The Dogtown Fire A calamity about to happen

Scene 1

The Police Station

Narrator:

Dogtown was running smoothly. It was a model of how a city should be run. Everyone knew their duty. The Hunting Dogs hunted for food in the forest, the Guard Dogs protected the city walls, the Rescue Dogs looked after anyone who got into trouble and the Guide Dogs took visitors round the places of interest in Dogtown. It was a sleepy afternoon in the dog-days of summer, and Senior Police Dog 99 was in his office.

(A desk with several telephones. Senior Police Dog 99 is sitting, feet up on the desk, police cap over his eyes, snoring. One of the phones rings.)

PD99: Hello? PD99 speaking.

Mme Poodle: Zis is Madame Poodle.

PD99: Hello Madame P. How's Monsieur P and all the little Ps?

Mme Poodle: Never mind zat. I have a complaint. Zer is a funny smell in the city. I don't like

it.

PD99: Now don't get overexcited Madame. You're probably just imagining it.

Mme Poodle: You Police Dogs are not the only ones with a good sense of smell. I am not

imagining it. Put your nose outside and have a sniff.

PD99: OK. Thanks for your call. We'll look into it.

(He puts down the phone and has a good sniff, then shakes his head)

Poodles! Always barking up the wrong tree.

(A phone rings)

Hello, PD99 here.

Mr Terrier: Mr Terrier here, my two puppies, two puppies have just rushed in

and they say there's a strange light in the forest, strange light in the forest.

PD99: Can you speak a bit slower Mr Terrier?

Mr Terrier: (Speaking even faster) Strange light in the forest, in the forest, and it's getting

closer and closer and closer ...

PD99: Thank you. We'll look into it.

(Another phone rings)

Hello?

Dalmatian: Is that the police? Mrs Dalmatian here. As you know, I've very good hearing

and I can hear a funny sound coming from outside the city.

PD99: Hello Mrs D. What sort of sound?

Dalmatian: Well a sort of crackling ...

(Another phone rings)

PD99: Hello!

Spaniel: Is that the P...P...Policedog Station? This is an emergency!

PD99: What sort of emergency?

Spaniel: F...F...FIRE!

(Now all the phones begin to ring. PD99 tries to juggle the phones to answer them all as other Dogtown residents start telling him about the fire. 'There's a fire!', 'It's a forest fire!', 'Emergency!' etc etc. Soon it becomes a cacophony of

barks, yelps, howls and growls.)

Song/Dance (Don't) Play with Fire

There's a beast in the forest

A dinosaur of flame.

Its eyes burn with hate

This angry beast will not be tamed.

There is fear in the forest,

A nightmare in the smoke.

It creeps through the dark,

Its burning breath will make you choke.

Chorus: Choir 1 Choir 2

Play with fire

If you wanna set it free,

Play with fire

If you wanna see its power.

Don't play with fire!

Cos you'll never tame the beast.

Don't play, don't play with fire!

Play with fire

If you wanna set it free,

Play with fire

If you wanna see its power.

Don't play with fire!

Cos you'll never tame the beast.

Don't play, don't play with fire!

There's a beast in the forest,

A monster filled with greed.

Devours all it finds

It's growing stronger as it feeds.

There is rage in the forest,

It's waiting to uncurl

In anger and in greed

The raging beast consumes the world.

Play with fire

If you wanna set it free,

Play with fire

If you wanna see its power.

Don't play with fire!

Cos you'll never tame the beast.

Don't play, don't play with fire!

Play with fire

If you wanna set it free,

Play with fire

If you wanna see its power.

Don't play with fire!

Cos you'll never tame the beast.

Don't play, don't play with fire!