Deid Man's Kist

An Auchtermichty Aw-Stars play

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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, 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. 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

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 alang 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 girnin 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 haunfu 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 shooer 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 aboot 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 aboot a *job*.

FIONA: Ye've no heard ma da talkin aboot 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 arenae the same thing as teachers, but. See, whit's scary aboot pirates is they've hairdly got ony teeth.

MALKY: Neither'd Mrs Scott.

TAMSIN: They hivnae got ony 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 aboot 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 *deadly*?! 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 aboot.)

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

(They aw think aboot 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.) Cept mebbe a wee parrot. That'd be class. I'd teach it thon sang the fans used tae sing aboot me. *There's anely waaaa-aan Billy Bigtime…*

(They aw luik at him.)

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

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

(FIONA rolls her een.)

BILLY: Magine that, but. A wee parrot, singin aboot me. That'd be *mental*.

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

(They aw laugh – weel, cept 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 alang 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 chynged. HAMISH pits his boots on, then pulls oot a letter and stairts 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 jeukin 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 aboot.

DEEK: (Clasps his hauns next tae his heid.) Ma dearest darlin Hamish… I cannae stap thinkin aboot 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 aboot.

DEEK: Magine aw the teacakes we could buy.

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

DEEK: Aye, awricht. And onywey. 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 gettin yersel aw up tae high-doh aboot 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 cept 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 fuiterin 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 roond 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 and again.)

FIONA: Whit the…. ?

(FIONA and the REFEREE stare upwarts as a muckle black shaddae creeps alang 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 stairtit 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 lyin aboot. I didnae think onybody'd miss it.

(He reaches intae his pootch, 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 pootch.)

HAUN: Ye're needin tae tak better care o yer stuff, mun. Jist lyin oot whaur ony fly man could cam alang and snuive 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 taewarts 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 affuird 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 goalmooth. 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 stairts 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 aboot…

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 aboot. I seen ye at yon scrammie 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 aheid. 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 aroond 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 aboot. 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 aboot 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 dout 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 thocht 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 taewart 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 aboot 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 Sparrae like he wisnae even there! Billy Banes beltin ower tae cover…

CROOD: Oooooh!!

COMMENTATOR: WOOOF! Tamsin Taebash there wi her trademerk Taebash Birl! 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 5

(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 aboot twa pund o saund.)

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

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

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 treisure 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 aboot yer da's pal and dae somethin useful? Get up aff yer hind end and help us find yon treisure!

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

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

(The pair o them daunder aroond the penalty box, kickin the saund 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 blooters 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 POILLY, then at each ither.)

BAITH: The penalty spot!

(Richt awa, the twa o them are doon on their knaps scairtin aboot 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 greenhoose 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 haunfu o saund 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 saund. 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 treisure 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 pound.

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 pound.

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!

Scene 6

(The Auchtermichty Aw-Stars staunin in the centre circle. Tense as onythin. Awbody facin tae the richt cept 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 dout.

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) Oooooya!!

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 warld, 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 a 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 stands.)

HAMISH: Somebody micht.

(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 takken 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 7

(Again the Aw-Stars, waunderin 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 giein 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 enoughshouder 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 Iniesta 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 aboot 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 aboot 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 fuiterin 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 aboot holidays?

MALKY: Weel, I'd a wee idea aboot that…

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

DINGER: Captain Ferliefit.

FIONA: Captain Dinger.

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

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

DINGER: 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?

DINGER: 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 DINGER.)

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

DINGER: Suit yersel. But if ye ever chynge yer mind…

(He winks and points tae the sky.)

DINGER: Ye ken whaur tae find me.

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

FIONA: … Haun?

DINGER: Aye, lass?

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

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

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

DINGER: (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.

(DINGER 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 something.)

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 aboot 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 aboot.)

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 pootches.)

BILLY: Noo… Whit did I dae wi it?

Scene 8

(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 DINGER and LANG JOHN SILLER staunin in the midst o the guddle, luikin gey chuffed wi theirsels.)

DINGER: 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.

DINGER: 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. DINGER plumps himsel doon in the captain's seat.)

DINGER: 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?

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

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

DINGER: Ye widnae believe it, but he gets a pound 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.

DINGER: Get yer ain.