

DEAD CAT

Written by

Jacques

In memory of Coco

INT. PSYCHIC TENT

A dimly-lit tent decorated with vibrant colors, candles, and pagan signs. SAUL sits across a small, circular table, looking slightly confused.

PSYCHIC

Meow.

SAUL

Whiskers?

Cut to a reverse shot, showing a PSYCHIC in a trance state, holding SAUL's hands atop the table in-between them.

PSYCHIC

Meow.

SAUL

Oh my God. It's really you.

PSYCHIC

Meow.

SAUL

You okay up there? At least I hope you're up there.

PSYCHIC

Meow.

SAUL

I don't know, you brought back a lot of birds.

PSYCHIC

Meow.

SAUL

Practically a flock.

PSYCHIC

Meow.

SAUL

Generations were wiped out because of you. I mean, that's a war crime.

PSYCHIC

Meow.

SAUL

No, I appreciate the gesture. All I'm saying is those kind of numbers should count for something - at least purgatory.

PSYCHIC

Meow.

SAUL

At least.

PSYCHIC

Meow.

SAUL

Or I guess in your case 'purr-gatory'.

Beat. PSYCHIC hisses.

SAUL (CONT'D)

My bad.

Beat.

PSYCHIC

Meow?

SAUL

Nothing. I don't know. It's, uh, good to hear from you, man. Really is.

SAUL looks solemnly at the PSYCHIC in a trance state. He slowly leans over to pet her. Before he can reach her, a table-side timer rings. The PSYCHIC reverts out of her trance state, and stops the timer. SAUL quickly retracts his hand.

PSYCHIC

Argh - that's straining. And looks like we're out of time.

SAUL

Oh - wow, Already?

PSYCHIC

Twenty bucks buys you an extra ten minutes.

SAUL looks through his empty wallet.

SAUL

I - I think I've made my peace.

INT. SAUL'S APARTMENT - LATER

SAUL enters his apartment. He drops a bag from Pet-co by the door. He lets his new kitten wander the apartment.