

PUPPY LOVE

by Ken Bradbury



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MOLLY: (*alone onstage, talking on the phone*) Jeanie, it's my dream come true! I'm not kidding! Ever since I was a little girl I've wanted to own my own pet store. And here I am! The opening day of Puppy Love! Oh yes, I have all kinds of pets but I just loved that name!

MRS. BREESE: (*a lady with two children in tow, at the door of the store*) Here it is, kids! Puppy Love!

MOLLY: Jeanie, I've got my first customers! Gotta go! Love you! Wish me luck! Bye! (*hangs up*) May I help you?

MRS. BREESE: Love the name.

MOLLY: Thank you.

MRS. BREESE: But you have more than dogs, right?

MOLLY: I have nearly everything.

MRS. BREESE: So do I ... this is Ralphie and Louise. Ralphie wants a hamster. Louise wants to whine.

MOLLY: Right over here! Four different colored hamsters, Ralphie ... Here's a white one, a black one, a spotted brown and white and ... uh ... I'm not sure of this color.

MRS. BREESE: What are their names?

MOLLY: Oh, I don't name the hamsters, Mrs. ... uh ...

MRS. BREESE: Breese. Mrs. Breese. Ralphie is the one holding the hamster and Louise is the one ... Louise? I've lost Louise.

MOLLY: She was right here. Is she afraid of animals?

MRS. BREESE: She loves animals. She's afraid of Ralphie. Ralphie, what did you do with Louise?

MOLLY: (*seeing something*) Oh! Oh, no!

MRS. BREESE: Ralphie, did you put your sister in the cat cage?

MOLLY: Oh, my word. I'll get her out. (*she begins doing this*)

MRS. BREESE: He's a tricky little bugger. Ralphie, don't hold the hamster so tight. I didn't know hamsters had bulging eyes.

MOLLY: What? (*seeing Ralphie*) Ralphie! You're holding him too tight! You're choking him! (*helping the girl out of the cage*) Easy now, Louise. Oh, you stepped in the kitty's litter.

MRS. BREESE: Do you have any that are breathing?

MOLLY: Ralphie! (*she leaves Louise and goes to snatch the hamster from Ralphie*) Let me have the hamster, Ralphie. (*holds the hamster up and listens to its heart*) It's still breathing. (*gets down on the floor and begins to gently apply CPR*)

MRS. BREESE: I didn't know you could do CPR on a hamster.

MOLLY: Neither did I. (*she continues to pump the tiny heart into life*) Is your little girl all right?

MRS. BREESE: I don't know. She's gone again. And she left the cat cage open. Did you have a cat in there?

MOLLY: Yes! The cat's gone! (*looking out the door*) Oh, she took off down the aisle of the mall.

MRS. BREESE: What did you say to that cat, Ralphie? And where's your sister?

MOLLY: (*picking up the hamster and speaking to it, nose to nose*) There you go little guy. As soon as you stop shaking, you'll be okay. (*as she puts the hamster back into its cage*) Did you find your daughter?

MRS. BREESE: Maybe she left with the cat.

MOLLY: Louise? Louise, where are you darling? (to Mrs. Breese) Did you hear something?

MRS. BREESE: I think your cat just went up the escalator. I can hear screaming.

MOLLY: I mean in the store ... someone's crying.

MRS. BREESE: (*seeing something*) Louise, you can't have that snake! I hate snakes!

MOLLY: What snake?

MRS. BREESE: The one wrapped around Louise.

MOLLY: The boa! She's in the cage with the boa?

MRS. BREESE: Ralphie, this is not funny. Your sister's turning blue, Ralphie, and she's clashing with her new pants outfit. You get more like your father every day.

- MOLLY:** (*struggling to unwrap the boa from Louise's body*)
Ahh! Ahh! I may need some help here!
- MRS. BREESE:** Ralphie, help the lady.
- MOLLY:** No! No, I'll do it myself! Come on, Louise! We can do this! Louise, you've got to breathe honey.
- MRS. BREESE:** I hope you have insurance.
- MOLLY:** She's going to be all right! Just a couple more coils and ...
- MRS. BREESE:** I mean flood damage. Your turtle pond is leaking all over the floor.
- MOLLY:** (*still struggling to extricate Louise*) Ralphie! Get out of the turtle pond!
- MRS. BREESE:** Oh they can't go far. They're very slow ... even for turtles. (*hearing something*) I think your cat's on the top floor now. Sounds like a lot of excitement in the Ice Cream shop.
- MOLLY:** One more coil! There! Are you alright, Louise?
- MRS. BREESE:** Oh, she just whines. Don't mind her. Ralphie, you just had breakfast. Stop that.
- MOLLY:** Don't eat the little turtle, Ralphie! (*running to him and trying to pry his mouth open*) Come on, kid! Cough it up! Cough it up!
- MRS. BREESE:** You're making my boy cry.
- MOLLY:** He's got a miniature turtle stuck in his throat, Mrs. Breese. I can't help it.
- MRS. BREESE:** Do you always treat your customers this way?
- MOLLY:** (*pulling the turtle free*) There! (*running to the door*) Now, where did you say the cat went?
- MRS. BREESE:** She's probably glad to get out this crazy place. You know, I do appreciate the way you treat animals humanely. I've never seen a pet store where they let the parrots fly free.
- MOLLY:** What?!
- MRS. BREESE:** And I've never seen so many birds in the air at once.
- MOLLY:** Ralphie!



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