

*Auchtermichty Aw-Stars Versus the Warld:
Oor Ain Worst Enemies*

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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 unkent 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

Auchtermuchty 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. Auchtermuchty 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

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 luve 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 lights 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 alang.

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 world. 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: Auchtermichty?! 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: YEEEEESSSSS! 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 aboot 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 hairdly 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 thoosands 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, stairts 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 aboot ye, Billy? Ye cannae get AWBODY in the warld tae like ye.

BILLY: I'm no fashed aboot *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 aboot 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 aboot this. It's aboot 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 bevvy and ye dinnae see him again till hauf past midnight.

TAMSIN: Withershins, 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 ANITHER 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 aboot, 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, onyway, 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 aboot the secret code. And that's when it aw stairts tae get interestin...

Scene 4 - Anither Hauf Oor Later

(TAMSIN still talkin. The Aw-Stars sprawlin aboot, 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 uised 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 chyngin 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, sideways 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 aroond 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 aboot *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 allowed 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 uisin 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, onyway. 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 wird 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 ither tentily. BILLY daunders back and forrit wi the baw, FIONA trackin him aw the wey.)

BILLY: Awricht, hen? Mon I'll tak ye for a wee walk.

(BILLY feints tae the richt, cuts tae the left, then back again. FIONA near enough turns hersel inside-oot keepin up wi him. BILLY staps deid wi 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 fairms, we could rin the hale National Grid aff aw yer blowstin.

BILLY: Ach, it's anely blowstin if ye cannae back it up. Watch this.

(BILLY pulls the baw awa frae FIONA and passes it straicht through her legs.)

BILLY: Intae the tunnel! Choo-choo!

(FIONA's face turns bricht reid.)

FIONA: (Tae hersel.) C'mon, Fiona! Get yer heid in the gemme!

(BILLY dusts aff his hauns and shaks 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 aboot it.) Aw. Richt.

FIONA: Ye must hae went intae the wrang chyngin room! Och, Billy, man! I've been *that* wirrit aboot 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: Naebody'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 luikin oot for masel.

FIONA: Billy, mun. Ye anely need tae luik oot for yersel when ye've got naebody else tae luik oot for ye.

BILLY: Ken whit. That's the first sensible thing ye've said aw day.

(FIONA luiks at BILLY, howpfu. He turns tae EVIL FIONA.)

BILLY: Here, did ye get thon nutmeg on camera?

EVIL FIONA: Awready pit it up. Five thoosand 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 blaws, 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 sweeties 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 blows 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: Naebody'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! Oooooosh!

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 thocht 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.) OOH! OOH!

(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 about 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 about 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 jessie 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! NAEBOY 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, refereee?! 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.)

BILLY: 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, onyways.

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 screiches 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 aboot. He hardly even touched ye.

Scene 13

(The Auchtermichty goalmooth. 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 ontae 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: Whitever 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 goalmouth 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 aroond 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 breathes 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 gaiter 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! NAEBOY 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-headed. 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 aroond 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 aboot oorsels that we're feart o or that we dinnae like, that's whit they are.

HAMISH: Like Deek takkin a riddie aboot 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 ootside the penalty box, EVIL FIONA is hingin aboot, still on her phone. FIONA walks in, cairryin the baw unner her oexter.)

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 luve aboot 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 aboot 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 aboot 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 aboot 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 radges 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 gonnae 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 aboot 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 froons tae himsel, thinkin about 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.)