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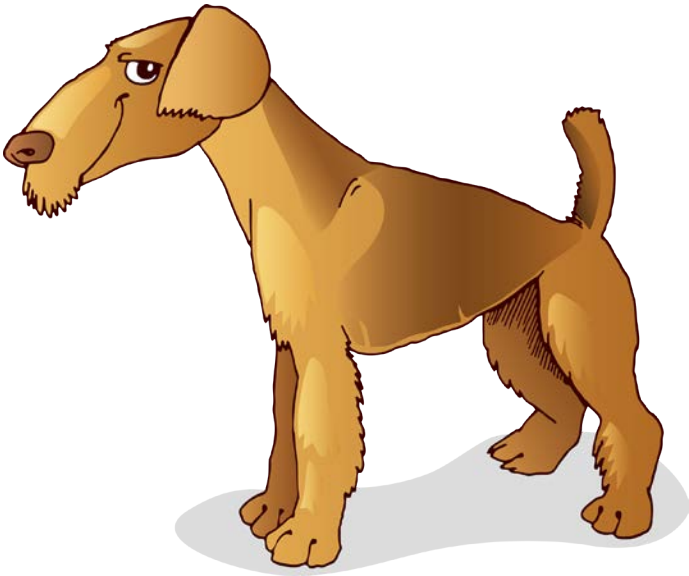
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Dramatic Publishing

No Dogs Allowed
or Junket



By
Aurand Harris

No Dogs Allowed or Junket

Comedy. Adapted by Aurand Harris. From the novel *Junket* by Anne H. White. Cast: 2m., 2w., 1 either gender, 2 boys, 1 girl. This play is a spirited modern comedy about three children and a dog. “It smells funny,” says Michael when his family moves to the country. “There’s nothing to hear,” says Montgomery, “and no stores with candy and ice cream.” “Where do you skate?” says Margaret. “There’s nothing to do.” Then they meet Junket, an enterprising Airedale dog, who leads them on a trail of exciting experiences. Unfortunately, Father has ruled “Positively No Animals Allowed”—and the children are hard put to justify their new friend, until Junket takes the entire matter into his own hands. *One set. Contemporary costumes. Approximate running time: 55 minutes. Code: N68.*



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To

Polly,

Ann,

and Paul

This play was produced for the first time in October, 1958, in two simultaneous premieres—one given by the Children's Theatre of Louisville, Kentucky under the direction of Mrs. Wray Cooper; the other given the same day by the Civic Children's Theatre of Youngstown, Ohio under the direction of Miss Ann Clark.

A third production was given in March, 1959, by Teachers College of Columbia University, in New York City, under the direction of Dr. Paul Kozelka.

The pictures used to illustrate this book were taken from the Youngstown production, and are reproduced here with the kind permission of the Civic Children's Theatre of Youngstown, Ohio.

No Dogs Allowed or Junket

CAST

JUNKET

PETER PALEY

MR. McDONEGAL

MRS. McDONEGAL

MICHAEL

MARGARET

MONTGOMERY

MISS PECKETT



SCENES

The fatmyard.

Act. I. A day in spring.

Act. II. The second day.

Act. III. The third day.



No Dogs Allowed

or Junket

ACT ONE

(The house lights go down. A small spotlight comes up on the center of the main curtains. The curtains shake at the bottom, and Junket's head appears from underneath. He looks around, then wiggles his body out, and sits in front of the curtains. Junket is a large wonderful dog. He lifts his head and howls sadly, lowers his head with a sigh, then howls in the other direction, and again sighs. We hear the voice of Peter Paley, offstage at first, and as he speaks, the footlights come up, and we see him as he enters at L in front of the main curtains. Peter is an easy-going likable farmer.)

PETER: Junket? Here, boy! Here, Junket!

(He whistles, calling the dog.)

Here, Junket! Oh, there you are. What's the matter, boy? Feeling pretty sad?

(Junket sighs again, disconsolately.)

I know you're pretty lonesome without your friends—the cow, the pony, the chickens. They are all gone. That's what happened, boy, while you were off yesterday, junketing around the country. And when you got back, you found the farmyard empty.

(The main curtains open, showing the farmyard, beautiful in soft light. The white house is at L. Part of the porch is shown with steps D. L. At R is a barn with a Dutch door. D.R. is a small dog house. Across the back runs a solid wall about four feet high, behind which we see the trunk and top of a tree. There is an exit U.L. and U.R. in front of the wall.)

Take a look. You can see—there's nobody around. No people, no animals. The folks moved away yesterday, lock, stock, and barrel, and left you and me behind.

(Junket goes toward house.)

There's nobody in the house, old boy. Nobody to talk to. You can listen, but nobody's inside to call you.

(Junket goes toward the barn.)

No friends in the barn, either. The pony stall is empty. The cow shed is swept clean. There isn't one chicken left for you to chase.

(Junket goes to dog house.)

Yes, it was your house. But it isn't any more.

(Junket sniffs and shakes his head.)

You see, some city folks bought this farm. They're coming out today. They must be mighty strange people. They don't want any animals on a farm. So they won't need me either. Come on, boy, time to say goodbye.

(Junket howls sadly by doghouse.)

I know. That little house looks the same, and smells the same, but it's not yours now. You and me . . . we don't belong here.

(Automobile horn sounds off L.)

Listen. There's a car coming up the drive. It's the city folks who are coming here to live. Come on. Come on, Junket. We got to go away.

(Junket looks at the dog house, then slowly closes the door.)

Come on, boy.

(Junket starts toward Peter sadly. Peter is struck with a happy idea.)

You know what? If we could figure out a way to get the cows—and the chickens—and all the animals back here again, why you and I—we'd be needed again.

(Looks around. Speaks emphatically.)

A farm isn't a farm without animals!

(Junket nods and barks.)

Yes, sir, that's it. We've got to get things back in shape again—cows, sheep, pigs—we got to get the animals back on the farm.

(Junket twists and barks excitedly. Automobile horn sounds off R again.)

But right now, we've got to scoot!

(Peter and Junket exit quickly D.L. by curtain. The stage is empty for a moment. Father, Mr. McDonegal, enters U.R.)

FATHER: *(He carries a stack of books, a suitcase, and several coats of assorted sizes. He comes to C, and calls happily.)* Mother . . . children . . . follow me.

(Puts suitcase down and looks around proudly.)

This is our new home!

MOTHER: *(Mrs. McDonegal enters U.R., also happy, but more vague.)*

She carries an easel, paint box, some canvas frames, and several rain-coats. She stops by Father and looks around and smiles.)

Oh, it's beautiful, perfectly, perfectly, beautiful!

FATHER: No people around. No noise. No animals. Just my wonderful family!

MOTHER: Oh, Dougal, you were so clever to think of moving to a farm. Now you can spend all your time with the children. And the children can spend all their time playing. Oh, I love the house. The almost-white color. I must paint a picture of it.

FATHER: No more teaching. No more bells ringing. Just long quiet hours with the children and reading my books.

MOTHER: And the barn! A faded red. It is a barn, isn't it? Oh, Dougal, you are a darling!

FATHER: No. Today . . . I am a king!

MOTHER: *(Calls)* Children, come. Come and see . . . our palace!

FATHER: Michael!

(Michael, age 11, enters U.R. He is loaded with a baseball, bat, glove, a Boy Scout camp roll, and lots of sweaters. He stands at C, looks around unimpressed. Father calls again.)

Margaret!

(Margaret enters U.R., age 9. She is loaded with umbrellas, a hat box, and purse. She stands by Michael without joy. Father calls again.)

Montgomery!

(Montgomery, age 7, enters U.R. He staggers under a load of roller skates, several scarfs wrapped around his neck, and five pairs of overshoes. He stands by Margaret, in stair-steps. Father beams with joy.)

Take a deep breath.

(They all do.)

No smoke, no dirt, no noise of the city. Just pure country air!
Inhale . . . exhale.

(They do again, exaggerated.)

Children, this is our new home!

MARGARET: Here?

MICHAEL: I thought it would be big, like a ranch.

(The children look around with sad faces.)

FATHER: Michael, shoulders back. Ah, the stimulating times we will have. We will take long hikes and explore the mysteries of nature. Margaret, no squinting.

(Takes her face in his hands.)

Let your pretty cheeks feel the sun, absorb the glorious health-giving rays of the solar system.

(Margaret nods.)

Montgomery, are you sniffing?

MONTGOMERY: *(He is.)* It smells funny.

FATHER: You are breathing *fresh air*.

MICHAEL: (*Explains to Montgomery*) It's like air-conditioning.

FATHER: At last a life of tranquility. No people, no animals, only nature and my wonderful family.

(*Hugs Montgomery.*)

Now, one more deep breath. In-hale . . . ex-hale. And inside we go to unpack.

MOTHER: (*Embraces Michael and Margaret.*) Oh, we are going to be so happy! It's so perfectly beautiful . . . the trees, the flowers . . . I feel I must paint a picture at once! Come, children. First I will help you unpack, and then you must help me find an Agreeable Subject to paint.

(*She inhales again.*)

Inhale . . . exhale . . . oh, it's better . . . better than air-conditioning!

(*She exits on porch.*)

MICHAEL: She won't paint our picture, will she?

MARGARET: I don't want to sit still all day.

FATHER: As you know, the life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness of this family depends upon your Mother's finding an Agreeable Subject to paint.

MARGARET: Sure, but not us.

FATHER: Who knows what she will choose! Come along. We must put our things in order. And tonight we shall have a special treat.

MONTGOMERY: Chocolate ice cream?

MICHAEL: Movies?

FATHER: Tonight in honor of our first evening in the country, I will read aloud to you some Latin. *E Pluribus Unum*.

(*He exits on porch while the children exchange glances of dismay.*)

MICHAEL: So this is what the country is like.

(*Children unload their belongings.*)

MARGARET: It's not like the Park.

MONTGOMERY: Listen . . .

MICHAEL: What?

MONTGOMERY: Nothing. There's nothing to hear.

MICHAEL: No streets to skate on.

MONTGOMERY: No stores with candy.

MARGARET: There's nothing to do. What *do* people do in the country?

MICHAEL: They ride tractors and brand cattle.

MARGARET: I rode a pony once in the Park. That's what I'd like to have . . . I'd like to have a pony.

MICHAEL: I'd like to have a cow. You can milk and sell butter and cream and make lots of money.

MONTGOMERY: I don't see any cows . . . or any ponies.

MICHAEL: There aren't any. Father said, "Positively no animals."

MONTGOMERY: Let's pretend. Let's pretend you have a cream cow
(*Indicates each one.*) . . . and you have a butter cow.

MICHAEL: Silly, they all come from the *same* cow.

MARGARET: (*Points to barn.*) That's a barn. That's where you keep
the pony. Maybe . . . maybe they've left a pony in there.
(*She runs to look.*)

MICHAEL: (*Runs after her.*) It's a real barn all right.

MONTGOMERY: Where's the real pony?

MARGARET: It's empty.

MICHAEL: Look! A dog house!

MARGARET: Maybe there's a dog!

MONTGOMERY: A real dog?

MICHAEL: Here, dog. Here, dog.

(*He whistles and calls. They all look at the door of the dog house and
go toward it slowly.*)

MONTGOMERY: Come out, doggie.

MARGARET: I'll feed you vitamans and carrot salad.

MONTGOMERY: You can sleep in my bed.

MICHAEL: Here, dog.

(*Looks inside. Montgomery crawls into the dog house.*)

It's empty, too. Everything is clean and empty . . . like nobody lives
here.

MARGARET: I wish we'd move back to the city.

MICHAEL: (*Nods*) Where you can inhale dirt . . . and there's noise
and something to do.

MONTGOMERY: (*Head appears out of dog house.*) Let's pretend.
Pretend there's people and cars and ice cream.

MICHAEL: We're here and we have to stay.

MONTGOMERY: (*Crawls out of house.*) Let's go back. Let's go back
home!

FATHER: (*Calls, off*) Children.

MARGARET: That's Father.

MICHAEL: Get your things. Shoulders back.

(*They pick up their belongings.*)

MARGARET: No squinting.

MONTGOMERY: In-hale . . . ex-hale!

(*He breathes deeply.*)

FATHER: (*Enters on porch. He wears a straw hat and looks very rural
in work gloves.*) Ah, glorious, glorious country! We will read of
nature in my books. We will memorize long pastoral poems.

MONTGOMERY: What will we do that's fun?

FATHER: Ah, yes. I have thought of that, too.

MICHAEL: You have?

MONTGOMERY: What is it?

FATHER: A garden!

MARGARET: A what?

FATHER: A vegetable garden, just over the fence. Carrots, peas, turnips! How rewarding it will be for you to hoe and plant the vegetables.

MONTGOMERY: I'd rather play . . . with a dog.

FATHER: A dog?

MICHAEL: There *is* a dog house.

MARGARET: So there was a dog.

MONTGOMERY: I want a dog.

FATHER: I have said, "Positively no animals allowed."

MARGARET: There's a place in the barn for a pony.

FATHER: A horse has a very low I.Q.

MICHAEL: But cows . . . they're smart.

FATHER: A cow has to be milked. Neither you nor I know how to . . . to turn on and off its peculiar faucet.

MONTGOMERY: You don't have to milk chickens. I want chickens.

FATHER: Chickens attract lice, foxes, and rats. No, animals are dangerous, and I am not going to let anything harm you.

(Smiles and looks around.)

We moved to the country for your health, for your enjoyment. Come.

Upstairs with your things. Shoulders back . . . no squinting . . .

(The children march toward porch.)

Inhale . . . exhale . . . clean fresh air!

(The children breathe deeply as they exit into the house.)

MONTGOMERY: *(Last in line.)* I'd rather have a dog.

FATHER: Positively no animals.

(He follows them inside. Junket barks off-stage, then he appears U.R., looks around, then excitedly barks and comes to C. He listens, looks around, waiting for an answer. He barks again, then starts sniffing along the ground, first one way and then another. Off R. Peter calls, "Junket," and whistles. Junket barks an answer and starts upstage. He stops and sniffs the baseball which Michael has left, knocks it with his paw and growls. There is another whistle. Junket looks off R, then pushes the ball to L., turns around and kicks in the air to cover the ball. Peter calls again, "Junket." Junket cocks his head, barks loudly, and goes out U.R. Michael and Margaret enter on porch.)

MICHAEL: Was that a dog?

MARGARET: I heard a bark.

MICHAEL: *(Runs to dog house.)* Dog! Here, dog!

MARGARET: *(Looks about and calls U.L.)* Dog . . . doggie.

MICHAEL: No dog here. It's still empty.

MONTGOMERY: (*Enters on porch and announces.*) I heard a bark!

I heard a dog bark!

MARGARET: So did we. Doggie . . .

(*Looks behind house.*)

MICHAEL: We want a dog so badly that we just think we can hear one.

MONTGOMERY: Let's pretend. Pretend we've got a dog and he lives in that house, and he eats bones and old rags and tin cans.

MICHAEL: Silly, that's a goat.

MONTGOMERY: Well, pretend he barks and he bites all the robbers.

(*Goes to dog house.*)

Nice doggie . . . in the dog house.

MICHAEL: But there isn't any dog.

MONTGOMERY: It's pretend!

MICHAEL: That's kid stuff.

(*Sits on ground.*)

MONTGOMERY: If you close your eyes, you can see him.

(*Sits facing audience and closes his eyes.*)

MARGARET: We'll all close our eyes and we'll all wish for a dog.

(*Sits and closes eyes.*)

MONTGOMERY: (*With eyes closed.*) I see him! He's a big dog and he can shake his head and shake his tail.

MICHAEL: Oh, shake yourself. I'm going to sleep.

(*He lies back and puts his hands over his eyes.*)

MONTGOMERY: (*Holds hand over his eyes.*) Pretend! I see you doggie. Nice doggie.

(*Junket appears U.R.*)

Here, doggie. Come to me. Come, doggie. Come, doggie.

(*Junket comes to him.*)

Shake your head, doggie.

(*Junket does.*)

Shake your tail.

(*Junket does.*)

Eat. Eat from my hand.

(*Holds out hand and Junket licks it. Montgomery opens his eyes, pleased.*)

Well . . . hello! Hello, doggie. You came true!

(*Junket lifts his paw. Montgomery shakes it.*)

How do you do.

(*They hug each other happily.*)

MARGARET: (*Sitting, hands over eyes.*) It's no use to pretend, Montgomery. I've got my eyes closed and I'm wishing and wishing, but I can't see him. I can even whistle . . .

(*She does and Junket comes to her.*)

But no dog will come.

(*Junket licks her face. She opens eyes.*)

It did! It's true! There's a dog here!

(She embraces him happily.)

MICHAEL: *(Still lying on ground, eyes closed.)* Oh, you're both silly.

(Junket goes to him.)

You know there isn't any dog and there never will be!

(Junket barks in his face. He sits up alarmed.)

What's that?

MONTGOMERY: It's a dog!

MARGARET: A real live dog!

MONTGOMERY: I told you so.

MICHAEL: Hi ya, fellow!

(Puts his arms around Junket. They all make over Junket.)

MARGARET: Isn't he wonderful!

MICHAEL: He likes us!

MONTGOMERY: I like him!

MARGARET: He looks very smart.

MICHAEL: Maybe Father will keep him if he's smart enough! Have you got a high I.Q.?

(Junket nods.)

We'll see. Fetch a ball! Go fetch a ball.

(Junket looks at him.)

MARGARET: Ball . . . go find a ball.

(Junket barks happily and goes and brings the ball.)

MICHAEL: He did. And it's my ball!

MONTGOMERY: Do some more.

MICHAEL: Sit.

(Junket does.)

Roll over.

(Junket does.)

MARGARET: Pray.

(Junket does.)

MICHEAL: Die for your country.

(Junket gives a dying wail and stretches out lifelessly. The children are impressed.)

He does . . . he does have a very high I.Q.

(Suddenly Junket gets up, barks, then goes through all his tricks with the correct growls . . . offers to shake hands, sit up, bows his head and prays, rolls over, and dies for his country with a wail.)

MARGARET: Someone else has already trained him.

MONTGOMERY: Who?

MARGARET: Maybe the people who lived here before.

(Looks at dog house.)

Maybe he belongs here, too. Maybe this is his home.

MICHAEL: They've gone.

MONTGOMERY: So if he's come back, he's ours!

MICHEAL: We have to be sure. Where is your house? Where do you live? Home?

(Junket looks at him and shakes his head.)

MARGARET: He hasn't got a home. See how sad he is.

MICHEAL: Where? Where did you live? Where was home? Home!

(Junket drops his head and goes toward the dog house.)

MARGARET: Is it . . . ?

MICHAEL: Sh!

(Junket pushes open the door of the dog house and looks back at them. The children are elated and speak together.)

It is!

MARGARET: He belongs here. He belongs to us.

MONTGOMERY: He's ours. He's ours. He's ours.

(They beckon to Junket eagerly.)

MICHAEL: Come here.

MARGARET: Come to me.

MONTGOMERY: Doggie. Doggie.

(Junket bounces to them and barks happily. They pet him.)

We've got a dog!

(Off R, Peter calls, "Junket . . . Junket." And he whistles. Junket cocks his head and starts, but the children hold him. Peter enters U.R.)

PETER: Here, boy. Here, boy! Did you see a dog run across here?

Ah, there you are. Trying to give me the slip, eh?

(Junket goes to him with a friendly yelp, and rubs against him affectionately, and he circles around him.)

Take it easy. Take it easy, boy.

(He pets Junket.)

You can't figure out who these new people are. I reckon you must be the McDonegals. Glad to meet you.

(Shakes hands with each child as he continues talking.)

I'm Peter Paley. Used to work here. I lived here on this farm, same as Junket.

MICHAEL: Junket!

PETER: That's his name. He made so many junkets around the countryside, that's what we named him.

MARGARET: Junket!

MICHAEL: Whose dog is he?

PETER: Oh, he doesn't belong to anybody in particular. I've been sort of looking after him and the cow since the folks moved away from here. But we're just boarding down the road, till we find a home. He gets mighty lonesome all by himself. He doesn't understand a farm without animals. I don't either.

MICHAEL: We can't have any animals.

MONTGOMERY: My father is afraid of them.

MARGARET: My father is very smart. He was a professor at the

University. But he thinks animals are dangerous.

PETER: Why, an animal isn't half as dangerous as an automobile, and not half the trouble. Why Junket looked after most of the animals himself.

MONTGOMERY: How?

PETER: He'd open the gate for the pony.

MARGARET: There was a pony! I knew it!

PETER: Her name was Pollyanna.

MARGARET: Oh, that's what I want most . . . a pony!

MONTGOMERY: What else?

PETER: He'd take the tuck out of the geese when they got uppity.

(Nudges Junket with his foot.)

Geese are getting uppity, boy. Getting too uppity.

(Junket gets up.)

Like they owned the world.

(Junket barks and moves around putting the "geese" in their place. Then he stops down at Peter's feet.)

MICHAEL: Does he always know what you say?

PETER: Yep. I never saw such a dog for understanding things. Some canine experts said Junket has a vocabulary most folks could be proud of.

MARGARET: Father would like that.

MICHAEL: But he can't say words.

PETER: He doesn't talk like you or me, but neither do the French people. But he talks . . . with his head and his tail. And I figure his bark means a great deal to him.

MICHAEL: Did he help with the cows?

PETER: Oh, yes. Took the Duchess to the pasture every day.

MICHAEL: There was a cow!

MONTGOMERY: And chickens?

PETER: Yes, siree. Every day Junket carried a basket full of eggs by the handle. Never broke a one.

MARGARET: Oh, I wish all those animals were here now. I wish we had a whole barn full.

PETER: Nothing would suit him better.

(Nudges Junket.)

Get Pollyanna. Take her for a trot.

(Junket hops up and goes toward barn.)

MARGARET: He knows what you said!

PETER: Bring the Duchess home. Fetch the cow from the pasture.

(Junket starts running in a circle.)

MONTGOMERY: And chickens!

PETER: Shoo the chickens. Shoo!

(Junket shakes his head and barks.)

All right, boy. Come along now. Time we headed off.

MICHAEL: Let him stay.