

Scene 4

(After the song, the Boxers exit, waving Bravo hands, etc.)

(Rover is sitting on the ground looking very sad.)

Bailey Basset Hound: Gee, Rover, why the long face?
Don't you have a frisbee or a ball you could chase?

Chi Chi Chihuahua: Si, señorita. You look so very sad.
What could be so terrible to make you feel so bad?

Rover: All of you are so very sure.
All of you are so very pure.

Bailey Basset Hound: What do you mean?

Rover: They'll never pick me or let me sing.
You see, I'm different. I'm not one thing.

Chi Chi Chihuahua: What do you mean?

Rover: My father was a Shepherd,
My mom a Spanish Hound,
My Grandpa was a Collie
Grandma met while in the pound.

Bailey Basset Hound: You'd like to be considered
And you've got talent but...

Chi Chi Chihuahua: You think they won't consider you
Because you are a mutt.

Rover: *(sadly)* Exactly.

Rodney Rottweiler: All of us have challenges.
Some people think I'm scary.

Polly Pomeranian: And some folks get all mad at me
Because I am so hairy.

Bernie Saint Bernard: Some of us seem way too big.

Polly Pomeranian: And some seem way too small!

Lady Labrador: But that's the way it has to be.
We're puppies, after all!

Chi Chi Chihuahua: Look Rover,
It's not your breed that will win this show,
You ought to take it from me.
It's what goes on inside of you
The judges want to see.

Rover: Really, Chi Chi Chihuahua?
Is that really true?
Do you think there is a place for me,
Like there is a place for you?

Chi Chi Chihuahua: Sure. Listen, here's a lesson I had to learn a long time ago.

Scene 5

Rover: Thanks, Chi Chi, and all of you.
I feel a whole lot better.

Poodle-aycious: There's a message from the judges,
And they sent it in a letter.

Rex Retriever: I'll get it! I'll get it!

All: He's a retriever.

(The retriever gets it and brings it to Poodle-aycious who reads it.)

Poodle-aycious: The judges say they're interested
In a very special trick.
Whoever does the finest trick,
Will be their final pick.

Rex Retriever: Bow-wow! I think I've got it made,
'Cause I can fetch most anything.

Tara Terrier: I can roll over and shake and beg,
And sometimes even sing.

Benny Beagle: I think they want something different
From any one of you.

Alfie Afghan: They don't want the same old tricks.
They're looking for something new.

(All of the dogs start barking out the tricks they can do. They even act some of them out such as "Roll over!" "Beg." "Lie down.")

Chi Chi Chihuahua: Wait! Stop! Quiet down. Stay!
(commanding) Sit!! All of you!

(All the dogs quickly sit down.)

Bailey Basset Hound: Hey, Rover, don't you have a favorite trick?
That only you can do?

(all are encouraging her)

Rover: *(shyly)*
Well, there is one thing,
But I can't show it to you.

All: *(ad libs)* What is it? What is it? What's your special trick?!

Rover: It's – Shakespeare!

All: What?

Rover: Shakespeare. I recite Shakespeare!

Poodle-aycious: You can't be serious.
I don't believe it.
Many dogs have tried,
But none could achieve it.

Bernie Saint Bernard: Give her a chance,
You never know,
A dog reading Shakespeare
Would certainly steal the show.

Rover: Well, I don't know...

*(All the dogs drop to their knees and pant with their tongues out like they're begging. Some ad lib ...
"Oh please! Oh please!" "Please recite something for us." "Please, we're begging you!" etc.)*

Rover: *(stands and clears her throat)*
From Julius Caesar, Act 4 Scene 3. "I'd rather be a dog, and bay the
moon, than such a Roman."

All: *(gasp, applaud, and then ad lib)*
Bravo! Bravo! Do another one! Do another one!

Rover: From The Merchant of Venice, Act 3 Scene 3. "Thou callest me a dog
before thou hast cause. But since I am a dog, beware my fangs."

All: *(applaud and ad lib)* Bravo! Magnificent! Sheer poetry.

All: Hooray!

Poodle-aycious: Hip Hip!

All: Hooray!

Rover: Hip Hip!

All: Hooray!

Lady Labrador: Yelp! And bark and let out a growl.
This is our night to let out a howl!

(All the dogs howl!)