

# The Big Red Menace

Comedy duo by Samuel Stokes

Emily: Hi there! My name is Emily Elizabeth and this is my dog...

Mrs. Cartwright: Is this your dog?

Emily: Yes, I was just saying... my name is Emily Elizabeth and this is...

Mrs. Cartwright: I'm Mrs. Cartwright with the city animal control. We've received a number of complaints about your dog.

Emily: You have?

Mrs. Cartwright: Yes, we have.

Emily: But Clifford is such a good little puppy!

Mrs. Cartwright: Puppy? That thing has got to be 25 feet tall!

Emily: He's big for his age, but he is such a sweetheart!

Mrs. Cartwright: I should hope so! Do you have an exotic animal permit for that thing?

Emily: But Clifford's not an exotic animal, he's just a dog.

Mrs. Cartwright: Hmm, well, I guess that's right... Well, we received a complaint from little old Mrs. Ruth, that your dog catapulted her cat across the neighborhood.

Emily: He didn't mean to! He was trying to help her cat down from the tree, but the branch slipped. It was an accident.

Mrs. Cartwright: Well, they found the cat over six blocks away. Cats aren't meant to fly, you know.

Emily: Oh goodness, is the cat okay? Did she land on her feet?

Mrs. Cartwright: The cat's okay, but I think it's too afraid to climb trees anymore.

Emily: Well, I know Clifford's awful sorry.

Mrs. Cartwright: Well, there's also the matter of this giant structure in your back yard. The neighbors are complaining that it's against code.

Emily: You mean Clifford's dog house?

Mrs. Cartwright: Yes, for any structure over 25 feet, you must have a building permit first. Aren't you familiar with the city's zoning laws?

Emily: No, ma'am. I'm only eight.

Mrs. Cartwright: Oh I guess that's right, well we also received a complaint from the neighbors that Clifford pushed down a telephone pole.

Emily: He didn't mean to, he just doesn't know his own strength.

Mrs. Cartwright: Well, it cost the taxpayers an awful lot of money to replace that pole.

Emily: Clifford's really sorry. He'll never do it again. I promise!

Mrs. Cartwright: I'm sorry, but I'm afraid I'm just going to have to take Clifford to the pound. He's just far too dangerous.

Emily: Oh, no, please Mrs. Cartwright! Don't take away Clifford. He'll be a good boy from now on. Just look at that face. He's a sweet dog, honest!

Mrs. Cartwright: *(looking at Clifford)* Oh, don't give me those puppy dog eyes. Oh, you're just a good dog aren't you, just a big sweetie... Okay, I'll give you one more chance. Just make sure to get a leash and keep him out of trouble.

Emily: Oh thank you, Mrs. Cartwright! Come on, Clifford! Have a nice day, Mrs. Cartwright!

Mrs. Cartwright: Have a nice day. *(to herself)* Such a sweet little puppy!