



**Chris James**

Music by Chris James and Vera Hillas

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**BIG DOG PUBLISHING**

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*To  
Caroline,  
Rory,  
and  
Albert*

## The True Story of the Loch Ness Monster

**MUSICAL COMEDY.** In the murky depths of a Scottish loch, Priscilla, a teenage sea monster, yearns to leave her parents' cold, dark, dingy lair and set out on a quest to discover whether the fabled "land-dwelling creatures" she's heard about exist outside of sea monster lore. Horrified that Priscilla would want to leave the safety and comforts of such a wonderful lair with its abundance of silt, slime, and algae, Priscilla's parents and granddad try to convince her to stay home and avoid the fate that befell her long-lost brother, Reginald, who mysteriously disappeared after he set off in search of the famous Loch Ness. Meanwhile, in the town of Kinlochleven, Campbell Steward hatches a plan to save the dying town and prevent the Toxoplast Corporation from building a toxic waste facility by cashing in on the Loch Ness Monster craze. This adorable musical features Scottish highland dancing and eight original songs that will delight audiences of all ages.

**Performance Time:** Approximately 60 minutes.



"Surgeons Photograph" (1934)

## About the Story

The Loch Ness Monster, which is rumoured to live in the Loch Ness in the Scottish Highlands, is lovingly referred to as "Nessie," and gained worldwide recognition in the 1930s. The 1934 photo (above), referred to as the "Surgeon's Photograph," is considered the most famous photo of Nessie as it was the first photo to reveal the head and neck of the creature. However, this iconic photo was deemed a hoax in 1994. Over the years, sightings of the Loch Ness Monster have been explained as either deliberate hoaxes or have been attributed to the presence of a large eel, an elephant, otters, deer, birds, seals, an extinct long-necked aquatic reptile (the plesiosaur), a partially submerged pine tree trunk, boat wakes, optical effects, the release of gas from a fault line located beneath the loch, and folkloric kelpies or "water horses" who were thought to devour weary travellers.

## Characters

(7 M, 5 F, 8 flexible, extras)

(Doubling possible)

**JACK MCKENZIE:** Narrator; plays bagpipes and wears a kilt.

**CAMPBELL STEWART:** Hatches a plan to attract more tourists to Kinlochleven.

**SAM/SAMANTHA STEWART:** Campbell's brother (or sister); flexible.

**MR. STEWART:** Campbell's dad.

**MRS. STEWART:** Campbell's mom.

**FIONA TWEED:** Kinlochleven citizen.

**MERRYL O'BRIEN:** Kinlochleven citizen; flexible.

**ALEC/ALEX CAMPBELL:** Kinlochleven citizen; flexible.

**FATHER STEVENS:** Village priest.

**HAMISH DOHERTY:** Blind man who believes in the Loch Ness Monster.

**MAYOR CLYDESDALE:** Mayor of Kinlochleven; flexible.

**MRS. MCKROWLE:** Rich, powerful businesswoman who wants to build a toxic waste plant in Kinlochleven.

**PRISCILLA:** "Teenage" sea monster.

**MUM:** Priscilla's mother; sea monster.

**DAD:** Priscilla's father; sea monster.

**GRANDDAD/GRANDMA:** Priscilla's grandfather (or grandmother); sea monster; flexible.

**SHARK:** Big, scary shark; flexible.

**HAROLD HOLT:** King of the Mermen; wears a suit and has a mermaid tail.

**SHEEP 1, 2:** Village sheep; flexible.

**REGINALD:** Priscilla's long-lost brother; "handsome" sea monster with spiky fins, thick locks of scaly slime, and big gills; non-speaking.

**NESSIE:** Loch Ness Monster; wears a kilt, sporran, and Tam o'shanter; non-speaking.

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**EXTRAS:** As Coelacanths, Anglerfish, and additional Kinlochleven Citizens.

**NOTE:** For flexible roles, change pronouns in the script accordingly.

## Songs

1. "Kinlochleven" (Jack, Citizens)
2. "The Truth is Down Here" (Coelacanths, Anglerfish, Sea Monsters, Harold Holt)
3. "Precious" (Mrs. Campbell, Dad)
4. "Hoolie Across the Moors" (Citizens)
5. "When I Save the Town" (Campbell)
6. "Believe It with Mine Own Eyes" (Merryl, Citizens, Priscilla)
7. Auld Lang Syne Medley (Company)
8. When I Save the Town Medley (Company)



## Setting

Kinlochleven, Scotland, a wee town at the head of Loch Leven nestled in the mighty Grampian Mountains.

## Sets

**Kinlochleven Village:** There is a backdrop depicting a beautiful glen vista and shabby miners' cottages.

**Sea Monsters' Lair:** Dingy underwater living room with seaweed and signs in the background that read "To Bermuda Triangle" and "The Abyss."

**Bottom of the Loch:** There is a large rock and hanging seaweed.

## Synopsis of Scenes

**Scene 1:** Misty moors.

**Scene 2:** Kinlochleven village hall.

**Scene 3:** The sea monsters' lair.

**Scene 4:** Kinlochleven village hall.

**Scene 5:** Hogmanay ball, evening.

**Scene 6:** Bank of the loch, evening.

**Scene 7:** Bottom of the loch, seconds later.

**Scene 8:** Bank of the loch, a short time later.

**Scene 9:** Bank of the loch, a short time later.

**Scene 10:** Hogmanay ball, Kinlochleven village hall, a short time later.

## Props

Bagpipes	Large basket of pens
Dustbins with overflowing trash	Giant clam that opens (large enough to contain Harold Holt)
Banana skin	Model of sea monster head and neck
Fishbone	Rowboat
Teacups	Paddle
Teapot	Rope
Sign that reads, "To Bermuda Triangle"	Large rock
Sign that reads, "The Abyss"	Hat, for Alec
Green slime	Table
Paper seaweed	Bowl of chips
4 Bowls	Bowl of cheese rings
Serving spoon	Plate of haggis
Stained saucepan	Microphone
Knitting needles and yarn	
Knit scarf	
Large basket containing an assortment of odd socks	

## Special Effects

Mist or fog	Bubbles or bubble machine
Thunderclap (on CD)	Microphone feedback
Lightning	Church bells (on CD)
Disco ball effect	

“When the sun hangs low  
in a cold and milky sky,  
The frozen ground crunches  
where you roam,  
A haze of midges drift  
in like a cool spring shower,  
Kinlochleven  
you will always be our home.”

## Scene 1

*(The misty moors just outside the village of Kinlochleven, Scotland. Spotlight on Jack as he enters carrying bagpipes and begins to play "The Piper's Aire." Misty fog clears to reveal a beautiful glen vista. Music concludes and the drone dies painfully. NOTE: "bairn" is pronounced "bearn.")*

JACK: Kinlochleven. A wee town at the head of the loch nestled in the mighty Grampian Mountains. A home to our family and kin for generation upon generation. Aye, this town has a proud history. During the mining days these hills supported thousands! Ach! *(Thoughtfully.)* It's pretty quiet these days...just a handful of families. No one has much cause to stay around here. The bairns [children] have all grown up and gone off to college. The oldies have been shipped off to homes in Fort William. And we're not getting any younger. Aye. *(Proud, stoic.)* But this town, Kinlochleven, will always be my home. *(Light reveals shabby miners' cottages SR and traditional-style dustbins with overflowing rubbish. Sheep 1, 2 run through the street, knock over a dustbin, and drag out a banana skin and a fishbone. Abusive. To Sheep.)* Ach! Get away with you, yoouu...woolly headed, mutton-breathed, heather-eating vermin! I'll have your guts for haggis before you can bleat "baaa"! Shooo!

*(Sheep 1, 2 scurry off with their spoils. Blackout.)*

## Scene 2

(AT RISE: Kinlochleven village hall. Alec, Meryll, Father Stevens, Fiona, Hamish, and Mayor are drinking tea and preparing for the Hogmanay Ball. Meryll is pouring tea. Jack enters.)

ALEC: (To others, indicating Jack.) Och. Look what the cat dragged in.

(Alec slaps Jack on the back.)

MERYLL: Jack McKenzie. Have you been out on those moors?

JACK: Aye.

MERYLL: Then don't come sniveling in here when you catch your death.

ALEC: Been stirring up them highland cattle with them wretched pipes.

STEVENS: (To Jack.) Ahhh...take no notice. Pull up a pew and grab a cuppa.

JACK: (Sighs.) Yes. Old habits die hard.

STEVENS: Why, my dear man, I can remember when coach loads of tourists would take a snap of the "piper at the head of the valley."

FIONA: (To Jack.) One-hundred percent prime highland piper, there in your kilt n'all.

JACK: (Amused and flattered.) Been a few years since any tourist has stayed in these parts.

ALEC: Not much traffic at all since the bridge was built at Ballachulish [Bah-lah-hoolish].

FIONA: I canna think of a good reason for anyone to take a drive to the end of the loch.

STEVENS: Oh, come on! You make this place sound like a ghost town.

ALEC: Well, let's face facts, Father. The mine is gone. The work is gone. The schools have gone. The loch's all but fished out, and there is barely enough on your collection plate to put bread on your table.

STEVENS: (*Concedes.*) Well, there is that...

HAMISH: All this is true. But mark my words...when this town's great secret is known, why, we will be famous across the land!

ALEC: What on earth is he talking about?

HAMISH: The greeet monster of the deeeep!

(*Thunder and lightning.*)

ALEC: Give it a break, Hamish. No one believes that stuff anymore. You've no photos...no real evidence 'cept the eyewitness, a... (*Realizes what he is a bout to say.*) ...blind man. No offence, Hamish.

HAMISH: None taken.

MAYOR: I really do think we will need more than a vague rumor of some..."overgrown fish"...to bring people to our town.

HAMISH: Suit yourselves.

MERRYL: Would you all listen to yourselves? Tomorrow night is Hogmanay [hog-ma-NAY], biggest night of the year. All the young'uns will be back from college, and we'll have a night that you'll never forget.

MAYOR: Talking of which, we should get ourselves organized.

FIONA: I've confirmed the cèilidh band.

ALEC: The buntings and banners are in hand.

JACK: (*Deep in thought.*) You know, when you think about it, there are much worse places you could live.

(*Song: "Kinlochleven." Sings.*)

When the sun hangs low in a cold and milky sky,  
The frozen ground crunches where you roam,  
A haze of midges drift in like a cool spring shower,

Kinlochleven you will always be our home.

JACK/CITIZENS: *(Sing.)*

The reflection of the lake means you don't know up from  
down,

The smell of wood fires from the houses of the town,

The sun comes up and the sun goes down,

Kinlochleven you will always be our home.

Our children have all left us and headed further south,

There's no living to be made in town,

Our mountains stripped of ore and our hills are stripped  
of trees,

But Kinlochleven you will always be our home.

And while we sleep under auroras eerie glow,

When what you reap, yer reap, despite o' what you sow,

Our pride is strong and our hope will grow,

Kinlochleven you will always be our home.

Where the eagles fly and the salmon rise,

Stag silhouetted under blood red skies,

Majestic hills where the snow caps lies,

Kinlochleven you will always be our home.

The land that ancestors defended with their will,

Our spirit won't be broken and our song will fill the hills,

Where our people once stood, we are standing still,

Kinlochleven you will always be our home.

Always,

No matter where I roam,

Kinlochleven you will always be our home.

*(Blackout.)*

### Scene 3

(AT RISE: *The Sea Monsters' liar, a dingy underwater living room with seaweed and signs to "Bermuda Triangle" and the "Abyss" in the background. Mum is serving large dollops of green slime from a stained saucepan to the Dad, Granddad, and Priscilla. Granddad is knitting a scarf.*)

MUM: More algae, anyone?

DAD: *(Kindly.)* No thanks, love.

GRANDDAD: *(Knitting. To Mum.)* I'll just finish this row of stitches. This scarf is taking forever.

MUM: Priscilla?

PRISCILLA: I think I've had all the algae my six stomachs can handle!

GRANDDAD: Well, there's gratitude for yer! Tchh! Youth of today!

PRISCILLA: I am 48, Granddad.

GRANDDAD: Humph.

*(Awkward silence.)*

PRISCILLA: Do you ever think...umm...that, perhaps, there is more to life?

DAD: More? More?! What more could you possibly want? It's dark. It's dingy. It's cold...

MUM: Plenty of silt...

DAD: *(Agreeing.)* Plenty of silt, and there is more algae around these parts than...well...

PRISCILLA: I'm sick of algae! *(All gasp with shock and horror at this outrageous statement. She freezes, realizing what she has said.)* Oh, I'm sorry.

*(Crying, Mum runs out of the room.)*



DAD: So you should be, young lady!

PRISCILLA: I don't know, Dad. Sometimes I think we are missing something. Perhaps, there is a whole world we know nothing about. You've heard the rumors, myths about all manner of things. I mean, like those reports of... *(Incredulous tone.)* ..."land-dwelling creatures." I know it is unlikely, but how do we know for sure that these creatures don't exist? Look, we lay around in slime all day...and who really knows what is going on up there. I mean—

GRANDDAD: Look, Priscilla, our species has seen the rise and fall of the great dinosaurs. We have seen all manner of organisms evolve, thrive, and eventually become extinct. If there was any creature capable of surviving in that bleak, hostile environment, I think we'd know about it.

*(Mum enters and is comforted by Dad.)*

PRISCILLA: But, with all due respect, do you really know, Granddad? I feel the time has come for some for me to go on a sort of a—

MUM/DAD/GRANDDAD: *(Shout.)* No! Don't say it!

PRISCILLA: What would you call it? Umm...

MUM/DAD/GRANDDAD: *(Plead.)* Pleeease!

PRISCILLA: A kind of a—

MUM/DAD/GRANDDAD: Noooo!

PRISCILLA: Yes, that's it! A quest! *(Grief-stricken, Mum, Dad, and Granddad overreact by crying, wailing, and banging their fists on the floor.)* Will you three mind telling me what is going on?

MUM: Well, you see, dear...long ago, before you were born into this dark, dingy world...

DAD: Before you were a twinkle in your mother's polyp.

MUM: *(Sternly, to Dad.)* Yes, thank you, dear. *(To Priscilla.)* What we are trying to say is that once...you had a brother.

*(Priscilla gasps.)*

DAD: He was bold.

GRANDDAD: He was brave.

DAD: He was handsome.

MOTHER: Oh...thick locks of scaly slime, spiky fins, and the biggest gills you ever did see...

DAD: And his name was Reginald.

PRISCILLA: Reginald?! So why have you never told me about him before?

DAD: When he has about your age, he got it in his head—

GRANDDAD: Look, he had heard about the myth of the great Loch Ness. Legend has it that there is a loch soooo long, it nearly divides the land.

DAD: Sooo deep, it would near burst your eardrums...  
(Pause, thinks.) ...if we had any.

GRANDDAD: And he had to go and try and find the blasted thing.

MUM: And sooo... (Trying to hold it together.) ...he went on...a quest... (Breaks down in tears.)

DAD: We have never seen nor heard of him since!

(Mum, Dad, and Granddad sob loudly.)

GRANDDAD: For all we know, he could be lying in some dirty ditch.

MUM: (Happy at the thought.) I hope so. (Worried.) But I can't help thinking that something really bad has happened to him.

PRISCILLA: That's terrible. I know how hard this must be for you, but I know... (Corrects herself.) ...I believe that...the truth is out there.... (Points. All look in that direction.) ...somewhere. And I want to find it.

GRANDDAD: Achh! Look around you, girl. All the mysteries of the world are shrouded in the deep, murky depths of the loch. You mark my words...all the truth you need is right here under your nose.

*("Duck Dive" is heard. Lights dim, ultraviolet gel and disco ball effect. Song: "The Truth is Down Here." Coelacanths and Anglerfish enter and dance.)*

ANGLERFISH/COELACANTHS/SEA MONSTERS: *(Sing.)*

Still waters run deep  
Or so we're told  
So there's nothing in the slime and the rocks  
But you are neglecting that we've been collecting  
Hundreds of thousands of your odd socks

*(Coelacanths pour out a large basket of odd socks.)*

Down at the bottom of the...  
Down at the bottom of the...  
Down at the bottom of the...  
Deep, dark sea

Cos the truth is down here  
Cos the truth is down here  
Cos the truth is down here

Out of sight, out of mind  
Or so they say  
Wake up, see the light with a jolt  
For we would like to introduce to you  
King of all the Mermen...Harold Holt

*(Giant clam opens to reveal Harold Holt, who wears a suit and a mermaid tail. He sings "down in the bottom of..." etc. while hula dancing.)*

Down at the bottom of the...  
Down at the bottom of the...  
Down at the bottom of the...  
Deep, dark sea

Cos the truth is down here  
Cos the truth is down here  
Cos the truth is down here

What you don't know, won't hurt you  
Well, that's not quite true  
In a sea, lake, pond, or a fen  
We love it when you're twitching over stuff we keep on  
snitching  
Ever wondered what happened to your ballpoint pens?

*(Anglerfish pour out a basket of pens.)*

Down at the bottom of the...  
Down at the bottom of the...  
Down at the bottom of the...  
Deep, dark sea

Cos the truth is down here  
Cos the truth is down here  
Cos the truth is down here  
Cos the truth is down...

*(Shout.)* Here!

*(Blackout.)*

## Scene 4

*(Kinlochleven village hall. Spotlight SR on Mrs. McKrowle and Mayor Clydesdale as they negotiate.)*

MRS. MCKROWLE: The way I see it, Mayor Clydesdale, is that we both win. You desperately need new industry in the area, and I need a new toxic waste facility.

MAYOR: I still don't feel comfortable with this. You say the chance of any seepage into the loch is very slight?

MRS. MCKROWLE: Very slight, indeed. But you know there is no such thing as a cast-iron guarantee.

MAYOR: And if—

MRS. MCKROWLE: Worst-case scenario? Unthinkable, really. You would certainly lose marine life in the loch, but think of the positives—what this will mean to the town: work, prosperity. Tell me you are not going to put all this in jeopardy.

MAYOR: This is too hard. I am going to have to think about it.

*(Spot down SR. Spot up SL on Campbell, Mrs. Stewart, Mr. Stewart, and Sam.)*

CAMPBELL: Mum, Dad, Sam. I need to talk to you. I mean, there is something I have decided to do, and I need to tell you about it.

MRS. STEWART: This sounds ominous...

CAMPBELL: Loch Ness has endless streams of tourists, hotels, B&Bs, souvenir shops, the works. And why? Because of some myth about a great monster.

MR. STEWART: So...?

CAMPBELL: Whereas we're all scratching about to make a living with barely a tourist passing through. Well Hamish is always banging on about some monster in our loch. If there

really was a “monster from the deep” as he calls it, and there was good evidence to prove it, just imagine the interest there would be in our town!

MR. STEWART: It would be marvelous, Son. But the truth is, there is no creature down there, and there never ‘as been. It’s a load of old hogwash!

CAMPBELL: Of course. But, really, how hard do you think it would be to create some kind of hoax?

MRS. STEWART: You mean, a model of some sort?

CAMPBELL: Let me show you one I prepared earlier. *(Hamish enters dragging a model of the monster’s head and neck.)* Here’s the plan...tonight, we will have pretty much everyone back in town, including Patrick, who is now a reporter from the Highland Herald. He is sure to have his camera. By ten, it will be pitch black and usually there is an eerie mist over the lake. We park on the shore with the headlights on. Sam, you run to the village hall and report a sighting to everyone at the Hogmanay dance. I will be moving the model from the other side of the loch using a rope—

MR. STEWART: You’re mad!

SAM: Actually, it might just work.

MRS. STEWART: You know the lake will be freezing and it can be quite treacherous.

MR. STEWART: You’re taking an unacceptable risk with this hair-brain idea.

SAM: If you really want to go through with this, I am behind you all the way.

MRS. STEWART: Is there nothing I can say that will make you change your mind?

CAMPBELL: Not a thing. Come on...

*(Mr. Stewart, Campbell, and Sam exit. Song: “Precious.” Spot up SL on Mrs. Stewart.)*

MRS. STEWART: *(Sings.)*

My boy  
You take your life in your own hands  
Not sure I'd want it any other way.  
I know that you have your own reasons  
But today, I wish that you would stay.  
Wait awhile  
See your smile.

For life is not a game  
And the rolling of a dice  
Could so easily take the very heart of me away  
Just know how precious, how precious you are.

*(Spot up SR on Priscilla's Dad.)*

DAD: *(Sings.)*

My girl,  
Today you left us on a journey  
Don't know when I'll see you again  
Your mind was filled with high adventure  
Can't say that we all feel the same.  
Wait awhile  
See your smile.

For life is not a game  
And the rolling of a dice  
Could so easily take the very heart of me away  
Just know how precious, how precious you are.

MRS. STEWART: *(Sings.)*

My boy  
You take your life in your own hands  
Not sure I'd want it any other way.  
I know that you have your own reasons  
But today, I wish that you would stay.  
Wait awhile  
See your smile.

DAD: *(Sings.)*

My girl,  
Today you left us on a journey  
Don't know when I'll see you again  
Your mind was filled with high adventure  
Can't say that we all feel the same.  
Wait awhile  
See your smile.

MRS. STEWART/DAD: *(Sing.)*

For life is not a game  
And the rolling of a dice  
Could so easily take the very heart of me away  
Just know how precious, how precious you are.

*(Blackout.)*



## Scene 5

*(AT RISE: Hogmanay dance, Kinlochleven village hall, evening. Everyone is dancing to the last few bars of a cèilidh song, "Will You Go, Lassie?" Everyone bows and curtsies and there are loud cheers.)*

MAYOR: Good people of Kinlochleven, we have made it through another year, safe and sound. *(Citizens cheer.)* I'd like to propose a toast to the health and prosperity of the young folk who have returned from colleges and universities and the like.

ALL: Health and prosperity!

MAYOR: Aye. Every new year gives us the opportunity for a new start. So...it gives me great pleasure to announce something new, something I have been negotiating for our town in the coming year, an exciting development that will benefit us all. The good people of Toxoplast have agreed to build their new toxic waste processing facility right here in Kinlochleven. This will mean more work, more prosperity, and plenty of business for the supporting industries.

JACK: Are you serious? A toxic waste dump in our town?!

FIONA: What about the risks? What effect will this have on the wildlife, the marine life, on us!

MAYOR: I won't lie to you. There is a very, very slight risk of seepage out of the storage facility and into the loch, but geologists believe there is nothing to worry about. In fact, Kinlochleven is, in many ways, the most ideal location.

FIONA: But if it did happen...

JACK: It would devastate our marine life.

ALEC: Big deal! There's barely a mackerel left in the whole lake. I'm all for it.

HAMISH: Do you not fear that you will incur the wrath of the monster from the deep?

*(Thunder and lightning.)*

ALEC: Anything to kill that rotten reptile of yours.

*(Laughter.)*

HAMISH: You suit yourselves, but I will nay be a part of it.

MAYOR: Enough of this. Come on, it's Hogmanay!

*(Song: "Hoolie Across the Moors.")*

CITIZENS: *(Sing.)*

Each year we come,  
To beat the drum,  
Rum a tum tum  
Let's hear it.

The pipes they'll sound,  
From far around,  
To the town at the end of the loch,  
Or near it.

Not dressed in a suit  
Or a shirt or a skirt  
They'll dance in the dirt  
In the shadows of the moon-light

Hoolie across the mooaars  
Where the highland fling takes a new swing  
At Hogmanay, what'll be will be  
Hoolie across the moooaars  
Come young and old  
Let us hear your roar  
For miles around  
Across the moor  
Hoolie across the moooaars

The town will shake,

Other clans will quake,  
Don't underestimate the mood  
Just feel it.

If you're feeling down  
Come stick around,  
If you've got the blues,  
Come near, we'll heal it

With a toot on the flute  
We'll hoot the reet noot  
Our voices will rise  
Under dark leaden skies—now

Hoolie across the mooaars  
Where the highland fling takes a new swing  
At Hogmanay, what'll be will be  
Hoolie across the mooaars  
Come young and old  
Let us hear your roar  
For miles around  
Across the moor  
Hoolie across the mooaars

*(Highland dancing during instrumental third verse.)*

Hoolie across the mooaars  
Where the highland fling takes a new swing  
At Hogmanay, what'll be will be  
Hoolie across the mooaars  
Come young and old  
Let us hear your roar  
For miles around  
Across the moor  
Hoolie across the mooaars. *(Blackout.)*

## Scene 6

*(Bank of the loch, evening. Spotlight on a rowboat and the model of the monster.)*

CAMPBELL: What a cold, eerie night. I've got a bad feeling about this. *(Rustling is heard.)* Who's there?

SHEEP 1, 2: Baaaa.

*(Campbell shines a torch and reveals Sheep 1, 2. They walk into the spotlight.)*

CAMPBELL: Oh, it is just you two. Well, I suppose my secret is safe with you.

*(Campbell lifts the head of the monster. Sheep 1, 2 panic and turn to run.)*

SHEEP 1, 2: Baaa!

CAMPBELL: Och. Don't worry. It's nay real. I suppose you are wondering why I am doing this.

SHEEP 1, 2: Baaa?

CAMPBELL: It's not that easy when all your friends have headed south for university and work. And me? I am stuck in this town, unemployed but for a few jobs around Mum and Dad's caravan park.

SHEEP 1, 2: *(Understanding.)* Baaa.

CAMPBELL: Aye. But when I pull off this hoax, Kinlochleven will be big news and tourism to these parts will be booming again. Stand clear, my little woolly friends. I am off to make history. *(Song: "When I Save the Town." Climbs in the boat. As he rows he sings.)*

It's been two years or more since my friends went away.

Our teacher had said that they'd go far.

While we keep in touch, our friendships are strained

Who is this... (*Spoken.*) ...misfit, a loser, no hoper?  
Scratching a living in this town has been hard  
But I've tried as best as I'm able  
All this will change and I can't wait to see  
The look on their faces as I turn the tables

When I save the town  
You will not know this place, just look around  
The crowded streets and know  
Pubs and hotels will be brimming  
Come and see the monster swimming  
No room for complacency  
Signs saying there's no vacancy

When I save the town  
Tourists will come in droves from miles n' miles around  
(*Posh English voice.*) "What a great location"  
A legend across the nation  
A monster without explanation  
Take a photo, take a snap,  
Come again, you'll soon be back

And they won't know it's because of me  
That this town is so...thriving  
But they'll come in search of a wondrous thing  
SHEEP 1, 2: (*Spoken.*) Proof of a monster surviving...  
CAMPBELL: (*Sings.*)

When I save the town  
Oh, what joy when wealth and richness abounds  
I'm not greedy but...  
Bring your cards and bring your cash  
Add it to my little stash  
The fine food that you're contemplating  
Right this way your table's waiting

Kinlochleven, (*Spoken.*) you'll have me to thank

When I save the...er..er..er... (*Falls overboard. Blackout.*)

## Scene 7

*(Bottom of the loch. There is a large rock and hanging seaweed. Shark attack music is heard. Campbell is entangled in seaweed and is drowning, as indicated by a bubble machine. A Shark is on the prowl. Coelacanths and Anglerfish are swimming in shoals.)*

SHARK: "Fee, fi, fo, fum, I smell the blood of a huuu-man."  
Ummm... *(Forgets. Thinks.)*  
"They seek him here, they seek him there,  
They seek a scarlet pimply man everywhere."  
Oh, it's no good. I'll just have to wait till he thrashes.  
*(Campbell is entangled in the seaweed and struggles to free himself.)* Ah-ha! Right on cue. What a delectable little snack...no scales, no feathers, very little hair. *(Sighs.)* If only they came in a filleted version. *(Goes to bite Campbell's head off but stops.)* No, I have a better idea. Let's just place him safely under this rock and wait until he is nicely tenderized. Now, off to visit my friends at the fish farm. Some humans are sooo thoughtful...

*(Shark swims off. Priscilla enters, humming "Happy Whistler." "Fishy Swims" is heard.)*

PRISCILLA: *(Sees Campbell.)* Oh, my gosh! What have we got here? You don't seem to be coping with the environment at all. You're almost like a fish out of water...only not. *(Other Fish gather around.)* This must be...this must be...some sort of giant lungfish. *(Fish shake their heads no.)* Some sort of huge amphibious...marine newt? *(Fish slap their foreheads, shake their heads no furiously, and start miming that Campbell is a human.)* It's not...it's not...oh, my word...it's a—. There's no time to lose! I must get it back on land! *(Blackout.)*

**[END OF FREEVIEW]**