

# A POODLE MORE BEAUTIFUL

---

A short comedy by  
Stacey Lane

This script is for evaluation only. It may not be printed, photocopied or distributed digitally under any circumstances. Possession of this file does not grant the right to perform this play or any portion of it, or to use it for classroom study.

[www.youthplays.com](http://www.youthplays.com)  
[info@youthplays.com](mailto:info@youthplays.com)  
424-703-5315

*A Poodle More Beautiful* © 2016 Stacey Lane  
All rights reserved. ISBN 978-1-62088-645-8.

**Caution:** This play is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America, Canada, the British Commonwealth and all other countries of the copyright union and is subject to royalty for all performances including but not limited to professional, amateur, charity and classroom whether admission is charged or presented free of charge.

**Reservation of Rights:** This play is the property of the author and all rights for its use are strictly reserved and must be licensed by the author's representative, YouthPLAYS. This prohibition of unauthorized professional and amateur stage presentations extends also to motion pictures, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video and the rights of adaptation or translation into non-English languages.

**Performance Licensing and Royalty Payments:** Amateur and stock performance rights are administered exclusively by YouthPLAYS. No amateur, stock or educational theatre groups or individuals may perform this play without securing authorization and royalty arrangements in advance from YouthPLAYS. Required royalty fees for performing this play are available online at [www.YouthPLAYS.com](http://www.YouthPLAYS.com). Royalty fees are subject to change without notice. Required royalties must be paid each time this play is performed and may not be transferred to any other performance entity. All licensing requests and inquiries should be addressed to YouthPLAYS.

**Author Credit:** All groups or individuals receiving permission to produce this play must give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisements and publicity relating to the production of this play. The author's billing must appear directly below the title on a separate line with no other accompanying written matter. The name of the author(s) must be at least 50% as large as the title of the play. No person or entity may receive larger or more prominent credit than that which is given to the author(s) and the name of the author(s) may not be abbreviated or otherwise altered from the form in which it appears in this Play.

**Publisher Attribution:** All programs, advertisements, flyers or other printed material must include the following notice:

*Produced by special arrangement with YouthPLAYS ([www.youthplays.com](http://www.youthplays.com)).*

**Prohibition of Unauthorized Copying:** Any unauthorized copying of this book or excerpts from this book, whether by photocopying, scanning, video recording or any other means, is strictly prohibited by law. This book may only be copied by licensed productions with the purchase of a photocopy license, or with explicit permission from YouthPLAYS.

**Trade Marks, Public Figures & Musical Works:** This play may contain references to brand names or public figures. All references are intended only as parody or other legal means of expression. This play may also contain suggestions for the performance of a musical work (either in part or in whole). YouthPLAYS has not obtained performing rights of these works unless explicitly noted. The direction of such works is only a playwright's suggestion, and the play producer should obtain such permissions on their own. The website for the U.S. copyright office is <http://www.copyright.gov>.

## COPYRIGHT RULES TO REMEMBER

1. To produce this play, you must receive prior written permission from YouthPLAYS and pay the required royalty.
2. You must pay a royalty each time the play is performed in the presence of audience members outside of the cast and crew. Royalties are due whether or not admission is charged, whether or not the play is presented for profit, for charity or for educational purposes, or whether or not anyone associated with the production is being paid.
3. No changes, including cuts or additions, are permitted to the script without written prior permission from YouthPLAYS.
4. Do not copy this book or any part of it without written permission from YouthPLAYS.
5. Credit to the author and YouthPLAYS is required on all programs and other promotional items associated with this play's performance.

When you pay royalties, you are recognizing the hard work that went into creating the play and making a statement that a play is something of value. We think this is important, and we hope that everyone will do the right thing, thus allowing playwrights to generate income and continue to create wonderful new works for the stage.

Plays are owned by the playwrights who wrote them. Violating a playwright's copyright is a very serious matter and violates both United States and international copyright law. Infringement is punishable by actual damages and attorneys' fees, statutory damages of up to \$150,000 per incident, and even possible criminal sanctions. **Infringement is theft. Don't do it.**

Have a question about copyright? Please contact us by email at [info@youthplays.com](mailto:info@youthplays.com) or by phone at 424-703-5315. When in doubt, please ask.

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

PUDDLES, a poodle puppy (male or female).

SCRAM, a mutt (male or female).

\*If a larger cast is desired, the non-speaking people that visit the shelter may be fully realized, instead of suggested. Other dogs and cats may be in other cages.

## SETTING

A cage at the pound.

## TIME

The present.

## ACKNOWLEDGMENT

*A Poodle More Beautiful* premiered in July 2015 at Edmonds Driftwood Players (Edmonds, WA). Director, Paul Fleming; Producers, Carissa Meisner Smit and Diane Jamieson; Stage Manager, Dan Ha. Technical director, Rick Wright; Set Designer, Roger Huston; Costume Designers, Faye Mattingley and Melina Boivin; Lighting Designers, Dan Ha and Rick Wright. The cast was as follows:

PUDDLES	Abby Price
SCRAM	Jennifer Price

## DEDICATION

To my mother, Christy J. Smith,  
for making the best parts of me and putting up with the worst  
parts of me.

*(Onstage there is a large dog bed, a bowl of dog food, a bowl of water, a rope, and a ball. The cage and the cage door may be represented by stage lighting or suggested.)*

*(In the darkness, there is the sound of a heavy metal cage door being slammed shut and locked. Lights up on PUDDLES at the front of the cage and SCRAM at the back.)*

**PUDDLES:** No! No! This is a mistake. You must have me mixed up with someone else.

**SCRAM:** First time in the slammer, huh, pup?

**PUDDLES:** *(Turns to see Scram and yelps in terror. Letting out a yappy bark:)* Stand back. My bite is worse than my bark.

**SCRAM:** Geesh, take it easy, squeaky.

**PUDDLES:** I thought I was alone.

**SCRAM:** Well, aren't you glad you're not?

**PUDDLES:** I don't know. I don't know you.

**SCRAM:** Well, I'm mighty glad to see you, pup. I haven't had me a good game of tug-of-war in months.

*(Scram picks up the rope in his/her mouth and growls, while jumping back and forth. Focused only on finding a way out, Puddles ignores Scram.)*

Come on. You do know how to play tug-of-war, don't you, pup? No? Well, do you know how to shake?

*(Scram puts his/her paw out.)*

No? Well, I know you know how to talk, so talk to me. They call me Scram. What do they call you, kid?

**PUDDLES:** My name is Puddles.

**SCRAM:** Well, now I think I know why you're here.

**PUDDLES:** Look, Scram, I don't belong here. I'm not like you.

**SCRAM:** And why is it that I belong here?

© Stacey Lane

This is a perusal copy only.

Absolutely no printing, copying/distribution or performance permitted.

---

**PUDDLES:** Because aren't you a...a... (*Whispering a naughty word:*) ...mutt?

**SCRAM:** I prefer mysterious hodgepodge of splendid wonderfulness, but sure...mutt will do too.

**PUDDLES:** I am a purebred poodle. I am not supposed to be in a...a... (*Whispering another naughty word:*) ...shelter.

**SCRAM:** Buddy, nobody is supposed to be here, but here we are.

**PUDDLES:** (*Scratching behind his/her ear:*) What was that? Ahh! You – you gave me fleas! I can feel them crawling all over me.

*(Puddles itches like crazy.)*

**SCRAM:** I don't have fleas.

**PUDDLES:** Your kind always has fleas.

**SCRAM:** Where'd you pick up that load of garbage? You're the one doing the itching, so it seems to me that you're the one with the problem.

**PUDDLES:** I got to get out of here.

*(Puddles begins digging frantically.)*

**SCRAM:** My old roomie, that's all he did. Dig and dig and dig and dig some more. Never made a lick of difference. He got out the only way anybody gets out – through the door.

**PUDDLES:** I can reach that. Poodles are great jumpers and super smart.

*(Puddles jumps repeatedly up at the door.)*

**SCRAM:** Pup, the latch is on the other side.

*(Puddles pushes the dog bed over in front of the latch, stands on the bed, and jumps up and down. When this does not work, Puddles pushes the food bowl over and puts it on top of the bed. Puddles prepares to climb on top of it.)*

Puddles, pup, stop! Look, even if you somehow magically manage to reach the latch, you aren't going to magically grow thumbs.

**PUDDLES:** Then I am doomed to spend all of eternity locked in this tiny dungeon. No! I can't take another second of this endless imprisonment.

**SCRAM:** Now that's a bit overdramatic, don't you think? You've been in here for – what – five minutes maybe.

**PUDDLES:** But that's like a month in dog years.

**SCRAM:** It's not so bad here. They give you a square meal every day. Beats eating out of the garbage.

*(Scram chows down.)*

**PUDDLES:** *(Sniffing the dog food and turning his/her nose up at it:)* I'm a wet food dog.

**SCRAM:** Well, one time here they gave me cheese.

**PUDDLES:** You know humans only give you that when they are hiding medicine in it, right?

**SCRAM:** What? No way. Well, it was worth it. It was good cheese.

**PUDDLES:** I can't be expected to live like this. In a cage for the rest of my days. With only dry food and...you. I won't make it.

**SCRAM:** You see that dog in that cage over there?

**PUDDLES:** *(Squinting:)* No.

**SCRAM:** That's 'cause the cage is empty.

**PUDDLES:** Okay.

**SCRAM:** That's where Howie used to be.

**PUDDLES:** What happened to Howie?

**SCRAM:** Oh, it's a sad tale. He lost his tail. Thought for sure

---

no one would ever love him again with no tail to wag to let 'em know he had friendly intentions. Howie waited and waited and nearly gave up hope. Oh how he'd howl at night. But then Jenny came along, and she locked eyes with him, and everything changed. And it can happen for us. We just need to find the right— People! People alert! This is it, pup. Time to show off that canine charisma. Just follow my lead.

*(Scram does a series of cute dog poses and faces.)*

**PUDDLES:** You've got to be kidding me. You are giving me advice for a cuteness competition?!

**SCRAM:** *(Watching the people leave:)* And there they go. Why didn't you do anything?

**PUDDLES:** They had a toddler.

**SCRAM:** So? Kids love dogs.

**PUDDLES:** Toddlers are not kids. Toddlers are monsters—slobbery, sticky monsters. Toddlers think poodles are ponies. Toddlers think tails are toys. No way. Nope. Not for me.

**SCRAM:** I don't think you're in a position to be choosy, pooch.

**PUDDLES:** *(Spotting another person:)* Wow! Look at her. She's perfect.

**SCRAM:** No, she wo—

**PUDDLES:** All by herself. No one to love but me. Her tennis shoes mean she likes to go on walks. Plus, I get tennis shoes to chew on. Well, Scram, it was nice knowing you.

*(Puddles puts on an adorable show: whimpering, begging, holding out a paw, hopping, barking, and rolling over. Puddles watches the lady walk by.)*

She didn't even look at me.

**SCRAM:** That's because she—

**PUDDLES:** She hates me! She knows she can find somebody

© Stacey Lane

This is a perusal copy only.

Absolutely no printing, copying/distribution or performance permitted.

better than me.

**SCRAM:** Uh, I was going to say –

**PUDDLES:** It's just like the basket all over again.

**SCRAM:** The basket?

**PUDDLES:** Every time I close my eyes I can still see it. The hands reaching into the basket. The eyes. Oh, those judging eyes! "This one's the cutest!" "No, this one's the cutest!" "Let's take this one home." "No, let's get this one. He's definitely the best." Then those hands pick up my brother or sister and whisk them off to their happy new home. One by one. Until I am the only one left. All alone in that big cold basket. Not cute enough. Not fluffy enough. Not good enough. Not good enough for that lady. Not good enough for anybody...anywhere...ever.

**SCRAM:** Puddles, that lady works here. And...she has seven cats. She didn't look at you because she isn't looking for a dog.

**PUDDLES:** Oh. Well, in that case, forget everything I just said.

*(Puddles crosses to the water bowl and casually drinks.)*

**SCRAM:** So they sent you here. When nobody wanted you. I know that tale all too well, my friend. You see, I never –

**PUDDLES:** No, I got picked. I just got picked last.

**SCRAM:** Well, that's not so bad.

*(Scram grabs the ball and chews on it.)*

**PUDDLES:** Yes, it was. I ended up going to this house with a toddler in his terrible twos and a cat who was just too terrible. The cat hated me and everyone liked that cat the best. She'd scratch up the couch, pull the chicken out of the garbage, chew up the computer cord—and they'd always blame me. No amount of puppy dog eyes could ever change their minds.

**SCRAM:** You poor pup. I bet this ball will cheer you up.

Always works for me. I got it good and slobbery and I'm glad to share.

*(Scram pushes the ball to Puddles, who shakes his/her head "no" and pushes the ball away.)*

**PUDDLES:** Goldfish bowl gets knocked over. Classic cat, right? Nope. They still scolded me.

**SCRAM:** You know that you did nothing wrong, pup, and that's all that matters.

**PUDDLES:** Actually, I did knock over the fishbowl, but only so they would see how evil that cat really was. I didn't do most of that other stuff.

Want to read the entire script? Order a perusal copy today!