

# THE POOCH ROOM

by Ken Bradbury



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## CAST OF CHARACTERS

Nurse Twiddle

Mrs. Yipper

Mrs. Mastiff

Harriet

*(Scene: The waiting room of Dr. Hubert Hydrant, veterinarian.  
Nurse Twiddle sits at her desk, speaking into the phone.)*

**NURSE TWIDDLE:** Yes, the doctor is in but he's having a very busy day, Mrs. Flippet. The International Dog Show is in town and everyone's in for a checkup.

**MRS. YIPPER:** *(entering, carrying a small dog)* No, no, Bridgett. Mustn't nip at Mommy.

**NURSE TWIDDLE:** *(into the phone)* Mrs. Flippet, we really don't have time for hamsters today.

**MRS. YIPPER:** *(holding up Bridgett and going nose-to-nose with her in baby talk)* Is her little paw sore? Oh, poor Bridgety-Widgey. Doctor fix her up. Yes he will.

**NURSE TWIDDLE:** *(into the phone)* Mrs. Flippet, the doctor sees hamsters on Tuesdays. No, he isn't hallucinating, he actually sees them. You'll have to wait until Tuesday. Maybe your treadmill needs oil.

**MRS. YIPPER:** *(to Bridgett)* What? Her little tummy hurts too?

**NURSE TWIDDLE:** I'm sorry, Mrs. Flippet. I'll put you down for Tuesday. *(she slams down the phone)* I'd like to put you down permanently. *(to Mrs. Yipper)* May I help you?

**MRS. YIPPER:** Bridgett is sick. Her tummy hurts.

**NURSE TWIDDLE:** How do you know that?

**MRS. YIPPER:** She told me.

**NURSE TWIDDLE:** The dog told you?

**MRS. YIPPER:** Dog? This is not a mere dog! This is a prize-winning Miniature Pomeranian Sofa Hound!

**NURSE TWIDDLE:** I've never heard of it, but I'm sure the doctor can fix it.

**MRS. YIPPER:** Fix it? This is not a used car, my good lady! This is the most highly developed breed of dog in all Dogdum!

**NURSE TWIDDLE:** Then why is she chewing on the phone cord?

**MRS. YIPPER:** (*pulling Bridgett away*) Oh! Did she hurt her little teeth?

**NURSE TWIDDLE:** Please have a seat Mrs ... uh ...

**MRS. YIPPER:** Yipper. Mrs. Ermingarde Yipper. And this is

...

**NURSE TWIDDLE:** I've already met Bridgett. Please have a seat.

**MRS. YIPPER:** (*sitting, holding Bridgett in her lap*) Please hurry. We have an appointment with Bridgett's therapist in twenty minutes.

**NURSE TWIDDLE:** Therapist? Your dog is bonkers?

**MRS. YIPPER:** Oh! (*covering Bridgett's ears*) Don't listen, Bridgett! Don't listen!

**NURSE TWIDDLE:** I should have stayed with Amway.

**MRS. MASTIFF:** (*entering, being literally pulled by a very large dog*) Whoa, Beauregarde! Whoa, Big Fella!

**MRS. YIPPER:** (*jumping up and fearfully hanging onto her Bridgett*) Good heavens!

**NURSE TWIDDLE:** Could I help you?

**MRS. MASTIFF:** (*being pulled this way and that as she tries to speak*) Beauregarde is just a little ... nervous! Down boy! Down!

**NURSE TWIDDLE:** Are you here to see Doctor Hydrant?

**MRS. MASTIFF:** I'll see ... anybody ... anybody! Beauregarde's got a terrible ... itch! Down boy! Down Beauregarde! Get off the desk, boy!

**NURSE TWIDDLE:** Yes, please do get off the desk, Beauregarde. Big one, isn't he? What breed?

**MRS. MASTIFF:** He's a ... Down boy! He's a Siberian Humvee!

**NURSE TWIDDLE:** Interesting. And you are ...?

**MRS. MASTIFF:** Mastiff! Mrs. Mastiff! Did you need those drapes?

**NURSE TWIDDLE:** No. And he did seem hungry. I hope he doesn't choke on the curtain rod. (*watches him, then*) No. He swallowed it right down.

**MRS. YIPPER:** (*holding Bridgett ...wide-eyed*) What's he looking at now?

**MRS. MASTIFF:** Oh, no. I didn't feed him this morning.

**MRS. YIPPER:** Your beast is staring at my Bridgett!

**MRS. MASTIFF:** That's a dog?

**MRS. YIPPER:** This is a prize-winning Pomeranian Sofa Hound!

**MRS. MASTIFF:** Oh, Sorry. It looks like a hairy meatball. No, Beauregarde! No, boy!

**MRS. YIPPER:** (*jumping up on a chair, still clinging tightly to her hairy meatball*) Stop! Call the police! We're about to see a murder! Help! Help!

**NURSE TWIDDLE:** (*running to help Mrs. Yipper*) Please, lady! Calm down!

**MRS. YIPPER:** I'm feeling faint. I am feeling faint!

**MRS. MASTIFF:** Down Beauregarde!

**MRS. YIPPER:** I am fainting! (*as she faints, Nurse Twiddle catches Bridgett*)

**NURSE TWIDDLE:** Gotcha!

**MRS. MASTIFF:** (*still holding Beauregarde back*) No, Beauregarde! Don't chew on the lady!

**NURSE TWIDDLE:** (*holding up the dog in her hands*) So, how you doin', Bridgett baby? Close call, huh? (*looking at Beauregarde*) Don't even think about it big boy. (*moving to behind her desk*) I think I'd better put little poopsie some place safe. (*opens a drawer and puts the Bridgett in*) Here sweetheart, be glad I caught you.

**MRS. YIPPER:** (*waking groggily*) Oh ... oh ... What happened? (*looks up into the eyes of Beauregarde and screams*) Get that beast away from me!



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