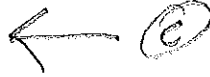


DOG GONE!



Cast of Characters
(in order of appearance)

ROCKY.....waiter; a typically brash New
Yawker; any age past the teens

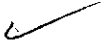
CUSTOMER.....any adult

BOSCH

WILLIAM CABOT SMITH-KENT...waspy middle-aged to older man

MAX.....aka Ch. Maximilian's Heronimus
Tallyho of Sunrise

IAN HIERONYMUS



MELODYaka Veronica, Countess of Seville

(Setting: an outdoor cafe in New York City. Discover
the customer who is seated at one of two or more tables.)

56.1

CUSTOMER: Excuse me...may I have the check?

ROCKY: (enters) ^{*SL*} Yeah, right. Let's see; you had a Sam
Adams, didn't you? (NB: he speaks with a middling heavy
accent but no attempt will be made here to reduce it to
writing.) Let's see...that's \$6.00 even.



CUSTOMER: Are you sure? I'm almost certain that it was only
\$4.50. Let's see the menu.

ROCKY: (he's pulled this scam before and knows how to cover
when it doesn't work) Say...you know what? You're right.
The place I used to work at? It was six bucks there. Yeah;
\$4.50 for Sam.

CUSTOMER: (knows what has happened; throws a five on the
table and stalks out) *SA*



ROCKY: (mutters) Cheap-skate.

no costume is (clearly)

+

WILLIAM: (enters ^{SA} leading MAX, a dog with distinctive characteristics....of any kind. MAX is male but can be huge or tiny; short or tall; furry or hairless. The point is that MAX can be passed off as a champion of some obscure breed. If the theatre's logistics don't permit a dog on stage, a passible substitute would be a distinctive cat in a cage.) Is this table free? (he speaks with vocabulary and diction that are clearly upper-class)

ROCKY: Free, it ain't, buddy. But....there ain't nobody sitting there.

WILLIAM: Thank you. (sits) I'd like a Martini please; very dry.

ROCKY: I know; I know. "Stirred, not shaken," right?

WILLIAM: (mildly) Actually, I've never known anyone who could tell the difference, once it was mixed. And, I'd wager, that would include...Jimmy Bond.

ROCKY: Yeah; well, you could be right. One Martini, coming up. (exits S L)

X WILLIAM: (to dog) OK, Max. I think this may be our lucky day. You saw how he tried to con that (man or woman) out of a measly buck-fifty? Greedy and dumb...just what the doctor ordered. (business with patting dog until waiter returns)

(enters S L)

ROCKY: Here you are, sir. (he's decided there might be a big tip out of this) One Martini, very dry.

+

WILLIAM: (sips) Delicious. My compliments to the bar-man. Or must I say "bar-person" these days?

W. Schwartz

4

ROCKY: ~~Don't make me no never mind.~~ Say, that's a pretty funny looking dog...no offense, I mean.

WILLIAM: None taken, none taken. Max and I are used to the uninitiated's comments.

ROCKY: "Un-in----" what? Is that a crack?

WILLIAM: No, I assure you, I mean simply that many people are unaware that this breed of dog even exists. That's what makes Max so rare, so special. He is pure bred Saxon ~~Schwartzzer~~. *Schwartzzer*

✓

4

ROCKY: Is he, like, worth a lot of money?

WILLIAM: Indeed he is. (reaches into brief case) See? This is his blue ribbon for best of show at the Boston. And these are his papers...his pedigree. His lineage goes back 18 generations.

ROCKY: So, that makes him worth a lot of money?

WILLIAM: I probably shouldn't tell you this, but Maximillion is worth over ²\$5,000. ✓

ROCKY: ²⁰⁻Five thou? For a mutt...I mean, dog? You're kidding me, right?

WILLIAM: No, my dear sir, I am not kidding you. As soon as we get back to ~~F-A~~ ^{FOUCH}, I'm going to put him to stud...at ¹⁰⁰⁰\$500 a pop. Uh, so to speak...

ROCKY: Get out of here! The dog does the work and you collect the money! That is some racket.

WILLIAM: Well, I wouldn't exactly call it work. I rather expect old Max here will have a jolly good time pleasing the ladies.

ROCKY: Wish I could get a job like that, I tell you.

WILLIAM: Perhaps, if you could trace your ancestors back 18 generations....

ROCKY: Yeah; yeah. You ready for another?

WILLIAM: I am, thank you.

ROCKY: (exits S L)

WILLIAM: (to Max) Now...aren't you proud? I bet you didn't know you were worth \$5,000, did you? And that, for sharing your seed with lovely bitches, you could make ^{someone rich} ~~me~~ very, ~~very~~, very ~~happy~~. What a good dog; what a champion!

St
ROCKY: (enters with drink) Here you go. You say you're in from L.A. — *where was that?*

2 weeks - 5 million dollars known. A. (not a clue) Oh, right
WILLIAM: *A. Mr. Burton, come along to visit*
Yes; Max and I were ~~just~~ visiting some acquaintances...of mine, not his (laughs)...and we took a rather disastrous side trip to Atlantic City.

BUNDLE
ROCKY: Lost a ~~bit~~, did you?

A rather large bundle,
WILLIAM: ~~More than a bit~~, I'm afraid. More, to tell the truth, than I could readily afford to lose. In fact, I had to borrow several thousand dollars from a rather unsavory chap my *brother* ~~cousin~~ knows.

ROCKY: Whatdaya mean, unsavory?

WILLIAM: Not to put too fine a point on it, the gentleman is what I believe is called "connected."

ROCKY: Uh, oh. I wouldn't want to be in your shoes, chum. Once those guys get a hook into you...oh, boy.

Bob
WILLIAM: Indeed. That's why I want to pay the thing off as soon as possible. I'm actually waiting for a call from my friend. We're going to talk to Mr. Anistsia and explain that I've got the money, all right.

ROCKY: But....?

Screech
WILLIAM: ...but it's in my safety deposit box. In ~~L.A.~~

ROCKY: I don't think Mr. A. is going to like that. How much, you don't mind my asking, are you in for?

WILLIAM: Twenty thousand dollars.

ROCKY: (whistles) Wow; twenty large. Now I'm really glad I ain't in your shoes.

WILLIAM: Well, win some; lose some. My only real concern now is that I'm going to have to borrow plane fare from my friend when he comes.

ROCKY: You did have some bad luck. What's your game...craps?

WILLIAM: No, blackjack.

ROCKY: And I bet you're one of those guys who thinks he can count the deck...see when it's getting sweet.

WILLIAM: Once upon a time ~~now~~ that they use four or five decks at once...and reshuffle any time...almost impossible. ✓

ROCKY: Impossible to the tune of twenty K, right?

WILLIAM: Sad but true. (his cell phone rings and he answers it) Hello. Yes, hello Jim. (P) What? WHAT? Don't tell me that! (P) I....I....you can't just let me...no, no....I understand...yes, OK. What's the address again? (P) Right; I've got it. But, oh God, what a mess...what a mess. (hangs up) ✓

ROCKY: Bad news?

WILLIAM: Terrible news. My friend was in a car crash...in Newark. He's in the hospital. Now I've got to go and talk to the loan shark by myself. He ~~knows~~ ^{likes} my friend but he ~~doesn't~~ ^{hardly}. ✓ ✓

know; me. God; this is awful. And what do I do about Max?
Jim made a real point of ~~telling me~~ that the don doesn't like
dogs. We were going to leave him in Jim's car when we went to
explain. But what can I do now? (looks at Rocky) Say...what
~~do you say...~~

ROCKY: No; no way. I ain't no dog sitter.

WILLIAM: Please; it won't be for more than 15 minutes. I'm
just going around the corner. (pulls out his wallet)
Here...here's \$20 (shows wallet)...my last \$20...^{But I don't have} maybe I can
~~get plane fare from the don.~~

ROCKY: What about the drinks; you owe for them.

WILLIAM: Oh, God, I do. But, listen, I'm leaving Max as
collateral, am I not? And I just don't have any more money.

ROCKY: Well, 15 minutes then. *But I don't even open pool. Tally
And if you need more time. It - And from you even you're forced to*

WILLIAM: Thank you; thank you. You won't regret this.

(exits S R)

S.C. R - 10 minutes later

(lights dim and hold and come up again)

*Money for
the trip.
R. & S. don't see
nothing open
the place.*

MELODY (enters S R and takes a seat as far from Max as
possible, so that she doesn't notice him. She is clearly, in
voice, carriage and manner, of the nobility) Waiter! (Rocky
is polishing silver or ^{plating} something so she has to get his
attention) I should like a glass of Veuve Clicquot.

ROCKY: Voov...what?

MELODY: It's (haughtily) a rather good champagne.

ROCKY: Well, lady, I guarantee you we don't have that...by
the bottle or by the glass.

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MELODY: And what champagne do you have...by the bottle or by the glass?

ROCKY: I think we got Cook's.

MELODY: A glass of sparkling water, please. (she notices Max) OH...what a darling dog!! (she melts; complete switch from the Europe ⁴bitch to dog-loving earth mother). Is he yours? What's his name? I can't believe I'm seeing a pure bred Saxon-Schwätzer ^{Schwätzer} right here! He looks so much like my own Frieda von Schloffen of Gernsey! What did you say his name was?

ROCKY: (a bit taken aback at all this enthusiasm) Well, the guy what owns him calls him Max.

MELODY: Max? Certainly just a nick-name for Maximillion ^{can} something. Say! I wonder? Could this really be Maximillion's Heronimus Tallyho of Sunset?

ROCKY: Well, I'm just kind of dog-sitting. The guy did leave some papers. (pulls them out) Yeah, he's...what you said.

MELODY: God; I'd love to own that dog. Wouldn't I, (to Max), you handsome champion, you. (to Rocky) I wonder if the man would sell him to me?

ROCKY: I wouldn't know about that lady. Like I said, I'm just minding the pooch until the guy gets back.

MELODY: I recently arrived from Spain and haven't had time to find an apartment. I'm staying at the Plaza, Suite 1212. Here...(pulls out a tiny calling card and writes on it)...here is the number. Please, please give this to Max's

owner and ask him to phone me. I simply must have that dog....if the owner will let him go for ~~for~~ \$10,000.
could

ROCKY: That's up to him. (looks at the card) You're...you're a countess?

MELODY: Oh, it's a bit of a bore, these days. But, yes, my husband and I are fairly close to the king. So, please be sure to have Max's owner call me. And here (she opens her purse) ¹³ something for your trouble. ✓

ROCKY: Gee...a ~~hundred~~ ¹⁰⁰ bucks! You bet; I'll have the guy call you right away.

MELODY: Thank you. Goodbye, Maximillion. Hope to see you soon. (exits S R) ✓

SL 3
(lights dim, hold and then come up again)

WILLIAM: (enters. He is disheveled and clearly distraught) Oh, thank God you're still here. With everything else, I was afraid that I'd find you gone. And Max, too. How are you, boy? Did you miss me? (to waiter) Say...what did you say your name was?

ROCKY: I didn't say but it's Rocky.

WILLIAM: Listen, Rocky, do you ^{think} suppose you could use some of that \$20 I left and bring me another Martini? I REALLY could use a drink.

ROCKY: Hey; it was only ten bucks, after the other two drinks. But, yeah, I guess I can get you another. (exits ~~56~~) ✓

X WILLIAM: (calmly) Max, Max. Are you still in character? Have you had any beautiful ladies come and pat that noble

head? Haven't let anything out of the bag, have you? That's a good dog; I ~~knew I could count on you.~~ *you*

SL) *really nice shampies*
ROCKY: (enters) Here you go. Boy, if you don't mind my saying so, you look like you can use it. ✓

WILLIAM: (gulps half of drink) My friend, you got that right.

ROCKY: So, it didn't go so well with Mr. A?

WILLIAM: Ha! It went very, very badly. He's given me 48 hours or (shudder).... And he knows where I live and...and everything about me. I've GOT to get that money; I've GOT to get to ~~LA~~. *Switzerland, Sweden.* And I don't ~~even have enough~~ *have* money for the ~~ticket!~~ *Trip!* (mostly to himself but loud enough so that Rocky can hear) Where can I get ~~two~~ ⁵ thousand dollars in a hurry? Where?

ROCKY: Well, you got the dog...

WILLIAM: Max? You'd lend me money if I leave Max?

ROCKY: Oh, no; I ain't no pawnshop, mister. If you want to sell the mutt, I might buy him.

WILLIAM: Sell Max? Oh, God, I couldn't do that. Not Max. And certainly not for \$⁵2,000. Oh, no.

ROCKY: Hey, buddy, no skin off my butt. Nobody's after me for twenty large.

WILLIAM: Oh, oh...God....what can I do? \$⁵2,000 for Max...

ROCKY: And I ain't said nothing about no \$⁵2,000 either. I might...I just might...be able to go ~~2~~ ⁵ thou.

//

WILLIAM: This is awful; this is dreadful. But, you're right. I've simply got to get home and get that money. Could you possibly go \$²1,500? I mean, Max is a \$²5,000 dog.

ROCKY: So you say. Hey, I'm taking a big chance here. Where would I find somebody to buy the dog? Huh, answer me that?

WILLIAM: Oh, this is awful. Could you make it \$²1,500?

ROCKY: Tell you what...and this is my last offer...I can come up with \$^{3K}~~1,200~~. That's all. Take it or leave it.

WILLIAM: I don't have much choice, do I? OK; but I need the money right away. Right now.

ROCKY: OK; wait here. I've got to get most of it from the cook. (exit S L)

X WILLIAM: (calmly) Max, it's been nice knowing you. I'm *tell you* sorry we can't have more good times but I want you to *know* how much I appreciate your help in this little transaction.

ROCKY: (enters S L) OK; I got the money. But, wait a minute, how do I get clear title...or what do you call it?

WILLIAM: Oh, there's a form on the back of the pedigree. Here, I'll sign it now. (he does so)

ROCKY: OK; that looks good to me. Here. (he counts out *3K* \$~~1,200~~) Don't say I never did you no favors.

WILLIAM: Well, I wouldn't go that far but I do need the money. So long, Max. (exit S R)

ROCKY: Max, how'd you like to go to Spain? How'd you like to belong to a real, live Countess? (pulls out his cell phone