

ONE FINE DAY. . . AT THE VET

A SHORT SATIRICAL COMEDY SKETCH

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ONE FINE DAY AT THE VET

Scene: A VET'S CONSULTING ROOM with a table to put the pets on and a computer on a desk

Vet: *(Calling out of the door)* Mrs Jones and Fluffy ?

(Mrs Jones enters carrying a cat basket.)

Vet: Good Morning.

Mrs Jones: Oh, I don't think it is. *(Puts the basket sadly on the table)* Do you?

Vet: Well, let's see. How can we help you today?

Mrs Jones: I don't think there's anything you can do, really.

Vet: Oh dear. I am sorry. What seems to be the problem?

Mrs Jones: It's Fluffy. *(Dramatic pause and a little weep)*

Vet: Yes?

Mrs Jones: I've tried everthing. Harkers Harkaka solution, Holistic dog remedy, Life mel, wheatgrass, turmeric, rescue remedy, Dr Bots essential flower water and oil of gristle, tincture of arsenic and borax acid. Nothing seems to help.

Vet: Let's start from the beginning, shall we? When was Fluffy's last vaccination?

Mrs Jones: Oh, I never put poison into my pets.

Vet: So...not vaccinated then. *(Writes on computer)*

Mrs Jones: Goodness me, no.

Vet: How old is Fluffy?

Mrs Jones: Forty eight months old. Last week.

Vet: So... four years old then. *(Writes on computer)*

Mrs Jones: And one week.

Vet: Four years and one week old. *(Writes on computer)*

Mrs Jones: So young. *(Cries)*

Vet: Is Fluffy ill?

Mrs Jones: *(Weeps)*

Vet: Do you mind if I take a look at him?

Mrs Jones: Okay. *(Sniff)*

(Vet puts his hand into the basket. There is the sound of an angry feral cat. Vet pulls bleeding arm out of basket)

Mrs Jones: Oh, you've traumatised him.

Vet: *(Clutching bleeding dripping arm)* Is Fluffy normally like this at the vets?

Mrs Jones: He's a very good judge of character. He doesn't like the vets. Bless him.

Vet: He bit me!

Mrs Jones: Well it's your job, isn't it?

Vet: Well, do you think you could get him out?

Mrs Jones: Oh no. I wouldn't want to stress him like that.

Vet: Could I take him to the back and see if one of my nurses could help me with him?

Mrs Jones: I'm not being funny, but I don't know you. I don't know how you are with animals.

Vet: I see. Mrs Jones, what exactly do you want me to do with your cat?

Mrs Jones: Oh. I think he needs to go over the rainbow bridge. Bless him.

Vet: The rainbow bridge?

Mrs Jones: Yes.

Vet: Do you mean - *(Hand gesture)* ?

Mrs Jones: Yes. I think it's his time

Vet: Since I'm unable to look at him, do you mind telling me what's the matter. What made you decide that Fluffy...needs to go ...over the rainbow bridge.

Mrs Jones: As I said, I've tried everything. I've even been on Google.

Vet: Which naturally gave you the answer you were looking for.

Mrs Jones: Well, yes.

Vet: Well, what does Google think it is?

Mrs Jones: It's cancer.

Vet: I see.

Mrs Jones: So, you see, there's nothing I can do to help him.

Vet: What if.....and I'm just putting this out there. What if there was something I could do to help him?

Mrs Jones: Oh, no I don't think there is.

Vet: But what if there was?

Mrs Jones: I wouldn't want to put him through all that.

Vet: I understand your hesitation but -

Mrs Jones: I'm not giving my cat chemotherapy and that's final.

Vet: But, we don't even know that it is cancer.

Mrs Jones: Oh, I know.

Vet: But I don't.

Mrs Jones: And what difference does that make?

Vet: Because I'm the one that you have brought him to, to, to send him over the er rainbow bridge.

Mrs Jones: Yes.

Vet: I'm the one that has to reach into that basket.

Mrs Jones: Yes

Vet: Get badly bitten.

Mrs Jones: Yes

Vet: And put to sleep a young animal with what may be a perfectly curable condition.

Mrs Jones: How much is it then?

Vet: The consult is 35.95. Once we know what we are actually doing here, then I can give you an estimate.

Mrs Jones: 35.95!! That's ridiculous. You haven't even touched him.

Vet: But I'd like to examine him before making any final decisions.

Mrs Jones: I'm not paying that and that's final. I didn't bring him here for you to examine him. I brought him here for you to put him to sleep. And that's what I want you to do.

Vet: And how do you propose I do that?

Mrs Jones: However you normally do that. It's not my place to tell you how to do your job.

Vet: It would involve getting him out of the basket. (*Touches the basket and the sound of a very angry cat comes out*) And sedatives. In... higher doses. Really high doses.

Mrs Jones: Sedatives.

Vet: Yes. We'd have to sedate him in his basket and when he was asleep we would get him out, examine him and then decide from there what to do.

Mrs Jones: I just told you I'm not paying for that.

Vet: I have to examine him first to make sure it's the right decision.

Mrs Jones: No you don't.

Vet: Mrs Jones. I am not putting him to sleep until I know what's wrong with him.

Mrs Jones: Cancer.

Vet: It may not be cancer. It, it could be anything!

Mrs Jones: You don't know that.

Vet: Well, I won't until I examine him.

Mrs Jones: I'm not paying 35.95 plus what ever outrageous fees you charge so you can drive home in your Porsche every night knowing you've bullied clients out of their hard earned money.

Vet: I drive a fifteen year old battered Renault Cleo.

Mrs Jones: Really? Well, it's not my fault you're not good with money.

Vet: Really. Well, it would seem we are at an impasse then.

Mrs Jones: Don't you use your fancy vet words on me.