

MR (*to himself*): Oh, I'm so excited to give Heather the good news. I'm getting myself a puppy. I wonder if she's home. (*knocks on the "door"*) Heather! Heather!....Hmm, I guess she's not home.

MR (*to audience, with his back to the stage*): Oh, hi kids! Say, have you seen Heather? She's about yey high, with a green face and blonde hair. No, she really has a green face. She's really sweet, too. Have you seen her?

Heather pops up as Mr. Roberts is describing her. She dives back down before MR finishes talking. MR looks behind him to see that she is not there.

MR (*to audience*): What? Are you guys playing a trick on me? I don't see her.

Heather pops up again for a second, and dives back down.

MR: What? Again? But I don't see her. Where? Where?

Heather pops up again, and this time stays up. MR turns around to see her, and they both laugh.

MR: Oh, Heather. There you are!! Good morning! I'm so happy to see you. What a great day it is.

H: Good morning, Mr. Roberts. So nice to see you too! Would you like a cookie?

MR: Do I ever say no to your cookies, Heather?

He takes one.

MR: My dear Heather, today I am going to the pet store to buy myself a doggie!

He begins to sing: "How much is that dog in the window, the one with the wiggly tail? How much is that dog in the window? I do hope that dog is for sale!" As he sings, he dances and eats his cookie.

H (*aside to the audience, while MR is singing*): Oh, if Mr. Roberts only knew... How am I gonna tell him? How am I gonna tell him how bad it is to buy an animal from a pet store? Well...I'll think of something. (*Tries to get his attention, as he sings and dances in ecstasy.*) Mr. Roberts. Mr. Roberts!! (*now screaming*) Mr. Roberts!!! (*climbs on him, pounds on him*) Mr. Roberts!!!

MR (*finally hears her*): What, Heather?

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H collapses, then pops up to talk to him.

H: Mr. Roberts, would you ... like another cookie? (*gives him one more*) Now, I have something to tell you about pet stores.

MR: (*eating his cookie*) Yes, Heather?

H: Mr. Roberts, those puppies in the pet store... do you know where they come from?

MR: No, Heather, I really hadn't thought much about it.

H: Oh, Mr. Roberts. That explains it all. Here, have one more cookie, and I'll be right back! (*dives down*)

MR: (*about his cookie*) Hmm!

Heather pops up with a tie and a male voice. She has become the pet store owner, Linus Shminus.

LS: Hello Mr. Roberts! How are you? My name is Linus Shminus, and I am the pet store owner.

MR: How do you do, Mr. Linus Shminus.

LS: Fine, fine!! I hear that you want to buy a puppy from my pet store.

MR: Yes, yes, I do. What kind of puppies do you have?

LS: All kinds, Mr. Roberts!

MR: And how much are they?

LS: Well, it varies. A pure Lab will cost you \$700.

MR: Oh, I see...

LS: A pure Golden Retriever only \$800.

MR: \$800...

LS: Unless you are interested in a chihuahua for \$900, a Lhasa for \$1,000 or a Shih Tzu for \$1,500.

MR: Oh, my goodness, Mr. Linus Shminus. They are so expensive. I'll... have to think about it...

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LS: *(as he dives down)* Think about it, Mr. Roberts. Think, but don't forget. We only carry the best in my pet store!

*MR walks away mumbling about the ridiculous prices of the dogs in the pet store.
Heather pops up.*

MR: Oh, Heather, I'm glad you are back! I just met Mr. Linus Shminus, the pet store owner, and the puppies are sooo expensive!

H: Mr. Roberts, do you know why they are so expensive?

MR: No, I really don't.

H: Because they get the puppies from a horrible place called a "puppy mill".

MR: What's a "puppy mill", Heather?

H: A puppy mill is a place where they make mommy dogs have lots and lots of puppies, and when the puppies are very, very small they take them away from their mommies...

MR: That's terrible! They shouldn't do that!!

H: Yeah, Robert, you're right. But the people who own the puppy mills don't really care about the doggies. They just want to sell as many puppies as they can to the pet stores for lots of money. And then, the pet stores sell them to people like you and me for lots of money. That's why the puppies are so expensive.

MR: Oh no! Puppy mills sound horrible.

H: Yes, Mr. Roberts. It's even worse than you think. You should take a little trip and go see a puppy mill for yourself.

(She exits.)

MR: I'll do just that! *(He puts on his hat and coat, picks up his suitcase and "travels." We hear the wind.)* Oh, it's cold around here! Much colder than California. Now, let's see, the puppy mill should be just around the corner.... Oh, there are the cages! Oh, my Gosh! These puppies are so tiny. *(Sound of puppies whining.)* Their eyes are still closed, and they are all shivering and huddled together. They're cold. Oh, that's horrible.... What about this cage over here? Well, there's no heat in this cage either. And it stinks. Wow, it looks like they haven't cleaned it in weeks. There are too many dogs in there. They're walking on each other. It's such a small cage for so many dogs! There's little food or water. *(whining ends)*.... Oh, my Gosh! I can't believe this.

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Heather pops up. She wears a very big moustache. She has become Marcus Barkus, the owner of the puppy mill.

MB: Hello there! You seem to have lost your way. Welcome to our puppy mill. This is the Marcus Barkus Puppy Love Farm, and I am the owner, Marcus Barkus himself. Who are you?

MR: My name is Mr. Roberts, and I want to know how you can do this to these dogs?!

MB: Do what?

MR: Leave these little puppies without their mother. The cages stink. They are full of poop and pee. There is no food or water, and it's freezing cold. And you don't even care!

MB: *(laughs)*. Mr. Roberts, Mr. Roberts, these dogs are for sale. I sell them to pet stores all over the country from New York to California. And I can sell them for lots and lots of money!

MR: Well, all I can say is you are an awful, awful man, Mr. Marcus Barkus! *(MB dives down, muttering under his breath. R picks up his suitcase and leaves.)* I've got to get back to Heather. This is unbelievable. *(Knocks on Heather's door.)* Heather! Heather, are you there?

H: *(unseen)* Is that the door? Oh, it's Mr. Roberts! *(pops up)* Hello, Mr. Roberts! What's wrong with you? You look so upset!

MR: I just saw the saddest thing I've ever seen!

H: Why? What happened?

MR: I went out to the Midwest to visit a puppy mill called the Marcus Barkus Puppy Love Farm. It was awful, Heather, it was really, really horrible!!!What am I going to do, Heather? I wanted a dog so badly, but now I understand that I shouldn't buy an animal from a pet store because that'll help those terrible puppy mills! I don't know what to do.

H: Mr. Roberts, please don't be so sad, because there's something you can do to help the doggies!!

MR: What, what can I do? Please tell me Heather!

H: Instead of buying a dog from the pet store, you can always ADOPT a *rescue* dog instead!

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MR: What's a rescue dog?

H: A rescue dog is a dog who no one wants, who has no family, has no home.

MR: I'd love to do that, but where do I go to adopt one?

H: You can go to the pound, or to a rescue group to adopt one.

MR: That's wonderful, Heather!! And do they have different types of dogs?

H: Yes, Mr. Roberts!! There are lots and lots of wonderful doggies and also other types of rescued animals, like kitty cats and rabbits, too and they all need good homes....In fact, there's all kinds, all breeds, all sizes, all ages, and you don't have to pay too much to adopt them either! Plus, they're fixed and vaccinated before you get them, which means they're healthy. But you wanna know the very best part, Mr. Roberts?

MR: Yes, please tell me, Heather!!

H: The very best part is that you've saved a life because you've given the rescued animal a home!! And the doggie will be sooo grateful!! And you'll feel sooo good because you've save a doggie's life!!

MR: Thank you, Heather. Thank you! Thank you. I'm going over to the pound right now to get myself a rescue dog.

H: Yay!!! Now, that's wonderful news! Good luck, Mr. Roberts! Come back and introduce me to your new friend!

MR: I'll do that!! See you later, Heather!

H: See you, Mr. Roberts! Good bye!!

MR exits. H dances to happy music.

A sign that says THE END, decorated with dogs, pops up.