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CONCORD
THEATRICALS

FIRST TOUCH

by Nathaniel Price

SAMUEL FRENCH

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The world premiere of *First Touch* was produced and first performed at Nottingham Playhouse on 7 May 2022 with the following cast and creative team:

CLAYTON ..... Raphael Akuwudike
PATTERSON ..... Nicholas Bailey
UNCLE KEVIN ..... Neal Craig
COURTNEY ..... Taiden Fairall
..... Isaac McLeod
FREYA ..... Claire Goose
SERENA ..... Chloe Oxley
LAFFERTY ..... Arthur Wilson

WRITER ..... Nathaniel Price
DIRECTOR ..... Jeff James
SET AND COSTUME DESIGNER ..... Charlotte Espiner
LIGHTING DESIGNER ..... Hansjörg Schmidt
SOUND DESIGNER ..... Kieran Lucas
MOVEMENT DIRECTOR ..... Kane Husbands
SCRIPT CONSULTANT ..... Amanda Whittington
CASTING DIRECTOR ..... Polly Jerrold
VOICE AND DIALECT COACH ..... Salvatore Sorce
DRAMATHERAPIST ..... Nikki Disney
COSTUME SUPERVISOR ..... Emilie Maddison Berger
PRODUCTION MANAGER ..... Andrew Quick
COMPANY STAGE MANAGER ..... Helen Gaynor
DEPUTY STAGE MANAGER ..... Elizabeth Harvey
ASSISTANT STAGE MANAGER (BOOK COVER) ..... Zoe Leonard

FOR NOTTINGHAM PLAYHOUSE
CHIEF EXECUTIVE ..... Stephanie Sirr
ARTISTIC DIRECTOR ..... Adam Penford

CHARACTERS

COURTNEY
CLAYTON
SERENA
FREYA
PATTERSON
UNCLE KEVIN
LAFFERTY
YOUNG CLAYTON

AUTHOR'S NOTES

Please note: This production contains strong language, abusive behaviour and some scenes of a sexual nature and themes of racism, class and sexual abuse.

When producing this play, the safety of the actors playing Clayton, Courtney and Serena are paramount. Please be aware you have a duty of care for the actors, the creative team, and the audience.

Thank you.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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In loving memory of

Nan, Simon, George and Mary

ACT ONE

Scene One

(June 1979. James' family home. Living room. Evening.)

(The room is dark and empty. The faint sound of church bells being rung wafts in the air. Serene and tranquil before the voices of **CLAYTON**, **COURTNEY**, *and* **FREYA** *break into a raucous rendition of the Nottingham Forest supporters' song* **["MIST ROLLING IN FROM THE TRENT"]** *to the tune of Mull of Kintyre.)*

(The singing continues with **COURTNEY***'s voice as the front door opens and we hear the murmur of the rest returning, relieved to be in after a downpour.)*

(Enter **PATTERSON** *– 40s, black, imposing steelworker still wearing big boots, drying his face and hair with a small flannel.)*

(Enter **CLAYTON** *– 17, athletic, a football prodigy with his girlfriend* **SERENA** *– 19, white, wry trainee hairstylist and Debbie Harry clone, closely followed by* **COURTNEY** *– 12, mixed-race, flared corduroy and a picky afro, proudly carrying* **CLAYTON***'s boot bag. He stops singing. Places the boot*

bag down. **CLAYTON** *rubs his brother's head affectionately.)*

COURTNEY. *(Beaming.)* D'you want a sucka cos I'm gonna get a sucka and I'll get you one if you want?

CLAYTON. Nah, you're alright.

*(***COURTNEY** *looks lovingly at* **SERENA**, *oblivious, which amuses* **CLAYTON**.*)*

Serena, d'you want a sucka?

SERENA. Oh, no, darlin', you're alright.

(Exit **COURTNEY**.*)*

FREYA. *(Offstage.)* Just one sucka mind, Courtney.

COURTNEY. *(Offstage.)* Okay, Mum.

PATTERSON. Yuh see mi nearly drown out there?

(Enter **FREYA** *– 40s, white, elegant, a part-time cleaner/full-time wife and mother, who's constantly tired through overwork but puts a brave face on it so the kids don't know. The glue that keeps the family together), headscarf on, smiling with* **UNCLE KEVIN** *– 40s, slicking back his hair and wearing an Elvis inspired assemble of high-waisted trousers, cuban collared shirt. Anything but cool.)*

FREYA. Just a shower, love.

UNCLE KEVIN. The Great English Summer for you.

PATTERSON. Ain't nuttin' great about it.

UNCLE KEVIN. Oh I dunno. Finally gave you a much needed wash, din't it.

FREYA. *(Slapping his arm.)* Shurrup.

UNCLE KEVIN. *(Amused.)* Way your teeth were chattering together, Patterson *(A la Tommy Cooper.)* "I thought

it were a percussion solo". *(Then to* **SERENA**.*)* You look like you've a good set of lungs on you, luv. Voice of an angel I bet.

(A look between **PATTERSON** *and* **FREYA**. *She waves it off. 'Boys will be boys'.)*

SERENA. Hm, more like a strangled cat I'm afraid.

UNCLE KEVIN. Yeah? I've always had a fondness for felines.

CLAYTON. Serena's talents definitely lie elsewhere, Uncle Kev.

UNCLE KEVIN. Oh I'm sure they do.

*(***CLAYTON** *leads* **SERENA** *away from* **UNCLE KEVIN***'s salacious gaze.)*

PATTERSON. Yuh nuh ave a lonely yaad fi guh?

FREYA. Patterson.

PATTERSON. What? Yuh nuh see him creepin' da gal out?!

UNCLE KEVIN. /I'm not!

SERENA. /It's okay, Mr. James. I'm sure ol' Puss in Boots 'ere's harmless enough.

UNCLE KEVIN. *(Smiles.)* Puss in Boots. Clever. I like it.

PATTERSON. It enough mi haffi see yuh all week at work an now 'pon mi Saturday.

UNCLE KEVIN. Could hardly've missed me nephew's game today, Patterson. What wi' it so local. And what a game it was, Clay.

SERENA. Ye', you really did play fab, darlin'.

(An instinctive motherly reaction from **FREYA** *to the term.)*

We were so proud watching. Even when the heavens did open. Weren't we, Mrs. James?

FREYA. Aye, *Serena*. In't no pride like a mother's for her son.

(Enter **COURTNEY**, *sucking joyfully on an ice lolly.)*

CLAYTON. It was good to know you were there, Mum. Watching. Even if you and our Court did insist on waving your Forest scarfs.

*(***UNCLE KEVIN** *throws down the scarf and breaks into a Notts County chant.)*

COURTNEY. *(Picking up the scarf.)* And who you s'posed to be, exactly? Eww! Shut up, Uncle Kev. *(Impersonating Bruce Lee)* "You bring great dishonour to our family".

UNCLE KEVIN *(Amused)* And who you s'posed to be, exactly?

FREYA. Bruce bloody Lee.

PATTERSON Lawd, here we ah go.

FREYA. It's Harry Jenkins' mum I blame for allowing him to watch Enter the bloody Dragon in the first place.

(By now, **COURTNEY***s broken into his best, most exuberant Bruce Lee impersonation, amusing* **CLAYTON**, **SERENA** *and* **UNCLE KEVIN**.*)*

CLAYTON. Boss, our Kid.

COURTNEY. (*To* **FREYA**) Almost as boss as Clay dedicating his first goal to you today, mum, remember?

FREYA. I do remember, aye, now pack that in.

COURTNEY. (*Obliging, then to* **CLAYTON**) Was the third for me?

CLAYTON. Ye', that one was for you.

COURTNEY. What about Serena?

CLAYTON. Well… you know, I had to go and save the best for last, din't I.

FREYA. Oh please! *(Quickly covering.)* I wish this rain'd stop. Bloody relentless now.

PATTERSON. See! Just da sight of it enough fi make yuh sick.

FREYA. Indeed.

COURTNEY. Tell you who looked sick alright, that defender Clayton made fall flat on his arse. He was squirming to get up and we all started singing "He fell over, he fell over".

SERENA. To watch you powering off while he were crawlin' on his hands and knees, caked in mud, that din't half make me snort.

*(***COURTNEY** *high-fives* **SERENA.***)*

*(***PATTERSON** *watches* **COURTNEY***'s rather exuberant sucking of the ice lolly. It unsettles him somewhat.)*

PATTERSON. Bwoy, stop sucking that damn ting and bite it, nah.

COURTNEY. But, it's a sucka, Dad!

FREYA. Patterson, let the boy eat the bloody thing how he wants.

*(***PATTERSON** *watches as* **COURTNEY** *shoves it as far into his mouth as he can.)*

PATTERSON. *(To* **COURTNEY.***)* Bite it!

(All eyes on **COURTNEY***. Disappointed, he bites into the ice lolly and begins to finish it off.)*

FREYA. He'll get brain freeze, the poor thing.

PATTERSON. You'll be sending for doctor next.

*(***COURTNEY**, *not one to be kept down for long, suddenly chirps up.)*

COURTNEY. It's that defender what should be calling for a doctor tonight! Cos if I was him, like, I'd surely be dying of shame.

*(***CLAYTON** *high-fives* **COURTNEY**.*)*

FREYA. *(Proud.)* 'Player of the match' an' all.

COURTNEY. Man of the match.

CLAYTON. Same thing. Third in a row or summat. I think.

PATTERSON. Bwoy, yuh kno full well it is, nuh pretend like sah yuh don't, wid dat smirk all over yuh face. And it good. But no more compliments, cos all compliments do is breed complacency.

CLAYTON. Nine goals in first three games and you think I'm complacent?

PATTERSON. Nah, son. But it only pre-season and me nah whan to risk it. Soh keep doin' wha yuh ah do, understand?!

*(***CLAYTON** *nods confidently.)*

PATTERSON. Good.

*(***FREYA** *takes off her headscarf.)*

UNCLE KEVIN. Ay-up, who let Worzel Gummidge in?

(Laughter from **COURTNEY**.*)*

FREYA. *(Fussing over her hair.)* Get off wi' ya. It's the bloody wet. Wreaks havoc wi' me hair.

SERENA. I'd be happy to take a look at it for you, if you'd like, Mrs James?

FREYA. Ta, Serena. But I'm sure I can manage.

UNCLE KEVIN. You a hairdresser or summat?

SERENA. *(Nods proudly.)* Well, almost. Still studying.

CLAYTON. Serena's top of her class.

UNCLE KEVIN. That right?

SERENA. Ye'. Aiming to 'ave me own salon in tahn one day. And what with Maggie leading the way…

*(***SERENA** *stops at the aghast faces.)*

FREYA. You're not one of the unwashed, are you?

SERENA. *(Confused.)* One of the –

FREYA. A Tory! Cos we bleed nowt but red in this house, Serena. In footie and in politics.

SERENA. Oh, no, me too, Mrs James. Just, you must admit, she's a bit of inspiration, in't she?

FREYA. Maybe. For those out for what they can get.

SERENA. I'm just out to do my job.

UNCLE KEVIN. *(Getting back on topic.)* You ever do men?

SERENA. Um. Yeah. Sometimes.

UNCLE KEVIN. *(Best Roger Moore imitation.)* "Perhaps you could do me sometime?"

SERENA. Sorry, thought I said I were a hairdresser, not a miracle worker.

*(***PATTERSON**, **CLAYTON** *and* **COURTNEY** *laugh.)*

PATTERSON. Mark mi word, Clayton. Tory or not, dis one, she a keeper!

(The telephone begins to ring.)

FREYA. 'Scuse me.

*(***FREYA** *exits to answer the phone.* **UNCLE KEVIN** *feels his stomach.)*

UNCLE KEVIN. Oop. Time for me ol' afternoon constitutional.

PATTERSON. *(Sotto)* Um-hm. Yuh full-a shit alright.

*(***UNCLE KEVIN** *scurries out, but not before a quick scrap with* **COURTNEY**, *who encouraged, turns and nearly catches* **CLAYTON** *square in the nuts with a low-strike.)*

CLAYTON. Christ on a stick, Courtney, you nearly sliced the top off my hard boiled eggs.

SERENA. (*Tending to* **CLAYTON**) Oh, darlin', you alright? Want some ice or summat?

*(***CLAYTON** *shakes his head as* **FREYA** *enters, not liking what she sees.)*

PATTERSON. (*To* **CLAYTON**) Mi swear to God, son, yuh keep carrying on so, mi lick yuh in yuh teeny ball dem myself. See how yuh like it.

COURTNEY. Sorry, Dad.

*(***COURTNEY** *calms and bows Kung Fu style.* **PATTERSON** *kisses his teeth.)*

PATTERSON. (*To* **FREYA**) Who dat on phone?

FREYA *(Excitedly remembering)* You'll never guess. Coach Lafferty!

PATTERSON. No! Coach Lafferty?

FREYA He's back.

PATTERSON. What? In England? Yuh lie!

FREYA As God as my witness! With Coach Walters sick, he's taking charge of the U19s.

SERENA. Who's Coach Lafferty?

PATTERSON. Clay's old coach when him U13! Bwoy, yuh know bout this?

CLAYTON. No.

FREYA. He wants to talk to you Clay.

PATTERSON. Den best yuh nah keep da star maker wait!

(A violent transition shifts Clayton out of scene back into...)

Scene Two

(Sunday 20th July 1975. Football stadium. Yorkshire.)

(Blackness.)

YOUNG CLAYTON. Wow! This… It's…summat!

LAFFERTY. Ha! That all you've to say, eh?

YOUNG CLAYTON. Like… Really summat!

(Lights up on **YOUNG CLAYTON** *– 12, looking out into the audience with awe. He's stood in the middle of a football pitch in an empty football stadium. [N.B.* **YOUNG CLAYTON** *is portrayed by the actor playing* **CLAYTON** *throughout.] He's dressed in tracksuit bottoms and t-shirt. Under his arm he holds a football. Around his neck is a shiny gold medal that glistens in the warm afternoon sun.)*

(Behind **YOUNG CLAYTON**, **LAFFERTY** *appears. He ruffles* **YOUNG CLAYTON***'s head affectionately.)*

LAFFERTY. Aye, tis that alright, Clayton, lad. One of the oldest anywhere in the world too she is.

YOUNG CLAYTON. Really?

LAFFERTY. Aye, a lot of football's been played here. A lot of greats 'ave trod where you are now.

*(***YOUNG CLAYTON**, *impressed, takes a moment to touch the hallowed turf.* **LAFFERTY** *watches.)*

YOUNG CLAYTON. How much does it hold, Mr. Lafferty, sir?

LAFFERTY. People? Hm. What's highest you can count?

YOUNG CLAYTON. Erm. Dunno. Thousand?

LAFFERTY. *(Sceptical.)* Really? Thousand eh? Well times that by fifty.

(It takes **YOUNG CLAYTON** *a second to do the math. He breaks into a wide grin.)*

Like the sound of that do yer? Fifty thousand Yorkshiremen chanting your name?

YOUNG CLAYTON. Aye I do.

*(***YOUNG CLAYTON** *clasps his mouth to make crowd noise.)*

LAFFERTY. And why would they be doin' that?

YOUNG CLAYTON. Cos they love me.

LAFFERTY. Love you?

YOUNG CLAYTON. Ye'. Worship me.

LAFFERTY. That right?

YOUNG CLAYTON. Aye, so they do. Cos old as ground may be, and as great as the players that've been before, they've never seen nowt like me.

*(***YOUNG CLAYTON** *drops the football from under his arm and proceeds to dribble it around the stage.)*

Wi' time running out, a goal down, they're chanting – chanting gi' the ball to Clayton –

*(***LAFFERTY** *quickly dispossess the ball, performs the magnificent seven.* **YOUNG CLAYTON** *watches on in stunned silence. He's never seen anything like it.* **LAFFERTY** *traps the ball dead. Smirks.)*

LAFFERTY. What, Clayton, lad? You can do the magnificent seven, surely?

YOUNG CLAYTON. Yeah. I mean I've… I've never tried.

*(***LAFFERTY** *rolls the ball to* **YOUNG CLAYTON** *in way of a challenge.* **YOUNG CLAYTON** *takes a moment and then attempts the trick. But, to his dismay, he cannot do it.)*

LAFFERTY. All about yer first touch son. The moment you first make contact with the ball. If it's good, life's easy. But if it's bad… well, it's difficult to recover from. Head up, though, lad. Even Kev Keegan had to practice at first. Besides, you don't 'ave that medal round your neck for nowt now do yer? *(Pause.)* Well do yer?

YOUNG CLAYTON. No.

LAFFERTY. That's right. Was given for a reason, weren't it?

YOUNG CLAYTON. Ye'.

LAFFERTY. And what was that?

YOUNG CLAYTON. *(Low.)* Player of the week?

LAFFERTY. *(Pretending he can't hear.)* Huh?

YOUNG CLAYTON. *(Louder.)* Player of the week.

LAFFERTY. That's right. You won it. East Midlands Soccer School Star of the Week. How'd that make you feel, eh?

YOUNG CLAYTON. Good.

LAFFERTY. Good?

YOUNG CLAYTON. Uh-huh. Real good.

LAFFERTY. Which is the kind of player you are. Real good. Still… real good in't *great* now, is it?

*(***YOUNG CLAYTON** *shakes his head.)*

And you need to be great to make it as a footballer, son. D'you want that? To be a professional footballer?

YOUNG CLAYTON. Uh-huh. It's my dream.

LAFFERTY. Dream for many boys, lad. But I can make it a reality. Just a question of how much you really want it.

YOUNG CLAYTON. More than owt.

LAFFERTY. Easy to say wi' words, proving it wi' dedication and hard-work is far harder. 'Specially wi' that paint job you've got on. Cos there's many who'd say coloureds are lazy. Disruptive. Ever heard that?

*(***YOUNG CLAYTON** *nods faintly.)*

Aye, many woun't even bother wi' you. Waste of time, them'd say. But then there's not many wi' my eye, not many who can spot what I can. And d'you know what that is?

*(***YOUNG CLAYTON** *doesn't.* **LAFFERTY** *shows him his fancy watch.)*

A diamond in the rough. Here... try this on.

*(***LAFFERTY***'s put his watch on* **YOUNG CLAYTON***'s wrist.)*

Think your old man would like a watch like that?

YOUNG CLAYTON. Definitely!

LAFFERTY. Then you'd really better make sure you shine. Cos already, you understand, this in't no longer just about you and your future. It's about theirs too. Yer family's.

*(***LAFFERTY** *allows a moment for this to sink in.)*

I saw how much it meant to yer dad today. It's why he allowed me to bring you here, all the way

from Nottingham, on this tour. He recognised the opportunity instantly. Where I can take you. I hope you do too.

YOUNG CLAYTON. Yes, Mr. Lafferty, sir.

LAFFERTY. Good. Because my record speaks for itself. I've a direct line wi' the gaffer here. Careers are born off my recommendation, see. But I guarantee it's them that keep their heads down, mouths shut, and do everything I ask that'll go on to greatness. Question is, is that you Clayton, lad?

*(***YOUNG CLAYTON** *nods eagerly.)*

Can't hear you.

YOUNG CLAYTON. Ye'! I want to be great!

LAFFERTY. We all *want* to be great, but what I'm asking lad is whether that'll be you?

*(***LAFFERTY** *rolls* **YOUNG CLAYTON** *the ball.)*

Show me.

*(***YOUNG CLAYTON** *traps the ball under his foot, focused.)*

And Clayton…

YOUNG CLAYTON. Yes, Mr. Lafferty, sir?

LAFFERTY. Call me coach.

*(***YOUNG CLAYTON** *beams before he's suddenly yanked from the scene back into…)*

Scene Three (A)

(1979. Minutes later. The small yard of the James home. Washing on the line. **CLAYTON** *sits, patching up a battered old leather football.)*

*(***COURTNEY** *exits the house.)*

COURTNEY. Ill, huh?

CLAYTON. Aye. A bit.

COURTNEY. Top or tail? Or both? Oh, it in't both is it, Clay?

CLAYTON. No, kid. It in't both.

COURTNEY. Phew. I hate it when it's both. Bucket and bog. Bleurgh. Still, sorry you had to miss training. You must be gutted.

(Pause.)

(Re: the football.) How's it looking?

CLAYTON. Like it'd be easier just to get a new one.

COURTNEY. No! I like this one.

CLAYTON. Why? It's old and tatty and –

COURTNEY. The first you ever learnt to play with!

*(***CLAYTON***, despite himself, smiles at his younger brother, and rustles his head. He resumes fixing the ball.* **COURTNEY** *watches a moment before aiming a fly kick at the wall.)*

See how high that was, Clay?!

CLAYTON. *(Not looking.)* Ye', real high, Courtney, lad.

*(***COURTNEY** *beams. Stretches.)*

COURTNEY. D'you know what would be boss?

CLAYTON. What?

COURTNEY. If I was slanty-eyed like Bruce.

CLAYTON. Why?

COURTNEY. Cos then maybe I'd be able to fight better.

CLAYTON. Why you want to be able to fight better?

COURTNEY. Dunno. Just do.

(Pause.)

Is it true the Chinese eat dogs?

CLAYTON. Dunno. Maybe.

(Pause.)

COURTNEY. Is it true we're related to monkeys?

CLAYTON. *(Stops work.)* What?

COURTNEY. You know, being darkies an' all…

CLAYTON. Who told you that?

*(***COURTNEY** *shrugs.)*

Courtney…!

COURTNEY. Just some boys at school.

CLAYTON. What boys? They troubling you?

COURTNEY. No…

CLAYTON. Want me to come down? Sort 'em out? Cos I will.

COURTNEY. I know… But sometimes that can – that can just make things worse, can't it?

(Pause. **CLAYTON** *nods reluctantly then looks sincerely at* **COURTNEY** *as he takes hold of his arm.)*

CLAYTON. But no one messes wi' my little brother. K?

*(***COURTNEY** *nods. The two brothers smile. Slowly,* **CLAYTON***'s face starts to contort as if he's just smelt something really bad.)*

CLAYTON. Did you just lay a gasser.

*(***COURTNEY** *pisses himself with laughter as* **CLAYTON** *goes back to fixing the ball.)*

CLAYTON. Eurgh. Get to the bog wi' you you dirty little beast. Go on. Get.

COURTNEY. Meant to say pull me finger but it released too soon.

CLAYTON. Shitty little fartbag.

*(***COURTNEY** *just continues to laugh until he calms.)*

COURTNEY. Clay?

CLAYTON. Yeah?

*(***COURTNEY** *kneels to watch* **CLAYTON** *work more closely.)*

COURTNEY. You've kissed a girl, an't you?

CLAYTON. What?

COURTNEY. You know, like Serena... on the cheek or ... mouth...?

CLAYTON. *(Defensive.)* What's it to you?

COURTNEY. Curious is all. *(Pause.)* I an't.

CLAYTON. You're only twelve.

COURTNEY. I know. But Dad said at my age he'd already had three girlfriends back in Ochi. Says he's starting to think I might be Trinidadian.

CLAYTON. You're twelve!

COURTNEY. And a quarter. *(Pause.)* Is it true you sometimes 'ave to stick your tongue in their mouth and wiggle it about for five to ten seconds?

*(***CLAYTON** *looks uncomfortable.)*

CLAYTON. Ye'. 'Cept there's no set time limit.

COURTNEY. So it could go on forever?

CLAYTON. In theory.

COURTNEY. Oh! So how do you breathe?

CLAYTON. Look, you after a girlfriend or summat?

COURTNEY. No… not really.

CLAYTON. Then what's the problem?

COURTNEY. Dunno. Just Dad said –

CLAYTON. Ignore Dad!

COURTNEY. K. *(Pause.)* Besides, if I had a girlfriend I'd 'ave less time for footie, woun't I? What wi' me tongue down her throat an' all.

CLAYTON. Aye, there's that.

(Pause. **COURTNEY** *watches* **CLAYTON** *slowly pumping up the football.)*

COURTNEY. But then… you manage.

*(***CLAYTON** *is suddenly dragged back into…)*

Scene Three (B)

(October 1975. Changing room.)

(Yorkshire.)

LAFFERTY. Ever seen what a woman has to offer a man before, Clayton, lad?

*(***YOUNG CLAYTON** *shakes his head.)*

Really? Not even in nudie mags?

YOUNG CLAYTON. Well –

LAFFERTY. Thought that's all what twelve-year-old boys read.

YOUNG CLAYTON. I mean, yeah I've – I've seen a few, coach. Ye'.

LAFFERTY. Well, if you're ever curious again, I have some you can borrow. Just… you know… keep it between us, eh.

YOUNG CLAYTON. Ye', great. Thanks, coach.

*(***YOUNG CLAYTON** *suddenly shakes his head violent as we transition back.)*

Scene Three (A)

*(**CLAYTON**, wanting to change the subject, puts the ball to his ear. Checks for any air leaks. Satisfied, he hands it to **COURTNEY**.)*

CLAYTON. There.

COURTNEY. Boss!

*(**COURTNEY** stands excitedly and drops the ball to his feet.)*

Here, Clay. Watch this…

*(**COURTNEY** performs a rainbow flick and catches the ball. Looks proudly at his brother.)*

See? Been practising!

CLAYTON. *(Genuinely impressed.)* Wow! Boss, Court!

COURTNEY. Ye'?

CLAYTON. Ye'! I coun't do a rainbow flick at twelve!

*(**COURTNEY** is ecstatic.)*

COURTNEY. I wanna be as good as you one day.

CLAYTON. Court… listen, about that…

*(**PATTERSON** exits the house.)*

PATTERSON. Courtney, go wash up fi supper.

COURTNEY. Hey, Dad, I want to put a bet on Clayton playing for the mighty Forest one day!

PATTERSON. Fool-fool chile. But yuh tink him will?

COURTNEY. Course. Then, wi' him in the team, we'll be champions of both England and Europe! Don't you think, Dad?

WAIT, THERE'S MORE!

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