

## Until There Are None.

A performance art piece

### CHARACTERS:

Used for Breeding, a woman  
Bait Dog, can be male or female  
Chained Dog, male  
Trendy Breed, female  
Banned Breeds, 2 male, one female  
Senior Dog, male  
Misc. Rescue Workers

The setting is a the lobby of a tony art gallery. The exhibition is a special one. The installation is row wire dog kennels. But these cages are inhabited by humans. Behind the cages is a photo collage of pictures of dogs from fighting rings, puppy mills, chained alone in yards, pounds, etc.

Cage 1: A woman. She is gaunt and tired. Her cage is filled with pacifiers and onesies.

USED FOR BREEDING: I have never known grass under my feet. I have never known love. I have been used to crank out litter after litter of babies I never got to raise. I am lonely. I am hungry. I am only well-fed when I am pregnant. I hope my babies are safe and well. But I will never know. When my ability to breed is over... I will be left to die. Alone.

Cage 2: Male or female, but they are bruised and abused.

BAIT DOG: I was offered for free, and a nice woman came to get me. I thought I was going to a new home. Instead, I went to a cage, and then I was thrown in to a ring with bigger dogs who tried to kill me. I don't want to fight. I just want a human to love. I wish someone would stop the pain. I saw one of my friends die in the ring. I don't want to be next.

Cage 3: Male. Wearing a metal collar and a long chain around his neck. Attached to his crate which is open, but he can't go very far out of it. His bottle of water is out of reach.

CHAINED DOG: My world is the length of my chain. I have a kennel, but it's plastic and doesn't really keep me warm in winter or cold in summer. Sometimes kids come to play with me, but sometimes they throw rocks at me because I can't get away. Despite this, I still want to trust

humans. My water was kicked away by accident and I'm thirsty, but my human doesn't always remember to refill it. I get a bunch of food every so often, but if I eat it all at once I'm hungry til they remember to feed me again. They think I'm a guard dog. But I can't protect them if I can't run. I don't understand why I'm not part of the family.

Cage 4: A woman. She's pretty and has toys and stuff, but she's dressed in a cutesy outfit.

Trendy Breed: Do you know me? I'm that dog from that movie. You know, the cute one. The pretty one. I fit in a purse, or a lap, or sometimes you dress me in doll clothes. But you get bored with me, and you don't like that I have no house manners, because you never taught them. I'm still a DOG. Not a toy. Not an accessory. And when I reach peak saturation, there will be tons of dogs like me occupying cages at your local pound... or dying because no one wants us.

Cage 5: Banned Breeds, there are three people in this last kennel. Two men and a woman.

BANNED 1: I'm a Pit Bull... except I'm not because that's not really a breed it's a type.

BANNED 2: I'm a Rottweiler. I look scary... but really I'm drooly. And sweet. And I'm not a Doberman, but we look similar.. sometimes.

BANNED 3: I'm a ChowChow. People think I have a high prey drive. I do, but with proper training it can be managed.

BANNED 1: I was originally bred to be a lover, not a fighter. Jack the Brindle Bulldog who protected the Ingalls family on their trek across the prairie was my kin. I am loyal. I am playful. I'm only aggressive when humans train me that way.

BANNED 2: My job is to be a guardian. There's a whole series of books – Good Dog, Carl – that show how I can be trusted with children and other animals and am perfectly safe inside the house. People think I'm lethal... and I am... if you're in the way of my happy tail or drooly jowls, but I'm not mean... unless humans train me that way.

BANNED 3: I have a blue tongue and I'm basically a walking bedroom slipper with my thick fur. I'm not interested in eating your cat... really... mostly... I usually only bond strongly with one person, but I can be a family dog. I'm not an attack anima unless humans train me that way.

ALL BANNED DOGS: We have been banned in several parts of the world. Not because of our behavior, but because of how we look. Because people see us and

are afraid. Because people don't give us the guidance we need. The truth is, most dog bites don't come from us. They come from small dogs who are mishandled, or other breeds who are playing too rough, or have given many warnings.

Cage 6: An older man. Sitting in a rocker.

SENIOR DOG: I had a family. But when I started to fade they took me to the pound. All I wanted was to live out my days with the people I love. Instead I'm cold and scared and I don't understand how I failed them. Wasn't I good enough? Wasn't I their loyal companion? And you know what's worse? When they left me, they took home a puppy...

Cage 7: This isn't a cage at all. Rather it's a pen, lined in soft sod, and filled with actual dogs of all the types mentioned (the tiny ones are separated from the big dogs. A few seniors are also separated and lying on beds. There are rescue workers there, hosting meet and greets and answering questions. Behind this pen is a sign: UNTIL THERE ARE NONE, ADOPT ONE.