

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

Name of First Writer

Based on, If Any

Address  
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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.

ROSE  
Okay.

JULIA  
Okay.

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.