

DIRK THE ANGRY SCOTSMAN

By John C. Havens

Copyright © 2007 by John C. Havens, All rights reserved.

ISBN 1-931000-40-9

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that this Work is subject to a royalty. This Work is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America and all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations, whether through bilateral or multilateral treaties or otherwise, and including, but not limited to, all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention and the Berne Convention.

RIGHTS RESERVED: All rights to this Work are strictly reserved, including professional and amateur stage performance rights. Also reserved are: motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound recording, all forms of mechanical or electronic reproduction, such as CD-ROM, CD-I, DVD, information and storage retrieval systems and photocopying, and the rights of translation into non-English languages.

PERFORMANCE RIGHTS AND ROYALTY PAYMENTS: All amateur and stock performance rights to this Work are controlled exclusively by Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. No amateur or stock production groups or individuals may perform this play without securing license and royalty arrangements in advance from Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. Questions concerning other rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. Royalty fees are subject to change without notice. Professional and stock fees will be set upon application in accordance with your producing circumstances. Any licensing requests and inquiries relating to amateur and stock (professional) performance rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers, LLC.

Royalty of the required amount must be paid, whether the play is presented for charity or profit and whether or not admission is charged.

AUTHOR CREDIT: All groups or individuals receiving permission to produce this play must give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisement and publicity relating to the production of this play. The author's billing must appear directly below the title on a separate line where no other written matter appears. The name of the author(s) must be at least 50% as large as the title of the play. No person or entity may receive larger or more prominent credit than that which is given to the author(s).

PUBLISHER CREDIT: Whenever this play is produced, all programs, advertisements, flyers or other printed material must include the following notice:

Produced by special arrangement with Brooklyn Publishers, LLC

COPYING: Any unauthorized copying of this Work or excerpts from this Work is strictly forbidden by law. No part of this Work may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means now known or yet to be invented, including photocopying or scanning, without prior permission from Brooklyn Publishers, LLC.

DIRK THE ANGRY SCOTSMAN

by
John C. Havens

CAST: one male

ACCENT: Scottish

NOTE FOR PERFORMANCE: *DIRK can be changed to DEIDRE and be performed by a woman. SHE can talk about her boyfriends, and pronouns can be changed accordingly. Although HE/SHE speaks with a funny accent, and much of what HE/SHE says is comical, this is actually a monologue about not taking the people you love for granted. The theft of DIRK'S bagpipes make him realize how much HE cares about the people in his life.*

You want to know, do ye? Well, I'm angry about a lot of things. I'm angry 'cause I put too much starch in my kilt and now I canna' wear it without scrapin' me knees on the scratchy tartan colors.

I'm angry 'cause me flock think it's a lark to push themselves all together into one huge wooly behemouth and befuddle me into thinkin' they're one mammoth supersheep. Ooooh, let's all gang up on the shepherd, eh? Good times for sheepies!

I'm angry because everyone and their sister wants these new "Pashmeena scarfs" made from the soft coat of only one type of lamb or sheep. So now me flock's got a class struggle between the 'pashmeenashsheeps' and the 'nonpashmeenashsheeps.' There's nothing more daft than a sheep with an attitude. Now they're all demanding I get a designer Calvin Klein shepherd's crook, and they want me kilt to match it. Can ye imagine? Livestock concerned with ACCESSORIZING! And some of them want sheeepy manicures!

(Actor impersonates a sheep, using a flamboyant accent)

"Please, Dirkie, I just CANNOT graze all day with split hooves. It is just so Baa-d for my nerves." And jittery sheep make for lesser quality wool. That's all I'm saying.

(Back as DIRK) I'm also angry at all the lasses I used to date saying, "Oh, I love ya', Dirk. I truly do. You're so special to me. And if it weren't for me boyfriend, we'd be together." Well, thanks for nothin' ya' convoluted harpie." **(imitating her)** "We'd be together if it weren't for me

boyfriend"...that's like saying Fozzie Bear would be president if it weren't for the fact he was a MUPPET!. It's just not gonna' happen, ya' cruel tartie lass. So stop messing around with me heart. Hit the road, Jackie, and don't ya' come back no more. It's a little too little, it's a little too late. I'm already gone, and I will sing this victory song. Ya' better watch out, it's a fact, don't look now there's a monkey on your back! **(Actor can add any other lyrics from pop songs here about breaking up and moving on, etc.)**

Most of all, I'm angry 'cause me bagpipes were stolen. It's not that I can play all that well, mind ye, but I almost had the beer barrel polka down to a T. Plus me voice just doesn't sound the same without them. **(Actor sings)**

*We arrrrre da worrrrrld,
We arrrrre the children.
We arrrrre the one who make a breeeteer day,
So let's eat chicken.*

Do you see how scrambled me brains are without me pipes? I feel more altered than Michael Jackson after his fifth cosmetic surgery.

I kept me pipes unlocked inn the shed by me house. Oooo, I know what you're thinkin', ya' poor jaded citizenry of our mottled urban societies!

(Actor does a Brooklyn accent, taking on the personage of a savvy New Yorker)

Hey, if you're stupid enough to leave yer little sack a' pipes unlocked in yer shed, you deserved to have them stolen. I mean, come ahn, kilt boy, whaddya' expect? It's time ta' move on, like Oprah says. Ya' made a mistake, so now just fuggadaboutit.

Thank you for reading this free excerpt from DIRK, THE ANGRY SCOTSMAN by John C. Havens. For performance rights and/or a complete copy of the script, please contact us at:

**Brooklyn Publishers, LLC
P.O. Box 248 • Cedar Rapids, Iowa 52406
Toll Free: 1-888-473-8521 • Fax (319) 368-8011
www.brookpub.com**

Do Not Copy