

# L.A. Vet

## EXT. ANIMAL HOSPITAL – DAY

A MAN walks his INJURED DOG out the front door. A MOOSE runs by. TWO INTERNS frantically chase the beast. *SUPERIMPOSE “L.A. VET”*

## INT. ANIMAL HOSPITAL – SAME TIME

DR. SHEPHERD, the chief of staff, grills, DR. FERRET, the new intern..

SHEPHERD: You're new here, Dr. Ferret, let's see what you know. You got a parakeet. It's feathers are falling out. What do you do?

FERRET: (*unsure*) Check for molting?

SHEPHERD: Wrong! Did you look at his beak?

FERRET: It's orange...right?

SHEPHERD: (*smiling*) I think you're gonna make it.

NURSE LAMB rushes in.

LAMB: Dr. Shepherd, we have a possum with massive head wounds.

SHEPHERD: What happened, Lamb?

LAMB: Accident on the interstate.

SHEPHERD: Possums, will they ever learn? Get it into O.R. Stat! Where's Grizzly?

LAMB: He hasn't checked in.

SHEPHERD: Drinking again?

LAMB: Aren't you're being a little hard on him?

SHEPHERD: Look. He lost a goat last week. He needs help.

MR. CALICO enters with a WOUNDED CAT. *CALICO looks as weary as his pet.*

CALICO: Somebody help me. Please. She O.D.'d on catnip.

SHEPHERD: (*calmly*) Don't worry, she's got nine lives.

CALICO: (*crying*) But she's already lost eight.

SHEPHERD: (*yelling*) Ferret! The possum's on you.

*SHEPHERD grabs the CAT.*

SHEPHERD: Don't worry, kitten. Everything's going to be just fine. (*to nurse*) Lamb! O.R. 2!

*SHEPHERD and LAMB hurry past DR. DOVE. Talking to a LITTLE GIRL. Her HAMSTER rests on a nearby table.*

DOVE: This was no accident.

GIRL: What do you mean?

DOVE: The missing fur. The broken tail. This hamster's been abused.

GIRL: (*nervous*) I don't know what you're talking about.

DOVE: We did some x-rays. Fluffy has a history of multiple fractures.

GIRL: She falls a lot. She's always getting caught in her Habitrail.

DOVE: Don't lie to me!

GIRL: Okay, I did it. I did it. I was just having fun. I didn't mean to hurt her. It was just a few firecrackers.

DOVE: It wasn't you, was it? It was your brother.

GIRL: (*lowering head*) Yes.

DOVE: You don't have to cover for him.

*GIRL starts to cry. DR. DOVE hugs her. Sappy music plays in the background.*

#### INT. O.R. #2 – SAME TIME

*SHEPHERD and LAMB prepare to operate on the cat.*

SHEPHERD: Lamb, get me 2cc of epinephrine...and where's Dr. Bass!

*DR. BASS enters.*

BASS: (*tired, cranky*) I'm right here. What's the emergency?

SHEPHERD: We got a cat here. She's down to her last life.

BASS: Listen, Shepherd, I got three heifers in E.R. I got a rattler shedding in the waiting room, because there's no place to put it. There's a squirrel on life support, and I haven't slept in 42 hours.

SHEPHERD: Quit your whining, Bass. We've got a feline's life balancing in our hands.

BASS: (*humbled*) Sorry, doctor. How can I help?

SHEPHERD: Get me the paddles!

*Bass hands him the HEART-RESUSCITATOR. Shepherd greases the paddles and places them on the cat's chest.*

SHEPHERD: Clear!

*The CAT SPASMS. Sporadically.*

#### INT. WAITING ROOM – SAME TIME

*DR. HAM consoles a PET OWNER with her DOG. The dog has a protective "doggie shield" around its neck.*

HAM: I think he's going to be okay.

WOMAN: Dr. Ham, you're a miracle worker.

HAM: Just doing my job. Now, I want you to lay off the frisbees for a while. They don't mix well with cars.

*PSYCHO FARMER enters. Holds LIVE GOLDFISH over his mouth. PEOPLE in waiting room SCREAM.*

HAM: Everybody calm down.

PSYCHO FARMER: I'm gonna do it, man. I'm gonna swallow this thing.

HAM: *(inching closer)* Just relax.

PSYCHO FARMER: You took my goat, man. You killed her.

HAM: There's no sense taking another innocent life.

PSYCHO FARMER: You don't understand, man. That goat was like my wife. She was all I had.

HAM: *(still inching closer)* It happens. We all lose loved ones. I had a retriever when I was a kid. Goldie was her name.

PSYCHO FARMER: It's not the same.

HAM: Think about what you're doing.

*The PSYCHO FARMER lowers his head. Starts to cry. HAM rushes him. Grabs the fish*

HAM: Somebody, get me some water!

INT. O.R. #2 – SAME TIME

*SHEPHERD and LAMB stand over the cat. A successful operation.*

LAMB: Good work, doctor.

SHEPHERD: That was a close one. Wanna grab a bite?

LAMB: I don't know. It's just not working out between us.

SHEPHERD: Is it something I've done?

LAMB: It's not you, it's Butch.

SHEPHERD: He's just a dog. He doesn't know any better.

LAMB: *(ranting)* That's the problem! You don't get it! You're a dog person. I'm a cat person. I can't change now.

SHEPHERD: Is this about Dr. Dove?

LAMB: You know that's over between us.

*D R. DOVE walks by. Leans in.*

DOVE: *(seductively)* Meow.

*LAMB reacts. Embarrassed. Close on SHEPHERD'S jealous, angry look.*