

BEYOND BIGOTRY

ACT I

Set 1

Scene 1

Tim Proddie address's the audience.

TIM: Hi! I'm Tim Proddie... Well, that's not quite true as that's not my birth name. Now I know whif you're thinking... mad you're thinking? Well, I can a sure you I'm no half as mad as some of the folk around here. Alright I've got a weird name now, and I'm walking down the street wearing a half Rangers, half Celtic top.

TIM CONT: Sorry haud on?... Should I say Rangers Celtic top or Celtic, Rangers top... ach, it doesn't matter, does it?

TIM CONT: Aye right that it doesn't matter. I bet half of you right now are shouting either Rangers or Celtic at me and giving me dog's abuse in your minds. Hahahahaha!!

TIM CONT: See I'm not the one that needs their head examined, I'm saner than you folk would give me credit for, because you see, I've got a reason for being like this, that's right...a reason.

Set 2 The MacGregor's

Scene 1

Stage is set half in blue & half in green.

Lights are up in the blue section. There is Frasier Snr and his wife Marie sitting & young Frasier Jnr on the floor reading.

Frasier Snr is pacing up and down.

MARIE: Frasier would you stop pacing up and down like that you're making me feel uneasy.

FRASIER SNR: I canny help it.... I'm at my wits end here.

FRASIER JNR: What's annoying you dad?

MARIE: Come on Frasier, sit down and tell us about it.

Fraiser Snr sits down fidgeting.

MARIE: Well?

FRASIER SNR: Och it's just something that's eating away at me.

MARIE: I'm listening.

Marie sits forward and young Frasier also moves closer.

FRASIER SNR: Well.....Well it's the big game a week on Saturday.....you know the youth cup final between the Rangers and them Celtic, and I canny go cause I'm working.

Marie sits back and young Frasier moves away.

MARIE: Is that it?

FRASIER SNR: What do you mean ...Is that it?

MARIE: It's only a youth cup it's no exactly Champions League?

FRASIER SNR: WHIT!! It's Rangers Celtic, it's us against them.

MARIE: Aye, but it's only the youth teams.

FRASIER SNR: I don't care if it's only the youth teams, it's us and them.... Christ if it was a game of tiddlywinks, I'd be there shouting us on against them...wouldn't you young Frasier?

FRASIER JNR: Eh...

FRASIER SNR: You'd be there wae me by my side, wouldn't you?

MARIE: The boy can make up his own mind.

FRASIER JNR: I widnae want to go and watch tiddlywinks.

FRASIER SNR: It's no about tiddlywinks though, it's US against THEM. Anyway, it's fitba....and not just any fitba.... Rangers Celtic...There is nothing better in life than an old da taking his boy to see the Rangers. It's tradition....my father took me to see the Rangers and his father took him and so on.

MARIE: Ahhh!! But it's no THE Rangers.... it's their wee boys.

FRASIER SNR: Shut it you! *(he turns to young Frasier)* You see Frasier it's important to me.... father, son time, watching what we love.

MARIE: What YOU love.

FRASIER SNR: (*To Marie*) I said shut it.. What do you say Frasier into following your forefathers?

MARIE: Stop pressuring the boy.

FRASIER SNR: (*Turning to Marie pointing the remote at her*) Listen you.... I wish you had an aff button.

Frasier JNR: Dad, I don't want to hurt your feelings, but my ambition isn't to follow my forefathers. My Grandpa was a miner...I don't want to be a miner; I want to be a pharmacist.

FRASIER SNR: Whit? You want to work on a farm?

FRASIER JNR: No, da.... a pharmacist.... work with medicine, or study law and maybe become a Procurator Fiscal.

FRASIER SNR: (Puzzled) You want to be a procurator at a fish school??

MARIE: Don't listen to him son he's only embarrassing himself.

FRASIER SNR: Am embarrassing myself? He wants to teach fish!

FRASIER JNR: Dad...ah forget it.

MARIE: Leave the boy alone.

FRASIER SNR: What do you say son? (playful)...C'mon the Gers!

FRASIER JNR: Apart from the fact I'm no really that bothered there is one problem.

FRASIER SNR: What's that son?

FRASIER JNR: You're working that day.

(Pause)

FRASIER SNR: There you go, you've spoiled it.

MARIE: It's not his fault you have to work.

FRASIER SNR: All I wanted to do was take my boy to the game.

FRASIER JNR: Dad if it's any consolation I would have went with you.

FRASIER SNR: Good! Cause I'm away to see if I can get the day off.

Frasier snr perks up and grabs his jacket and leaves stage. Lights go dark in blue half.

Set 2

Scene 2 The Fitzpatrick's

Lights go up in green section.

We are now in the green half as Paddy & Gran sit watching TV. Paddy is in a quiet mood. He sits slouched.

GRAN: Boy that Dickie Davies is a good actor.

PADDY: Who?

GRAN: Dickie Davis...You know him that presented World of Sport on a Saturday.

PADDY: Gran that's Omar Shariff.

Gran leans forward at the Telly.

GRAN: Is it? I did think that Dickie Davis had a bit of a tan.

There is a silence.

Gran turns towards Paddy whose head is down.

GRAN: Right, what's wrong.

PADDY: Nothing.

GRAN: Don't come that with me Paddy Fitzpatrick, I'm your mother and I can tell these things....so what's wrong?

PADDY: It's just that there's a game a week on Saturday that I'd like to go to.

GRAN: Well what's stopping you?

PADDY: I've nae spare cash.

GRAN: Well, I'm sorry son I canny help you there, I'm skint myself. Anyway, what's the big game?

PADDY: It's us v them.

GRAN: Who's them?.....In fact who's us?

PADDY: Us...The Cellic ...against them fae Castle Greyskull.

GRAN: Eh, Castle Greyskull...where's that?

PADDY: You know mither that place belonging to...THEM!

GRAN: Again, who's THEM!

PADDY: I'm no mentioning their name in this house.

GRAN: Do you mean Rangers.

PADDY: *(annoyed)* Hoy! Don't mention their name I telt you.

GRAN: Whit Rangers.

PADDY: *(shouts)* Mither!!!!

*Gran smiles a cheeky smile, and they both go back to watching TV.
(pause)*

PADDY: *(sheepishly)* It's your birthday coming up... but don't worry I've kept some money aside for that.

Silence (Pause)

GRAN: Listen son, don't you bother getting me a present this year, you didnae get me one last year or the year afore that...so it disnae bother me.... use it to go tae the game.

PADDY: Naw mother, it's been 5 years since I bought you a present and you're going to get one this year.

GRAN: Naw son... you just go to the game.

PADDY: Nope!! You're defo going to get one.

GRAN: Listen son, I want you to just use that money to go tae the game.

PADDY: Am no listening, am getting you a present.

GRAN: Naw son.

PADDY: Aye maw.

GRAN: Aye alright then.

Paddy looks at her in shock. Gran has a big smile on her face.

PADDY: Christ, you gave in a bit quick.

GRAN: Ah well son what can I say, you twisted my arm.

Silence again as they watch TV.

Paddy: You know, I don't know what to get you?

GRAN: Well, I did have a dream the other night that I won a big shiny new microwave.

PADDY: Aye.

GRAN: And then the next night I dreamt I was chased by a shiny new microwave and then the night after that I dreamt a shiny new microwave started talking to me.

Gran sits back with a smile on her face.

Paddy perks up.

PADDY: That's it ...I know what I'll get you!

GRAN: You do?

PADDY: Aye....I'll get you a book on the meaning of dreams.....Thanks mother.

Gran looks the other way with her hand to her head.

GRAN: (*despondent*) Ach your welcome.

Lights go down.

ACT 2

Set 1 The Shop Argument

Scene 1

We are inside the local shop owned by Indian shop keeper Jarrah who is in alone. In walks Frasier Snr wearing his Rangers scarf.

FRASIR SNR: Good morning, Jarrah.

JARRAH: Ah good morning, Mr MacGregor, how are you today?

FRASIER SNR: I'm fine, just in tae get something for my lunch.

JARRAH: And how's that lovely woman Granny Fitzpatrick?

FRASIER SNR: I don't know Jarrah, I don't see much of her. She tends no to visit too much.

JARRAH: And what about her son Paddy.... you know your brother-in-law?

FRASIER SNR: Whit him!... The anti-Christ.

In walks Paddy, wearing a Celtic tammy, who kind of stops when he sees Frasier Snr, but then carries on looking at some of the shops items.

JARRAH: Morning Mr Fitzpatrick.

PADDY: Aye, good morning, Jarrah.

JARRAH: Me and Mr MacGregor here were just talking about you.

PADDY: Oh aye? It would have been a pack of lies then knowing him.

Paddy bends down to look at some items.

FRASIER SNR: I'll have one of your pies Jarrah.

Jarrah moves to get a pie.

FRASIER SNR CONT: Jarrah, there's suddenly a funny smell in your shop (*he looks over at Paddy*) could something be off.

Jarrah returns to counter and Paddy straightens up.

JARRAH: No Mr MacGregor, there's nothing off in my shop, everything is fresh in this morning.

FRASIER SNR: Well, I could swear that suddenly, there was a stench of of...paranoia.... yeh that's it ...a stench of bigoted paranoia.

Paddy looks round then starts to approach Frasier Snr sniffing the air.

PADDY: Your right I smell it and it's getting stronger. But it's no paranoia no.... it's just plain bullshit!

JARRAH: Gentlemen, the only thing I can smell is trouble, please be not having a go at each other in my shop.

PADDY: But he started it.

JARRAH: Yes, and I'm finishing it.... Now what can I get you both?

FRASIER SNR: You can serve stupid here first.

PADDY: Aye cause your used to coming 2nd.

FRASIER SNR: You came 2nd in a stupid competition.

PADDY: (*Puzzled*) How 2nd?

FRASIER SNR: Because you were too stupid to know how to come 1st.... that's how stupid.

PADDY: That disnae make sense.... ya thicko.

They square up to each other.

JARRAH: STOP!!!.....Now answer this.... How many legs has an elephant got?

Frasier Snr & Paddy stop and look at Jarrah; they both answer together.

FRASIER & PADDY: Four.

JARRAH: If it lifts one up how many has it got.

FRASIER & PADDY: Three.

JARRAH: See your both stupid.... It's still got four it only lifted one up.... (*Angrily and pointing*) ...Now get out my shop.

PADDY: But Jarrah....

FRASIER SNR: Jarrah it was only...

JARRAH: Nae buts.... (*pointing*)...get oot.

Frasier Snr & Paddy slowly make their way to the exit.

PADDY: (*To Frasier*) See whit you've done.

FRASIER SNR: Who me? It was you ya Tim.

PADDY: It was you ya Hun.

FRASIER SNR: Ya Fenian.

PADDY: Ya dobber.

FRASIER SNR: Ya Papist.

PADDY: I canny wait till our young bhoys stuff yours next week.... then I'll make you suffer.

FRASIER SNR: I hear your boys will be wearing a new strip next week.... green and white hoops wae a red neck.

PADDY: Better than the white shorts wae a brown streak at the back your guys will be wearing.

FRASIER SNR: A bet your team will be made up of inbreds.

PADDY: Well, your team will be made of boys born oot of wedlock.... meaning their bas....

Jarrah jumps swiftly in.

JARRAH: That's it you're both barred.

Frasier Snr & Paddy look back at Jarrah.

PADDY: Aww Jarrah....

FRASIER SNR: It was just a bit of banter...

JARRAH: That's like Hitler saying when he invaded Poland.... it's just a wee holiday. You're baith barred and no to come back till you grow up or I say you can come back.... now go.

Frasier Snr & Paddy leave the shop.

Jarrah wafts his bum area.

JARRAH: (*Wafting behind himself*) By the way there was a funny smell.... I shouldnae have had that egg sandwich that was oot o date.

Lights go down.

ACT 3

Set 1 Workplace

Scene 1

Frasier Snr walks out in green overalls and addresses the audience.

FRASIER SNR: This is my workplace, it's no a bad wee job except for one thing.... it's full of Tim's.... the management the lot...it's like the bloody Vatican. You see they hired me in 2001 that year Celtic won the treble, and I think they needed somebody about here tae slag....so they hired me.... a proddie. But I didnae let it get tae me...nope....skin of a

rhinoceros me. The only thing that does get to me though is the fact I've no been promoted. 15 years I've been here and overlooked every time because they only promote their ain. Christ I've only had 2 disciplinary meetings and 3 suspensions, but naw, you've got to be a Tim tae get oan here. Wid you look at these (*points to his overalls*) ...green, bloody green.... says a lot, doesn't it?

A work colleague enters stage right. Fraiser Snr looks round.

FRASIER SNR: Look, here comes wan o them now.

Sean approaches Frasier Snr and the two of them man hug.

FRASIER SNR: Sean my main man, good to see you mate.

SEAN: And you too buddy.... how's things?

FRASIER SNR: Cool Seany boy.... cool.

SEAN: Heard you were on holiday not too long ago.... where did you go?

FRASIER SNR: We went overseas Sean.

SEAN: Overseas eh.... Costa del Sol, Benidorm?

FRASIER SNR: Naw....Millport.

SEAN: I, see??

FRASIER SNR: Aye ye canny beat good old Millport.

SEAN: How's that lovely wife and that boy of yours?

FRASIER SNR: They're well.... young Fraiser has fair shot up.

SEAN: Aye! He'll play for Scotland wan day.

FRASIER SNR: Aye he will that.....anyway what can I do for you mate?

SEAN: Well, it's no actually whit you can do for me it's more what I can do for you.

FRASIER SNR: Oh aye?

SEAN: Well, you know how it's the youth cup final on Saturday week Rangers & Celtic and you have to work.

FRASIER SNR: Aye?

SEAN: Well, I heard you wanted to go, and you'd like to take the boy, so I decided I'll work it for you.

FRASIER SNR: You whit!!

SEAN: And by the way you don't have to owe me back.

FRASIER SNR: Seany....I could kiss you.

Fraiser gives Sean a big bear hug.

SEAN: Calm doon Fraiser...calm doon...it's my pleasure.

FRASIER SNR: You're a good man Sean... friend for life.

Sean leaves, Frasier watches him go.

Fraiser Snr approaches the audience again to address them.

FRASIER SNR: Did you hear that?

He stands shaking his head.

FRASIER SNR: Whit a sleekit, sleekit git! Two faced that's whit they are, two faced. He's no interested in giving me the day aff fur the game.... naw! He's only interested in the time and hauf wages fur a Saturday. And do you know how.... I'll tell you.... He's a typical catholic...hunners o weans...and he's got tae feed them. He just wants the money.... he's no dain it fur me. Just the bloody money for his hunners o weans. And did you hear him...."your boy will play for Scotland wan day". That's cause his willnae, they'll aw grow up and want to play for Ireland. Do you see whit I've got tae put up way?

Lights go down.

Set 1

Scene 2

Lights go up.

Paddy approaches to address the audience in blue overalls.

PADDY: Well, this is my workplace Smythe & Sons.....Ha, Smythe & Sons....bloody name geez you a clue as to whit kind of company this is...it's full of them. Secret handshake needed tae get a job here. How did I get a job then? I tell you it was difficult....at the interview they asked me what Paddy was short for? Well, I had tae think oan my feet and I telt them it was short fur Paddington. They found oot in the end but they new they had to gie me the job because they had to sign up a worker fae a minority group and there's nae mair minority than me. I've had it hard here because I had to live through their 9 in a row and I defy anyone who could go through that. Here comes wan of them noo.

Billy walks on from stage left.

BILLY: Paddy just the man I want to see.

PADDY: Good news Billy, I hope?

Two men give each other a high five.

BILLY: Well aye it is.

Billy holds out two tickets.

PADDY: Whit's that?

BILLY: It's two tickets to the youth cup final a week Saturday....one for you and one for whoever you want to go with.

PADDY: But...But Billy why?

BILLY: Well, you're a good mate and I heard you were having a wee bit of money troubles lately and I thought I'd just give you a wee surprise.

Paddy takes the tickets

PADDY: Well, I don't know what to say Billy.

Billy holds out his hand and shakes Paddy's hand.

BILLY: BTW, I heard you were at the zoo last week wae your mother.... how was it?

PADDY: Aye...it was good, hunners of animals, but there was wan thing that annoyed me.

BILLY: What was that?

PADDY: They had cages wae (*pronounced like Kangaroos*) dang-er-oos in it, but you couldnae see wan.... not bloody wan.

BILLY: EH!!

PADDY: They had signs up saying these animals are dang-er-oos but awe I could see in the cages wis Lions, Tigers and some Bears...bloody zookeepers must be incompetent or are pulling a fast one. Aye, whit dae they take us for...idiots?

BILLY: (*laughing*) I think you'll find Paddy that those signs said these animals are dangerous.

PADDY: WHIT?

BILLY: Anyway, you enjoy those tickets.

Billy leaves stage and Paddy walks slowly towards the audience staring at the two tickets.

PADDY: Did you see that? That is nothing short of showing aff and rubbing it in. He knows that the huns get paid mair than me and he was just rubbing it in. Aye I'm a bit short these days, but that was nothing short of bullying. And saying at the end "enjoy" did you hear the way he said it? He was secretly hoping we get pumped so he can gloat Monday morning that I was there tae see it. God, I hope we beat them. I'm gonna rub his blue-nosed ugly face right in it. See whit I've got to put up with?

Lights go down.

Set 2 Home from School

Scene 1

Lights go up on blue half of stage young Frasier's house.

The young Frasier runs in his front door in school uniform and throws down his schoolbag.

FRASIER JNR: (Shouting out in general) I'm just nipping out again.

FRASIER'S SNR: (Wearing a Rangers top) Hoy! Where are you off to?

FRASIER JNR: Just going to see my gran.

FRASIER'S SNR: Haud on a sec. Will he be there?

FRASIER JNR: Who?

FRASIER'S SNR: Don't come it. You know who?

FRASIER JNR: Uncle Paddy? Well aye....

FRASIER'S DAD: Right your no going dressed like that?

FRASIER JNR: But...

FRASIER'S SNR: (Quite angry) Nae buts...you heard me, get changed....and you're only going over for 5mins...I don't want them filling your heid wae aw their religious gumph.

Frasier trudges offstage head down.

FRASIER'S SNR: And Frasier....You know whit to wear.

Lights go down on blue half of stage.

SET 2

Scene 2

Lights go up on green half of stage.

Doorbell goes and Uncle Paddy opens the door (green half). Standing in front of him is Frasier Jnr decked from head to toe in Ranger's gear and not looking so happy.

UNCLE PADDY: *(wearing Celtic top)* Hahaha...see your dad dressed you again son?

Frasier enters and walks past Uncle Paddy. Paddy closes the door and moves into his living room.

UNCLE PADDY: Your blue ersed bigot of a father is a bit O.T.T. is he no?

Paddy's living room which is decked out in everything Celtic & Irish. In the corner is a wee shrine to the Lisbon Lions.

Granny sitting in her chair.

GRANNY: Don't say these things in front of the boy Paddy...that's his father and my son-in-law you're talking about.

UNCLE PADDY: Well, if you remember right, it was him that started it by marrying my sister and turning her into wan of them.

GRANNY: Naw it wisnae...it's the baith of you.... couple of stirrers.

Paddy makes cuckoo signs aimed at Gran towards the boy.

UNCLE PADDY: *(In a cheeky way)* Aye Ma, if you say so, mind you I think we need to get you aff that medication.

Paddy walks into the kitchen (off stage), unaware the Granny blows a raspberry. Granny and Frasier laugh.

The Granny is giving Frasier Jnr a cuddle etc. She goes into her purse and pulls out a £10 note.

GRANNY: Here son £10, a wee bit extra pocket money for you this week.

FRASIER JNR: Thanks Gran.

Frasier eagerly puts the money in his back pocket and gives his Gran another big hug then kneels at her feet.

GRANNY: So, are you going to the game this Saturday?

FRASIER JNR: Have a got a choice?

GRANNY: I know son I've been roped in as well.

FRASIER JNR: (*Excited*) Whit! You're going as well?

GRANNY: Aye it seems so. He's bought me a ticket.... did I ask for one.... naw. Apparently, I have to go to show...

She makes inverted comma signs.

GRANNY (CONT): Solidarity...

FRASIER JNR: Solidarity...Against who?

Granny goes quite and looks out the window.

GRANNY: (*sadly*) Against yir Faither, mother..... and (Pause)...you, I guess.

Paddy walks back into the living room and crosses himself when he walks past the Celtic shrine. Granny and Frasier Jnr look at him.

UNCLE PADDY: What....Were you talking about me eh? I walk in the room and you baith go quiet? You were, weren't you?

GRANNY: No Paddy we weren't talking about you...

UNCLE PADDY: (*To Granny pointing to Frasier*) Is he trying to fill yir heid wae blue nose dobber shite?

GRANNY: Com'on he's just a boy Paddy.

UNCLE PADDY: Aye, but they're aw tarred wae the same brush...Christ they've even started a rumour that I'm paranoid...eh, me, paranoid?

Granny and Frasier Jnr look at each other.

FRASIER JNR: I'd better go granny, my dad says I've to be back in 5mins.

Frasier Jnr stands up.

FRASIER JNR (CONT): I'll talk to you at the game on Saturday Gran?

GRANNY: (*Looking sad*) I doubt that very much son...

FRASIER JNR: Why?

GRANNY: It's just the way of things son...It's just the way of things.

Granny diverts her attention to Paddy.

GRANNY (CONT): Paddy.

Granny gives Paddy a signal by nodding towards young Frasier. Paddy reluctantly goes into his pocket and pulls out a fiver.

PADDY: *(reluctantly)* Here...there's a fiver.

GRANNY: Is that no nice of your Uncle Paddy, you make sure you buy something nice with that.

FRASIER JNR: Thanks...I'd better go now, my dad's timing me.

GRANNY: Aye, you'd better go.... Paddy see the boy out will you?

Frasier gives his gran a peck on the cheek and Paddy see's him to the front door.

PADDY: *(quietly)* Hey son? Whit are you going to spend yir money oan?

FRASIER JNR: My dad says I've to get the new Rangers away top.

PADDY: That's nice...In that case then give me back that fiver and I'll gie you something else.

Frasier hands back the fiver and Uncle Paddy takes out his wallet...He rummages around and final pulls out a pound coin which he gives to young Frasier.

PADDY: Here's a pound. If you think I'm gonna put any money into their coffers, then you've got another thing coming.

Paddy shuts the door.

Lights go down on green half of stage.

Set 2

Scene 3

Lights go up on blue half of stage.

Young Frasier walks into his living room (blue half) after visiting his Gran. His dad is still at the window.

FRASIER'S DAD: Did they gie you money?

FRASIER JNR: Eh? Sort of...

FRASIER'S DAD: Sleakit gits...they were probably trying to buy your soul.... either that or they were gein it away because it's got a picture of our majesty the Queen on it.

FRASIER JNR: Dad?

FRASIER'S DAD: Aye whit?

FRASIER JNR: What is solidarity?

FRASIER'S DAD: Whit do you mean?

FRASIER JNR: Well. I mean? Is solidarity a freedom of choice thing or something you can be cohered into with no choice?

FRASIER'S DAD: Eh, I would say it's a personal choice wither you want to be part of it.

FRASIER JNR: So, you choose wither you want to be part of a solidarity?

FRASIER'S DAD: Well aye. If you put it like that.

FRASIER JNR: So, I can choose if I want to be part of a solidarity against or for something.

FRASIER'S DAD: Aye.

FRASIER: (Hesitantly) So with regards to the Rangers Celtic thing I don't...

FRASIER'S DAD: Hold on there son...that's different.

FRASIER JNR: It's different.... How?

FRASIER'S DAD: Cause that's in your blood son; it's in your blood.

FRASIER JNR: But...

FRASIER'S DAD: You see son. Some things in life are dealt to us and don't come wae choices. You must follow the way of things like your father and forefathers before you, well, except for your grandfather George, ignore him, he was a Motherwell supporter, but at least he was a Proddie.

You see son, for a long time no one has had to choose...and it's that freedom of no having to choose that's important in life.

Frasier stands there looking puzzled.

FRASIER'S DAD (CONT): Don't you get it? It saves you fae having to decide. Wan less problem in life. Solidarity within the family...see!

Frasier's dad ruffles his son's hair and starts to walk away.

FRASIER JNR: But Gran and Uncle Paddy are family and....

Frasier Snr stops dead in his tracks and turns towards young Frasier.

FRASIER'S DAD: But they're them and no us son. They couldnae spell solidarity never mind no whit it means. Have that lot across the road been feeding you a lot of ill-informed shite again?

Frasier SNR exits.

Young Frasier is left standing looking puzzled.

FRAISER JNR: *(more to himself)* I should have asked Granny.

Set 2 Marie goes to her mothers

Scene 4

Lights go up on blue half of stage.

In the blue section is Frasier Snr and his wife Marie. She is watching TV. She sits in a chair facing the audience, Fraiser Snr enters.

FRASIER SNR: Hi, honey, how's your day been?

MARIE: Oh, hi ya, it's been good, got my nails done.... see.

She holds her hands up in the air. Young Frasier Jnr enters.

FRASIER JNR: Hi Dad.

FRASIER SNR: It's my boy, what are you up to?

FRASIER JNR: Ach I'm just in my room reading all about the Romans in Britain for school.

FRASIER SNR: Huh! The Papish Romans...even they couldnae conquer us.... up the Proddie Scots wae they're blue and white painted faces.

FRASIER JNR: Funny enough dad, it was ironically the Picts or maybe even the Celts that painted their faces with blue dye and there wasn't protestants back then.

FRASIER SNR: So, they were Celtic Catholic savages that painted their faces blue...screw pots?

FRASIER JNR: No dad, there wasn't any Catholics or protestants back then, they were pagans like druids, sun worshipers where they would worship solstices and seasons etc.

FRASIER SNR: Whit like the nine-in-a-row seasons?

FRASIER JNR: (*ignores his dad*) And you couldn't exactly call them savages; they were more a cultivated warrior race who knew how to survive utilising the land and raising cattle.

FRASIER SNR: So, they were Aberdeen supporters (*laughs out loud*).

FRASIER JNR: (*Also laughing*) No quite da.

Young Frasier exits stage right and Frasier snr walks up behind Marie sitting on her chair watching TV.

FRASIER SNR: What are you watching?

MARIE: Oh, nothing much, it's a documentary about Lions...Lisbon Lions I believe?

Frasier Snr stops dead in horror.

FRASIER SNR: WHIT!!! Get it aff.... get it aff.

Fraiser Snr makes a dash towards the TV, but Marie manages to catch him from her sitting position on her chair.

MARIE: Frasier calm down.

FRASIER SNR: No in my hoose ye don't.

MARIE: It's interesting

FRASIER SNR: Interesting...it's bloody distressing. Get it aff!

Marie lifts the remote and switches it off.

Marie: Do you know the players in that team all came from a radius within about 20 miles from Parkhead.

FRASIER SNR: Aye, like flies roon a shite they were.... flies roon a shite.... they're awe fae that area...awe flies roon that big dawd of shite!

MARIE: Well, I think it was a great achievement.

FRASIER SNR: You wid way your family background.... you're a sympathizer.

Marie stands up to confront her husband

MARIE: Don't you start that again Frasier MacGregor....I took on your faith, but it doesn't mean I took on your bigoted ideas.

FRASIER SNR: To love and to cherish, through sickness and in health and to support thy husbands' ideologies, was that no whit you said?

MARIE: Naw it wisnae...and you know it. I gave up a lot to be with you...I risked my family and friends. In fact, my ain brother hasn't spoke to me properly in 15 years...and it hurts. So don't give me all this sympathizer malarky.

FRASIER SNR: But be honest.... yea still have a wee bit of them in yea?

MARIE: Who do you mean by THEM?

FRASIER SNR: You know... them.

MARIE: Them? If it's my family you're on about, then of course I do, I love them they're blood. But if it's what I think it is your referring to then stick this in yir pipe and smoke it.

Marie crosses herself.

Marie storms over to get her coat.

MARIE: I'm off to my mothers.

Marie leaves.

FRASIER SNR: *(shouting off stage)* You forget what I had to give up for the sake of marriage. Catholic blood in my blood line that's what I sacrificed. It's nearly as bad as Rangers signing Maurice Johnston. So, there you stick that in your pipe.

Lights go down on blue half of stage.

Set 2

Scene 5

Lights go up on the green half of stage.

Marie enters the green section where granny is sitting on a chair knitting

MARIE: Hello mum.

GRANNY: Oh. It's yourself pet

Marie kisses and hugs her sitting mother.

(Granny shouts in the direction of off stage)

GRANNY: *(excited)* Paddy! Paddy.... Someone here to see us, come and say hello.

Paddy enters stage and pauses when he sees who has visited.

PADDY: Oh....it's her.

MARIE: Hello Paddy

Paddy stands silent he can't even look his sister in the eye.

GRANNY: Come on now Paddy...talk to your sister.... she's done nothing wrong.

(Paddy reacts aggravated)

PADDY: Nothing wrong??.... She double-crossed this family that's what she did ...she turned her back on this family.

MARIE: Oh, come on now paddy I did not, just because the man I love is of a different faith...in fact it's more than that it's because he supports Rangers as well, isn't it?

PADDY: Aye it is and is that not a big enough reason.... Christ you changed your faith for him...Oh and I bet you even support bloody Rangers now.

MARIE: Paddy, I don't support anyone just my family which includes you.....Christ you don't even know me Paddy do you?

She turns towards granny.

MARIE: Go on mother ask him a question about me.... go on.

Granny hesitates then directs a question towards Paddy.

GRANNY: Paddy what's Marie's favourite film?

(Paddy thinks)

PADDY: Well, it's certainly not The Passion of the Christ being the heathen that she is.

MARIE: Very funny Paddy...it's Clockwork Orange.

(Paddy reacts again)

PADDY: Did you hear that...ORANGE...Clockwork ORANGE...see she's tainted.

GRANNY: Shut up Paddy.....Now what's her favourite song?

PADDY: Oh, it must be TAINTED LOVE.

MARIE: (sarcastically) Ha ha funny man.

GRANNY: Paddy stop it.... What is it Marie hen.

MARIE: Blue Moon

(Paddy throws his hands in the air)

PADDY: WHIT!!...Orange and now Blue are you taken the piss.... Did you here that mother....is that no proof enough they've warped her.

MARIE: Calm down Paddy...it's only a colour.

PADDY: Only a colour? But it's those colours.... their colours. I canny believe I'm hearing this.

GRANNY: Stop getting yir knickers in a twist ya big girl's blouse.... wan mair. Paddy what's her favourite band?

PADDY: Ha! It's got to be Simple Minds.

GRANNY: Whit is it, Marie?

MARIE: QUEEN

PADDY: That's it I'm oot of here.

Paddy storms off stage.

Lights go down.

ACT 4

Set 1 Outside the shop

Scene 1

Frasier Jnr and his Gran are off stage.

The are heading for the local shop.

FRASIER JNR: (OS) Granny look, look....

GRANNY: (OS) Whit son, whit

FRASIER JNR: (OS) Look it's a wee Robin.

GRANNY: (OS) I canny see anything.... are you sure?

FRASIER JNR: (OS) Aye Granny it was a wee Robin.

A few seconds later.

FRASIER JNR: (OS) Look Granny, look...

GRANNY: (OS) Whit is it now?

FRASIER JNR: (OS) Look, it's a squirrel

GRANNY: (OS) Where??.... I canny see any squirrel.

A few seconds later.

FRASIER JNR: (OS) Look Granny!

GRANNY: (OS) I see it, I see it!!

Frasier Jnr enters stage looking back at Granny entering wiping her shoe on the ground.

FRASIER JNR: Well, if you saw it why did you stand in it?

GRANNY: Bloody dugs, did you see the size of that mess.

Frasier Jnr & Granny stand outside the shop.

FRASIER JNR: It's been a good day Gran....thanks for taking me into Glesga and to the Riverside Museum as well.

Granny still wiping her shoe on the ground.

GRAN: Nae problems my son, as long as you enjoyed yirsel.

FRASIER JNR: Aye it was brill!

GRAN: You know, most of those motors in the museum were oot when I was a lass.... jeez it brought back memories.

FRASIER JNR: Like what Gran?

GRAN: Och! I canny tell you.

FRASIER JNR: C'mon Gran

GRAN: Naw....I'm embarrassed.

FRASIER JNR: Aw c'mon Gran....you don't have to be embarrassed with me.

Gran goes quite for a second

GRAN: Alright then.....Well do you remember seeing the auld Austin Cambridge?

FRASIER JNR: Aye!

GRAN: Well, it was in the back of one of them I had my first...

Gran pauses again

FRASIER JNR: Your first what Gran?

GRAN: You know my first...

FRASIER JNR: Naw I don't know Gran....your first what?

GRAN: Ach forget it...it's dirty and your too young to dae it.

Young Frasier stops for a moment as his brain cogs work overtime.

FRASIER JNR: Arrah! You don't mean....

GRAN: Aye....

FRASIER JNR: WHIT!!!!

GRAN: Aye, and I became addicted tae it.

Frasier puts his hands over his ears.

FRASIER JNR: Granny I shoulnae be hearing this.

GRAN: Ha, a wee shock tae yir system son that yir Granny was young once? Don't worry I've no done it in 20 years now.

FRASIER JNR: I'm no surprised. Was it back when you were with Grandpa?

GRAN: Aye but he didnae know.... Efter that first time I'd just have the fly wan now and again behind his back. I felt so naughty.

FRASIER JNR: Gran you've got to shut up.... you shouldn't be telling me this.

GRAN: Whit? How should I no? Surely, I'm allowed to tell my ain grand wean about my first fag.

Frasier is relieved.

FRASIER JNR: Oooo!! Your first cigarette.

GRAN: Aye my first fag.....what did you think I was talking about?

Both go quiet then both burst out laughing when Gran realises.

Gran hits out at young Frasier.

GRAN: Why you dirty little bugger.... how could you think like that about your auld gran.

Both are still laughing then it dies down.

Marie walks on.

Marie: Well, hello you two.... seems you're enjoying yourselves.

Frasier Jnr: Aye mum (*puts his arm around Gran*) It's been a great day.

Marie: Ahhh good...and your both off to the game Saturday?

Fraiser and gran draw each other a glance.

Frasier Jnr: Aye, but not together.

Marie: What? Even for a youth game you've got to be separate.

Gran: Aye Marie....even for a youth game hen.

Marie: Why that's ridiculous.

Gran: Passions run high, even in these games Marie.

Marie: Well, I'm glad I'm not going.

Frasier and gran look at each other again and then bow their heads.

Frasier Jnr: That's just it.... we wish we weren't going either.

Marie: Well, why are you going?

Fraiser Jnr: Dad told me he got off work especially so he could take me.....so I feel guilty.

Gran: Aye and Paddy told me that he saved up for weeks so he could get two tickets, and my ticket is my birthday present.

Marie: I'm not having it.... they need to be told...the pair of them.

Gran steps towards Marie.

Gran: Awe don't hen.... I don't want to cause trouble...just let it be.

Marie: Let it be? Don't cause trouble you say. Do you know that the pair of them got barred out of Jarrah's shop last week? That's right Jarrah barred them for nearly fighting.... causing a scene they were.

Gran: *(shocked)* Naw!!

Marie: Aye!!.....And you can guess what it would have been about.... football & religion. God they're so immature... stuck in the bloody past.

Gran: Your right Marie....I'm going to go in and apologies to Jarrah....I'm affronted.

Marie: Well, I'm going home before my head bursts.... Frasier are you coming with me?

Fraiser Jnr: No, I'll just hang out wae gran a bit longer.... anyway, I've got to get something for dad.

Marie: Well don't be late for your tea.

Marie leaves stage.

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Set 2 Inside the shop.

Scene 1

Gran & young Frasier enter Jarrah's shop.

Jarrah is there himself.

Jarrah: Ahh Mrs Fitzpatrick long time no see, oh and it's young Frasier.

Gran: Hello Jarrah.

Fraiser Jnr: Hi Jarrah.

Jarrah: Now what can I get you both?

Gran: Am no after anything Jarrah, I just want you to accept my apologies for those two idiots last week.

Jarrah: Ah don't you worry Mrs Fitzpatrick; it was all taken care of. They both just acted like kids in the playground. In fact, I've only barred them for a month.

Gran: Well, anyway, I just wanted to apologies on behalf of my son.

Frasier Jnr: And I'll apologies on behalf of my dad.....sorry!

Jarrah: Your gestures are much appreciated, but instead of apologising could you explain why?

Gran: Why what?

Jarrah: Why they argue with so much hate?

Frasier Jnr: It's mostly a West of Scotland thing where football and religion are unfortunately intertwined.

Jarrah: But they both argued about the prejudices against each other, and this is one of the things I don't get.....they don't know what victimised prejudice is. At the end of a game on a Saturday, they can go home and take their colours off and blend in with society...I can't. I must wear my colour every day (*he points to his face*) and it's with this that I face prejudice every day. With me it's not part-time.

Gran: God, I never looked at it like that Jarrah.

Jarrah: And another thing, how many religions do you see standing here.

Frasier Jnr: (*pointing to each while he counts*) Three.

JARRAH: No....Not in my eyes.

Fraiser Jnr: Eh??

JARRAH: In my eyes there's only two.

Gran: Eh??

Jarrah: There's me Hindu....and there's you two Christians.

Gran: Ah! But you see...

Jarrah: You both worship the same God, you both believe in Jesus, you have your easter and Xmas festivals together.... only thing that separates you is you worship the same thing differently, but to me your both Christians partially divided and in Glesga encased in two fitba teams.

Gran: Ah! But you see Jarrah it's a bit mair complicated than that.

Jarrah: You see Mrs Fitzpatrick, the more I learn about it the more I don't understand.

Gran: Aye it's complicated tae you foreigners.

Jarrah: Whit...us foreigners? Mrs Fitzpatrick I was born in Possil.

Gran: Well, blow me doon.

Jarrah: You should both become Hindu, the doors to our Mandir, which is our temple or home ground if you like, is open to everyone, come there and support our team of deities that we have. They're bigger than Larsson or Laudrup. There's Shiva who's like our goalie, Vishnu the midfield maestro, and Ganesha our striker. We've got a full team of them, they're brilliant wae 1.2 billion fans Worldwide.

Frasier Jnr: Wow! That's extreme.

Gran: Yeh, that's a lot. Thanks for the invite, Jarrah but tell me, what Scottish fitba team do you support?

Jarrah: *(bows head)* Partick Thistle.

Gran and Frasier burst out laughing.

Gran: Talking about extremes,

Jarrah: Laugh aw you want, but there's nae trouble in Glesga relating to us Hindus or Jag supporters?

Gran: Fair enough Jarrah.

Gran and Frasier turn and start to leave.

Fraiser Jnr: Hold on, my dad asked me to get him something.

He re-approaches Jarrah.

Frasier Jnr: Can I have the Rangers News.

Jarrah hands it over and Frasier pays and joins gran again.

Gran: Have you run oot of toilet paper again.

She mess's young Frasier's hair.

Fraiser Jnr: Very funny.

Gran and Frasier start to leave again.

Gran: Boy was that an eye opener.

Frasier Jnr: Gran?

Gran: Aye son.

Frasier Jnr: We'll never fall out because of this.... will we?

Gran: Never....I'm your Celtic fitba supporting granny and nothing more and my family comes first.

Frasier Jnr: And what about my dad and Uncle paddy?

Gran: Don't you worry about that son, I'll put it right one day.... I don't know how, but I'll put it right.....now let's go home.

Frasier gives her a peck on the cheek, and they walk off arm in arm.

Set 3 The party

Scene 1

It is Gran & Paddy's house. Gran is sitting on her chair and there is a few empty chairs laid out.

The door goes it's Frasier Snr & Jnr and Marie.

Gran: (*shouting*) Come in!!

They enter and young Frasier runs into his Gran's arms as she stands.

Frasier Jnr: Happy Birthday Gran.

Frasier Snr & Marie approach and give pecks on the cheek.

Frasier Snr: Happy birthday.

Marie: Happy birthday mam.

Gran: Sit doon, sit doon.

Young Frasier pulls up a chair to be right next to his Gran.

Frasier Jnr: So how has your day been gran?

Gran: Ach quite son, when you get to my age you don't count your birthdays.

Marie: So, what have you done today?

Gran: Och nothing much, I watched a bit of Jeremy Kyle then Paddy gave me a cake wae candles and a ticket to the game tomorrow which I knew I was getting anyway cause he telt me a few days ago.... he just canny keep surprises.

Marie: So where is Paddy?

Gran: Oh, he's up the stairs dain something or other.... he should be doon soon.

Door goes again and in walks the two workmates of Paddy & Frasier Snr....it's Billy and Sean.

Gran: Ah! Come in boys.

Sean: Happy birthday Mrs Fitzpatrick.

Billy: Aye happy birthday.

Gran: Yous will know everybody.

Billy: Aye we've aw drunk in the pub together afore.

Sean: Well except from young Frasier there.

Gran: Take a seat boys, take a seat.

Sean & Billy sit down. There's an awkward silence.

Billy: So young Frasier, you off to the game the morrow?

Sean: Ah you'll get thrashed.

Frasier snr butts in seriously.

Frasier Snr: Naw we'll no.

Sean: I was only joking wae the lad Frasier.....Should be a good game.

Billy: Aye it should be.

Frasier Jnr: I heard there is going to be about 5,000 at it.

Marie: What!! 5,000 at a youth game?

Frasier Jnr: Aye Mum...maybe even more.

Billy: Crazy, eh?

Sean: Nae other teams in the world could dae that for youth teams?

Billy: Your right there Sean.

Frasier Snr: I bet 4,000 of them are our fans.....we're loyal.

Billy: Ach! I think it'll be 50/50.

Frasier Snr turns and looks at Billy.

Frasier Snr: Whose side are you oan here? Are you a Rangers fan, or no?

Billy: Aye I'm a blue nose...

Frasier Snr: ...Well you don't talk like wan.

Doorbell goes.

Marie: Right, enough football.... I'll get the door.

It's Jarrah.

Gran: Come in Jarrah.

Jarrah: Ah Mrs Fitzpatrick....all the very best to you...I heard in the shop it was your birthday, so I thought I'd pop bye.

Gran: Your welcome Jarrah.....so nice of you.

Jarrah goes to sit down and stops at Frasier Snr and looks for a second. Frasier Snr puts his head down like a naughty schoolboy.

Jarrah: Frasier.

Frasier Snr: Jarrah.

Marie: Well, isn't this cosy.... a fair wee turn out for you mum?

Gran: As long as I have as good a turn oot for my funeral.... I'm happy.

Marie: Mum!

Gran gets up.

Gran: Well, all this excitement has made me want to pee...so excuse me folks.

Gran leaves stage.

Marie: Right, everybody, this is Gran's birthday, no talk of football or any of that shit, you got it.

Everyone nods in agreement.

Marie (Cont): Talk about things granny would love to talk about.... it's her night.... I'll no have any bickering.

Gran comes back in there is a silence.

(Pause)

Jarrah: So, Mrs Fitzpatrick, when's the new Pope going to visit Scotland.

Marie sinks her head into her hands.

Marie: (sternly) Jarrah!

Jarrah: Whit!

Suddenly Paddy enters stage and is proceeding to put on a jacket and heading for opposite side stage as if to leave.

Gran: Where are you going?

Paddy: Oot!

Gran: Yir whit? Aww naw yir no.

Paddy: I'll dae whit I want.

Gran stands up.

Gran: Patrick Fitzpatrick!! There is nae way you're leaving here tonight, do you hear me.... This is a family get together, and in case you've forgotten your family.

Paddy: (looks at Frasier Snr then Marie) I canny stay here.

Gran: You bloody well will.....Do you know that when you gave me that birthday cake earlier wae the candles and I went to blow them out, you said make a wish. Well, I did.....and do you know what that wish was?

Paddy: Your no supposed tae say.

Gran: Well, I'm going to say. It was for you to put your stupid stubborn ass to one side and talk tae yir sister again. That's my birthday wish... Now you can break your mithers

heart by walking out that door or you can make me the happiest woman in the world by giving your sister a hug.

Paddy stands and thinks.

(Pause)

Paddy looks at everyone.

Paddy: *(Pointing to Frasier Snr)* I'm no hugging him!

Gran: I never asked you to hug him.

Paddy stares at Marie.

Gran: Well?

Paddy looks at his mum then turns and walks off stage...he leaves.

Gran sits down very slowly.

Marie gets up and gives her mum a hug.

(Pause)

Frasier Snr: *(Ecstatic)* Right let's get this party started.

Marie is furious and approaches Frasier Snr finger pointing.

Marie: YOU!! You've got just as much to do with this as Paddy.

Frasier Snr: Who me? What have I done?

Marie: You and Paddy have goaded each other for years; you couldn't be the bigger man and just accept my family for what they are. No! You had to throw your bigotry into his face at every opportunity you had. Yes, Paddy did it as well, but you were so childish you couldn't rise above it. You made Paddy hate you and therefore he can't forgive me for marrying.....YOU!

Frasier Snr stands up.

Frasier Snr: Now I know where I stand.

Frasier Jnr: Sit down dad and listen.

Frasier Snr: Don't you start.

Gran lifts her head.

Gran: STOP IT!! All of you....

Jarrah: Whit. Even me?

Marie: Quiet Jarrah.

Gran: It's societies fault and it's my fault.

Frasier Jnr: How's it your fault Gran?

Gran: I brought him up.

Marie: You brought me up mum and I'm not like Paddy.

Gran: I know hen, but you were smart, just like young Frasier here. I know because of people like you that the problem is slowly being diluted, but unfortunately some still hang on to their age-old bigoted beliefs and still try to pass it on generation to generation. It'll stop one day, but no in my lifetime I'm afraid.

Billy, Sean & Jarrah start to clap.

Sean: Don't blame yourself Mrs Fitzpatrick....as you said it's society's fault.

Billy: Aye, as Sean says more should have been done to tackle the problem years ago.

Jarrah: You should all become Hindus and support Partick Thistle.

All as one: Shut it Jarrah.

Billy: It's incredible that during the war you could have had someone of the opposite faith standing arm in arm with you and they would do anything to save your life.

Sean: Aye, but now they talk like they want to kill each other.

Frasier Snr: When you were young Jarrah, what school did you go to?

Jarrah: Oh my! Is that the time I'd better be going.

Billy & Sean: Aye we better be going as well.

Frasier Snr: You're not answering me, what school did you go to?

They get up to leave.

Gran: Thanks for coming boys.

Frasier Snr: Come oan Jarrah, which side are you on?

Jarrah: If you must know I was home taught where I studied the true meanings of faith. I discovered all religions have their faults and you sir are your religion's biggest fault.... now goodnight.

Jarrah leaves.

Billy & Sean: Well time to go.

Billy & Sean make a quick exit.

Frasier Snr: Well, I know where I'm no wanted.

Frasier Snr leaves as well.

Gran turns to young Frasier.

Gran: I hope you'll no turn out like that son.

Frasier Jnr: No way Granny.....he's not all bad and I love him, but that's one trait I won't inherit.

Gran: It would be a sad day if you did.

Marie gives Gran a kiss and starts to leave with Frasier Jnr.

Frasier Jnr: Hell would freeze over first.

Gran: Good boy...

Young Fraiser stops.

Frasier Jnr: Gran??

Gran: Yes son.

Marie: I'll get you back at the house Frasier, don't be long.

Marie leaves.

Frasier Jnr: Were things just as bad in your young days regarding bigotry?

Gran: Oh aye. Mixed marriages were very much frowned upon back in my days and split families up and we also had the Glasgow razor gangs associated with each side. But I think problems have diluted over the years except for a few Saturdays where Celtic and Rangers fans will nurture deep seated religious loathing for each other.

Frasier Jnr: So is it football that keeps the fire of hatred fuelled?

Gran: In the modern era here in Scotland, I think it is.

Frasier Jnr: What about in other countries.

Gran: Well, I'm afraid that religious intolerance exists in many places and to be honest compared to some we have it easy.

Frasier Jnr: How can we stop it?

Gran: I'm only a daft old Granny, but here's what I think. Have you ever heard about the four blindfolded men and the elephant?

Frasier Jnr: No.

Gran: Well, there are these four blindfolded men in a room, and in a separate room is an elephant. Now, these 4 blindfolded men have never seen an elephant, and they don't know what it looks like.

Fraiser Jnr: OK.

Gran: Now the first blindfolded man goes in through a door at the front and puts his hands out and the first thing he feels is the elephant's trunk. Well, he goes back into the room with the other blindfolded men, and they ask him what an elephant is? It's a snake he says, I felt a snake.

Frasier Jnr: Right.

Gran: Then the next blindfolded man goes in from the side door and walks straight into the side of the elephant. Well, he returns and tells them all it's not a snake it's a brick wall. The 3rd blindfolded man goes in through the back door and the first thing he feels is the tail. He returns and tells them their talking rubbish.... it's a piece of rope.

Frasier Jnr: I'm with you.

Gran: Now the last blindfolded man is nervous, and he goes in on all fours and what he feels first is the leg. Well, he returns and argues that it's a tree trunk.....All 4 blindfolded men argue furiously as to what an elephant is, yet all experienced the one thing... Do you get it?

Frasier Jnr: Eh....not quite.

Gran: You see if they would stop arguing and get together and put their experiences together, they'd come up with the bigger picture of what an elephant was.

Frasier Jnr: I get it.... If all the religions of the world had to sit down together, they'd be able to come up with the one religion via co-operative unification.

Gran: Well, I widnae go that far, but you get what I mean.

Frasier Jnr: Brilliant granny, just brilliant. Are you clever at anything else?

Gran: Well aye, I can add numbers up really fast.

Frasier Jnr: Ok, what's 162 plus 491?

Gran: *(real, quick)* 645.

Frasier Jnr: *(thinking)*...that's no right.

Gran: I know, but it was fast.... Now you run off son.... big day tomorrow and I've got some birthday cake to eat.

Frasier walks towards exit via stage right where he stops and looks back.

Frasier Jnr: Love you gran.

Gran: I love you too son.... goodnight.

Lights dim to black.

ACT 5

Set 1 walk to the game

Scene 1

It's the day of the game and Frasier Jnr and his dad are walking to the game from one side of town decked in their colours, while Gran and Paddy are walking to it from another side of town. Paddy is decked in his colours where Gran just wears a simple green and white scarf.

PADDY: Are you excited mither?

GRANNY: Eh...aye, I suppose I am in a way.

PADDY: I canna wait for us to get stuck into these proddy scum masonic sons of William.

GRANNY: That's a bit harsh is it no Paddy?

PADDY: Whit, no chance, it's true.... com'on the Tic.

GRANNY: Actually, Paddy it's no true.

Paddy stops to confront Gran.

PADDY: Whit you oan? Get wae the spirit of things.

GRANNY: Well Paddy what you're saying isnae my idea of the spirit of things and whit your saying isn't exactly true.

PADDY: Aye it is.... they're aw the same that lot... Orange bar stewards.

They start walking again.

GRANNY: For one, not all Rangers supporters are in the orange lodge or Sons of William as you call them. Second, not all Rangers fans are protestant.

PADDY: Don't talk rubbish, aye they ur.

GRANNY: What about Achmed at the local kebab shop, he supports Rangers... and he's not a protestant.

PADDY: Ah! But he's no Catholic either therefore no wan of us.

GRANNY: Get tae grips Paddy will you. It's no just protestants that support Rangers and Catholics that support Celtic. Whit about one of your heroes.... Jock Stein?

PADDY: He changed efter he saw the light.

GRANNY: Naw he didnae and well you know it. And anyway, not all Rangers supporters are masons....in fact not all masons are protestant.

PADDY: Oh, aye they ur...how else dae they get so many penalties?

They stop as Paddy faces his mother.

PADDY (CONT): Haud oan, how come you know so much about masons?

Granny bows her head then slowly looks Paddy in the eye.

GRANNY: Your father was one.

PADDY: WHIT!

GRANNY: A high head yin tae.

PADDY: But...But he was a big Celtic man.

Gran puts her hand on her son's shoulders.

PADDY (CONT): And he wiz a Catholic....so he couldnae have been.

GRANNY: I told you, it disnae matter wae the mason's son.

Paddy shrugs off Grans hand from his shoulder.

PADDY: Aye it does.... how could he...the turncoat... are you sure?.

GRANNY: Now you just listen here Paddy. Your father was a Celtic man till the day he died.

PADDY: (*Sarcastically*) Doubt it wae what I'm hearing?

GRANNY: Of course he was, just because he was a mason don't you dare question his loyalties...got that?

PADDY: (*Patting Gran on the head*) We'll really need to see the doctor about those tablets you're on mither.

Paddy walks on singing Celtic, Celtic. Granny looks on as he walks away and blows out a huge raspberry in his direction.

Set 1

Scene 2

Frasier Snr and Jnr are walking to the ground.

FRASIER'S DAD: So, whit were you learning at school yesterday...I hope it's still no about those bleeding Romans?

FRASIER: We're getting taught about the Jacobite rising and do you...

FRASIER'S DAD: Whit, the Jacobite's...mair Catholic stuff? I'll need tae have a word wae that school of yours.

FRASIER: It's dead interesting and...

FRASIER'S DAD: Aye bet it is.... we battered them at Culloden though...eh!

Fraiser's dad pats him on the head.

FRASIER: Dad, do you know what the most interesting thing is?

FRASIER'S DAD: Go on son.

FRASIER: Lots of MacGregors were Jacobite's.

Frasier Snr stops dead.

FRASIER'S DAD: WHIT!!...Naw, naw, nay way.... are you saying we were Catholics.

FRASIER: Maybe, but they could have been Scottish Episcopalians who were protestant Jacobite's who supported the Stuarts, but we were Jacobite's.

FRASIER'S DAD: Nay chance...and don't let me hear you ever say that again.

FRASIER: But...

FRASIER'S DAD: Us...Catholics? And what's this (*tries to say Episcopalians*) Episk...opisky...palladiums? Whit a load of crap...We were just pure protestants, got that? And as for the Stuarts, that singer Rod ye know what side of the toast his bread is buttered. It just goes tae show that history cannae be trusted, anyway history is fur losers.

Frasier Snr walks on singing No Surrender.

FRASIER'S DAD: (*Singing*) With heart in hand and sword and shield we'll guard old Derry's walls, altogether now the cry was no surrender...

FRASIER: (*To himself*) I'd better no tell him that some of us fought against King Billy at the battle of the Boyne.

Set 2 The Security guard

Scene 1

Both sets of fans are queuing up outside the ground and are separated by stewards. Frasier Jnr and his father are on one side and can see Gran and Paddy in the other queue. Frasier Snr is talking to someone while young Frasier waves over at his Gran. Gran takes out a bag of sweets and holds them open towards young Frasier in a motion to come and get one. Young Frasier starts to make his way over but is stopped halfway by a security man.

Security Man: Where do you think you're going?

FRASIER: I'm just going over there.

SECURITY MAN: Sorry wee man, there is no way I can let you go over there.

FRASIER: But I just want to get a sweet from my Gran.

Security man looks over to where gran is.

SECURITY MAN: Sorry, I'm here to keep you apart.

Security man looks around.

SECURITY MAN (CONT): If anybody saw me letting you over there. I'd be done for.

FRASIER: You're here to keep me and my granny apart?

SECURITY MAN: Well not exactly.... It's more THEM (*points to the rest of the Celtic supporters*) Don't you get it? They hate you.

FRASIER: But they don't know me.

SECURITY MAN: (*pointing towards the Rangers fans*) I know but your wan of them.

Young Frasier bows his head and starts to make his way back to his dad.

FRASIER: Thanks anyway.

SECURITY MAN: Haud oan...wait there.

The security man makes his way over to the gran, picks out a sweet and returns to give it to young Frasier. Both sets of fans shout abuse at him.

SECURITY MAN: Here wee man.

The security man gives him the sweet.

Frasier turns to go back to his dad.

SECURITY MAN (CONT): And wee man...

FRASIER: Yes?

SECURITY MAN: At least only one half hates you.... look what I've got to put up with...and they don't know me either.

ACT 6

Set 1 The game

Scene 1

The teams have taken to the field, and the game has kicked off. Both sets of fans are boisterous. The fans are once again separated by a few rows of seats and some security men lined up down the middle. Young Frasier can see his Gran and looks over now and then.

At one point in the game something happens on the field, both sets of fans leap off their chairs in a frenzy, all except young Frasier. He looks across at Gran and notices that she hasn't moved either. As Frasier looks closer, he notices that she is clutching her chest, she is in trouble.

Frasier leaps from his seat and starts to dash towards his Gran.

Frasier is dashing towards his Gran. He dodges a security man. The Celtic fans now realise that a Rangers fan is rushing towards them. Meanwhile some Rangers fans think there is a hero amongst them charging the Celtic fans and follow suit. Venom etched in each set of fans faces.

Frasier dodges the first set of Celtic fans and makes it to his Gran. The two sets of fans are about to clash when Frasier gives out a loud cry. The first two fans about to exchange blows are his dad and Uncle Paddy, they stop and look down at young Frasier and his Gran. 'Gran' he cries. A security man rushes in. The security man feels for a pulse then looks at young Frasier and shakes his head....she's dead.

He looks up at both his dad and Uncle Paddy.

FRASIER JNR: You should be ashamed of yourselves.... look at you?

The game has been stopped. Everyone is silent.

FRASIER JNR (CONT): I bet every one of you know, like and even love someone who is not of your faith or team.

Frasier looks at them all.

FRASIER JNR (CONT): And I bet that every day of your lives you share your laughs, your time and even compassion, with someone who is not of your beliefs.

Still silence.

FRASIER JNR (CONT): Your hypocrites.... all of you, especially you two (*aimed at his dad and Paddy*). Don't you realise how destructive you have been with your mindless bigotry?

Frasier stands up straight and looks down at his Gran. Young Frasier reaches out and takes off his Gran's Celtic scarf. He drapes it around himself and says through tears, 'solidarity gran, solidarity'.

We gradually start to see, starting with his dad and Uncle Paddy, fans taking their colours off and throwing them away.

The stage darkens except for a spotlight on young Frasier & Gran.

That spotlight goes out.

Set 1**Scene 2**

Tim Proddie enters with spotlight at the front.

TIM PRODDIE: Now you may think that through the death of that old woman, and the fact that bigotry became a thing of the past, that I'd be happy.... Well, you're wrong.... Why? Because that old woman never lived long enough to see it....and believe you me, it was her dream. How do I know? Well, I'm her grandson...Yep that's right, I'm young Frasier MacGregor. And before it's too late...open your eyes and stand up to Bigotry.

Tim Proddie leaves and the Becci Wallace song "Tiny Mortals" begins to play with only the spotlight once again on Young Frasier now holding his gran tight.

THE END