

Narrator

**WOOF, A LOVE STORY by Sarah Weeks**

DENVER

A dog is a dog.

PIROUETTE

And a cat is a cat.

Narrator

And most of the time it's as simple as that.

Narrator

Most of the time what a dog has in mind  
Is doing "dog" things with the rest of its kind.  
Running and panting...

Narrator

Sniffing and growling...

Narrator

Rolling in things

Narrator

Digging and howling.

Narrator

That is what a dog's life is

But Denver...

Well, this story is his.

DENVER

It all began on a fine spring day.

I got up out of bed

In the usual way.

I yawned and I stretched

Then I sniffed at the air

And whiffed something very unusual there.

PIROUETTE

That's when I saw him, this humongous hound,

Taking the steps in a single bound.

DENVER

That's when I saw her way up in a tree  
and something remarkable came over me.

PIROUETTE

He saw me - I thought "Oh drat, Pirouette!  
You've foolishly strayed and now here's what you get.  
The teeth on that dog are as long as my tail.

Narrator

And under her fur she turned terribly pale.

Narrator

She was white from her tail to the tip of her nose  
Which was tiny and pink as a cake frosting rose.

DENVER

My heart began thumping so loud in my chest,  
I thought lying down for a while might be best.

PIROUETTE

He simply flopped down at the foot of the tree  
And he stared, and he stared and he *stared* up at me.

Narrator

Then after a minute he lifted his head --  
opened his mouth --  
and here's what he said....

DENVER

I love you!

PIROUETTE

(to audience) He *meant* to say that, I've no doubt  
But "woof, woof, woof" was what really came out.

DENVER

"You're pretty," I whispered.

PIROUETTE

(to audience) "Grrrrr"'s what he said.

DENVER

"Climb down. I adore you."

PIROUETTE

I climbed up instead.

Narrator

He said every flowery wallpaper word. But "woof, woof, woof, woof, woof, woof, woof's" what she heard.

Narrator

The more that he pleaded, the more he declared  
The higher she climbed - the poor thing was so scared.

Narrator

And so, he gave up. He was blue as the sea.

DENVER

I quit

Narrator

he announced,

DENVER

You don't understand me.

Narrator

He turned and he left with his ears hanging low  
And she wondered...

PIROUETTE

Why has he decided to go?

Narrator

Most dogs would attack - but he left her behind,

Narrator

And she thought:

PIROUETTE

Hmmmmmm, this dog must be one of a kind.

DENVER

Now whenever I'm down

Nothing helps worth a fig

Except finding a spot and beginning to dig.

I dig and I dig 'til my spirits are lifted,  
and things can turn up in the dirt that I've sifted.

Narrator

Sometimes a coin or a shoe or a stone,

But this time he dug up - a shiny trombone.

PIROUETTE

He pulled this enormous gold *thing* from the ground  
And he blew in the end of it - My! What a sound.

Narrator

At first he just splatted and blatted about,  
But soon something different began to pour out.

DENVER

It seems I was so full of feelings inside  
So touched by this cat, it could not be denied  
I blew in the stuff I was thinking about  
And somehow or other *music* came out.

PIROUETTE

It really was something, the music he made.  
I understood just what he felt when he played.

DENVER

I played and I played while she sat in the tree  
And when I had finished she climbed down to me.  
I looked in her eyes and lay down the trombone  
And took her sweet, delicate paw in my own.

Narrator

At first she was shy, then she lifted her head,  
opened her mouth and quietly said:

PIROUETTE

"I love you."

DENVER

No. No. What you said was "Meow."  
But I understood what you meant anyhow.