

DIRK, THE ANGRY SCOTSMAN

A TEN MINUTE MONOLOGUE

By John C. Havens

Copyright © MM by John C. Havens

All Rights Reserved

Heuer Publishing LLC in association with Brooklyn Publishers, LLC

ISBN: 978-1-93100-040-6

Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that this work is subject to a royalty. Royalty must be paid every time a play is performed whether or not it is presented for profit and whether or not admission is charged. A play is performed any time it is acted before an audience. All rights to this work of any kind including but not limited to professional and amateur stage performing rights are controlled exclusively by Heuer Publishing LLC and Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. Inquiries concerning rights should be addressed to Heuer Publishing LLC.

This work is fully protected by copyright. No part of this work may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without permission of the publisher. Copying (by any means) or performing a copyrighted work without permission constitutes an infringement of copyright.

All organizations receiving permission to produce this work agree to give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisement and publicity relating to the production. The author(s) billing must appear below the title and be at least 50% as large as the title of the Work. All programs, advertisements, and other printed material distributed or published in connection with production of the work must include the following notice: **“Produced by special arrangement with Heuer Publishing LLC in association with Brooklyn Publishers, LLC.”**

There shall be no deletions, alterations, or changes of any kind made to the work, including the changing of character gender, the cutting of dialogue, or the alteration of objectionable language unless directly authorized by the publisher or otherwise allowed in the work’s “Production Notes.” The title of the play shall not be altered.

The right of performance is not transferable and is strictly forbidden in cases where scripts are borrowed or purchased second-hand from a third party. All rights, including but not limited to professional and amateur stage performing, recitation, lecturing, public reading, television, radio, motion picture, video or sound taping, internet streaming or other forms of broadcast as technology progresses, and the rights of translation into foreign languages, are strictly reserved.

COPYING OR REPRODUCING ALL OR ANY PART OF THIS BOOK IN ANY MANNER IS STRICTLY FORBIDDEN BY LAW. One copy for each speaking role must be purchased for production purposes. Single copies of scripts are sold for personal reading or production consideration only.

HEUER PUBLISHING LLC

**P.O. BOX 248 • CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA 52406
TOLL FREE (800) 950-7529 • FAX (319) 368-8011**

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 'pashmeenasheeps' and the 'nonpashmeenasheeps.' 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 sheepy 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 worrrrld,
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 Donald Payton. For performance rights and/or a complete copy of the script, please contact us at:

Heuer Publishing LLC

P.O. Box 248 • Cedar Rapids, Iowa 52406

Toll Free: 1-800-950-7529 • Fax (319) 368-8011

HITPLAYS.COM

DO NOT COPY