

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

Name of First Writer

Based on, If Any

Address
Phone Number

INT. LIVING ROOM, LATER

Rose leads BARB (40s, veterinarian) into the living room)

BARB
Is this your first time saying
goodbye to a pet?

ROSE
Mhmm.

BARB
I'm very sorry.

ROSE
Thanks. He's pretty...multifaceted.

BARB
Hi Cori. He looks relaxed.

ROSE
We gave him a Cativan.
(off Barb's reaction)
It's just an Ativan. From my
personal collection.

BARB
Here's how this works: I'll first
inject him with a sedative, so
he'll go to sleep. Then, I'll give
him the drug that will allow him to
pass. It'll take less than a
minute, and he won't feel any pain.

Okay.

ROSE

Okay.

JULIA

BARB
Are you ready?

Julia looks to Rose.

ROSE
I guess so.

Barb covers Cori with a blanket from her kit. She pulls out a syringe and injects him.

BARB
He's sleeping. And when you're
ready, I'll inject him.

Rose and Julia nod. Barb injects Cori, then sets a timer on her phone for 30 seconds.

ROSE

Is that his countdown clock?

JULIA

Okay, Cori. Cat heaven is the best. You get to sleep in the sun, and you have all your favorite foods, and little bugs to chase--

ROSE

And there's limitless carpet and you can shit wherever, seriously just drop a deuce--

JULIA

Why did you have to bring that up? Show some respect.

ROSE

I am! This is who he is. Coriolanus loves shitting on the carpet.

Barb's alarm goes off: it's an electronic version of Amazing Grace. She listens to Cori's heart with a stethoscope.

BARB

He needs a little more assistance. I'll give him one more dose.

She injects him again, sets the timer. Nobody talks for the full 30 seconds. They're laser focused on Coriolanus. Amazing Grace breaks the painful silence.

JULIA

Has he...crossed over?

Barb listens again. Shakes her head, growing uncertain.

BARB

(injecting him)

I've never had to administer three doses, but nothing's happening, so here we go.

ROSE

Jesus Christ do we have to kill all nine lives?

As if in response, we hear a sort of groan from Cori.

ROSE (CONT'D)
Was that...his swan song?

BARB
(a sigh of relief)
Things are definitely slowing down.
Let's give him a little time.

ROSE
Let's sing him out.

And she begins to sing "Down to the River" from O, Brother,
Where Art Thou. Julia snaps.

JULIA
Stop it! This isn't a joke!
Coriolanus is passing.

ROSE
I am acutely aware.

JULIA
Really? Cause it seems like you
aren't dealing with any of this.

ROSE
~~You're the one who can't even say
the word. It's all "crossing over"
and "meeting his maker" and—
(she mimes Julia miming
euthanasia)~~

JULIA
~~You haven't cried!~~

ROSE
~~Do I have to? Are we supposed to
weep at his bedside like we're in
Little Women?~~

JULIA
~~Maybe that would be appropriate!
Instead of mocking everything all
the time!~~

ROSE
Maybe I would if I weren't always
the one wiping mom's ass. Some of
us don't have the luxury of feeling
our feelings whenever we fucking
want, because we're actually in the
trenches, getting shit done. Do you
wanna take over, and I'll stare out
the window and emote?

A hostile standoff. Rose pulls a book off the shelf.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Okay, Cori, I'm going to read you a nice, *appropriate* sonnet.

~~She opens the book, and reads with performative gravity.~~

ROSE (CONT'D)

~~Sonnet 15: When I consider
everything that grows/Holds in
perfection but a little
moment,/That this huge state
presenteth nought but shows/Whereon
the stars in secret influence
comment;/When I perceive that men
as plants increase,/Cheered and
check'd even by the selfsame sky,~~

~~She chokes up, much to her surprise and embarrassment.~~

ROSE (CONT'D)

~~Vaunt in their youthful sap, at
height decrease,/And wear their
brave state out of memory;/Then the
conceit of this inconstant stay/
Sets you most rich in youth before
my sight,/Where wasteful Time
debateth with Decay/To change your
day of youth to sullied night;/ And
all in war with Time for love of
you,/ As he takes from you, I
engraft you new.~~

She strokes Cori.

ROSE (CONT'D)

You can go. You were a good cat.

A long beat. Julia suddenly coughs. Rose gags.

ROSE (CONT'D)

What's that smell? It smells like a yeast infection.

JULIA

It's like rotten eggs.

BARB

(almost laughing)

It's not uncommon for them to release gas as they pass.

She listens to Cori's heart. They wait.

BARB (CONT'D)
He's crossed the rainbow bridge.
(off Rose's look)
He's dead.

JULIA
What happens next?

BARB
I can take him with me to cremate,
or leave him with you.

JULIA
No thank you.

ROSE
Pass.

BARB
That's perfectly okay.

She wraps Cori tenderly in the blanket.

EXT. FRONT PORCH

Barb carries the blanket bundle.

BARB
Alright girls. Take care of each
other.

She turns and walks back to her car. Rose and Julia watch her
get in and drive away.