

# **DOGGONE**

A Play in One Act

BY LISA FARRALL

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Cast of Characters

ROVER, pit bull dog (smart and strong)

CHIQUITA, Chihuahua dog (boss, knowledgeable and speaks with a Spanish accent)

FIDO, a mixed-breed dog (a little dopey)

TOM, an elderly man who is a volunteer at the county animal shelter

Synopsis: This is based upon a true story where a volunteer at a dog shelter gets to know three special dogs. All actors who play dogs act like dogs. When they speak, they are understood by the audience and by each other, but not by humans on stage.

## SCENE 1

*AT RISE: (An area with blankets on the floor simulating a county animal shelter. It is early daylight. Rover, Chiquita, and Fido are lying on their blankets.)*

ROVER: *(An audible sigh)* Another day in this shelter. It is so frrrrustrating being in this cage all day and not having a home to call my own. *(Bumps into side of cage.)*

CHIQUITA: Si, Rover. *(She sighs also and then stretches.)* I, too, do not understand why I have not been picked for adoption. I know it is not good to be here a long time—something bad happens.

FIDO: What happens? I don't understand. What do you mean, Chiquita? Hey, did you notice yesterday we didn't get as much food?

CHIQUITA: Uh, you're always hungry, Fido *(sarcastic)*. I heard the budget was cut again and so there may be less food.

FIDO: True, but...

ROVER: *(Stands up and stretches.)* Something very strange is happening around here. I see some dogs and barely get to know them. Then they disappear. If they were being adopted, then the shelter workers would not look sad.

CHIQUITA: I know what you are saying, Rover. When I first got here, there was a nice beagle that talked to me in the next cage. He actually cheered me up sometimes when I was low. Then one day he was gone and I had not seen anyone look at him to take home.

ROVER: That's what I mean, Chiquita. There is something bad going on. Do you think they are being "put to sleep?" (*Shudders.*)

Changing the subject, I hope that volunteer, Tom, comes today to take me for a walk. I like him. I tried to show him I was the boss the other day, uh got a little feisty, and he let me know that he was in charge. He has my respect now.

FIDO: What did Tom do, Rover?

ROVER: Well, he grabbed the flesh around my neck, pushed me toward the ground and said "NO!"

FIDO: And you thought that was okay? Well, I guess I wouldn't act like that any way. I may look dumb, but I'm not stupid! You are always pushing the limits, Rover. You are too rrrrough.

ROVER: You're not the brightest bulb in the bunch. We have to let humans think that they are in charge—it's something about their egos or whatever.

CHIQUITA: Fido is right, though Rover; you like to push the limits. I also like Tom although I think he prefers you large dogs to my petite, "princess" self (*does a "pretty" pose*).

FIDO: You know Tom is also good to me. Do you know he is what they call a widower? That is when the wife has died (I think). Sometimes he says to me: "I wish Hannah could have met you—she would have liked you." (*Scratches with his back leg.*)

ROVER: I know the definition of a widower.

CHIQUITA: That's too bad. Tom should have a mate! He really is a nice man and I think he is lonely. Maybe that's why he comes here to walk us. I wonder if he has a dog or had one in the past.

Speaking of owners, I miss Lucinda, my former owner. She gave me to the shelter because her family put her in a "home." Well, she and I lived in a home, so I don't know what happened to her. We had a happy life although Lucinda was sick a lot. I dream about a nice casa where I can relax and go for walks with my owner.

FIDO: I'm good with kids. Here's what happened to me. My owner's new boyfriend didn't like me and so now I'm here. I miss the lady's little boy and girl—we were buddies. It just isn't right for us to be here in these cages and waiting for someone to take us home. Mmmm, mmmm (*whimpering*).