

“The Foreign Service” script sample

Set in St. Andrews.

Anna - a Scot from a Glaswegian commuter town. Talks in Scots

Rahman - son of a diplomat from Syria. Lived in Scotland for four years. No accent.

Douglass - a Tory from the Home Counties. Loves Thatcher and thinks Reform are too low class, however his beliefs are extremely strange and esoteric

Keigheighleigheigh (Kay) - daughter of a used car salesman from Indiana who pretends to be English. Midwestern/Appalachian accent.

SCENE XX

Anna and Rahman arrive at the drinks reception. Douglass greets them.

Douglass: Hello, hello! New faces, good to see, Freshers?

Rahman: No, second years.

Douglass: Well, don't be strangers! You're fresh to this society anyway. We can pretend you're still 18!

Douglass laughs. Anna and Rahman shoot a look.

Douglass: Douglass is my name. It's a pleasure.

Anna: Where would we get a bit of drink round here?

Douglass: Is that a highland lilt I detect?

Anna: No, it's just Glasgow.

Douglass: Well. You know. It's all somewhat highlands.

Anna: Aye but it isn't like. We're not even in the highlands now.

Douglass: Yes, but, you know, Scotland, it's all just highlands really. Compared to England.

Anna: Any news on that drink mate.

Douglass: Oh, yes, Kay is serving over there. Do say hello.

Anna and Rahman separate off from Douglass.

Rahman: He's a bit strange.

Anna: English fucking prick.

Rahman: Maybe he's just a bit ignorant.

Anna: Aye, he is, and it's because he's from Gloucesterschesterhire or wherever the fuck.

Anna and Rahman walk over to Kay.

Kay: Hiiii! What can I get you?

Rahman: Do you have red wine?

Kay: So, we have a Merlot, Malbec, Shiraz, and Cabernet Sauvignon. My personal favourite as of late has been the Merlot from Portugal. I found it on an exchange to Porto, truly a life-changing—

Anna: It does nae come from Portugal. That's the seven pound one out of Lidl.

Kay: My dear, I think you're mistaken—

Rahman: That is the one out of Lidl actually!

Anna: It's brilliant for a cry like.

Kay: It was my first week on exchange, my first time out of England—

Rahman: Oh yeah, it's fourteen per cent or something, isn't it?

Anna: It does get you proper fucked. Yeah, one of them please.

Rahman: I'll take one too please.

Kay: Lord above, what is the world coming to?

Anna: When are ye setting off to the pubs?

Kay: Circa eight-of-the-clock, one would presume.

Anna: Aye so ye'll line up another round of them then.

Kay: Perhaps. I do wonder - where are you two from?

Anna: Ayr.

Kay: Oh! Where's that?

Anna: It's outside Glasgow.

Kay: Oh! And where's that?

Anna: Would you ever fuck off?

Rahman: It's across from Edinburgh. Thank you so much.

Rahman pulls Anna aside.

Rahman: How come you're so pissed?

Anna: Am not pissed, I've barely had one. Do I look pissed?

Rahman: No, you're angry for no reason.

Anna: Am just fuckin' sick of Americans and the English coming up here and owning the place.

Rahman: You can't just treat every single one like the enemy.

Anna: Och I don't! Just the pricks. And is there nae another fresher's pissup going? Does it have to be the Expat Society? Am not even sure it's a real society.

Rahman: They said it was going to be a wine and poetry night. I thought it'd be nice.

Anna: Whoever heard of a poetry bar crawl?

Douglass: MY DEAR REVELLERS!!!

Douglass clinks a glass.

Douglass: The public house awaits us. The night is ours to take! To regale the pub-dwelling louts with our fantastic poetry. After all, it is only right to pass on this education we have to the masses, is it not? Poetry runs through the lanes and rivers of this town. Here, some of England's greatest poets were educated – most of whom are in this very room!

Sound effect of the House of Commons guffawing.

Douglass: Your fine poetry needs an audience. It is high time it had one. To make sure the performance is at its most raw, its most fresh, we will get on the bus outside (courtesy of my father, everyone say thank you Pater), descend on the public houses of a village not far from here, and perform to an unwitting audience! Truly an incredible display to make our house parents proud!

Cheers.

Rahman: I have some concerns.

Anna: He's gonna get his head kicked in.

SCENE XX

Outside a pub in a small Fife village.

Douglass: Now, boys, a few rules before we head in. We are about to head into the home of the Fighting Scot, the village bar. The denizens are boisterous louts, not sharing in our enlightenment, and may not take well to our readings. If you are put upon by violence, you may reasonably defend yourself. Remember, however, that our pub crawl is a peace mission—

Anna: What the fuck are ye on about?

Douglass: Oh! The Scottish “lassie”. What have you to say about the whole affair? I do hope you’ve a poem ready.

Anna: I do in me doup. What are ye on about with the fighting Scots? Are ye fucking Cromwell?

Douglass: How I wish. It is well documented that lager brewed from the Skegness springs brings out the fight in a Northerner.

Kay: Good heavens, I never knew!

Douglass: Mm. It is thus wise to be on guard during our guerilla education.

Anna: They dinnae brew shit in Skegness, again, what the fuck are ye on about?

Douglass (*nervously laughing*): Well - well - well - it is known. It is simply known.

Anna: What’s known? We can toddle on to Skegness in yer Vengabus and ye can see it yerself.

Douglass: It is known that the brew of the Highlands brings out the fighting spirit, particularly to those of its home country. ‘Tis an elixir of courage. With a whisper of lager in him the Scot is dangerous to the civilised Southerner.

Kay: So stay off the beer guys!

Anna: Stay out of this, you’re too American.

Kay: Why, I’m from Kent!

Anna: That’s worse.

Douglass: As you can see, even on approach to the pub the Scot becomes hostile and loses their faculties.

Anna: Fuck this. I’m going home.

Douglass: Well, good luck with that.

Rahman: No, we should go. You're obviously already drunk.

Douglass: I'm sober as a /judge!/

Kay: The only way home is the minibus. No buses run at this time.

Rahman: They must.

Kay: Not until after 12.

Rahman: These fucking buses.

Douglass: So you may well come in and we'll see if a Scot can write nearly as well as an Englishman.

Anna: You're half cracked if you think I'm going in there with you, cunt. I'll see you come out battered and you can chat shit about the (*Douglass' accent*) "Fighting Scots" then.

Kay: Well, what are we waiting for! Let's go! Ramen, surely you'll join us.

Rahman: I - sorry. Be with you in a second.

Exit Douglass and Kay.

Anna: Did she just call ye fuckin Ramen?

Rahman: I - yes. It's fine. How are you?

Anna: Shite. There's something wrong about that cunt. Something up with the lass as well.

Rahman: She's just a bit dim.

Anna: Douglass or whoever the fuck. What was all that?

Rahman: I know.

Anna: I dinnae ken if it's even racism. It's just fuckin strange.

Rahman: I've never seen someone with such insane opinions about Scotland.

Anna: I ken, it's like he's a Redcoat out colonising.

Rahman: I suppose we'd better head in.

Anna: I'll stay right here.

Rahman: In Douglass' bus? By yourself?

Anna: Are you not staying?

Rahman: It just feels a bit...

Anna: What?

Rahman: Like we might as well be around people rather than just stuck in his bus.

Anna: Around male Thatcher and his American fanclub?

Rahman: He's not gonna do anything. Like we came all this way.

Anna: I'm nae drinking. Not in the mood anymore.

Rahman: What, because of his silly bullshit about Northern /Brew-/

Anna: I'm not in the mood!

Break.

Anna: If you want it terrible am not standing in yer way.

Rahman: But you're not coming?

Beat.

Anna: The night was your idea.

Rahman: But do /you-/

Anna: Go on! If you want.

Pause. Rahman goes to exit, slowly.

Anna: Text if he's getting a spelk off the aul lads.

Rahman: Will do.

Exit Anna.

SCENE XX

Enter Kay. Sounds of a bar.

Kay: Roman!

Rahman: It's Rahman-

Kay: Oh I'm so sorry Ranah. Have you got your poem ready?

Rahman: I'm more just here to watch, I really don't-

Kay: But you simply *must!* We're about to start.

Rahman: I don't have anything!

Kay: Improvise! Poetry comes from the heart, not the brain.

Pause. Rahman stares askance at Kay.

Rahman: Anyway. Surely someone else has something ready.

Kay: It appears everyone came quite unprepared.

Rahman: What a shocker no one brought any poetry to the pub crawl.

Kay: I know, right? So strange.

Rahman: Do you not have anything?

Kay: I'm not much of an artist. I read business.

Rahman: Fantastic.

Kay: But poetry seems so