READERS' THEATER BASED ON

I'm My Own Dog

Written and illustrated by David Ezra Stein

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Arranged by CYRM Committee members for classroom use only

Characters:

Dog

Man

Man's Friend

NOTE: The stage directions, which appear here are italicized and are printed in a smaller font. The spoken words are bolded.

Props: Stick, slippers, leash, dog collar, mirror, 2 chairs, 1 bag of popcorn.

NOTE: You may choose to pantomime the props, instead of using actual props.

Dog: I'm my own dog. Nobody owns me. I own myself.

Dog pretends to dig a hole.

(Breathing heavily) I work like a dog all day.

When I get home, I fetch my own slippers.

Dog runs to slippers and starts to chew on one.

I curl up at my own feet.

Dog curls up next to slipper on the floor.

Sometimes, if I'm not comfortable, I tell myself to roll over.

(In a commanding voice) Roll over.

Dog rolls over.

And I do.

Man's Friend: Blat.

Dog: (Staring defiantly at Friend) If someone told me, "Sit!" I wouldn't do it.

Friend: (Sweetly) Blabbity blabbity blub.

Offers dog a bone.

Dog: Even if they said, "I'll give you a bone!"

Dog picks up a stick.

Sometimes I throw a stick.

Dog throws stick.

Then I go get it.

Dog retrieves stick, panting and smiling.

It's fun.

Dog looks at self in a mirror.

Every morning when I look in the mirror, I lick my own face because I am so happy to see me.

Dog pretends to lick the mirror.

I say, "Good dog. I am a good dog."

Then I give myself a good scratch.

Dog scratches leg with other leg. Then Dog starts scratching self all over body.

Dog tries to scratch middle of back.

But there's this one spot I can't reach...right in the middle of my back.

One time it got so bad, I let someone scratch it.

Dog sits in front of Man.

Man: (In a comforting manner.) Blah, blah, blabbity, blah.

Man scratches Dog's back.

Dog: Dog walks across stage with Man following him.

The little guy followed me home.

Man: (Whining sound.) **Mmmm**.

Dog: Dog looks compassionately at man.

I felt sorry for him.

Dog puts a leash on his own collar.

So I got a leash.

How else am I supposed to lead him around?

Dog gives Man the end of the leash. Man looks confused.

Come on!" I say. "Come on, boy! I'll take you to the park."

I like showing him things.

"Look. Look! That's a squirrel." I say.

Man looks all around, trying to see squirrel.

Dog takes off leash and gives stick to man.

I taught him the stick game. I have him throw.

Man throws stick. Dog retrieves it and hands it to Man.

Man stands next to chair, with a blank look on face.

I don't know if he understands all my commands yet, but he's learning.

(To Man) "Sit. Sit."

Man sits.

"Good boy."

Man's Friend: Friend has a bag of popcorn. Greets man.

(To Man) Blub, blub! Blabbity, blab?

Friend sits on chair next to Man and lets him take popcorn out of the bag. Man spills a little popcorn on the floor.

Man and Friend make a lot of small talk loudly. Ad-lib, e.g., "Blabby, blah, etc."

Dog: Dog puts hands over own ears.

(Shouting over Man's and Friend's loud talking)

Some folks say they're not worth the trouble. You can't keep them from yapping!

Man and Extra continue eating popcorn and spilling some on the floor as they eat.

Dog: Dog picks up spilled popcorn and pretends to eat it.

And you always have to clean up after them.

Man and Friend wave goodbye. Friend exits. Man walks over to Dog. Dog snuggles next to Man. Man pets him happily.

Dog: But I've grown attached to the little fella.

Dog directs speech to audience, in a confidential manner, so Man doesn't hear. **Between you and me...**

Dog glances back at Man, fondly. Dog faces audience again, pointing with thumb at Man. **I'm his best friend.**