

NTN: Drag Me To Oz

By Fergus Kane and Francesca Lee

Scene 1

Colin: So you're definitely sure to you need to take all 12 of... [*he wrinkles his nose ever so slightly*] your special plushies with you?

Dorothy: Yes! And you know, its actually really disrespectful to group them together like that. Each of my *special plushies* plays a unique role in keeping me emotionally stable, so-

Colin: This is you emotionally stable?

[*Dorothy makes a face, Colin laughs fondly*]

Alright, those things can stay, but if you're new flatmates give you odd looks, just remember I warned you.

Dorothy: [*over-dramatic*] If they can't accept my babies, then they can't accept me!

[*beat*]

Dorothy: I can't believe it's tomorrow though. [*moves onto her bed and starts to lie face up*] I just don't know if I'm ready yet.

Colin: Really? I feel like tomorrow can't come soon enough, aren't you excited?

Dorothy: Of course I am! But don't you feel like you're gonna miss this place? Even just a little bit?

Colin: Dorothy, where have you been for the past eighteen years? There's nothing here. Everyone's just so...static.

[*Colin joins Dorothy on the bed*]

Dorothy: You won't miss your family or anything?

Colin: I guess but think of all the fun stuff we're gonna be doing at uni! You know Glasgow has a drag society? I might finally be able to do the one thing I love somewhere other than my bedroom. I guess the only thing that scares me about the future is how badly I want it.

Dorothy: You're definitely going to get in, I mean look at those shoes

[*Dorothy points to a pair of red stilettos*]

Colin: I can't believe I spent literally all the money I made this summer on them, so worth it though. I would probably die if something happened to them

Dorothy: Please don't. I would die if I had to go through Fresher's alone. Do you think we'll like...get to go to parties and stuff? And do...shots?

Colin: Uhh yeah?

Dorothy: I might even try getting *tipsy*! *(pause)* My degree comes first though, obviously. I'm gonna have a lot of work to do. Probably won't even have time for parties.

Scene 2

[Dorothy, Leonie, Tim and Finch are in a bed together. Dorothy yawns and her outstretched hand whacks someone's foot]

Dorothy: What the fuck? Oh... this isn't mine *[holding the foot]*

Tim: No shit, Sherlock. Now can you stop manhandling me?

Finch: Who's Sherlock?

Dorothy: Oh my Gosh, I'm so sorry!

Leonie: Ugh, my head is pounding. Can you guys just shut up and let me sleep for a bit, it's way too early for- did we... Was I in an orgy last night? My parents are absolutely going to kill me. I knew I should've just taken the condoms that dad offered me. Now, I've probably got like five STDs and chlamydia from this and what if- Fuck, what if I'm pregnant?
[Threateningly] All of you are going to be paying for this baby's childcare!

Finch: Even I know that you actually have to do the deed to get preggers, and I failed bio. Twice.

Leonie: How do you know we didn't do the deed?

Tim: Have you noticed that we're all, how do I put this, fully clothed? *[rolls eyes]* Besides, even I'm not that desperate

Finch: What's that supposed to mean?

Tim No offence, but you guys would definitely not be my first choice for a good time

Finch: You know pre-fixing something with 'no offence' doesn't actually make it less offensive

Tim: Fine. I'm sorry. *[sigh]* *To be honest*, you guys would definitely not be my first choice for a good time

Dorothy: Can we please stop spooning or whatever it is we're doing. I think my right leg's gone a bit numb under the dog pile

[everyone scrambles to get off. Finch kind of rolls onto the floor, Tim gets up with ease and Leonie moves slowly, cautiously. Dorothy remains on the bed, but in a sitting position. She stares at her feet as she spots the red stilettos.]

Dorothy: Oh my god. This *cannot* be happening...

[Leonie looks around and thinks Dorothy is staring at the bed sheets]

Leonie: What? *[pausing in a dramatic moment of realisation]* Did we rip the sheets? *[Leonie goes to check the sheets]* Okay, we're fine... But there is a slight stain here, do you think we're going to get sued? I seriously don't mind paying for the washing or whatever, but the thought of confrontation gives me heart palpitations.

[Dorothy is trying to take off the shoes, and realises that they're stuck]

Dorothy: No!... No! No! No!... NOOOOOO!!!!

Finch: So like no, we're not going to get sued or...?

Dorothy: No one cares about the damn sheets, can someone please tell me how I ended up with these fucking shoes on?

[Enter Apple, Sabrina and Cat]

Apple: Sorry to interrupt...whatever this is

[beat]

Leonie: *[wide-eyed, somewhere between shocked and shitting it]* Shit, there's... people here.

Dorothy: I think we just had a bit too much to drink last night - thanks for having us by the way! - and kind of just ended up here

[Cat takes a step forward]

Leonie: Please don't hurt us

Sabrina: Why would we hurt you? It's literally his bed *[pointing at Tim]*

Finch: Why didn't you tell us this was your place?

Tim: You never asked. Plus, I enjoy messing with people's heads.

Cat: We do have to establish boundaries about moaning before midnight though, cause you guys were really loud last night and like sex is fine but-

Leonie: Oh God, so there actually was an orgy last night

Apple: What?

Tim: Forget she said anything, *clearly* they're still a bit tipsy

Dorothy: Wait. So do you actually know what happened last night?

Sabrina: Man, you guys really went wild

Apple: God it was a shitshow

Leonie: Oh, I really don't like the sound of this

Finch: Well explain then, come on

Tim: Do I have to?

Cat: You better just do it, this play's only supposed to be like an hour long.

They look out to the audience for a second as if to notice them for the first time

Tim: [*begrudgingly*] Fine

[Lights go out. Cat, Sabrina and Apple back of the stage. Colin enters. A coloured lens is used. Colin and Dorothy are centre stage. Colin is wearing the red shoes and Dorothy is wearing sliders]

Cat: I'm pretty sure I was the first one to spot you that fateful night, you were fluttering around. Nervous. Your friend took your hand. He brought his own shot glasses with him, probably from Primark, and lined them up on our window sill, his hands were trembling. It didn't look like he'd had a drop of alcohol in his life-

Apple: Stop being so dramatic! [*Dorothy and Colin freeze*] And that's not even true, you pointed out her friend cause you wanted to make a move, before Sabrina told you that he obviously wasn't into girls that is.

Dorothy: [*turning to the audience*] As an ally I'd like to point out that you can't just assume these things based on someone's shoes.

Apple: What? Oh I'm not being homophobic, it was just so obvious that Colin was making eyes at-

Tim: Is this really necessary? I'm bored already, can we just skip to the part where they get shit-faced?

Sabrina: Fine, fine

[lights black out. A different coloured lens flickers on as Sabrina begins talking.]

Sabrina: So yeah, you guys got shit-faced, there was a lot of stumbling, then Colin asked to wear your shoes because he was about to break his ankle trying to keep upright in those

[Colin takes off the stilettos, Dorothy slips them on]

Cat: And that was when things *really* started getting... rough

[black out again]

Sabrina: Now there was only two other people *nearly* as shit-faced as you and Colin-

Leonie: Oh God

[lights flicker on revealing Leonie and Finch on stage, acting out what is being said]

Apple: Fuck knows why, but the two of you were trying to see how large an extra small condom was

Cat: Until you got a bit stuck. Literally

Sabrina: And started screaming about how your wound would get infected if we had to amputate you using “instruments” from a student flat

Leonie: *[to the audience]* Yeah, that sounds like me

Apple: You also absolutely refused to have the kitchen scissors near you in case your fingers got chopped off before it was *absolutely* necessary

Cat: so of course the only logical solution was to have stiletto girl come in *[Dorothy enters]* and try to pierce the condom with her shoes

Finch: *[looking around the stage, trying to find the narrators]* Did it work?

Apple: Not really; I mean you tried quite a few things before you fell asleep and we were able to just cut it up with the scissors

Leonie: Yikes, sorry about that

Sabrina: It's okay. We all did stupid shit like that as freshers.

[Black out to Spotlight on Dorothy]

Dorothy: My life is over. *[Screams]*

[Lights go black then back on. Everyone in stage one is back on stage]

Finch: You okay? We thought you were going to faint for a second there

Dorothy: What am I going to do? Colin needs these shoes back by tomorrow and they're completely stuck on me. *[beat]* Oh, God. Where is Colin? Did he die of alcohol poisoning?

Leonie: Calm down, you're starting to sound like me and I really just can't deal with nervous people-

Tim: Someone walked him back to his accommodation

Sabrina: Didn't *you*-

Tim: The who is not important

Finch: Wait, who's Colin?

Dorothy: My friend from home, we've known each other since we were like two. God, I can't lose him over some dumb shoes

Apple: Well if that's a legitimate worry of yours, I don't really know if he was the greatest friend in the first place.

Dorothy: You don't understand! They're drag shoes and he has these big dreams of joining GU drag society and becoming the next Lawrence Cheyney. It would absolutely crush him if his fit was ruined.

[Enter Gloria]

Gloria: Do you know the foot whisperer?

Apple: What? Sounds like someone with too much time on their hands and a foot fetish?

Gloria: Legend has it that the foot whisperer can fix any foot in the land. Cankles, sprains, cramps, dry skin, his resume is longer than the queue for the GUU on St Patrick's day

Dorothy: So how do we find the foot whisperer?

Gloria: How would I know?

Finch: He's on snapchat.

Leonie: How on earth do you know that?

Finch: I just searched him up, I think we have mutual friends actually. He posts on his stories quite often and he's been at like [*starts counting on their fingers until they run out*] more than five bars in the last 24 hours

Dorothy: Ugh I wish we just had a yellow brick road...or something.

Gloria: [*scoffs*] What like we're in some kind of a children's book? Anyways, You all are boring me now, toodles! I've got a show to plan... God, I hate being productive.

[*Gloria exits*]

Apple: Do any of you remember seeing her last night?

Sabrina: Wait, who even is she?

Finch: I think she's the president of STAG or something

Cat: The deer conservation society?

Apple: Nah, it's a theatre society... I think. My older sister joined for a year then bailed

Cat: Why on earth is a theatre society called STAG?

Sabrina: Who knows? Theatre kids are weird

Leonie: How does she know about the foot whisperer though? I hope he doesn't work near 727. I'm just imagining his foot bacteria in my mouth and it's just-

Sabrina: Don't. The rest of us eat there too, and we really could've gone without that mental image

Dorothy: This is hopeless

Tim: It's honestly fine, if he's that "magical", surely someone else on campus has heard of him

Dorothy: You're right. [*doing a complete 180*] You're right, I just need to get back on track. We can head to the freshers fair right now. Maybe the src can help?

Sabrina: I don't think the official student support are the ones you'd go to for this

Dorothy: Well they have feet too! We'll find him, we have to

Tim: Wait. Who's we?

Dorothy: Me, you and... [*realising that she doesn't know their names*] the- theorgy gang?

Finch: No, that's terrible, there is no way we're calling ourselves that

Dorothy: Well just the gang then, I guess. Sorry, what're your names again?

Leonie: Leonie

Finch: I'm Finch

Tim: *[sighs]* Tim

Dorothy: Great, I'm Dorothy. Now let's go

Tim: Yeah... no. Why are we the ones that have to go with you?

Dorothy: We shared a bed last night. Once you're that close to a person, you're bonded for life

Applet: Have you never heard of a one-night stand?

Dorothy: Pwease. Pwetty pwetty pwease *[She attempts a puppy dog face and clasps her hands in front of her]*

Tim: You look constipated

Dorothy: *[highly offended]* I do not!

Apple: Sure, you tell yourself that

Finch: I'll come with you, it's not like I have anything better to do

Leonie: I don't know... there could be a lot of drugs, and germs, and bartenders who are really aggressive with their cocktail shakers wherever the foot whisperer is...

Dorothy: *[pleadingly]* But?

Leonie: but you did try to free my hand, so I guess I owe you one

Dorothy: Thank you, thank you, thank you!

Sabrina: *[Slightly to the side, elbowing Tim]* You know, if you went that would probably give you brownie points with...

Tim: I have no idea what you're talking about... *[sighs]* But I guess I'll come along.

Dorothy: *[beaming]* Great!

[beat]

Dorothy: *[turning to Apple, Cat and Sabrina]* um do you guys *want* to come as well?

[Apple just looks disgusted]

Cat: Nah... I'm fine keeping my foot problems to myself, to be honest

Sabrina: Yeah, same here

Finch: Well I guess this is it...

Dorothy: Wait *[picks up a house plant]*

Cat: You brought a house plant to watch your orgy?

The gang: It wasn't a fucking orgy!

Dorothy: His *name* is Toto Junior. He's my emotional support bonsai. I got him at the plant sale today cause he looks like my dog back home.

Finch: *[squinting at tree, stage whisper to Leonie]* I might just be dumb, but how does that look like a dog?

Leonie: I've got no idea, I wouldn't question it though. This girl seems... intense

Tim: Right, now that you're cradling a bloody tree like it's a new-born baby, can we finally go now?

Scene 3

[Gus and Fiona are sat at the empty STAG freshers fair stall looking disheartened. Fiona tries to grab the attention of a passing fresher who ignores her entirely, Gus is painting his nails and not paying attention]

Fiona: What the hell, Gus?

Gus: *(not paying attention)* Mhmm, totally. So real.

[Fiona elbows Gus]

Gus: Hey what was that for?

Fiona: Couldn't you see I was trying to get that girl's attention?

Gus: Why?

Fiona: To convince her to join STAG, of course? Gloria is going to kill us if we don't get any sign ups.

Gus: Honestly I don't see the point of all this. STAG's fine the way it is. And everyone knows that if you're looking to do some *real* theatre you should join Shakespeare.

Fiona: (*appalled*) Um excuse me, which board are you on? Besides, what do they have that we don't? Other than a few more ruffles.

Gus: Well - apart from free access to Shakespeare's entire body of works, a smaller, more engaged membership and a streamlined calendar which allows them to focus their time and resources in a more effective way - nothing really!

Fiona: Bullshit. Also, aside from his whole - secretly being a massive daddy – thing, what's Shakespeare ever done for you? STAG has made you everything you are and now you're too blind to see it. It's tragic actually.

Gus: Overworked, exhausted and constantly on the verge of faking my death and moving to East Kilbride?

Fiona: [*Appalled*] Gus! [a beat] Anyways, you wouldn't last a day in East Kilbride.

Gus: (*sighs*) No, I know. STAG is love, STAG is life - yeah, yeah, yeah. I pledge my allegiance to STAG Room's sacred orgy couch, amen. Plus, I don't really suit ruffles. Is that good enough for you?

Fiona: It'll do, I guess. (*pause*) Now focus so we can coerce - I mean, *convince* - some unsuspecting freshers into joining the society. Just think, the next VP New Works could be somewhere out there right now!

Tumbleweed sound effect

Gus: Girlie, I hate to tell you this, but literally no one wants to talk to us.

Fiona: No thanks to you. Between your resting bitch face and well... my resting bitch face, we don't stand a chance. It's no wonder these freshers aren't interested in us.

Gus: I mean, personally, I'd categorise our vibe of "fashionable vampires in a teen movie" as peak slay. But honestly, can you blame them? At least the Tory society have biscuits at their stall. What do we have? A flyer! oh wow, how exiti-

[*Colin enters but isn't paying attention to Gus and Fiona*]

Fiona: Gus look! *He* must be into theatre, right? We have to get his attention somehow.

Gus: What do you mean, "he must be into theatre"? That's literally profiling. And during pride month Fiona! (*sighs in exaggerated disgust*).

Fiona: (*about to apologise*)... wait, no it isn't. This is September?

Gus: Does it matter?

Fiona: [*resigned*] No...

Gus: It's okay. I'm used to being terminally disappointed by your kind.

Fiona: My kind?

Gus: The straights.

Colin starts walking towards the STAG stall.

Fiona: (*distracted by Colin*) Quick, say something before he goes away. He's coming towards us!

Gus: You do it!

Fiona: I've done enough, and besides, this is the perfect chance for you to prove right here and now that you really do love STAG

[*Gus flashes Fiona a "I'm going to kill you" look and visibly summons every bit of shameless confidence he has*]

Gus: HELLO WOULD YOU LIKE TO JOIN STAG???? WE'RE SUPER DESPERATE!

[*Colin looks startled*]

Colin: What?

Gus: It's just [*Fiona looks slightly shell-shocked at the word "just"*] the Theatre Society.

Colin: Oh cool! I used to love acting back home, actually I almost went to drama school for a hot second. I just don't know if it's what I want to do with my life though, you know? It'd be fun but I'm kinda trying to rebrand a bit now that I'm somewhere new.

Gus: well-

Fiona: (*butting in*) WOW! Well isn't that interesting. What did you say your name was again?

Colin: it's Colin.

Fiona: STAG sounds like it would be just perfect for you then!

Gus: But he just said-

Fiona: Do you want to hear more about all the fantastic theatre-making opportunities we provide over the year?

Colin: I was more looking for-

Fiona: AMAZING! Well I'm so glad you asked!

[Fiona comes forward to centre stage and a spotlight appears]

So first we have NTN - this our show for freshers - I have a feeling you'll love her. Next is STAG Nights, this year's theme is lettuce! Then in semester two there's New Works, then Open Slot and...Mainstage! How could I forget Mainstage, so at the end of each semester we ha-

Gus: Um Fiona? It's only one Mainstage this year...remember? We had a whole 5 hour meeting about it? Everyone wanted to kill each other etc etc.

Fiona: Oh yeah, right. So only one Mainstage this year. But *anyways*, that's when we ha-

[The spotlight disappears]

Colin: I mean that all sounds great but I was actually wondering if you could tell me where GU Drag Society's stall is? That's really the only thing I'm planning on joining this year, sorry.

[Fiona looks devastated, she is unable to speak]

Gus: I think they might be in the tent behind us actually, maybe try round there?

Colin: Slay, I'll have a look. Thanks! Well it was *mostly* nice meeting you guys!

[Colin exits and Fiona falls to the ground and begins to scream]

Fiona: WHY?

Gus: Oh come on, its not the end of the world, I'm sure there's some other poor drama school reject we can convince to join.

Fiona: *(not listening)* The Freshers Fair's ending soon and we'll be complete failures. *(pause)* Did you say reject? I think you'll find he *clearly* said he got *in* to drama school. Therefore he's *not* a reject. *(dramatically)* He's our only hope!

Gus rolls his eyes

Gus: We can just say it was a quiet day. Would you get up from there? Even the girl at the Tory society's stall is judging you!

Fiona: I don't care anymore. I lost my dignity to STAG a long time ago. And what do you mean *even* the girl at the Tory society stall? They judge everyone. That's literally their whole thing.

Gus: Jesus. If you don't get up then I'm gonna leave.

Fiona does nothing and Gus begins to rise from his chair

Fiona: (*getting up quickly*) No don't leave! I'm sorry, it's just – I'm not like you, I actually care about the success of this society.

Gus: You need a new hobby.

Fiona: I'm serious Gus! What are we going to do?

Dorothy, Leonie, Finch and Tim begin to enter stage right

Finch: Are we there yet?

Tim: Considering we don't know where *there* is I feel like it's highly unlikely

Dorothy: All I need is just to get these goddam shoes off my feet so I can reclaim my place as an A+ ally - kinda like Lady Gaga but without all the talent – and help Colin's budding drag career.

Tim: You really think Lady Gaga would be caught dead in this ensemble?

Finch: I'd say on the allyship scale your more of a... Katy Perry.

[*Dorothy gasps*]

Leonie: Guys, focus so we can find what we're looking for and get out of this hellscape. I've already seen about 4 men at the GUSA stall who looked strong enough to snap me in half.

Dorothy: You're right Leonie. Now let's think, if I were a foot whisperer...which Uni society would I be a part of?

Tim: (*sarcastically*) That old question.

Dorothy: Oh shut up. I'm sure if we just use our brains we can figure it out.

Finch: I don't have one remember? [*grumbling*] I'm meant to be the scarecrow?

[*The all ignore this*]

Dorothy: The podiatry society!

Leonie, Finch: The what?

Tim: Feet. Podiatry is the study of feet, so it's the foot society... I hate to say it but, it's genius

Dorothy: Did you just call me a genius?

Tim: Um no. I said the *idea* was genius.

[Leonie looks disgusted]

Leonie: Oh great. I can't wait for when my parents ask me how freshers was – Well mum, I searched for some...foot wizard group of strangers who I may or may not have had an orgy with!

Dorothy: I know! We can ask those miserable looking theatre people over there at the STAG stall where to find the podiatry society! They look like they need someone to talk to.

Fiona: Gus look! Those people look like they're heading straight for us, this could be our chance!

Gus: Give it a rest, please.

Fiona: If you don't want me screaming on the floor again, I expect to see A-game. You're mouth better practically be watering at the thought of STAG.

Tim: We're standing right here, you know. We can fully hear you?

[Gus starts laughing and Fiona looks mortified]

Dorothy: Anyways, what's STAG about then?

Fiona: I-I-I (*Upset*) It's horrible! She'll take you for everything you have!

[Fiona puts her head down on the desk]

Dorothy: Ugh that's a shame, actually sounds like the kind of thing my friend Colin would've loved when we were back home. We actually came over to ask if you knew where the stall for the podiatry society was?

Gus: The what?

Finch: The foot society

Gus: (*as if nothing was said*) Oh right, to be fair the midday stiletto did strike me as a little odd. But I've actually never heard of that society before so I'm not sure I can help.

[Fiona points with her head still on the desk]

Fiona: Over there

Dorothy: Great, thank you!

Leonie: The freshers fair's ending soon so we'll need to be fast. Let's go.

[Dorothy, Tim, Leonie and Finch exit stage right, Dorothy attempts to run in the shoes and can't]

Gus: What the hell were they on about? Or just on actually?

[Fiona slowly lifts her head from the desk]

Fiona: Wait. Did she say – “Her friend Colin would've loved this”? Isn't that the guy we just met?

Gus: I guess?

Fiona: Oh come on, how many former actors turned aspiring drag queens called Colin can be starting at Glasgow Uni right now.

Gus: Actually, you'd be surprised. Throw a bottle of poppers in polo and you'll hit five.

Fiona: It's the same guy, it has to be. And she said she needs to get those shoes off her feet so he can wear them at GU drag society tomorrow?

Gus: I don't see why any of this matters. *(pause)* why are you giving me that 'I'm about to share my master plan with you' look?

Fiona: Because I'm about to share my master plan with you? So, if we stop that girl from meeting this foot whisperer guy and getting those shoes off, we wreck Colin's chances at joining GU drag society, he'll have no choice but to join STAG instead.

Gus: *(shocked)*. Are you listening to yourself right now? Firstly, how do we do that? Secondly, what if he still doesn't want to join STAG? And thirdly, why are we wasting our time sabotaging the life of some poor first year? I'm not doing it.

Fiona: May I remind you of your little Shakespeare rant from earlier. I'm sure I could have you kicked from the board faster than you can say Mac- I mean the Scottish play. Now look, I can see that girl and her friends over there, let's follow them.

Gus: *(resigned)* STAG being your villain origin story just feels so sad to me

Scene 4

[Finch, Leonie and Tim are sitting in Secret Starbies stage right. Finch and Leonie looking at a phone, Tim looks uninterested. Gus and Fiona are spying on them stage left in ridiculous disguises.]

Leonie: That is clearly the law building! Alexander something or other. I'm certain. I watched someone pee outside there after the QMU's shit-shirt night on Monday, and believe me – I will not be forgetting that anytime soon.

[Finch starts to look embarrassed]

Leonie: What? *(pause)* Wait don't tell me that wa-

Finch: Oh shut up it was like my second night in Glasgow okay! And I'm not proud of it either.. So if anyone gets to be traumatised by that experience, it's me!

Dorothy: What are guys arguing about now?

Tim: They're having a trauma Olympics over Finch's piss

Dorothy: Oh, right. Obviously.

Leonie: We were trying to figure out where the foot whisperer is in his most recent Snapchat story. I've been telling her that it's the entrance to the Alexander something but he won't listen.

Finch: To be honest, I don't even know if I'm really into this whole trip to the feet society taster plan we've cooked up. Like, do we have to?

Leonie: I mean where else are we more likely to find someone who goes by 'The Foot Whisperer'. Also - please don't call it the feet society taster. That makes me feel like we're gonna be licking toes.

Dorothy: Does that matter? Despite the fact that I'm obviously -how should I put it...serving ultra-yassified-slay in these heels, they are actually pretty uncomfortable. Like seriously, I don't know how Rupaul does it.

Tim: If I have to hear you say "ultra-yassified-slay" again I'm reporting you for hate crime.

Dorothy: I...I...I...

[Dorothy and the gang continue to mime conversation]

Gus: I can't believe you're making me do this. I actually don't think I've ever felt more humiliated – and I was in Five Funky Friends.

Fiona: Oh grow up. We're in the process of saving Glasgow University's largest non-sports affiliated society! *(winks at the audience)*

[Fact checker runs on stage and a spotlight appears]

Fact Checker: This statement has not been verified by STAG, the SRC or Glasgow University at large and was in fact just something one of the writers heard from a former STAG president during her first, and only, month in office. It's probably actually the Taylor Swift society.

[spotlight disappears, Fact checker runs off]

Gus: This is so sad. There's more to life than STAG you know. Way more.

[Fiona does an exaggeratedly long laugh]

Gus:.. Now can we leave! This cowboy/top hat is seriously messing with my vibe. Although I must say – you pull off a moustache surprisingly well.

Fiona: Are you kidding? If we leave first, we'll draw attention to ourselves!

Gus: Right. Because we're blending in so well right now.

[Fiona ignores him]

Fiona: Look at them *(gesturing over towards the gang who are still arguing)*, they have no idea we're here. If fucking them over wasn't my entire character motivation I think I'd actually find them kind of...cute?

Gus: *(rolling his eyes)* Oh please! I know you just want to suck the youth out of them. I can practically see your fangs from here.

[Fiona covers her mouth as if she's been caught out and they continue to mime a conversation]

Tim: Well, now that we've settled *THAT*, should we get this podiatry society thing over with?

Leonie: Yeah I guess we kinda have to at this point. This place is nice though don't you think?

Dorothy: It's the best bootleg Starbucks inside a University that I've ever been to!

Finch: I mean every gang of unlikely strangers on a madcap adventure does need an iconic hangout spot! But what should we call it? I know, how about...Central Perk!

[The rest of the gang look at Finch with a mixture of confusion and exasperation, Finch misinterprets them]

Finch: Wait that ones not been taken , right?

Leonie: Um right... I can see myself procrastinating here so much this year.

Finch: I know!...Secret Starbies! Let's call her that instead!

Dorothy: Sure. Now come on guys, if we stay here any longer I'm never getting these shoes off, and *even I* can't serve ultra-yassified-slay like this forever.

[Tim rolls his eyes and sighs then the gang exit and Isa, Fergie and Yolanda enter]

Fiona: And so that's why I can never eat asparagus again – wait! *(noticing Yolanda and Fergie)* How do they know about secret starbies? They can't find out what we're doing yet.

Gus: You're seriously going to start calling this place "secret starbies" just because the subjects of your stalking did? Is that some kind of weird reverse Stockholm syndrome thing?

Fiona: Oh shut up, it's catchy okay. *(pause)* At least they can't see us. Thank god we're wearing these disguises

[Yolanda notices Fiona]

Isa: Is that Fiona? Guy's look.

[Isa, Fergie and Isa go over to Fiona and Gus]

Yolanda: I'm slightly scared to ask this but...why are you guys dressed like that?

Gus: Well Fiona wa-

Fiona: *(butting in)* Character work!

Anne: *(sceptically)* Right

Fiona: Haven't you guys ever heard of method acting? We're blending in, shedding our identities in order to observe humanity in its most bare, revealing environment...Starbucks.

Yolanda: You call this blending in?

Fiona: I don't suppose you guys would understand. You never were *true* thespians like Gus and I.

[Gus looks as though he'd like the ground to open up and swallow him]

Isa: Right um, you look like you're... *[questioningly]* really having fun, Gus

Fiona: He's pretty deeply in character at the moment. He'd prefer if you didn't disturb him.

[Fiona makes 'shooing' motions with her hands, Isa, Yolanda and Fergie exchange a look]

Isa: *(scoffing)* Okay. We'll see you guys at the next meeting then I guess.

Yolanda: Yeah we'll leave you two *(mocking Fiona)* thespians alone now

[Isa, Fergie and Isa begin to exit]

Isa: So she's officially somehow managed to top even her own insane level of wackiness

Anne: I know right. I don't know why Gus goes along with it.

Yolanda: I swear she must have promised him Lana Del Rey tickets at the end of the year or something

Scene 5

Dorothy: Are you sure this is where the podiatry society social is?

Finch: Well it's the medical building? Surely the wannabe Drs have their own special room for feet.

Tim: Wait, so you didn't actually check their Instagram posts?

Leonie: Or look up their website?

Dorothy: Or take a flyer when we passed their stall?

Finch: I um... well I didn't know that I was supposed to

Leonie: How did you even know that they were having a social today then?

Finch: Aren't Drs supposed to be super dedicated and passionate and stuff?

[Leonie, Dorothy and Tim exchange weary glances]

Dorothy: Right...

Finch: So like it's only logical that they'd have socials to geek out about feet every single day

Tim: *[through gritted teeth]* Logical

Dorothy: I can't believe this, I bet the society doesn't even do socials

Leonie: Is anyone else even in this building right now? I hate abandoned buildings, I'm always afraid that a 2010s YouTuber might pop out with one of their 24 hour challenges.

Tim: So you were one of *those* chronically online people

Dorothy: Ughhhh... Forget it, let's just leave and go to a black-market GP or something-

[*stage lights flicker, eventually turning green*]

Finch: Well that was ominous

Tim: No shit

Leonie: Maybe we should get out of here

[*A large, booming voice appears- sleazy business man accent?*]

The Foot Whisperer: I heard y'all were looking for me

Finch: Who is this guy?

Leonie: *Where* is this guy?

Foot: I can't reveal all my secrets now, can I, My little toelings?

Tim: Toelings? Seriously? And I thought my day couldn't get worse

Dorothy: [*Quiet disbelief*] We finally found him!

Finch: You're welcome, guys

Foot: Define "found." The way I see it, you can't see me but I most definitely can see you

Finch: Well um Mr Foot, sir, do you mind telling us where you are?

Foot: And why would I do that?

Dorothy: Please, Mr Foot. I need to get these shoes off, I'm desperate-

Foot: I can tell. But what about the rest of you? Why do *you* want me?

Leonie: We're really just here for Dorothy, sir. She's... our friend?

Finch: Yeah, she made us feel really guilty when she thought we wouldn't help her

Foot: I don't consort with those who tell me lies

Finch: We aren't lying!

Foot: Oh really? You've been tracking me down for the last 12 hours straight. I know who you are Finch Adams, I check my story viewers. Obsessively. I want to be an influencer one day. Anyway, nothing in life is free. What do you want from her? Or from me, child.

Tim: You know what? It's mildly better than toelings

Leonie: Nothing! We're just- [*hesitates, glancing at Tim for a moment*]- mostly nice people?

Foot: Don't kid yourselves. No, I have a different theory about you

Dorothy: Well that's great and all but we're kinda like on a tight schedule-

Foot: Little Leonie [*spotlight shines on Leonie*]. You've always been coward, it's a complete wonder that you dared to leave home. Tell me, would you have even come

here if it weren't for the fact that your older brothers live down the road?

Leonie: That- That might be true

Foot: I'll tell you what I really think about you, you've only stuck with your silly little gang for so long because you're afraid you can't make friends, aww it's like primary school all over again. Now, you've taken the easy option, but what's going to happen when they no longer need you? Why don't you just quit while you're ahead? Save some of your time, some of your dignity if you have any

Finch: Stop it. [*spotlight darts around to Finch*] This is supposed to be a light-hearted tale about a gang of adorably weird freshers who work together to help their friend help *her* friend become a drag queen and prepare themselves for University life in the process!

Dorothy: Yeah, he is kind of messing with our vibe

Foot: Ahh Finch, it's like you have a brain made of straw. Nothing lives in your mind but-

Finch: Wait, so you've called Leonie a coward and me "straw brains"-

Foot: [*pauses, caught off-guard*] Well actually I said you have a brain made of straw

Finch: Same difference. God, for someone who's so dramatic you're disappointingly uncreative. Everyone already knows we're based on characters from the wizard of Oz [*laughs*] I bet you're going to say that Tim has no heart next.

Foot: Well... not anymore

Tim: Oh get over yourself, this is pathetic. [*spotlight flashes to Tim*] Just because I don't like people, doesn't mean I don't have a heart. And Finch got into the same university as us, and Gerald Butler - (*mumbles*) somehow. He can't be that dumb.

[*Finch steps into the spotlight with Tim*]

Finch: [*reaching their arm out as if to go for a hug or something.*] I think that's actually the nicest thing you've said to any of us.

Tim: [*clearly uncomfortable*] Yeah, don't get used to it. And *please* respect my personal space

Finch: Oh sorry... But yeah, you're wrong, Mr Foot. I'll be Leonie's friend after all of this-

Leonie: [*lights turn back on, no more spotlight*] You will?

Finch: You're fun to be around.

[*Leonie smiles tentatively*]

Finch: So can you just fuck off for now please?

Foot: [*clearly amused, happy*] As you wish, good luck with your stupid shoes I guess.

Leonie: Well he was a bit of a knob

[*Tim nods his head*]

Finch: Agreed. [*Goes to say something but spots Dorothy looking upset in the corner*]. You okay, Dorothy?

Dorothy: My life is over

Leonie: I'm sorry that we chased the foot whisperer away, but he was just so... mean

Dorothy: No, no, it's okay. It's not you, it had to be done, he was a dick. More of a dick than Tim. I just don't know what to do now

Tim: [*sighs*] We can always try forcing them off? I know someone who does engineering.

[*Sam enters the ,lo, shoving a spray can into his backpack*]

Sam: [*noticing the gang*] Oh hi, are you guys lost?

Finch: No we were just...

Dorothy: [*dejectedly*] Looking for the foot whisperer

Sam: The foot whisperer?

Tim: So you've heard of him?

Sam: Erm yeah, he's a campus legend. Never misses a Murano gaff.

Raven: Well he's a prick

Leonie: Yeah, he was really being a bit of a bitch five seconds ago

Sam: Really? That's odd, normally people think he's great, though that could be because he gets really generous about free drinks after he's had a pint or two himself... Wait. You spoke to him here?

Finch: *[exchanging a confused glance with Leonie]* Yeah... *[Turning to Leonie]* I didn't dream up the huge booming voice right?

Leonie: No, I heard it too

Finch: *[glancing at her phone]* Wait. It wasn't him guys! The foot whisperer literally just posted a photo in some dingy bar

Leonie: Bars are open at this time?

Finch: Apparently... people in Glasgow must really like drinking...

Tim: *[snorts]* Oh you guys really are new to the city

Dorothy: So if that wasn't the foot whisperer, who was it?

Sam: Beats me, Wolfson is normally pretty dead around now. Wednesday afternoon's are usually for society stuff, I'm heading to the podiatry social now actually. Just had to pick up my... foot lotion, I accidentally left it here earlier.

Finch: So there is a podiatry social going on right now!

Dorothy: Could you maybe take us with you? We're very interested in um feet

Sam: You are? I mean, great! Of course! The society is always looking for new members *[beams]*

Dorothy: Thank you so much!

[the gang and sam exit, a beat and then Fiona and Gus enter]

Fiona: Ugh, we were so close...

Gus: Sooo, you went a bit cray cray back there.

Fiona: It had to be done... for the society of course.

Gus: (*Sarcastically*) I know right! So rude of him to interrupt your emotional abuse campaign-

Fiona: Gus- [*pauses, cranes her neck to listen*] Did you hear that?

Gus: Hear what?

Fiona: Someone's coming, hide!

[*Tim enters quickly*]

Tim: Look I know you're out there, and I don't know why you did what you did but cut it out. I just want to get this over with so I can have a nap... alone.

[*Finch enters*]

Finch: Hey, I didn't think it was a good idea for you to come back here by yourself. Have you found your phone yet?

Tim: [*still looking around the building*] Yeah, I just dropped it on the floor. Sorry

Finch: You look a bit on edge

Tim: Do you ever feel like we're being followed?

Finch: What, like we're on the Truman show? Ooo [*talking faster*] or like we're actually barbies in a dream house and the girl who's playing with us decided that we're her favourite dolls right now so we're going to have the best plot line until she gets bored and melts us in the microwave?

Tim: I-forget it

[*Finch shrugs, the two of them walk off*]

Gus: [*to Fiona*] Yeah so *that* might be a problem for you.

Scene 6

[the members of STAG board, bar Fiona and Gus, are gathered on stage. Gloria enters]

Gloria: What on earth is going on?

Anne: Did you not call an EGM?

Gloria: Do you think I would've asked if I did?

Roxy: What's an EGM?

Sadie: Do you not read the constitution?

Roxy: I'm pretty sure no one reads the constitution apart from you. For fuck's sake, is going to be fifty hours long then?

Gloria: It shouldn't be, considering this shouldn't be happening right now

Anne: Emergencies typically aren't scheduled though

Gloria: Well I'm pretty sure if there actually was an emergency, I'd know about it. You know, considering I'm president and all.

Isa: That makes sense

Gloria: [under her breath] You're all idiots. God, I hate being on board... And having responsibilities... and tax forms... and-

Sadie: Hey, where's Gus? He asked me if he could borrow a few props earlier today

Anne: No idea... maybe he just didn't get the memo?

Sadie: Maybe... We're not missing anyone, right? I need to write it down for the- Wait, do we even need notes on this?

[Fiona enters, everyone sighs]

Fiona: Hello, sorry I'm late, I know you all missed me

Gloria: We were just about to leave, this anonymous message is obviously a waste of our time. Bank street, guys?

Fiona: Wait. Didn't the message excite you guys though? We're theatre kids, I thought we were supposed to like being dramatic.

[beat]

Isa: You sent the message?

Fiona: Um... yeah?

Gloria: What's this about? And it better be quick, I'm meeting Vagalina Holey from the drag society at 4:00

Fiona: Oh fuck the drag society

Isa: Welfare!

Jia: Fiona, just please stop being so... you

Fiona: Oh shut up. Everyone should want to be me.

Jia: I tried, guys

Gloria: Vagalina's been my best friend since we were eleven. So I won't take any slander about drag. As for this EGM, you better have a good explanation, and I better have it now.

Fiona: [gulps] Colin wants to be a part of the drag society

Yolanda: So?

Anne: Who's Colin?

Fiona: He's a fresher, great kid, born for the stage, and he's just got...*pizzaz*- it's as if he came out of the womb in tap shoes, puking sunshine and Disney ballads

[beaf]

Roxy: Have you even seen him act though?

Fiona: Well... If you really think about it, we're always acting. All the time. Like I put on an act because I want you to like me so I twist myself a bit to-

Yolanda: [completely incredulous] This is you trying to be likeable?

Jia: Stop it. As welfare... bullying isn't cool, I think.

Fiona: When he talks, he's so confident and energetic. He's truly the greatest showman I've ever seen-

Roxy: Do you actually have a crush on this kid? Cause I hate to break it to you but... Are you sure he isn't even a bit... [Roxy flicks her wrist down]

Fiona: No, I didn't mean- It's completely-It's like...I want him to be my son!

Anne: Slay, that totally isn't creepy either

Sadie: Okay, so you really want this random fresher to be part of STAG? I still don't get why you had to call a- whatever this is. Couldn't you just try to talk to him again?

Anne: Exactly. And anyways, he should do what he wants to. Even if he doesn't join us, we'll have tons of other new freshers coming in as well who might be just as great

Fiona: You just don't get it. This kid is brilliant. He could be the next Workshops officer, or VP New Works or even the next me

Gloria: God, I hope there's not another you

Roxy: He's just some guy, Fiona. Fuck the patriarchy and all that...

Fiona: [*really whining now*] He's not *just* some guy. He's- He's Colin. We *need* him

Gloria: No, what I really need is a break from all of you for the next twelve weeks. Listen, forget the kid. Honestly, if I hear one more word about this Colin guy, I will personally see to it that you're ejected from the board

Fiona: Constitutionally, you can't do that

Gloria: I'll change the constitution then

Fiona: That would be impossible without a referendum and then you'd have to open elections and all that src crap, and I know none of you have read the src guidelines which are enshrined in our constitution by the way. Do you even know about the new welfare procedure this year?... [Fiona continues talking for a while, Gloria sighs, everyone looks dead with boredom]

Scene 7

[*People are lounging about on stage, chatting to each other*]

Sam: [*talking unnaturally loudly off-stage*] And here we have the renowned foot society

[*Everyone on stage sprints into yoga poses as the gang and Sam enter*]

Leonie: Is your throat alright? I have a soother in my bag if you want?

Sam: Oh no, that's very kind of you but um I was just- Oh look, here comes the president

Grace: *What* did you bring here, Sam?

Sam: Um freshers, they're really interested in the society

Grace: You know the first meeting is usually for... dedicated members. We can laugh at- I mean welcome potential recruits at literally any other time of the year

Sam: You know I'm bad at saying no though! Plus, look at their little sad faces

Grace: I-I don't know if they're skilled enough to join our foot yoga session

Finch: Isn't that just a tree pose? Like what has that even got to do with feet?

[Jo, the tree pose person, looks at Finch with sheer panic until the girl next to her comes to her aid]

Cleo: How dare you? Can't you see it's all in the arches?

Leonie: The arches?

Hazel: Of the foot!

Jo: Precisely!

Finch: Brilliant! That's brilliant, we're actually part of the regional *[fumbling]* British-International-Youth-Graduate Gymnastics team and we'd love to improve our technique

Grace: *[glaring at Sam]* Well I guess I'll get you a mat then

Dorothy: Great, we'll just wait for you. Right here

[Dorothy awkwardly thumbs ups Grace until Hazel exits as Gus enters in disguise]

Gus: Yeah, this is the foot society, right?

Cleo: This is ridiculous, that's *four* people who have come here today, are you trying to play a prank on us, Sam?

Sam: I swear I have no idea who this guy is

Gus: I'm Gu- *[suddenly attempting an accent]* Gunther. Yeah, Gunther *[he makes an indiscernible noise]*

Leonie: Does that guy look familiar to you?

Dorothy: No?

[Grace enters]

Grace: I couldn't find any mats, what a shame, I guess you'll just have to leave

Finch: But the rest of you aren't using mats?

Cleo: *We're* professionals though

Tim: I swear I saw one of you fail a sausage roll a minute ago

Hazel: No offence, but it's just uncomfortable having you here when you haven't gone through our initiation yet

Jo: Initiation?/ Our what?

Cleo: Yeah, initiation. To make sure no random creeps with a foot fetish join, remember?

Jo: But aren't we basically just here to scout for fetishisers to laugh at?

Hazel: Jo!

Dorothy: Wait, so you're not the foot society?

Cleo: *We are* the podiatry society

Grace: We just don't actually study feet

Tim: Why on earth are you here then?

Jo: Academic validation, stuff for our CV, the opportunity to steal sandwiches and coffees from the staff room

Leonie: You steal things?

Jo: We vandalise too

[Jo reveals that Sam's foot lotion was actually a can of spray paint]

Sam: Trust me, the university have more money than they know what to do with. International students pay 20 grand or so per year to study here.

Cleo: We're really helping the strikers to be honest. Sometimes we give the fancy sandwiches to the professors when they're marching and shit, undermine the other side and stuff

Gus: Oh wait, you're that underground anarchy society aren't you?

Tim: Anarchy society? Isn't that kind of a contradiction.

Grace: Yeah, we are. I'm surprised you heard about us, normally first years steer well clear and zone out after they hear the word foot

Gus: Well actually I'm- an exchange student... From Genovia

Dorothy: So do you actually know the foot whisperer then?

Sam: Of course, he's the one who inspired us to revolt against the system. He was actually the society's first president!

Grace: Were you actually just going to ask for his autograph this whole time? That would make so much sense though. Like no offence to you if you actually are foot fetishisers, but you just don't give off the vibes

Leonie: Oh thank, God

Dorothy: Um yeah, we were. Do you know where we could find him?

Sam: He really was supposed to come today, but maybe he got caught? There is more security during freshers and he's banned from campus after all

Jo: Actually, I heard that some heartless idiot left their house plant at the side of the road and he was going to nurse it to health or something

[Dorothy's eyes go wide at the mention of the bonsai, Finch looks at her confused until Leonie mouths the name "Toto"]

Hazel: Good luck to him I guess

Cleo: Who would do such a thing?

Tim: Well do you have any idea where he's going next? Or like where he lives maybe?

Dorothy: I just need these fucking shoes off, goddamn it. Ugh, my feet hurt so much.

Grace: Oh... I was kind of wondering about those

Gus: Maybe you should try polo?

Finch: What's that?

Gus: Wait you seriously don't know wha- *[Hiding his outrage and remembering he's in character]* I mean – *I've been told* that it's a gay club in town, not really sure though.

Dorothy: Well we don't have a better idea, thank you so much!

Hazel: Good luck!

[The gang exit]

Scene 8

[The gang are in Dorothy's bedroom. Clothes are all over the floor. The bed is messy]

Dorothy: This is a disaster

Finch: What do you mean? We're so close to the Foot Whisperer, I can almost smell him

Leonie: Gross

Dorothy: No, I mean I don't have anything in my wardrobe that matches these stupid shoes

Tim: Just wear black or something. Don't shades match everything?

Dorothy: [visibly offended] Not my complexion

Tim: [under his breath] I am never trying to be helpful again

Leonie: I don't know what to wear either... I've never been to a club before, what if everyone's wearing those sparkly bodysuits and they think I look weird. Or what if I wear one of those sparkly bodysuits and I actually look weird.

Tim: We're going to see someone called the bloody Foot Whisperer, not Beyonce. There is no need to get so worked up about-

[knocking can be heard]

Colin: D? You in here?

Finch: Ooo someone's looking for the D [sniggers, Dorothy physically cringes]

Leonie: That was painful-

Dorothy: Colin's at the door, we've got to get out of here

Leonie: Shit, what do we do?

Tim: Hide you, dimwits

[Finch quickly throws a blanket over himself.]

Tim: Of course, you'd do tha-

[They hear a door creaking open. Dorothy and Leonie panic and throw blankets/sheets over themselves as well. Tim stares at them, disappointed]

Colin: Tim? [He rapidly smoothies his hair] What are you doing in Dorothy's room?

Tim: I was just um- I came to see her

Colin: You guys are friends now?

Tim: Well you did ask me to look after her and stuff at the party

Colin: Yeah... um thanks for that

Tim: No problem, I'm always more than happy to help you. Which is weird because I'm not normally happy. I don't mean you specifically, I just meant I'm a helpful person which is weird because I'm also usually grumpy all the time

[beat, Tim and Colin freeze, Finch lifts up the corner of her blanket enough to reveal her mouth]

Finch: I've never heard him talk so much at once before... And there wasn't even an insult in there

[Dorothy lifts up her own blanket, glares at Finch]

Dorothy: Shh

[The two of them go back to their full hiding position]

Colin: So is she here?

Tim: Who?

Colin: Dorothy?

Tim: [quickly] No! ... She just went out to um buy some... things

Colin: Things?

Tim: Yeah

Colin: And she gave you the keys to her accommodation?

Tim: I was um already here. She nipped out when she realised we didn't have them... They're pretty important for what we're um doing

Colin: Cool... [Noticing the others, covered by their blankets] What are those?

Tim: Oh these, these are just the...art sculptures I brought Dorothy to look at

Colin: Since when does she like art?

Tim: I got her into it

Colin: Oh wow, so you guys got pretty close, huh?

Tim: I guess you could say that [under his breath] unfortunately

Colin: Sorry, I didn't hear that last bit. Pretty sure my ears are still ringing from last night [Colin's chuckle becomes awkward when he realises Tim isn't smiling. Tim is looking a bit panicked]

Tim: I said um fortunately, because I just *love* Dorothy so much, given she's so um loveable and all

[^ Colin's eyes widen at the word "love"]

Colin: Yeah, really. Well I'm glad you two found each other, you seem like a nice guy

Tim: You really think so?

Colin: Yeah, of course. I mean you stopped my best friend from going streaking or getting arrested on her first night in Glasgow, even though you look like the type of guy she'd annoy the shit out of.

Tim: Well you asked me to

Colin: Yeah, um, thanks. [Colin smiles bashfully] Again

[beat]

Colin: I better go now. Tell Dorothy that I was here and that I miss her, alright?

[Tim nods, Colin exits. The rest of them quickly flip the blankets off their heads]

Dorothy: I didn't know you were into-

Tim: Not one word

[beat, Finch looks at Tim and sniggers]

Finch: And I thought I was the dumb one

[the rest of them look confused]

Finch: Oh come on, you totally just convinced the guy you like that you're sleeping with his best friend

Tim: I did not-

Finch: He found you in her bedroom and you made it sound as though she went out to get condoms

Dorothy: How?

Finch: You need to get something *really important* for what you guys are *doing*. What else could you guys be doing when clothes are all over the floor?

Dorothy: Oh God

Finch: [turning to Tim] Not to mention you literally said you loved her

Tim: That was- I obviously meant it in the colloquial insincere way...

[no one is looking him in the eye]

Tim: Fuck

Scene 9

The gang are near the front of the queue to get into polo while Gus and Fiona are a few groups behind them, the bouncer is standing at the door and the music from inside the club can be heard faintly in the background.

Finch: Are we almost in guys? I can't hold it much longer.

Leonie: Didn't you go before we left?

Dorothy: You could always just nip round the corner for a second...

Tim is silently seething

Leonie: I swear to god if you pee in public in my presence AGAIN, I don't know what I'll do. You can't embarrass me like that before I've even had the chance to embarrass myself.

Finch: Okay, Okay. I'll just hold it a bit longer I guess.

Tim: If I have to listen to one more goddam conversation that revolves around the activities of your fucking bladder Finch I- *(pause)* Just forget it.

Dorothy: Are you alright Tim? You're being even more of a dick than normal.

Tim: Clubs like this just stress me out okay.

Dorothy: Like the loud music and stuff?

Tim: No like it being a gay club.

Finch: I though you were...

Tim: I am, but I feel like *because* I am there's just this *pressure* when I'm here. This space is *supposed* to be safe for people like me, and it scares me a bit because what if I don't get in? Or worse still, what if I get do get in, look around and realise I still don't feel like I fit in. The whole experience usually just has me spiralling towards an inevitable existential crisis. And in the end, it just never feels worth it.

Hazel: Well, that's rough

Finch: Aren't you the social justice yoga feet people from earlier? Are you guys like a secret eavesdropping society as well

Hazel: I couldn't help myself! [*turning to Tim*] I felt the exact same way when I was in first year.

Tim: You did?

Hazel: Yeah, I mean it took a long time to outgrow the awkwardness I used to feel around embracing something as sparkly, rainbow capital letters GAY as going to Polo. It just felt like too big of a step.

Jo: One thing's for sure though – no one should be basing their self-worth on whether they can get into Polo or not. I know we talk about her as if she's this...magical gay vortex or something, but honestly she's not that great. Last time I was here they flat-out refused to play Boy's a Liar. And it was a Wednesday!

Cleo: Exactly. And anyways, my friends Patrick and Sarah always get in here and they're genuinely the straightest people I know. Like, they probably shag to "Come On Eileen" they're so heterosexual.

Dorothy: Wait you mean this club's hard to get into or something?

Apple: Hold on. You thought...you could just waltz on in here?

Dorothy: uhhh...yeah? [*suddenly noticing Apple, Cat and Hank*] Also where did you guys come from?

Cat: *[overcompensating]* We saw that you were in front of us and figured that we might come say hi

Tim: So, you're using us to skip the queue? *[dryly]* Perfect.

Sabrina: Well if you're offering...

[Tim rolls his eyes but allows them to stand with the gang]

Hazel: *[Turning to Tim]* You know these people?

Tim: *[sighs]* They're my flatmates

Cat: So how did you guys end up here then?

Dorothy: It's a long story. But basically after chasing the foot whisperer around campus all day- and somehow interrupting their social justice foot yoga session- we eventually found out that he's going to be in Polo tonight. Apparently he loves it in there.

Sabrina: Evidently a man of taste then.

Cat: Ewww Sabrina! He's into feet is he not?

Tim: I seriously don't know how I'm going to put up with you for a whole year. I mean, you make her *(gestures to Finch who evidently still needs to pee)* seem sensible.

Cat and Finch look insulted and like they're both ready to fight Tim but Hank gets in the middle

Sabrina: Woah come on guys lets all just chill. And I mean, he does kinda have a point Cat, you can be a little thick at times.

Cat: Oh... I don't remember being thick in scene 2?

Jo: Scene 2?

Sabrina: Shhh that was ages ago! *(to the audience)* They definitely can't remember all the way back then.

Apple: *(To Sabrina and Cat)* Guys can we drop this and just focus on actually getting in to Polo. They *(gesturing to Dorothy and the gang)* seem like amateurs and I'm not having them screw with our chances.

Dorothy: Wait. How *do* we get in then? Is there a code or something? I bet it's Yas Queen!

Apple: No. It takes skill. Planning. Common sense. None of which you lot seem to have considering your current shoe related predicament.

Dorothy: So like...me and Leonie should kiss or something when we're in front of the bouncer?

Leonie: Ew!

They all look shocked at this response from Leonie

Leonie: Oh wait no, not ew in a homophobic way. I was just thinking about the germs.

Apple: No. Definitely don't do that. The only thing worse than straight people just being themselves is straight people pretending to be gay.

Leonie: I mean I'm bi actually...

Dorothy: *(intimidated)* Noted.

Apple: Ugh, fake-ass bitch

Leonie: Correct me if I'm wrong, but shouldn't you try to be nice to the people that you want to help you skip the queue?

[Tim's flatmates ignore her, and move further forward when they find someone else they know. Sabrina seems slightly sheepish]

Jo: Well, your flatmates seem *nice*

Hazel: Not your fault, just bad luck.

Cleo: Come on, let's get in formation.

Gus: *(To himself)* I can't believe we did this

Fiona: Congrats! You've already said that, Gus. Now you can continue to feel morally superior to me. If you really cared about those idiots you'd have done something by now.

Gus: The only reason I'm still here is because you threatened to grass me into Gloria.

Fiona: Oh please, you know that was an empty threat.

Gus: It doesn't matter anymore. I can't just stand here and watch you try and mess up the lives of these poor freshers for no good reason.

Fiona: Sh, okay, I get it, you feel bad, but look!

The gang are now at the front of the queue. Dorothy, Finch and Leonie are rejected. Tim had stood with Hazel and they are let in, but they decide to stand in solidarity with the gang. Finch runs off stage to pee

Fiona They're not even getting let in. What a shame. I was kind of looking forward to watching them be all sad and moapy once they realised the Foot Whisperer wasn't there. Oh well, I guess this will have to do.

Gus: This was never even really about Colin was it? It's about *you* and this weird obsession you have with making a name for yourself in STAG. I'm gonna say this one last time for you – STAG isn't everything. She's barely even anything, actually. She's certainly not worth this full on transformation into some kind of demented, theatre-obsessed Disney supervillain that you seem to have undergone. In fact, I take that back, you're not iconic OR fabulous enough to be compared to a Disney supervillain.

Gus leaves Fiona standing in the queue

Leonie: You didn't have to do that for us, Tim

Tim: Meh, I'm not that big into clubbing any way

Finch: If you had went in, you could've seen the foot whisperer for us

[The gang look at Finch incredulous]

Tim: Shit, you're right

Dorothy: What the hell are we going to do now?. I'm seriously the worst friend ever. Not to mention I can't pull these off nearly as well as Colin does.

Finch: You don't think he'll find all this at least a little a bit funny?

Dorothy: This is NOT funny

Leonie: Finch's right - for once – this whole situation is totally ridiculous when you think about it. And if Colin really is as good of a friend as you say he is, don't you think he'll be able to move on if you just explain yourself?

Dorothy: I just... I feel like I'm letting him down. Colin's always been there for me and I know how much starting this new life in Glasgow meant to him.

Hazel: Come on guys. Okay so we didn't get into Polo – why should we let it ruin our night like this? Let's all just go somewhere else and forget about it.

Jo: How about Kitty's? It's always good vibes there.

Cleo: I mean, I did spend 2 hours getting ready tonight – I'm down for anything

[The rest of the foot society murmur their agreement]

Hazel: *[to the gang]* You guys coming?

Tim: *(looking at a distraught Dorothy)* I think we're done for the night.

Finch: No! We can't let today end on a bad note like this.

Leonie: Finch's right again – this is getting scary now. It's not like being sad would change anything.

Sabrina, Apple and Cat start to head for Kitty's

Dorothy: Ugh alright then. Maybe when I'm drunk I'll figure out how on earth I'm going to tell Colin about all this.

Finch: All of a sudden I've got this weird feeling that we should link arms and start singing. Is anyone else feeling that?

Finch puts her arms out ready to be linked

Dorothy, Tim, Leonie: NO!

Finch hums "we're off to see the wizard" as they walk off stage, Dorothy is limping now because of the shoes

Scene 10

[The gang and the podiatry members stand at the bottom of the steps leading up to the stage. Hazel is on the steps. The Kitty's set is on stage]

Hazel: We're here!

Tim: You guys go ahead, we just need a sec

Jo: Everything alright?

Tim: It's nothing, we'll be there in a minute

Hazel: Alright, just give us a shout if you need us

[Tim's flatmates and Finch turn to exit. Tim grabs Finch's arm]

Tim: Not you

[Beat. The rest of the gang look at Tim questioningly.]

Tim: *[looking at Dorothy]* What do you think you can get up those stairs by yourself?

Dorothy: *[Looks down at her feet]* Oh shit...Maybe if I crawl

Leonie: Who would've thought that Tim would be the thoughtful one?

Tim: Hey! That's... Fair actually

[Leonie and Finch rush to Dorothy's aid. Dorothy puts an arm around their shoulders]

Finch: Damn it, why couldn't you have gotten a pair of mittens stuck on or something, this is so inconvenient

Dorothy: *[awkwardly]* Thank you

[The gang stumble up the steps]

Finch: Shots you guys? I'll get a round of Baby Guinness on me

Leonie: Are you loaded or something? Those are nearly a fiver each

Finch: Well we need to get our spirits up somehow. Ha, *spirits*. See what I did there

Tim: Honestly...

[The gang silently mime a conversation whilst the focus switches to Fiona finding Gus at his table]

Fiona: Aw look how happy they are, guess it's really true that alls well that ends well

Gus: Fiona when will you stop being delulu? All is not well

Fiona: It's well for me

[Gus glares at Fiona, and shuffles to face away from her, focus switches back to the gang]

Dorothy: Hey, what's going on over there?

[Dorothy points at a crowd of students, including Tim's flatmates, gathered around something. Finch taps on Sabrina's shoulder]

Tim: Sabrina?

Sabrina: Oh hey

Dorothy: What are you guys doing here?

Sabrina: Well Polo got a bit boring after a while

Apple: Shut up, Polo is never boring. You just made us leave because you've developed a constant guilt complex or something

Sabrina: *[sheepishly, turning to the gang]* I am sorry we were so rude to you earlier

Tim: *[to Apple and Cat]* And you just went along with her?

Cat: *[gesturing towards Apple]* She saw her ex there

Tim: Ah, now that makes sense

Leonie: Anyway, what are you guys queuing up for?

Apple: Apparently, some weirdo called the Foot Whisperer is doing a must-see show tonight

Cat: Hey, isn't that the guy you were looking for earlier?

Fiona: What the actual fuck? This cannot be happening

Dorothy: You're kidding

Cat: No?

Dorothy: I have to see him

Cleo: Get in line

Finch: I've got an idea

Tim: Shit

Finch: *[yelling]* Sheesh Have you ever seen bunions like these? Ew, they're so gross, girlie. And the foot fungus. It better not be contagious, I'm feeling sick just looking at you

[People start to back away from Dorothy]

Dorothy: Finch, this is so embarrassing

Leonie: But it's working!

Finch: Get out the way or she'll seriously point her toes at you

Cat: Yeah and her feet smell twice as bad as they look... And they look *bad*

[The gang turn and give her judgemental looks]

Cat: What? I'm just trying to help with... whatever this is

Sadie: I feel you, but I've been waiting for hours to talk to him. You can't just queue skip, bunion buddy

Leonie: Bunion buddy? How do these nicknames just get worse and worse?

Finch: What if we bribed you?

Sadie: All of us

Finch: Erm yes

Cleo: Go on then

Finch: If you let my bunion buddy here-

Dorothy: Please no

Finch: Through, then I'll perform for you

[Cleo and Sadie exchange a look]

Finch: I used to be able to juggle!

Sadie: Yeah um not to be rude or anything, but I think I'd rather see the foot whisperer

[Cleo nods in agreement]

Finch: Just please, please take pity on us. Like let's face it, we're so pathetic it's painful. We've spent the whole day looking for this man-wizard-foot person and we really need a win right now

Cleo: Are you seriously guilt tripping us right now?

Finchs: Depends, is it working?

Sadie: *[begrudgingly]* maybe. Man, I really am getting soft in my old age

Cleo: You're twenty?

[Sadie gives a 'so?' Look then whispers something to the crowd, causing the crowd to begin to part for the gang]

Fiona: You can't do this

Tim: And who are you?

Fiona: I'm- It doesn't matter, you can't just skip the ten-hour queue. It would be disturbing the natural order

Leonie: You're not even part of the crowd

Fiona: But-But-

Gus: Stop embarrassing yourself, you're causing a scene and not in a dramatic-artistic-slay way

Fiona: Ugh I need a drink

Sadie: What's her problem?

Tim: God, please tell me I'm not as Crabby as that?

[The back of a cloaked figure becomes visible from behind the crowd]

Dorothy: *[dorothy taps on the figure's shoulder]* Mr foot?

[The foot whisperer turns around, he speaks through STAG baby who he is carrying like rafiki carries Simba at the start of the lion king, Circle of Life]

Foot: It is I, come forwards the one who wishes to break my seance

Finch: Seance? I thought that was for dead people?

Foot: it just sounds fancier than gathering

Finch: But it means- oh alright

[Dorothy and the foot whisperer are standing very close together]

Dorothy: Do you um actually want me to step forwards because I feel like coming any closer would be uncomfortable for both of us?

Foot: What? No, of course not. It was just a figure of speech. God, what is wrong with you people? You're no fun at all

Dorothy: Sorry Mr Foot, it's just-

[*Foot waves STAG baby vigorously*]

Foot: If you are going to address me, have a little respect

Dorothy: I'm um sorry?

Foot: I'm down here idiot, stop staring at that empty vessel who carries me

Clive/Foot: Hey that kind of hurt my feelings

Foot: Sorry, Clive. I'm just trying to assert my dominance, you know

Clive/Foot: I guess I understand

[*At some point the podiatry society has joined the gaggle*]

Sabrina: Is it just me, or are we in some crazy shared dream right now?

Tim: Look, can you please just help my friend here get these damn shoes off. We've been trying to find you all day and I've got no upper arm strength, I'm weak, I can barely lift a watermelon, I can't drag her around for another minute. So please, I beg of you, just end our misery

Foot: What makes you think I can take shoes off? Do I look like a cobbler to you?

Dorothy: But aren't you the Foot Whisperer?

Foot: The *Great* Foot Whisperer

Finch: Then can't you like fix any foot related problem with a touch of your hand?

Foot: That's just a catchphrase of sorts. What, you kids think I can actually do that these days?

Leonie: Catchphrase?

Foot: For my shows? People like to sully my name and call me a mere ventriloquist's doll these days, but really I'm more than that; I'm a plastic baby who loves to create safe spaces for people to talk about their foot fetishes.

Cat: You do what now? Okay, I did not know that *this* is what we signed up for

Foot: Okay well maybe it's more so that I have a stand-up comedy act that involves mocking-

Clive/Foot: Brutally

Foot: Okay *brutually* mocking those fetishisers but it's all in good fun. To be honest, when I was younger, I had one myself

Leonie: But you attend podiatry society socials!

Foot: I need to get new material somehow, and junior doctors have a surprisingly stellar sense of dark humour

[Dorothy slowly finds her way to a seat. Focus switches to Fiona and Gus]

Fiona: This is brilliant

Gus: I just- I can't

[Gus walks away and finds some of his other friends whilst Fiona calls after him]

Tim: Why didn't you guys tell us about this?

Hazel: Don't look at us like that. All we knew is that he did some adverts for the uni in the 90s, before the uni realised that all of his lines were chock full of innuendos and he was running some underground dark web shit where he encouraged students to sell their foot pics

Sabrina: Isn't that kind of illegal?

Jo: Maybe, the uni tried to shut him down but we hid him from them

Cleo: Everyone loves the foot whisperer. Besides, his website was good money for all of us

Jo: After he got arrested though, he decided the website thing was a bit too risky and he had to shut it down

Sadie: Poor chap is stuck giving us half-ass comedy shows instead

Roxy: And where does the baby come in?

Sadie: Oh slay, you made it! I'm not too sure actually, I think he just picked it up one day and decided to adopt it

Roxy: Surely there's more lore than that?

Cleo: Not everything has this big a story, I mean not unless you're part of the theatre society or something

Roxy: *[a bit insulted]* Funny

[Colin enters, Fiona perks up looking at him]

Colin: Dorothy?

Dorothy: Great, my life really has gone to shit

Colin: Wow, I don't usually get such a big reaction when people see me

Dorothy: No, I didn't mean... Sorry, it's just been a really long day

Colin: Are those my shoes? I was wondering where they went

Dorothy: No...

[Dorothy slowly slides two beer bottles in front of the shoes in a sad attempt to hide them]

Colin: D?

Dorothy: Okay, maybe... I'm so sorry, Colin. I just got so drunk last night and I woke up with them on and I couldn't get them off so maybe I broke them but I swear I've been trying all day to find the foot whisperer and get them off, it just turns out he's actually a baby-

Colin: What baby has a foot fetish?

Dorothy: He's plastic. And useless and he wouldn't do anything for me, so now the shoes are stuck on me which I know is shit-

Colin: Calm down, D. I really don't care about the shoes

Dorothy: But you literally said that these shoes were the best thing that ever happened to you, like you said they were so good that even the thought of them made sex feel meaningless to you-

Colin: *[cutting a glance at Tim]* I never said that? Or I didn't *mean* it at least.

Dorothy: But-

Colin: Alright, maybe I care about the shoes, but like they're just shoes. I'm still fabulous without them. President practically promised me an in (Felix has the original line printed- stick to it cyse doesn't make sense without it)

Fiona: *[wailing]* Nooo

Gus: I'm sorry about her, she's... just batshit crazy. I'll just try and get us out of your way now

[beat, Gus drags Fiona to the side of her stage and makes very half-assed attempts to calm her down; she sobs dramatically on his shoulder whilst he pats her stoically on the shoulder, looking non-plussed]

Colin: That's the weirdo from the fresher's fair...

Dorothy: Who?

Colin: No one, it doesn't matter... Are we okay though? Did I do something last night?

Dorothy: What? No, everything's fine!

Colin: Then why... It just feels like you've been avoiding me all day. Not that I expected you to stick to me like glue or anything, it's just that I always imagined us doing this uni thing together. (Stick to original)

Dorothy: You've been making new friends too! You're already in with the drag society

Colin: Well you've already got a boyfriend

Dorothy: Who? Tim? He's just some guy who's bed I woke up in [*realising her mistake*] but like with two other people

Finch: It wasn't an orgy, we swear

Colin: Oh so you even speak through them now

Dorothy: Wait. So you're... mad at me for making friends?

Colin: Of course not, I'm happy for you. I just- I didn't think that you making new friends would mean that you were going to leave me behind

Dorothy: I could never leave you! I've just been such a mess because of these goddamn shoes-

Colin: I said they didn't matter-

Dorothy: And I said that was bullshit. I knew how much they meant to you and I was scared that you were going to be angry at me [*slowing down*] and I was scared that I was going to lose you, but I've really fucked up haven't I because now I'm losing you anyway.

Colin: You soppy bitch, you aren't losing me [*he pulls Dorothy into a hug*] Let's agree to talk things through next time though, okay?

Dorothy: No, there's so not going to be a next time. I can't handle the stress of going through this again

Leonie: Oh um sorry to ruin the moment, I hate interrupting at times like these in case people start to hate me and think I'm a pest and stuff but I just have to-

[during Leonie's rant, Dorothy and Colin had slowly separated. Dorothy then puts her hands on Leonie's shoulders.]

Dorothy: Leonie, breathe

Leonie: Tim is very very single. Like extremely single

Tim: I am so not

Finch: Wait. You're not

Tim: No- I mean yes- I mean...

Colin: Well I mean, I'd very much like it if you were

[Focus shifts to Gus and Fiona]

Gus: Huh, I guess you really were right about the happy ending

Gloria: Fiona?

Fiona: *[clumsily pulling her tearful self together]* Madam president? I um wasn't expecting you here

Gloria: Well I was trying to avoid you

Roxy: I didn't know you could leave your hovel on the weekends

Jia: Roxy, be nice. I'm too drunk to deal with welfare complaints right now

Fiona: Oh so you guys are just having some organised mingling right now?

Jia: Um sorry we didn't invite you Fiona, just didn't seem like your scene

[The rest of the board drift over to Gloria and co]

Roxy: Oh hey guys!

Sadie: Fiona? Wow, I wouldn't have expected you to come here

Fiona: I waved at you when we came in

Sadie: Oh yeah... I totally remember now

Gloria: Well since the whole board seems to be here, I might as well just tell you all now... I'm stepping down as president

Fiona: You're what?

Gloria: I might be doing a masters, but I'm also 27, broke, unemployed and living in my dad's basement. I need to get my shit together and I just don't need to be running a student society right now.

[beaf]

Jia: What are we going to do without you?

Gloria: Oh I'm sure you'll all be fine. Plus we've got a few grand in the bank account, whatever happens, it's like impossible not to survive until next year

Fiona: So when do elections open?

Gloria: I don't see why Gus can't just step in for me permanently, he is VP after all. He's literally got president in his title

Gus: Oh, fuck my life

Jia: But surely that's not constitutionally allowed

Gloria: Who cares? Everyone knows that the constitution is just shit we made up anyway

Fiona: [gasps] This is blasphemy. How could you say such things?

Jia: Yeah, technically that's not true: there's all the SRC requirements and... Oh... You were just trying to like make a point and be dramatic, weren't you?

Gloria: [rolls her eyes] I mean I'm pretty sure we'd all rather randomly appoint someone than not have a president

Fiona: Then appoint me!

Roxy: Yeah, not a chance

Fiona: Oh shut up, Ro-

Gloria: No, she's right for once

Fiona: But I'm the perfect candidate, there's no one-

Gus: Else who would spend a whole day stalking a minor

Roxy: What? You're not serious

Gus: Fiona literally got her hands on his enrolment records, pretty sure she's got a copy of his fucking birth certificate on her phone

Roxy: Who?

Gus: [*beginning to point*] That guy over-

Jia: Shut up, he probably used a fake to get in to Kitty's. Do you want to be *that* guy?

Gus: You're so right, actually you're always right. Why don't you be president instead?

Gloria: Stop trying to be so humble, Gus

Roxy: Yeah, I hate to admit it, but I really don't think you'll be that bad- I mean you're definitely better than our other [*glancing at Fiona*] option

Fiona: Excuse me

Gloria: You know stalking a minor surely undermines some welfare code of conduct...

Roxy: You know I think it might just be illegal in general

Fiona: I was just trying to help the society!

Sadie: By sullyng our good name?

Gloria: What good name?

Sadie: At least we didn't sound like total creeps before

Jia: You know most of the board is here... We could do a vote

Gloria: Great, all in favour of removing Fiona from the board say aye

The board, bar Fiona: Aye

Fiona: You can't do this! this isn't a fair trial!

Jia: Just go home, Fiona. Get some rest, I know this must be hard for you

[*hands Fiona a stack of business cards, Fiona looks at them confusedly*]

Jia: I just um think you need some help

[*Fiona exits in a huff of disbelief*]

Gloria: So it's settled. Fiona is removed from board and Gus is president, we'll put out applications for Finance Secretary later and um we can surely just merge the VP roles, right?

Gus: But I don't want to be president! Fiona literally harassed me into joining her batshit crazy plan and it feels like all I've talked about is feet for the last 24 hours and

now this- Gloria, please just exile me somehow. Let me be a social pariah and force me to clean up after socials, anything but this!

[*Sabrina, who had started to eavesdrop at some point, but in*]

Sabrina: Hey, why not let Dorothy be president? She has a total knack for being *melo-dramatic*

Apple: That wasn't as funny as you thought it was

Dorothy: [*spluttering*] I am *not* melodramatic!

Tim: Yeah right

Gloria: Do you have any experience?

Dorothy: Of running a country?

Gloria: You know what? It doesn't actually matter, I just want to move on now

Roxy: Better than Fiona I guess

Gus: I've also been stalking her all-day, *not by choice*, so yeah she'll be a slay

Gloria: Any objections?

[*The board look confused, a few people shrug, but no one seems to really care*]

Gloria: Great, congrats, you're president now. I'll give you more deets later

[*Gloria struts off*]

Dorothy: Wait. President of what?

Jia: STAG

Dorothy: The dear conservation society!

Jia: What? No, the theatre society

Dorothy: Oh... I guess I could do that, I was Mary in my school's nativity after all. Surely it's not that hard

Finch: This whole thing has really taken it out of me, I feel like the day's gone on forever

Sadie: Anyone feel like a chippy?

[*Everyone murmurs in agreement*]

Sabrina: Oo I heard there's a good place a few minutes away called 727

Leonie: Great, let's go... Oh I hope it's not one of those chippy's that were in the paper for being undercover links to the mafia though, those really scare me...

[Everyone begins to exit and Leonie keeps talking, Colin notices Tim lagging behind and staring at them]

Colin: You coming?

Tim: Yeah of course

Colin: Everything alright?

Tim: It's nothing... Just... Maybe being around people isn't that bad

Colin: You're a changed man, huh?

Tim: Oh shush, *[dramatically]* I'm the same man I've always been... Yeah, drama is not for me- Sorry, that was quite embarrassing... I just, I guess I've just got a better perspective of things now

Hazel: *[off-stage]* Hurry up, love birds

[Tim hesitates then offers out his hand and Colin takes it; they join the others]