

Auchtermichty Aw-Stars Versus the World!

by Thomas Clark

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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 chyngein 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 chyngein 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 chyngein 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: Undefeatit 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 himself) 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, awright, awright. Keep yer hair on, skipper. We're aw ower 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 *cannae* 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 mixter-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. Ah *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. Hiiiiya! (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 sproot!

MALKY: Eh?! Brussel sproots 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 sproot, 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 lights 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 wheelie-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-STARS!!!

(The team brek up an head aff tae their benches tae get chyngeed. 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 lights an screens an muckle metal skelfs, stramps ontae the stage.)

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 chynge 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 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 blows his whistle.)

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

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

Scene 3

(The Auchtermichty goalmooth. 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 jist 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... Oooft!

(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 about scunnered wi this. Nae nae kiddin.

(BILLY is about 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-fifty in 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 sock. 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 aboot wan-wan-wan-nuthin?

(FIONA tries it, shaks her heid.)

TAMSIN: Awricht, how's aboot 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 chairge yer phone, Billy?

BILLY: I chairged it afore we cam oot! It's jist, weel, I nicht 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 throws 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 stage 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 aroond.) 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, oexter-deep, intae the robot's wirks, pulls oot his mobile phone, and disconnects it fae the chairgin cable.)

BILLY: Didnae even manage hauf a chairge 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-michty... 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... Nicht... delete... later... but....

Scene 6

(A chyngin 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! Olé, 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?

THE END