

PET SIDE STORY

THE MUSICAL

Tom Kitcham & Matthew Grossey

SAMPLE SCRIPT

ACT ONE, SCENE ONE

The cast exit in all directions, occasionally making a gesture or two towards the opposite gang. On stage remain two Dachshunds (sausage dogs) - Chorizo and Chipolata.

Chorizo Chipolata?

Chipolata Yes, Chorizo.

Chorizo What's a Hot Dog?

Chipolata Well it's obvious, isn't it?

Chorizo Is it?

Chipolata Of course. It's a dog that's got warm in the sun. Or a really pretty dog, like a poodle.

Chorizo *(thoughtful)* Hmmmmmm.

(Pause)

Chipolata?

Chipolata Yes, Chorizo.

Chorizo What are onions and ketchup?

Chipolata Why?

Chorizo Well, it's just that my human told me he was having a hot dog with onions and ketchup for tea.

Chipolata Really? That's disgusting.

Chorizo But I don't think he was eating poodle.

Chipolata No?

Chorizo I hope not. He gave me the leftovers.

Chipolata Oh.

(Pause)

Chorizo Are we going to the bakery tonight?
Chipolata I think Jack said it's the cats' turn.
Chorizo Darn those pesky cats, always getting in the way.
Chipolata They need to learn to compromise.
Chorizo What does that mean?
Chipolata It means letting us get our own way.
Chorizo That sounds good! Let's teach them how to compromise.

Two cats, Diesel and Smokey, enter on the other side of the stage.

Chipolata Well here's your chance.

Diesel and Smokey move towards the dogs, seemingly unworried.

Chorizo takes hold of his tail and twirls it in his hand.

Diesel *(to Chorizo, confrontationally)* Are you wagging your tail at us?
Chorizo I AM wagging my tail.
Diesel Are you wagging your tail at US?
Chorizo No, I'm not wagging my tail at you, but I AM wagging my tail.
Smokey Are you looking for a fight, sausage?
Chorizo My eyesight's not that good.
Chipolata He's short-sighted.
Diesel Short-legged too. Your pedometer must be working overtime.
Smokey What do you call a dog with short legs? *(pause)* Anything you like, he'll never catch you.

Sherlock enters, a Basset Hound, his long ears swinging.

Diesel Smokey, look! Hey, I bet YOU don't have hearing problems!
Sherlock Pardon?
Diesel I said, I bet you don't have hearing problems!
Sherlock Pardon?
Diesel I said, I bet you don't have ... oh very funny.
Sherlock *(to Chorizo and Chipolata)* You two, come on. The Catcher's coming.
Chorizo *(slightly panicked)* What?
Chipolata Where?
Sherlock He was by the canal, but he's heading this way. Come on.

The three dogs leave hurriedly. Smokey calls after them.

Smokey Yes, run away little sausages, you don't want to end up in The Pound. Poundland is no place for sausages.
Diesel It's very good for tuna and salmon though, very reasonably priced.

Smokey Very different Poundland, Diesel. Trust me. I've been to both.
Diesel Oh. *(pause)* Which did you prefer?
Smokey Hard to say really.

Incidental Music: The Animal Catcher (#12)

The cats look at each other fearfully, then run manically off stage.

Lights down as music continues.

END OF SAMPLE SCRIPT