

Rusty

(The Life of a Dog)

(Rusty runs on stage and yells, then runs back off stage.)

Where is it? I don't see it. I can't find the stick! I hate being a dog. Run, get this. Run, catch this ball! Good job boy, good job. Here's a bone. A bone? Where did humans ever get the idea that dogs like bones? How about some meat? What I wouldn't give for a good hamburger right now. *(Scratching)* Got this flea that's been bothering me for a whole week. *(Scratching even harder.)* I'll get ya! There, he's gone! I hate those little boogers. *(Yells off stage.)* What? No, I'm still looking. *(Looking at audience.)* If he wants his stick so bad why won't he come look for it himself? Agh, people! They may think we're their best friend, but my best friend is a hamburger.