

Too Many Beagles

By

Ann Richie

Music and Lyrics

By

Arnold Richie

Musical Arrangement by Alice Smith

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Too Many Beagles

Act I

Scene 1 – One Day

(Bentley enters with a bone – and intensively looks around room for a good place to bury it. He is unaware of the presence of the audience. He tries one place – and starts to bury it. He starts to walk away – but suddenly becomes suspicious that someone might have seen him. He quickly retrieves it and finds the ideal spot to “bury” the bone in the potted plant. He sneaks away from the hiding place toward downstage while looking around to see if anyone has seen him bury the bone. Suddenly he notices the audience and startles, wide-eyed, not knowing if audience has seen where he buried his bone. First, he forces a fake grin and then tries to act non-chalant so he starts whistling....)

BENTLEY: Oh...Hello!

(his demeanor quickly changes to being suspicious and demanding)

BENTLEY: How-long-have-you-been-sitting-there?

(studies the audience suspiciously)

BENTLEY: H-m-m-m-m-m-m-m!. I will have to keep my eye on you! However, since you are already here...maybe I'll tell you a story. Well...would you LIKE to hear a story? (waits for audience response) OK...if you insist. ...Now where shall I begin our story? Oh...pardon my manners! I should introduce myself. My name is Bentley...and I am a (proudly) BEAGLE! (bows) How do you do! Now we can get on with our story. Yes...I remember...THAT day! I owned 2 humans and we all lived at Number 7 Oaktree Lane. This day started off like any other day...

(Bentley then he turns his back to the audience, stretches and yawns, then steps into the story.)

BENTLEY: Ahhhhh, it's another GREAT DAY! The sun is shining...the Postman will be coming soon (rubs hands together with devilish grin) heh, heh, heh!... the cats will be starting to prowl the neighborhood at any time now! (raises eyebrows knowingly 3 times)... AND...it's Garbage Day!...but BEST of all, it's almost time for BREAKFAST!!!!!!

BENTLEY: (To audience) Me?...Of COURSE I'm fine! Why I...(suddenly startles – wide-eyed in fear) Huh!!!! Oh NO!!!...the VET!!!!...SHOTS!!!!!!!!!! (runs in a circle, then suddenly freezes) Wait a minute...(relaxing)...it CAN'T be!! We were just there a few weeks ago. It is WAY too soon for THAT again!!! (very relieved...then freezes again – eyes wide with fear) Huh??? BA-A-A-ATH!!!! Gotta hide...gotta hide...gotta hide!!!

(Bentley rushes around the room in a panic...finally hides behind the couch – all you see is his tail)

Mom: I know - but I love him so much and I don't want him to be upset. We have had our Bentley for 9 years and well...he's our

[SONG: "Boogie Woogie Beagle Boy from Oaktree Lane"]

Dad: (reassuring) Everything will be fine...you'll see!

(Bentley peaks out from behind the couch)

Bentley: (to audience) Fine???

(Dad kisses Mom and EXITS out the front door in a hurry – and Mom waves good-bye to him. He waves as he passes by the front window. She pauses momentarily in thought, sighs, then picks up the empty dog dish)

Mom: Bentley, are you ready for breakfast?

(Mom EXITS to the interior of the house and Bentley pops up from behind the couch)

Bentley: (eyes light up) BREAKFAST????!!! Well, WHY didn't you say so!!! (rambling to himself) I dun-know...ma-a-aybe I should watch my weight...BUT...on the other hand, I DID have a long night of chasing cats in my sleep...and after all...I'm a VERY GOOD DOG...WELLLLLL...OK if you insist!

(Bentley emerges from behind the couch while shaking his head)

BENTLEY: (to audience) Boy, HUMANS are REALLY WEIRD sometimes!!

(He looks at the audience as if they doubt him)

Bentley: (stated like "Duh!") Yes! Humans are the same ones who put ROUND pizzas in SQUARE boxes!!!!

(Bentley walks past the potted plant, then suddenly freezes as he remembers his bone. He quickly turns around and checks his hiding place in the potted plant until he remembers that someone might see him. He stops, whirls around suddenly, jumps up and tries to pretend that nothing has happened. He begins to hum “How much is that Doggie in the Window” with dog sounds while he meanders over to the couch. He looks to see if Mom is coming – then gets on the couch and begins to prepare a site for his nap. He jumps on it, turns around a few times, paws at it, jumps up and down, fluffs the pillow with one paw and then the other, and then lays down on his back with his legs in the air. Just as he settles down to sleep, Mom calls from offstage)

Mom: B-e-n-t-l-e-y!!! B...r...e...a...k...f...a...s...t!!!!!!!

(Bentley snaps his head up instantly, wide-eyed)

BENTLEY: MOM’S coming!!

(Bentley rolls off of the couch into a sitting position down on the floor. He straightens up quickly like a soldier coming to attention– and freezes with a fake/innocent smile as Mom ENTERS the room with his dog dish)

Mom: He-e-ere’s your breakfast, Bentley! Aw-w-w-w....look at that good dog! Your Dad is just being silly and suspicious when he thinks that you would ever get up on that couch! How could he accuse YOU of such a thing!

(Bentley looks angelic and blinks his eyes – as Mom pats him on the head and puts his dish down. He eats hardily and happily - oblivious to anything else going on. Mom sits down on the couch and dials the phone)

Mom: Hello...Sara? This is.....why yes, yes it is! I was just calling to find out if our Foster Application has been approved yet.....It HAS?!!! Oh that’s WONDERFUL!!.....So the next step is the Home Visit tonight, correct? Of course I understand...you need to be certain that our home is safe. I want to double check the time.....you said 6 o’clock this evening? That’s perfect...then we’ll look for you around that time...Thanks so much...Good-bye!

(In the middle of Mom’s conversation, Bentley picks up his dog dish and licks it clean. As Mom hangs up the phone, he staggers over to the couch as if in a stupor, and, without thinking, jumps up on the couch and lies down with his head in Mom’s lap. Then he looks up at her with a silly, contented smile)

Mom: (Mom stands in surprise) BENTLEY!!! – YOU know better than that! BAD Dog!

(Bentley suddenly realizes what he has done in front of Mom and quickly rolls off of the couch and sits at attention like he did before. He looks at Mom and grins

sheepishly as you see the Postman through the front window sneaking up to the door and looking fearfully into the front window as he passes. The Postman puts the mail through the mail slot in the front door – slowly at first until Bentley begins barking – and then very quickly)

BENTLEY: Huh? The Postma-a-a-a-a-an!!!! Arro-o-o-o-o-o!!!!!! Arro-o-o-o-o-o-o!!!!!! Arro-o-o-o-o-o!!!!!!

(Bentley begins barking furiously and frantically - while the Postman is seen through the window holding his hat and fleeing in fear. Postman yells and you can hear his scream fading into the background as Bentley's barking fades into a loud growl)

Bentley: Grr-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r!!!!

Mom: Bent...ley, it's JUST the POSTMAN – AGAIN!...delivering the MAIL-AGAIN!

BENTLEY: Postman, my PAW! That'll teach that DELINQUENT to TRESPASS on MY property and dump his TRASH through MY door! GRR-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r!!!!

(Bentley is intensely focused out the front window looking for any sign of the Postman returning)

Mom: Bent-ley, QUIET! You're going to alarm the NEIGHBORS!

Bentley: THAT would be the POINT of my barking! Don't you think they WANT to know about this SERIAL LITTER-HUMAN who puts his TRASH IN EVERYONE'S HOUSES???!!!

(Bentley strikes a pose of pride in his heroism, exhales on his fingernails, then polishes them on his fur as he struts around the room. Mom sighs and shakes her head as she picks up the mail and EXITS while saying...)

Mom: You're a FUNNY dog, Bentley...Cute!...but you're a FUNNY dog!

(Bentley waits until Mom leaves and then he runs over and jumps back up on the windowseat and strikes a boastful pose again)

BENTLEY: Ha! The Postman RUNS from the FEARLESS, MIGHTY BEAGLE BENTLEY!!! (He looks around quickly to make certain that Mom is not there – but just in case he puts his paw over his mouth and barks in a low, muffled tone) ...Woof!....Woof!

(Bentley jumps off of the windowseat and brushes his hands together like he took care of that. Then he struts around the room triumphantly)

Bentley: (to himself with pride) Heh! Heh! Heh! The Postman FLEES in FEAR!!!

(When he walks past the potted plant, he freezes - then slowly takes one or two steps backward and surreptitiously glances at the site where he left his bone – then he quickly smiles and continues with his boastful tour around the room)

BENTLEY: AHH-H-H-H...what a GREAT day!!

(Suddenly he freezes with a mischievous smile)

BENTLEY: AH-HA!!....There MIGHT be a CAT in our yard!

(Bentley runs to the window and studies both sides intensively - sees nothing and grumbles to himself as he goes to the couch and reclines on his back)

Bentley: (mumbling) Just like a CAT – they're NEVER there when you NEED them!

(Mom calls from offstage)

Mom: Bent-ley!

(Mom ENTERS from interior room with her purse and car keys in her hand. Bentley scrambles off of the couch just before she enters the room and sits beside the couch looking innocent)

Mom: I am going out for a short time.

(Bentley gets excited because he thinks that she is going to take him for a walk. He dances an "excitement dance")

BENTLEY: OUT????? Oh, YES! A WALK!!!!, A-WALK-A- WALK-A-WALK-A-WALK-A!!!

Mom: Sorry, Bentley - not right now, fellow - we'll go later. I need to go to the pet store before Dad gets home. Don't worry, I'll be back soon. Dad and I have a BIG SURPRISE for you tonight! Now, be a Good Dog while I am gone!

(Mom pats him on the head and then EXITS out the front door)

Bentley: A surprise?...for me???? (eyes light up) A BONE!!!!

(Bentley does another "excitement dance" as he steps downstage to address the audience)

BENTLEY: You see? It started off like any other day. I was a HAPPY Beagle...but that was BEFORE it all happened!! Later that day, Mom came home with her hands full of packages. Then Dad came home from work, and while he was getting into clothes that were more comfortable, I decided that I would catch a little nap...

(Bentley goes over to his dog bed, turns around one way, then the other, then paws at the fabric, turns around one more time, then lays down with head down on the pillow and rear in the air...just as Sara is seen walking past the window to the front door. Sara rings the doorbell that causes Bentley to spring into action barking as he runs across the room to the front door. He is frantically alerting Mom and Dad that someone is at the door as Mom and Dad ENTER the room and see Bentley running around the room and barking. Mom and Dad exchange a glance)

Mom: It's OK Bentley.

(They go to open the front door and Sara ENTERS with a leash that leads out the front door – but Maggie is not seen yet.)

Mom: Hello!

Dad: You must be Sara from Basset Buddies Rescue of Texas.

Sara: Yes, I am. It's very nice to finally meet both of you in person. I want to thank you so much for your help – because we always need foster homes for our Basset Hounds.

Bentley: (Looks annoyed) HUMAN TALK!!

(Bentley goes to his bed and lays down to take a nap with rear in the air)

Dad: We have talked about fostering for quite some time. When we found your website and read about your Basset Hound rescue organization – we knew that it was time for us to help!

Mom: Yes, these Basset Hounds are ADORABLE!

Sara: We're so happy that you want to help. This will allow us to rescue other Basset Hounds from animal shelters until they can be adopted by a family who will love them "FUR-EVER."

(Sara and Mom chuckle. It takes a second for Dad to get it, then he suddenly gets the joke)

Dad: HA! FUR-ever! That's cute! FUR...EVER! (to Mom) FUR-ever!

(Dad is still enjoying the joke as Mom looks at him with a humorous worried look – but quickly shifts focus to Maggie)

Mom: So tell us a little bit about Maggie. That's her name, right?

Sara: Yes, Basset Buddies gave her the name Maggie. She was found on the streets of Louisiana after Hurricane Katrina. She had lost a great deal of weight and was very sick.

Mom: How AWFUL!!!

Sara: The good news is that she was taken to a local shelter and they searched for her owners, but when they could not be found, they put her up for adoption. Since they had so many animals like Maggie in Louisiana after the storm, they sent her to the Houston ASPCA.

Dad: So, what happened - how did you get her?

Sara: That is where our rescue organization comes in. We have volunteers who check the shelters every day to find Basset Hounds who need to be rescued and find a good home...like Maggie. We are very happy that you contacted us...because we can't do this without volunteers like you offering to foster them.

Mom: I am so happy that we decided to call!

Dad: Didn't you say that Maggie still needs some veterinary care?

(Bentley startles and snaps to attention)

Bentley: "VET"???!!!!

Sara: Yes, Maggie needs to get treatment for heartworms – so she will need to be taken to her appointments at the Animal Hospital.

Bentley: (thinks about it a second, then relaxes as he mouth to audience...) Not me!

(Bentley returns to sleeping)

Mom: That doesn't sound too difficult!

Dad: But it DOES sound expensive!

Sara: Yes, it can be – but Basset Buddies will continue to pay for Maggie’s veterinary care and medication until she is healthy and can be adopted.

Dad: How can Basset Buddies afford to do that?

Sara: The Animal Hospital is one of several veterinary practices that provide care for our Basset Hounds at discounted rates.

Dad: It still sounds expensive!

Sara: We could not exist without the many generous volunteers who help us by donating their time, money, transportation, and, most importantly, their homes and hearts to these wonderful Basset Hounds. There are also other volunteers who help to raise money and take the Basset Hounds to Adoption Days – so that they can meet a nice family.

Dad: Their FUR-ever family, right? (nudges Mom and chuckles) Ha!!

(Mom glances at him unamused - then tries to ignore him)

Sara: Right. (chuckles)

Mom: I am REALLY happy that we are going to be a part of this!

Dad: So what do foster families do?

Sara: Well...

SONG: [Mom, Dad, and Sara – “It’s the Little Things”]

Sara: It is the same basic care that you provide for Bentley.

Mom: Wow, this is easy compared to all that your volunteers at Basset Buddies do!

Sara: Everyone works together and contributes in their own way – no matter how big or small – it’s ALL important.

Dad: Well, we’re ready to help!

Sara: Oh, forgive me (chuckles)...I’ve been rambling – I’m sure that you want to meet MAGGIE now!

BENTLEY: (becomes alert) MAGGIE??

Mom: Since she is already 4 years old, do you think that she will accept us?

Sara: Basset Hounds are one of the most friendly, loving breeds of dogs. That is why I am involved in rescuing them. My own Basset Hound Fred was one of the first hounds that Basset Buddies rescued. I am sure that you and Maggie will be fine together. If there is any problem, all you need to do is let us know because we are here to help you.

(Sara goes to the door and coaxes Maggie to come inside.)

Sara: (sweetly) Come on in, Maggie, it's OK. You are going to stay in this nice home for a while.

(Maggie ENTERS slowly as she is shy and not feeling very well as Bentley jumps up in shock while staring at Maggie who is uncertain at first and hides behind Sara who closes the door)

Mom: Aw-w-w-w, she's shy, poor baby. (sweetly holding out her hand) ...Hello, Maggie.

Dad: (holding out his hand) Hello, girl!

(Maggie hesitates at first, then slowly goes over to Mom and Dad who take her leash off and begin patting her. Maggie warms up and puts her head first on Mom, then Dad. Mom, Dad, and Sara talk in mime as they get to know Maggie while Bentley is standing in the middle of his bed)

BENTLEY: (sarcastically – to audience) MAGGIE??? THIS...is a MAGGIE??? Huh! All SHE is...is...is one "UGGGGLY-lookin' BEAGLE!" (points and laughs) Look at that LOOOONG BODY...looks like a stretched limousine!...and those DRO-O-OPY EARS...are falling off the side of her head!...and THOSE are some SAD-lookin' eyes!...looks like she could catch some flies with those lower lids!! Ha!!!

(Mom and Dad escort Maggie over toward Bentley as he steps out of his bed and comes toward them)

Mom: Maggie, this is Bentley – Bentley, this is Maggie

(Maggie ignores him, and continues walking past him to his bed, collapses in the bed as she sighs. Bentley is horrified. He looks at Mom and Dad – and then at Maggie curled up in his bed.)

BENTLEY: HEY! - What's the matter with YOU? We haven't even SMELLED each other HELLO yet!!!...AND...that's MY bed!!!

(Maggie says nothing and does not move)

BENTLEY: I SAID...that's MY bed!!!! GR-R-R-R-R-R!!!!

Mom and Dad: BENTLEY!!!! THAT'S not very nice...she's our GUEST!!

Sara: It's normal for them to have an adjustment period. Just give them a little time - and they should work out any differences.

(Bentley doesn't let Mom and Dad see him gesturing for Maggie to get out of his bed. Maggie slowly lifts her head and gives Bentley an annoyed look. She slowly gets out of his bed as Bentley immediately jumps and stands on his bed to reclaim it)

BENTLEY: Ah Ha!! Bed Sweet Bed!!

(Maggie goes straight over to the couch, lays down on it, then curls up and goes to sleep again. Bentley is astounded and jumps out of his bed - goes over to the sofa pointing at Maggie in order to call it to the attention of Mom and Dad)

Bentley: Ah-haaaaa!!!! Look what she did!! She's a BAD DOG!!

(He looks back and forth between Mom and Dad and then Maggie, waiting for them to discipline her. They don't.)

Mom: Oh, poor thing – she doesn't feel well.

(Bentley expects Maggie to be disciplined and it does not register what Mom just said)

Bentley: (Gleefully) YEP...she's a bad dog!

Dad: Maybe we should make an exception because she needs a nice, comfortable place to rest and recover – and it doesn't seem like Bentley wants to SHARE right now.

(Dad glares at Bentley. Maggie lifts her head and smirks at Bentley – but Mom and Dad don't see her do this. Mom and Dad talk to Sara in mime as Bentley gets mad and paces around the couch.)

BENTLEY: How DARE you get on MY couch! It is OFF LIMITS to dogs!! Just ask Mom and Dad!!

(Bentley points both paws toward and stares at Mom and Dad who are unresponsive to his cue)

Mom: Aw-w-w-w-w, isn't she cute?

Bentley: Cute???? CUTE!!!!!! She's a BAD DOG!!! Remember??? BAD DOGS GET ON COUCHES!!!

Sara: If you don't want her to get on the couch, then you need to let her know gently but firmly.

BENTLEY: (gently) Yes! (pauses with a forced smile, then angrily) NOW GET OFF MY COUCH!!

Dad: It's all right for her to stay there.

BENTLEY: NO, it is NOT all right!!

Sara: That is entirely your choice.

Bentley: (grumbling) I know what I choose!

Mom: It's just FINE...we really don't mind!

BENTLEY: It is NOT fine – and yes you DO mind!! It's against the RULES!! YOU made them!!

Dad: This is an exception.

BENTLEY: EXCEPTION??? What are you DOING? – don't get SOFT! She needs DISCIPLINE!!

(Sara goes to the FRONT door)

Sara: Well, I will leave now so that you can all get acquainted. I have seen your house and yard - and this will be a wonderful, safe, and loving home for Maggie to stay until she is healthy again and can be adopted by her...(turns to Dad) "FUR-ever" home.

Dad: (Dad chuckles and then nudges Mom again) FUR-ever...that's a good one!

(Mom glares at Dad as if to say "Enough!" as they walk Sara to the door)

BENTLEY: STAY????????!!! You're not going to leave HER here, are you?

(Bentley takes a few steps off of his dog bed then remembers that he is guarding it from Maggie – so he rushes back to it as Sara EXITS out the front door and you see her passing by the window as she waves to Mom and Dad who wave

back. In the meantime, Bentley to run to the window in desperation...pleading for Sara to return)

BENTLEY: WAIT!!! Come back!!! You FORGOT something!!!

(When Bentley realizes that Sara is gone – he sulks off to his dog bed and as he passes by the couch, he glares at Maggie who is asleep. He goes to his dog bed and sits down cross-legged with his arms folded – very unhappy about what is going on. Mom and Dad sit down on either side of Maggie on the couch as she rolls over on her back for a belly rub)

Mom: Aw, darling, LOOK! Isn't that PRECIOUS? She wants a BELLY RUB!

(Mom and Dad tickle her belly as Maggie vocally expresses her delight as her legs dance in the air)

Dad: Poor Maggie! Did you get lost from your family?

Mom: (talks baby talk) Don't worry girl...we'll take GOOD CARE of you!

(Maggie lifts her head, smiles gratefully at Mom and Dad. Bentley is utterly disgusted.)

BENTLEY: Oh, I'm gonna eat GRASS and get SICK!

Dad: It's getting late – we had better get to bed. Tomorrow will be a big day.

Mom: Where will Maggie sleep?

Dad: Sara said that we should use a crate for her at night.

BENTLEY: (cheerfully) That's right – put'er in JAIL!

Mom: Oh, I don't have the HEART to do that!

BENTLEY: (quickly) Oh YES you do!!!

Mom: Bentley sleeps at the end of the bed – so she could sleep between us!

BENTLEY: (in disbelief) WHAAAATTT????!!!!

Dad: That'll be fine for now. We need to watch her carefully since she doesn't feel well.

BENTLEY: You CAN'T be SERIOUS!!!

Mom: Come on, Maggie. Let's go to bed.

(Mom and Dad both help her get up and walk into the bedroom. Mom, Maggie, and Dad EXIT. Bentley is disgusted as he watches them leave while he steps downstage to address the audience)

BENTLEY: (very serious) Do you know what I think?? There are TOO MANY BEAGLES around here!! TOO MANY BEAGLES!!!!

[SONG – Bentley - TOO MANY BEAGLES]

BENTLEY: (downstage and addresses the audience) Well, I didn't get a WINK of sleep that night and the next day didn't go very well either! I had to keep my eye on her, you know...because she was TRICKY!

(Maggie ENTERS with Mom's house slipper in her mouth, goes to the couch, jumps up on it and lays down, then proceeds to chew the slipper. Bentley is aggravated - goes to the side of the couch to study the situation – with hands on hips)

BENTLEY: What are you DOING???

Maggie: I am chewing this delicious, tasty house shoe for good oral hygiene!

BENTLEY: Are you KIDDING??? You are RUINING Mom's house slipper and you're a BAD DOG again!!!!

(Bentley crosses quickly in front of Maggie and yanks the slipper out of her hands. He poses in triumph. Maggie is indignant as she stands up and glares at him. She marches straight over to the plant and pulls out his bone and shows it to him. Then she crosses quickly to his dog bed, lays down, and begins to chew on his bone. Bentley is furious.)

BENTLEY: How did you FIND that?????!!!!

Maggie: Oh, please!! It was so easy, I could SMELL IT FROM ACROSS THE ROOM!!!

BENTLEY: How DARE you!!!! That's MY bone!!! GIVE IT BACK!!!!

(Mom ENTERS with robe and one house slipper on and freezes as she sees Bentley with her chewed, other house slipper in his paw. Suddenly he sees Mom and walks over to her as she takes her chewed slipper out of his paw)

Bentley: See what she did?

(Mom studies her chewed slipper that dangles in front of her and then looks at Bentley in disgust)

Mom: BENTLEY, how COULD you?? These WERE my favorite house slippers!

(Mom shows him the chewed shoe. Bentley suddenly realizes that she thinks he did it – as he gropes for words...)

Bentley: I'm uh, I'm uh...

Mom: BAD dog!!!

(Mom looks at Maggie chewing the dog bone contentedly)

Mom: (sweetly) Look at Maggie!!! She is being such a GOOD dog!!!

Bentley: Good dog, my PAW!!!!

(Bentley is enraged and storms over to Maggie and grabs the bone from her as Maggie gives a yelp and Mom looks on in horror)

Mom: BENTLEY!!! WHAT'S gotten into you lately???. POOR Maggie!!

(Mom comforts Maggie)

Bentley: Poor MAGGIE????!!!

Mom: Bentley, Maggie had the bone FIRST – now give it back to her!

Bentley: Give it back to HER??? It's MY bone!!!

Mom: Bentley, NOW!!

Bentley: But...but...

Mom: BENTLEY!!!

Bentley: But...

Mom: NOW!!!!

(Bentley slowly and painfully walks over and presents his bone to Maggie as she smiles and bats her eyes at him mockingly. She goes back to chewing on Bentley's bone contentedly as Mom goes over to the trash can, looks at Bentley as she drops the chewed shoe in the trash can)

Mom: Maggie, YOU are going to need a nice bath. I'll be right back.

(As Mom EXITS to interior of house, Bentley immediately becomes panicked and runs around the room looking for a hiding place)

Bentley: Ha! Ha! Ha!!!

Maggie: What's a bath???

(He stops suddenly and thinks – it occurs to him that MAGGIE is the one getting a bath and therefore he changes his demeanor, gets a devilish grin on his face, points to her and chuckles so that only the audience sees him, and begins to promote the concept of a bath to her. He forces a smile and begins to talk like a sly salesman)

Bentley: Why, yeeesssss! – a NICE BA-A-ATH!

Maggie: Is that something to eat?

Bentley: Oh, no, no, no, no, no! Why a bath is a WONDERFUL experience that only truly GOOD dogs are allowed to have...for a REWARD.

(You hear the sound of water turning on and running in the background)

Maggie: Really???

Bentley: Oh, YES!! It's DEFINITELY something that you wouldn't want to miss...since you are such a (sarcastically sweet) GOOD dog!

Maggie: Wow - that sounds GREAT!

(Mom ENTERS with a bath towel over her shoulder)

Mom: Time for your bath, Maggie

(She goes toward Maggie who is looking forward to getting a bath as Bentley follows to look on with supreme self-satisfaction)

Bentley: Heh, heh, heh!!

(Then Mom hesitates, thinks about it, then turns around and takes Bentley by the collar)

Mom: On second thought, let's start with you, Bentley. You can show her how it's done!

(Bentley resists comically and is spread-eagle across the door frame as Mom struggles to drag him in one paw at a time to get his bath)

Mom: Oh, Bentley...REALLY!!

(Mom and Bentley finally EXIT into the interior room as Maggie crosses to the interior door to watch them – calls after Bentley innocently and honestly)

Maggie: YOU must have been a GOOD dog today TOO!

(Bath time commotion is heard offstage – clanking, splashing, and Bentley protesting, and then a hair dryer. Finally, it becomes silent and Bentley ENTERS slowly with a dog groomer's scarf around his neck, looking chagrined)

Maggie: Wow, you really look DIFFERENT!

(Bentley says nothing – and gives her an exasperated look as he walks past her. Maggie shrugs her shoulders as if to say “What’s the matter with HIM?”)

Maggie: I want a bath TOO! Maybe it’s MY turn now!

(Maggie EXITS joyfully to the interior of the house – as Bentley walks slowly downstage to address the audience. He has a very disgusted look on his face as he glances toward the interior door where Maggie has disappeared)

BENTLEY: You already know what I think...(prompts audience) What? Yes!!! There are TOO MANY BEAGLES around here!!! TOO MANY BEAGLES!!!!!!

(Bentley takes a deep breath and lightens up a little as he continues with the story)

Well a few weeks went by - and Maggie began to feel better. Mom and Dad fed her plenty of good food – which I didn’t mind at all because I got to have some too! All I had to do is give Mom and Dad the sad puppy dog look...(he demonstrates his begging pose)...Heh, heh, heh - it GETS ‘em every time! But...OTHER things weren’t going quite as well.

(Bentley suddenly hears the garbage truck coming and rushes over to the window. He gets very serious as he cranes his neck looking in the direction of the noise.

Bentley: Arrroooooooooo!!!!

(Offstage you hear Maggie bay/bark with Bentley too)

Bentley and Maggie: (simultaneously) Arrroooooo!!

(Bentley stops baying as he hears the other bay/bark)

Maggie: Arrrooooooo!!

Maggie ENTERS the room running excitedly to the window barking/baying and looking for the garbage truck too)

Maggie: Arrrooooooo!!!!

Bentley: (angrily) What do you think that YOU are doing?

Maggie: I am barking at that human out there who is stealing our trash!!

Bentley: WRONG!!!

Maggie: What??

Bentley: (sarcastically) I am barking at that human out there who is stealing MY trash!!

(Bentley goes over to Maggie and pushes his way in front of her in order to block her view out the front window. Maggie's feelings are hurt – but that suddenly changes to childish revenge as she begins to yelp as if hurt)

Maggie: Yelp, yelp, yelp, yelp!

(Bentley is shocked and wide-eyed as Mom and Dad ENTER and rush across the room to rescue Maggie. Mom and Dad look at Bentley sternly as they comfort Maggie who pretends to be hurt.)

Mom: Bentley, how COULD you hurt this poor, INNOCENT dog?

Dad: That's right, there is no excuse for being a BULLY!

Bentley: But, but....

Mom: No bedtime treat for you tonight!

Bentley: Huh????

Dad: We all have to get along together around here, and that's that!

(Mom and Dad comfort Maggie as they EXIT into the interior of house – as Bentley watches them leave in disbelief. He walks slowly to downstage center)

Bentley: You know what I think!! There are... (he encourages audience to join him in saying) TOO MANY BEAGLES!! You're right...TOO MANY BEAGLES!!!!

We're going to take a 15-minute intermission now. The restrooms are through these doors – and there are drinks, snacks, gifts, and cast photos in the lobby for a donation. The actors will sit along the stage at the end of the show and will sign cast photos and programs for you. See you in 15-minutes!!

Bentley: (muttering as he leaves) Too Many Beagles! Too Many Beagles!

End of Act I