.

EVIL DEEK: Wait a moment. That's not *English* you're talking, is it? Surely it can't be.

DEEK: Naw, ye're richt enough, mate. It isnae English. It's Scots.

EVIL DEEK: No. Didn't catch a *word* of that.

DEEK: I SAYS... NAW, IT'S...

(DEEK luiks straicht intae EVIL DEEK's smirkin coupon, and his cheeks gang reid.)

DEEK: I says... I mean, I *said*... No, it's not English. It's Scots.

EVIL DEEK: Scots?! I've never *heard* of it in all my days. Is it just English for people who are too lazy to speak properly?

DEEK: Naw, it's... *No*, it's a language. Millions of people speak it. All over the world.

EVIL DEEK: (Pullin a face.) *Really?! Why?!* It sounds *ghastly*.

DEEK: It's just the way we talk... It's how I've *always* talked.

(EVIL DEEK shaks his heid and shrugs.)

EVIL DEEK: Well, each to his own, I suppose. Although how you



expect to make a living out of football when you don't even speak English is beyond me.

DEEK (Froonin.) Whit dae ye mean?

EVIL DEEK: Just what I said. All the biggest players in the world speak English. Haven't you noticed that? Even the ones from other countries. I mean, can you *imagine* Lionel Messi going on television and talking like... Well, like *that*? Nobody would ever take him seriously again. You *do* want to be taken seriously, don't you?

DEEK: Weel... Aye...

EVIL DEEK: Then you'd better learn how to speak English. The sooner the better. There's some very good courses out there.

DEEK: I DAE ken English! I mean... I DO speak English.

EVIL DEEK: Goodness, so you do! And here was me thinking you're just another oik like the rest of them!

DEEK: Well, I'm no... I'm not.

(EVIL DEEK grins an slaps DEEK on the back.)

EVIL DEEK: See? NOW I can understand what you're saying! Isn't that *so* much better?

DEEK: Aye...

(EVIL DEEK shoots him a funny luik.)

DEEK: I mean... Yes.



(EVIL DEEK gies DEEK a wee thumbs-up. DEEK nods, then stares doon at the grund.)

SCENE 9

(Injury time in the first hauf, and it's a corner tae Tapsalteerie Toon. The Auchtermichty penalty box is millin wi players frae baith teams. FIONA grabs DEEK by the shooder and pushes him taewards the near post.)

FIONA: Near post, Deek! Tamsin, pickin up on the edge! Whaur's yer man, Hamish? HAMISH! Heid in the gemme, big man! This has got your name written aw ower it!

HAMISH: I'm on it, chiefie! Aw day lang!

(On the edge o the box, EVIL FIONA and BILLY are lurkin.)

EVIL FIONA: (Luikin up frae her phone at BILLY.) Ken that's nearly hauf-time? Ye plannin on scorin ony time the day?

BILLY: (Puggled.) I'm daein ma best, skip.

EVIL FIONA: (Rollin her een.) I howp no. If thon's yer best, ye'd be as weel jackin it in richt noo and sellin sweets door-tae-door.

(BILLY's face draps like a stane.)

BILLY: We'll score frae this corner, I ken we will. Ye wantin me on the keeper, or cuttin in at the faur post?

EVIL FIONA: Dae I luik like yer mammy? I'm no fashed whit ye



dae. Jist mak shuir ye score.

FIONA: (Shoutin.) HAMISH! Pickin up Billy!

(BILLY walks awa wi a thochtie luik on his face. HAMISH daunders ower tae him.)

HAMISH: Ye awricht, wee man? Ye luik like ye've drapped a tenner and fund a fiver.

BILLY: Never you mind.

HAMISH: It's anely a gemme, ye ken, Billy. It's no the end o the warld. We'll aw still be pals at the end o it.

(BILLY shaks his heid and luiks awa.)

FIONA: Switchin on, awbody! Here it's comin!

(Awbody tenses as the baw comes fleein intae the box.)

HAMISH: MINE!!

(HAMISH lowps intae the air, touerin ower BILLY an awbody else. The baw whooshes in, rocketin straicht taewards HAMISH'S broo... until BILLY lowps up and punches it intae the net. The Tapsalteerie players gang mental. The Auchtermichty players jist luik at each ither, dumfoonert.)

EVIL FIONA: OOOSHT! Get *in* there! *Whit* a heider!

MALKY: Eh?! Haun-baw, ref! Clear as ye like!

(The Tapsalteerie players rin tae mob BILLY as the Aw-Stars wait patiently for the REFEREE's whistle. It disnae come.



TAMSIN breks awa and rins up tae the him.)

TAMSIN: Ye're kiddin me, ref! Ye're *kiddin* me! His feet hairdly came aff the grund!

FIONA: Calm doon, Tamsin! It's an honest mistake! Ye'll luik at it again on the VAR, eh no, ref?

REFEREE: Coorse I will! (Tae EVIL FIONA.) Did ye get thon on yer phone, hen?

EVIL FIONA: Aye, haud on! (Her phone maks a noise like a stane fawin doon a well.) Och, wid ye credit that? I've anely went and deletit it.

REFEREE: Ach, dinnae fash yersel, lass. It's a gey complicatit business, thon Interwebs thing.

MALKY: Aye, but here's Billy'll tell ye himsel. That wis yer haun, pal, eh no?

HAMISH: We ken ye didnae mean tae dae it, Billy. It happens tae the best o us. Mind thon time Deek caught the baw wi baith hauns, clean frae a goal kick? Jist tell him. It wis an accident.

(BILLY gangs white as a sheet. Awbody turns tae luik at him.)

REFEREE: Whit's the story then, wee man? Wis it yer haun, or wis it yer heid?

BILLY: (Voice craikin.) Heid.

(The REFEREE blaws his whistle and points tae the centre spot, then checks his watch.)



REFEREE: Ach, we've anely twa meenits left, and I dinnae think ma auld hert can tak ony mair drama. Will we jist caw it hauf-time there?

EVIL FIONA: Guid thinkin, ref. Awa and get yersel a cup o tea. Ye've earned it.

(The REFEREE blows his whistle three times and jogs aff the pitch, follaed bi the Tapsalteerie players, BILLY last o aw. As the Auchtermichty players luik on, TAMSIN walks ower tae him.)

TAMSIN: Och, Billy, pal...

BILLY. Dinnae. Jist... *dinnae*.

(He shrugs TAMSIN's haun aff his shooder and rins awa doon the tunnel.)

SCENE 10

(The door tae the awa chyngin room jist aboot comes aff its hinges as HAMISH flings it open. The rest o the Aw-Stars file in ahint him, pure fizzin.)

HAMISH: I cannae believe this! They've no had a sniff aw gemme, and suddenly *they're* the wans that are ahead?! Whit's gawin on here?!

FIONA: Keep the heid, Hamish. Greetin aboot it's no gonnae chynge onythin.

HAMISH: They're cheatin us rotten oot there, Fiona. Ye ken that? We've no got a snawbaw's chance, lang as this keeps up.



FIONA: Weel, whit is it that ye're sayin? That we should stairt cheatin an aw? That'd mak us jist as bad as them.

TAMSIN: Naeboddy's as bad as them. I've jist seen wan o them oot there riftin the national anthem.

HAMISH: We cannae let them jist walk aw ower us, Fiona. It's a dug-eat-dug world oot there, and we've got tae be the dugs. (Pause.) The wans that are eatin the ither dugs, I mean.

FIONA: They dinnae beat us by scorin mair goals than us. They beat us by makkin us as bad as them.

(HAMISH throws his hauns up, scunnered.)

HAMISH: Och, ye're no listenin. Ye never dae.

FIONA: And whit's that supposed tae mean?

TAMSIN: Richt, haud on awbody. Let's aw jist coont tae ten afore we say onythin else, aye?

(The Aw-Stars shut their gubs and stare awa frae each ither while they coont in their heids. *Wan, twa, three, fower...* Hamish and Fiona, bitin their tongues as they try no tae luik at each ither. *Five, six, seiven, echt...*)

MALKY: (Brekkin the silence.) Sae, whit dae I luik like?

(TAMSIN turns and gies him the wance-ower.)

TAMSIN: Are ye really wantin tae ken?

MALKY: Naw, I mean the evil me... Whit daes he luik like?



HAMISH: Weel, he's the opposite o you, sae he's got a normal-sized heid.

MALKY: I bet he's richt fantoosh. Has he got a wee moustache or that? Or a leather jaiket? I've aye fancied masel a leather jaikit.

FIONA: Awricht. Sae, whaur we're gawin wrang. . .

MALKY: If we get a corner, I'm comin up for it. Get a wee swatch at him.

FIONA: Naw ye're no.

MALKY: Watch me. Last meenit. Goalie's up. Baw swings in, faur post! Ooooooosh!

HAMISH: Mind thon time we let ye tak a penalty? We let in about hauf-a-dizzen goals while ye were still walkin back.

MALKY: Rinnin. I wis rinnin back.

HAMISH: Weel, that's me depressed.

MALKY: It's awricht for you. You're a defender – or that's whit it says on the teamsheet, onywey. Every time ye luik up fae yer taes, there he is, yer ain plug-ugly coupon starin richt back at ye. The ither me, he's a hunner yards awa. Jist a dot on the horizon.

HAMISH: Och, that's a sin. He can see you fine, an aw. Fact, he's got tae luik through the wrang end o a telescope jist tae fit the hale o yer heid in.

MALKY: (Huffin.) I jist wantit tae ken whit I luik like tae ither fowk. That's aw.



HAMISH: Fine. We'll stairt wi yer haircut.

FIONA: WHEESHT! Wheesht, youse lot! Dae ye no see this is whit they want? For us tae be at each ither's thrapples like this?

TAMSIN: Aye, Fiona's richt. Ye aw need tae simmer doon.

HAMISH: Aw, whit a surprise. Tamsin stickin up for Fiona. Whit a sook.

FIONA: Hamish, did ye hear whit I jist said?

HAMISH: Every. Last. Wird.

FIONA: Is that sarcasm?

HAMISH: Bingo.

FIONA: Sae ye wirnae listenin tae me?

HAMISH: I'm no even listenin tae ye richt noo.

DEEK: Look, can we just forget all the amateur dramatics? Focus, people! We've got a game of football to win, here.

(Awbody turns roond and luiks at him.)

HAMISH: Whit's got intae *you*, then?

MALKY: Aye, hiv ye got a job daein the voice-owers for furniture adverts or somethin'?

DEEK: Naw, it's jist. . . *No*, it's just that nobody's ever going to take us seriously until we start taking *ourselves* seriously.



HAMISH: I DAE tak masel seriously.

DEEK: Do you really? When you get a trial with a big team, are you going to just show up talking like *that*?

HAMISH: Weel, I dinnae ken. Mebbe. I hadnae really thoct about it.

DEEK: They'll burst out laughing at you. It'll be a total embarrassment.

MALKY: Here, whit's wrang wi you?! There's somethin no richt.

HAMISH: Aye. Ye're no yersel, Deek.

DEEK: Derek. My name is *Derek*.

(FIONA shaks her heid and draps hersel ontae a bench.)

FIONA: Weel. That's that. I'll jist play the second hauf by masel, will I? For aw the odds it maks.

TAMSIN: We've still got oor Plan B, Fiona. Dinnae forget that.

FIONA: Och, I'm aw the wey through tae Plan I, noo. 'I' for 'I gie up'.

(Roond the edges o the chyngin room, the Aw-Stars stare at their ain feet in silence.)

SCENE 11

(The Tapsalteerie Toon chyngin room, a daurk guddle o auld



claes and burst baws and graffiti menshies aw ower the waws.
EVIL FIONA storms in luikin at her phone, lettin the door swing shut ahint her.)

BILLY: (Aff-stage.) OOYAH!

(BILLY opens the door and comes in, rubbin his neb.)

FIONA: That's yer ain fault, that. Watch whaur ye're gawin for wance, eh?

(The rest o the TAPSALTEERIE TOON team mairch in, shovin BILLY oot the wey.)

EVIL HAMISH: Oot the road, you!

EVIL TAMSIN: Aye, ye'd mak a better door than a windae.

BILLY: I'm movin, I'm movin! Somebody gonnae pit the licht on?

(A single, bare bulb hingin frae the ceilin flickers on then aff again. The Tapsalteerie players stramp through the midden and plank their bahookies whaurever there's room – on the flair, on the edge o shooglie tables, on tap o each ither.)

EVIL MALKY: Haw! Get aff me!

EVIL HAMISH: Shift yer heid and shut yer face, afore I shut it for ye.

BILLY: Hiv we got onythin tae drink?

(In amidst the stooshie, the ither players brek oot some cans o energy drink and stairt doonin them in muckle wanners.)



BILLY: Stamagaster Swallae?! Dae ye no ken whit that rot-gut daes tae yer insides?!

EVIL FIONA: Whit've I telt ye aboot mindin yer ain business?

(BILLY picks up the Stamagaster Swallae box and gies it a shak. Empty.)

BILLY: Wait, whaur's mine?

EVIL HAMISH: In the shop, whaur ye left it.

EVIL MALKY: Aye, there's watter in the well. I widnae *drink* it, but.

(BILLY sighs, digs oot an auld chair wi anely three legs, and sit himsel tentily doon on it.)

BILLY: Richt. Sae. Whit's the plan for the second hauf, skip?

EVIL FIONA: Same as the first hauf. Brek a few herts, brek a few legs. Get thon trophy. Get the heck oot. Am I richt or am I richt?

(The rest o the players cheer and heeze their drinks. BILLY shifts aboot on his seat.)

BILLY: Weel, thon's a plan and a hauf, richt enough... But dae ye no think we could win jist as easy *withoot* brekkin onybody's legs?

(There's a lang silence, then awbody faws ower themsels laughin.)

EVIL FIONA: (Wipin awa a tear.) Och, that's a stoater, mun!

EVIL TAMSIN: "Withoot brekkin onbody's legs." I. Cannae. *Even*.



EVIL HAMISH: Guid yin, wee man! And here wis us stairtin tae wirry ye wir jist as much o a greetin-face as *oor* Billy!

BILLY: (No shuir.) Aye... Whaur *is* your Billy, by the by?

EVIL HAMISH: *That* wee clype!?! Dinnae even get me stairtit! He's...

(The rest o the team turn and luik daggers at EVIL HAMISH. He staps deid.)

EVIL HAMISH: He's... weel... He's awa a place. That's aw.

(The rest o the team fling their cans awa and get up.)

EVIL FIONA: Awricht, Tapsalteerie Toon! Playtime's ower wi! Let's hear it, wan, twa, THREE!

THE HALE TEAM: TAPSALTEERIE TOON! NAEBOODY LIKES US, AND WE'RE NO FASHED!

(The players storm oot the door, kickin their wey through the midden and leavin BILLY alane in the daurk. He froons and nods tae himsel.)

BILLY: Aye. We're no *fashed*.

(He claps his hauns and follaes the ithers oot the door.)

SCENE 12

(Haufwey through the second hauf, and the Aw-Stars are gettin the rin-around. Naeboddy's talkin tae each ither, and DEEK is aw



on his ding in the middle o the pitch.)

DEEK: I've got two, here! Where *is* everybody?! DEREK'S MAN!

(DEEK sticks his fit oot, hauf-hertit, as EVIL HAMISH shoves him oot the road and dribbles past.)

DEEK: Did you see that, referee?! Surely that's a free kick!
Goodness me! What a ballhead!

(DEEK rubs his een, then luiks up just in time for EVIL TAMSIN tae shooder-barge richt through him. He hits the deck.)

DEEK: This is an utter disgrace! Complete disregard for the rules of the game. Absolutely appalling.

(As DEEK gets tae his feet, he luiks up and winces.)

DEEK: Oh no. Not *again*.

(EVIL DEEK trots up tae DEEK, the baw at his feet and a smirk on his face.)

EVIL DEEK: Excuse me, old fellow, but you wouldn't mind stepping aside, would you? It'd save you a great deal of embarrassment.

HAMISH: (Shoutin.) This yin's aw yours, Deek!

TAMSIN: (Shoutin.) Screw the bobbin, ma loon! He's no hauf the player you are!

(EVIL DEEK wrinkles his neb.)

EVIL DEEK: Ugh. That *noise*. I swear, it costs me half-a-dozen



brain cells every time I hear it. Now, if you'll excuse me, Derek . . .

(EVIL DEEK maks as if tae daunder past DEEK wi the baw.)

MALKY: (Shoutin.) Switch on, pal! Ye've no been yersel the day!

(DEEK froons tae himsel. Then he pits his haun on EVIL DEEK's shooder and pushes him back.)

EVIL DEEK: Umm, excuse me?! Can I help you?

DEEK: I dinnae think sae, naw. No ony mair than ye awready hiv.

EVIL DEEK: I beg your pardon?

(DEEK taks a step forrit as EVIL DEEK taks wan backwards.)

DEEK: I think ye unnerstaun me jist fine.

EVIL DEEK: Oh, gracious me. Not the Oor Wullie tribute act again.

DEEK: I'm no sayin I'm perfect, like. There's a lot I could be daein better. Mebbes I could think afore I speak every wance in a while, and - haudin ma hauns up here - this coo's lick's no daein me ony favours. But the wey I talk is wha I am. I'm no aboot tae chynge that for onybody.

EVIL DEEK: (Sneerin.) Oh *really*. Not even Real Madrid? Not even Barcelona?

(DEEK keeps walkin forrit as EVIL DEEK backs awa.)

DEEK: Barcelona'll jist need tae tak me as they find me. I dout they'll no be signin me tae gie the team-talks, onyweys.



EVIL DEEK: Well, I can see you've made your mind up. What a terrible waste of talent, though.

DEEK: Sae whit? I'd raither waste ma talent than waste ma hale life tryin tae be somebody I'm no.

EVIL DEEK: And just who are you, pray tell?

DEEK: Me? I'm Deek. DEEK'S BAW!

(Jist as DEEK lunges forrit and wins the baw, EVIL DEEK screeches oot lood and bursts intae a clood o stoor.)

DEEK: (Coverin his een.) Whit the...?!

(The dust that wis EVIL DEEK cairries up intae the sky and is blawn awa on the winds. HAMISH walks up tae DEEK, totally dumfoonert.)

HAMISH: Jeez-oh, Deek. I aye kent that wis gonnae happen, wan o these days. I mean, I like a guid tackle as much as the next chiel, but there's aye somebody that's got tae tak it ower faur.

DEEK: I didnae... I never... It wisnae me! He jist... burst!

HAMISH: Och, aye. Howpfully the ref'll be ower in time tae book whit's left o him for divin.

DEEK: Hamish. I think I've jist sussed oot how we win. I've got tae speak tae Fiona.

(DEEK rins aff. HAMISH hings aboot for a meenit, watchin the onfaw o stoor as it drifts doon frae oot the sky. He catches some in his haun, brings it up tae his face.)



HAMISH: I dinnae ken whit *you're* greetin about. He hardly even touched ye.

SCENE 13

(The Auchtermichty goalmouth. MALKY flings doon his watter bottle in mid-swallow, rins oot frae his six-yaird box.)

MALKY: Michty me! Can I no get wan meenit tae masel?!

COMMENTATOR: And this is Tamsin Taebash for Tapsalteerie Toon! She's through on goal! Wan-on-wan wi the keeper in injury time - this wid shuirly seal it for the Toon!

(MALKY rushes oot tae the penalty spot as EVIL TAMSIN rins on tae the baw on the edge o the box. The twa o them ee each ither up and doon.)

MALKY: Keeper's baw!

EVIL TAMSIN: Ye'll hiv tae get it first. Whaur's it gawin, big man? Up or doon? Up or doon?

(EVIL TAMSIN fakes the shot twa times, then three times, afore chippin it ower MALKY'S heid. He rins back, lowps up, reaches oot, and lands in the grass wi a muckle DUNT.)

MALKY: (Staucherin tae his feet, and haudin up the baw.) Telt ye.

EVIL TAMSIN: Ach! I wis tryin a wee bit o mind gemmes on ye... But I forgot, ye dinnae hae a mind.



(EVIL TAMSIN daunders aff as FIONA rins in.)

FIONA: It's time, Malky! Aw or naethin! We're gawin Plan B!

MALKY: Ye shuir?

FIONA: Positive. It's oor last chance.

(DEEK rins in, oot o breith.)

DEEK: Fiona... I've wirked it oot... I ken whit tae dae...

FIONA: We hivnae time for aw this richt noo, Deek! (Tae MALKY.)
Gie it a meenit, then lang baw up tae Tamsin, aye?

FIONA: Whatever ye say, skip.

(FIONA rins aff, fresh as a daisy. DEEK stauchers efter her.)

DEEK: Fiona... Haud up...

SCENE 14

(EVIL FIONA is in the centre circle, filmin the action in the Auchtermichty goalmooth on her phone. BILLY is staunin jist ahint her, watchin.)

EVIL FIONA: That's it, Tamsin, hen... Jist draw the big gowk oot and pit it richt ower his heid...

(There's a muckle cheer as MALKY maks the save. BILLY pits his hauns on his heid and pulls a face. EVIL FIONA snaps her phone doon.)



EVIL FIONA: (Shoutin.) Whit are ye *daein*, Tamsin?! I telt ye tae pit it *unner* him, did I no?!

(EVIL FIONA shaks her heid and turns awa. BILLY watches FIONA talkin tae MALKY, then staps deid.)

BILLY: Haud up, Fiona. I ken whit they're daein.

EVIL FIONA: Eh? Whit dae ye mean?

BILLY: They talked about this on the bus. Malky's gonnae let on tae play it short, then he'll pump it up tae Tamsin and she'll flick it on for Fiona.

EVIL FIONA: Och, *naw*. Thon's a stoatin idea. If anely we had somebody markin Fiona, eh.

(BILLY luiks at her.)

EVIL FIONA: Whit are ye daein jist staunin there?! Dae ye need me tae draw ye a picture? On ye go!

(BILLY rins aff taewards his ain goal. EVIL FIONA watches him, then rolls her een.)

EVIL FIONA: Honestly. If ye're wantin onythin done around here, ye hiv tae dae it yersel.

(She luiks back doon at her phone again.)

SCENE 15

COMMENTATOR: And wi the seconds tickin awa in injury time,



it luiks like the baw's on the slates for the Auchtermichty Aw-Stars. Thon wis a guid save by Malky McMucklehauns, but noo he's dawdlin on the baw... Tapsalteerie Toon pushin up, but here's McMucklehauns wi the lang punt richt doon the middle... Taebash wi the flick-on... And this is Ferliefit! She's left the Tapsalteerie defence for deid, and she's through on goal wi anely the keeper tae beat! Billy Bigtime's trackin back, but he's shuirly no gonnae get there!

(FIONA rins in wi the baw. BILLY is chasin richt ahint her, wi EVIL FIONA a few yairds ahint.)

EVIL FIONA: OWER SLOW, BILLY! GET A SHIFT ON, EH!?

(BILLY bombs efter FIONA, strainin every muscle tae catch her. The gap atween them's closin.)

EVIL FIONA: YE'VE GOT HER, BILLY! FORGET THE BAW! JIST WIPE HER OOT!

(BILLY gets tae within fower feet o FIONA, then three. He's near enough tae tak wan last desperate lunge. Then... he staps deid.)

COMMENTATOR: This is Ferliefit... Ferliefit aw the wey... She must score! SHE DAES! Wi nae time at aw on the clock, Fiona Ferliefit dinks it ower the keeper and we're aw square! It's Tapsalteerie Toon wan, Auchtermicht Aw-Stars wan! This gemme is gawin tae penalties!

(FIONA rins back again, clappin her hauns as the rest o the Aw-Stars mob her. DEEK strauchles up ahint jist as the celebrations finish.)

FIONA: Mon the Aw-Stars! We're back in this!



DEEK: Fiona! I've wirked it oot! I ken how we can beat them!

FIONA: Aye, I ken, Deek. Me tae.

(FIONA breithes on her fingir-nails and dichts them on her shirt.)

DEEK: Aye... Naw... I dinnae mean that. I ken how we can beat them for *guid*. Listen. Here's whit we need tae dae...

(FIONA walks aff wi DEEK bletherin in her lug. BILLY watches them, staunin on the edge o the penalty box, hauns on his waist. EVIL FIONA catches up wi him.)

EVIL FIONA: Whit wis *that*?! Howk the tatties oot yer lugs, mun! I telt ye tae bring her doon!

BILLY: Aye. I heard ye.

(The rest o the Tapsalteerie Toon team walk ower and gaither roond. BILLY daesnae luik at ony o them.)

EVIL FIONA: Aw ye heard me, did ye? Whit's the story, then? Ye're feart o her? Ye felt *sorry* for her? Whit?

BILLY: I dinnae even ken.

EVIL FIONA: (Absolutely fizzin.) She'd hae duin the exact same thing tae you, mun. In a *hert-beat*.

BILLY: She widnae, but. That's the thing.

EVIL FIONA: Havers! They aw wid. And if they widnae, they're as glaikit as they luik. Whit we are, they'll never be. (Tae the rest o the team.) And whit *are* we?



THE HALE TEAM: TAPSALTEERIE TOON! NAEBODY LIKES US,
AND WE'RE NO FASHED!

(There's a lang pause.)

BILLY: (Quietly.) Fowk *dae* like me, but.

EVIL FIONA: Naw they dinnae. They think ye're a bigheid.

BILLY: Mebbe. But they like me onywey. Ye can tell.

(BILLY taks his Tapsalteerie tap aff, hauns it back tae EVIL FIONA.)

EVIL FIONA: Och, whit a surprise. Cannae hack it wi the big team, sae that's him rinnin awa hame tae his mammy.

BILLY: Ye're richt. I *cannae* hack it. No ony mair.

(BILLY picks up an Auchtermichty shirt frae the side o the pitch. The Tapsalteerie team watch him silently.)

BILLY: Aye, mebbe I'm a bit big-heided. Aye, mebbe I like masel ower muckle. But sae whit? Yer real pals *want* ye tae like yersel. That's whit they're aw about.

(BILLY pulls the Auchtermichty shirt on ower his heid.)

BILLY: I ken youse lot cannae help it, and I dinnae blame ye. But if ye really liked each ither, and ye really liked yersels, mebbe ye widnae care sae muckle aboot winnin aw the time.

(The Tapsalteerie team luik aroond at each ither, gey thochtie. Then they stairt clappin, slowly and sarcastically.)



EVIL FIONA: Ye feenisht yet? That wis a pure *brammer* o a speech, mun. Honestly, brek oot the hankies and the totey violins. There's no a dry ee left in the hoose.

(The rest o the Tapsalteerie team burst oot laughin. BILLY stauns there, luikin at them.)

EVIL FIONA: Noo awa ye gang, awa back tae yer team o losers. They're aw ye deserve.

BILLY: (Tae himsel as he walks awa.) I howp sae. I really howp sae.

SCENE 16

(In the centre circle afore the penalty shoot-out, the Aw-Stars are gaithered around DEEK, listenin.)

DEEK: ... And then, suin as I said that tae him – I'm *Deek!* – he burst intae a clood o stoor!

HAMISH: Thon's richt enough. I seen it wi ma ain een.

TAMSIN: We believe ye, Deek. But whit is it ye're actually tellin us, here?

DEEK: We thocht they were jist evil versions o us, Tamsin. But we were wrang. They arenae the *opposite* o us – they *are* us. Aw the things about oorsels that we're feart o or that we dinnae like, that's whit they are.

HAMISH: Like Deek takkin a riddie about the wey he talks, or Malky wirryin that his heid's ower muckle.



MALKY: Eh, whit?

DEEK: Aye. And if we can beat thae pairts o oorsels, we can beat *them* an aw.

(FIONA is daein keepie-uppies, anely hauf-listenin.)

FIONA: Weel, is thon no jist whit I said tae yese aw at hauf-time? That we cannae beat them at their ain gemme?

DEEK: That's no how tae think about it, Fiona. We're no playin against them. We're playin against *oorsels*.

HAMISH: Aye. Likesay, whit's the warst things ye think about yersel, Fiona? The things ye'd never admit tae? Cause that's whit Evil Fiona is.

FIONA: (Froonin.) Eh?! That wee besom?! Me and her are *naethin* alike. Can ye no see that?!

HAMISH: Aye, but...

FIONA: I'm no sayin ye're richt, lads, and I'm no sayin ye're wrang. But we dinnae need aw this psychology havers tae beat them noo. Aw we hiv tae dae is focus on gettin *this* baw in *thon* net, five times. That's it.

(DEEK puffs oot his cheeks and lets oot a lang sigh.)

DEEK: I dinnae ken whit tae tell ye, skip. There's nane o the rest o us can wirk this wan oot for ye.

BILLY: (Noddin tae the goal.) That's you up, Fiona.

(FIONA shaks her heid, tryin no tae luik annoyed.)



FIONA: I'm no hivvin a go at ye, Deek, honest I'm no. But we hinnae the time for aw this. The anely wey we can beat them is by playin oor gemme, oor wey. That's whit's got us here. And that's whit'll get us through this.

(She bends ower and picks up the baw.)

FIONA: Awricht, then. Wish me luck.

DEEK: (Dowie.) Aye. Guid luck, skip.

HAMISH: We're aw ahint ye.

TAMSIN: Aw the wey.

(FIONA hauds on for a wee meenit. Then she turns awa and walks taewards the goal.)

SCENE 17

(The penalty spot. Jist outside the penalty box, EVIL FIONA is hingin aboot, still on her phone. FIONA walks in, cairryin the baw unner her oxtar.)

EVIL FIONA: Awricht, doll? Ye ready for this?

FIONA: Pfft. Is thon meant tae scare me? I've never missed a penalty in ma puff.

EVIL FIONA: I ken ye hivnae. Cause neither hiv I.

(FIONA walks up, pits the baw doon on the spot.)



EVIL FIONA: The thing I luvve about being guid at penalties is that at least if ye get beat, it's aye somebody else's fault, eh? Am I richt or am I richt?

FIONA: Havers. We're aw in it thegither. We win as a team, we get beat as a team.

EVIL FIONA: Aye, thon's easy tae say when ye win every gemme. Let's see if ye're still sayin thon when yese finally get beat.

FIONA: Some things are mair important than winnin, ye ken.

EVIL FIONA: Aw, aye? Name wan.

(FIONA froons and disnae answer.)

EVIL FIONA: (Smirkin.) Aye. *Thocht sae*.

FIONA: Och, weel duin, you. Ye've wirked oot I'd raither win than get beat. Yer medal's in the post.

EVIL FIONA: Dinnae tak the pet, hen. There's naethin wrang wi wantin tae win. That's whit a captain's job is, is it no? Makkin shuir awbody else wants it as much as she daes.

FIONA: (No shuir.) Weel... Aye.

EVIL FIONA: Thon Billy lad must dae your *heid* in. Talks the talk about wantin tae win, but at the end o the day it's you that's left daein aw the heavy liftin. I mean, check oot thon shooer o gowks. (She luiks at the ither AW-STARS.) Ma lot are the same. If it wisnae for the likes o us, they'd still jist be kickin about doon the parks leagues, happy as Larry.

FIONA: (Waverin.) They're daein their best, like.



EVIL FIONA: Aye, but anely cause we're *makkin* them dae it. And then they've the cheek tae staun there moanin about it.

(FIONA daesnae say onythin.)

EVIL FIONA: Onygates, I'm no meanin tae pit ye aff. Let's jist get oor penalties ower and duin wi, and see whit wan o these rades maks a pure bauchle o it.

(FIONA steps back, ready for her rin-up. She scairts her studs in the clart – wance, twice. Then she staps.)

FIONA: Nut.

EVIL FIONA: Eh?

(FIONA straichtens hersel up and picks up the baw.)

FIONA: Nut, I says. It's no wirth it.

EVIL FIONA: Ye're *kiddin*! Is this you haundin us the gemme?!

FIONA: Aye, and ye can keep it. Frae the meenit I set een on youse lot, I wantit tae beat yese mair than *onythin*. That should hae been ma first clue that somethin wisnae richt.

EVIL FIONA: (Laughin.) I cannae *believe* this! Efter aw o that, thon muckle winnin streak, ye're jist giein up?! That's mental! HAW, LADS! CHAMPIONEEES!!!

FIONA: Gemmes like these bring oot the warst in me. In aw o us. Ye get that uised tae winnin that ye cannae imagine onythin else. Ye'll trample ower onybody, and tell yersel ye're daein it for *the team*. I thocht we could beat ye fair and square, but I wis wrang. The anely wey tae win a gemme like



this is *no tae play at aw*.

(And as FIONA turns tae walk awa, EVIL FIONA lets oot a muckle skreich and bursts intae stoor.)

FIONA: Haw! Wait! I wisnae duin explainin it aw tae ye yet!

(As the stoor floats aff intae the skies, the rest o the Aw-Stars daunder in frae the left, starin upwards.)

TAMSIN: Whit happened, Fiona?

BILLY: Aye, whit daes it mean?

FIONA: It means the first person tae say '*We telt ye sae!*' gets ten laps and a hunner press-ups. Noo, get yer bags. We're gawin hame.

(The Aw-Stars walk aff doon the tunnel thegither, HAMISH and DEEK richt at the end.)

DEEK (Whisperin.) I *did* tell her sae, but.

HAMISH: No noo, Deek. No noo.

SCENE 18

(It's daurk again on the team bus. The Aw-Stars are gawin hame. BILLY luiks oot the back windae as Tapsalteerie Toon disappears intae the distance.)

MALKY: Ach! I never *did* get a swatch at thon Evil Malky. Whit wis he like? Bet he wis absolutely honkin at bye-kicks.



BILLY: (No listenin.) Aye, quality, eh.

MALKY: Whit's up, Billy? Did ye forget somethin while we wir there?

BILLY: (Thochtfu.) Naw. I remembered somethin.

(HAMISH kicks aff his buits and stretches his legs oot. He yawns, baws up his trainin tap and sticks it unner his heid.)

HAMISH: Man, I wis stairtin tae think this season wis never gonnæ end. Mutants, zombies, ninjas, vampires. . . Nae offence, laddies and lassies, but I'm no bothered if I never see anither fitba again. The meenit we get hame, I'm hittin ma scratcher and I'm no gettin back up.

MALKY: We're haein a wee kickaboot ower the park the morra mornin, Hamish. Ye fancy it?

HAMISH: (Doverin.) Och. . . Aye. . . Awricht then. . .

MCGOWK: (Drivin.) Seatbelts on, awbody. This toon's naethin but speed bumps and potholes.

FIONA: Ye heard the man, troops.

(The bus is silent except for the clickin o seatbelts.)

BILLY: Sae, noo that that's aw ower wi. . . Are we gawin back tae the Invercludgie District League next season?

MALKY: I dinnae ken. It's up tae Fiona, is it no?

TAMSIN: Aye, whit about it, skip? We gawin in for this Intergalactic Cup heedrum-hodrum again?



FIONA: Weel, I wis thinkin... (She staps hersel.) I wis thinkin that it's no jist up tae me. Mebbes we should hae a vote on it?

MCGOWK: Nae need, hen. I've awready sent the forms awa for next season.

BILLY: Jings! Ye nicht hae asked us first, gaffer!

MCGOWK: Ach, I've got it covered, loon. I put us doon for awthin.

DEEK: Whit dae ye mean, *awthin*?

MCGOWK: I jist ticked every box. Said we were gawin in for the hale jingbang. Daes anybody ken whit the Ryder Cup is?

(The hale bus groans oot lood.)

MCGOWK: Ach, yese are girnin noo, but yese'll be gled o it when we're on the bus tae...

(He checks the fixture list.)

MCGOWK: ... Atlantis.

MALKY: Ma granny bides there!

TAMSIN: I thocht yer granny bided in Saint Andra's?

(MALKY's face draps.)

MALKY: Aw. Never mind.

(There's a lang silence. MCGOWK whistles a tune, while DEEK foons tae himsel, thinkin aboot somethin.)



DEEK: Here, I dinnae get it. Did we win that gemme, or did we no?

TAMSIN: Their hale team turnt intae aizles, Deek. I'm nae referee, but I'd caw that yin gemme's a bogey.

FIONA: Daes it even maitter? There's mair important things in life than winnin.

DEEK: Aw, aye? Name wan.

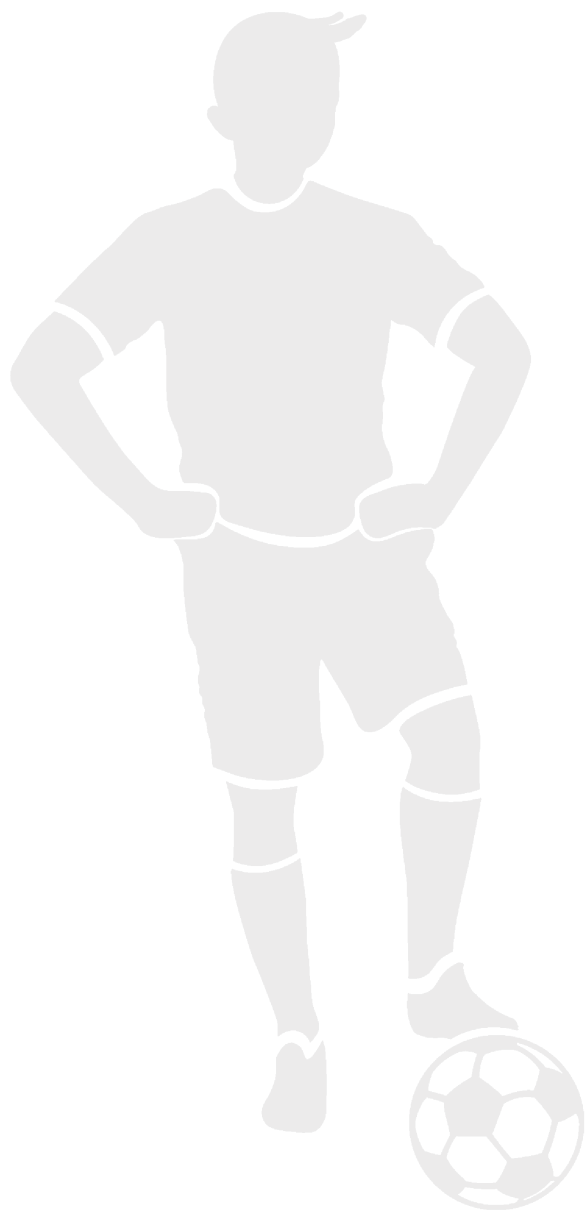
FIONA: I've got a list o them richt here. (She passes a sheet o paper ower her heid tae DEEK in the seat ahint her. DEEK luiks at wan side, then at the ither, dumfoonert.)

DEEK: Ehh... This is jist oor teamsheet, Fiona.

FIONA: Is it? Ach, silly me.

(FIONA disnae say onythin else. She stares oot the windae, smilin, as the bus emerges frae daurkness intae the licht.)





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