

(We return to Paris. Suddenly, a French Poodle who has just left the “Pet Beauty Shop” comes barreling through. SHE knocks over LISETTE and proceeds to pull bows out of her fur. Then she rolls around in the dirt – and if there is no dirt, she finds some way to get herself dirty – perhaps with a “dirt sponge?”)

FIFI LA CUTE

Save me!

(And FIFI LA CUTE gets the zoomies around LISETTE.)

LISETTE

From what?

FIFI LA CUTE

From being beautiful. How do I look?

LISETTE

Horrible.

FIFI LA CUTE

Dieu Merci! Thank goodness. I hate the beauty shop! My mistress may be kind but truly – every time she takes me to the groomer, I come out looking – well – like you! No dignity in that at all!

LISETTE

I ... think I look fine.

FIFI LA CUTE

That’s because you’re not a dog. Dogs are supposed to be protectors! Guards! They should have names like “Slugger” and “Brutus.” What does my mistress call me? “*Fifi La Cute!*”

LISETTE

Oh! I like that name. I am Lisette.

FIFI LA CUTE

Nice name.

LISETTE

Thank-you.

FIFI LA CUTE

(Back to the rant.)

Look at me, Lisette! Should I have bows in my fur and jewels in my collar? *Should I be all gussied up like a doll! Should I?*

(LISETTE tries to answer.)

No! I'm supposed to save people in the mountains! Haul carts of food to mankind and be their savior! Don't you agree?

(LISETTE tries to answer.)

I'm not even allowed to roll around in dead fish! Which at least would make me smell better. Instead, I am made to prance through the park as if my only talent was having curly fur. I am more than just a head full of curly fur, don't you agree.

(LISETTE remains quiet.)

I said, don't you agree?

LISETTE

Well ... you are a poodle.

FIFI LA CUTE

But my heart is one of a St. Bernard's. Put a keg around my neck! Let me deliver water! Let me guide you through treacherous territory! There is no task I will not undertake! No task is too large or too small for me! Let me be useful!

LISETTE

Could I ride you to the Eiffel Tower. I am very tired.

FIFI LA CUTE

What do I look like? A Great Dane? *I'm a poodle!*

LISETTE

Well, accompany me then. So I don't get lost.

FIFI LA CUTE

Of course! That was what I was bred for!

(They take a few steps.)

FIFI LA CUTE

You don't happen to have a dog bone with you, do you? I usually get a bone to chew on this time of day.

LISETTE

No, I am all out of dog bones.

FIFI LA CUTE

A pity.

(They take a few steps. Very few.)

Or – some cooked chicken? Sometimes my mistress likes to cook chicken very slowly in broth and vegetables and give it to me as a midday snack. It's very healthy and nutritious.

LISETTE

I am sorry. I did not bring my cooking pot.

FIFI LA CUTE

A pity.

(They take a step)

I'm hungry!

LISETTE

Fifi, I don't know how to tell you this... but I think you really are a poodle. And you should accept that.

FIFI LA CUTE

But – the bows? The jewels? It's just not me.

LISETTE

But the bones, the chicken stewed in broth, the pampering – that *is* you.

(FIFI LA CUTE paces.)

FIFI LA CUTE

I do like my downy bed. And my treats... and the bicycle basket my mistress puts me in when my legs are tired... *you're right!* I *am* a poodle! Just not a “poodley-poodle!”

LISETTE

Definitely not a poodley-poodle!

FIFI LA CUTE

I need to return to my mistress! I need to get her to understand my “not a poodley-poodle” status. If she can understand what I understand we can come to an understanding. But first - I need to - get clean!

LISETTE

Jump in the river!

FIFI LA CUTE

Too dirty. I'll smell like dead fish. I'll find a fountain. Merci, Lisette. You have been a great help. Even if you don't carry dog bones.

LISETTE

You're welcome!

FIFI LA CUTE

(Running away.) I hope you make it to the Eiffel Tower!

LISETTE

(Calling out to her.) **I hope so, too! Even if I have to do it ...** alone. I'm alone. Again.

(We switch back to the Berlin park.)

LISETTE'S VOICE

“and so dear Sofie, I will close. Keep your fingers crossed that I make it to the Eiffel Tower. It is still several kilometers away. I miss you Sofie. I know I wanted an adventure.

But now I think it would be much more fun if I did this with you. I wish we were going to the Eiffel Tower together.

With love or as they say in France “avec amour,”

Lisette”