

sadness and he let out a sound that felt like the word “help.” I reached my hand into his doghouse. I know it was a dumb thing to do, but he looked like he needed me. His jaws snapped. I jerked my hand away before he could bite me. My parents called a center and they came and took him away. Later that day, they put him to sleep. They gave me his corpse in a cardboard box. When my dog died, that was when the rain cloud came back and everything went to hell ... *(CB's sister enters wearing what can only be described as a black wedding dress. CB begins erecting a wooden cross on a mound of dirt in front of him. She joins him.)*

### “CANIS EXEQUIAE”

*CB and his sister are standing beside each other and staring at the wooden cross. A long silence passes. She takes a box of cigarettes out of her purse (that is shaped like a coffin) and offers one to him.*

CB. Mom will kill you if she sees you smoking.

CB'S SISTER. *(Lighting the cigarette.)* Well, when she does, I hope you'll have the decency to bury me in an actual cemetery rather than the backyard. *(Another long silence passes.)* Do you think we should say a prayer or something?

CB. I guess.

CB'S SISTER. Okay. You can say it.

CB. I don't want to.

CB'S SISTER. Well, neither do I!

CB. I don't know what to say.

CB'S SISTER. Oh, stop being so melodramatic, Charles. No one's asking for a eulogy. Just a simple prayer. Ask the Earth to watch over him. Or something.

CB. He's dead. There's not a whole lot of that necessary.

CB'S SISTER. You're so morbid. What about his next life? I think we should pray to Hecate and ask her to make him a human. Someone we meet and become friends with.

CB. What???

CB'S SISTER. Hecate is the goddess of death. She's also a goddess

of reincarnation. It's Wiccan.

CB. Oh, so you're Wiccan this week? Glad that's cleared up. I can't keep your personalities straight! Last week, you go with a friend to a Baptist church, come home and proceed to tell Mom, Dad and me that we're going to hell because we watch TV. A mere NINE DAYS LATER, you're Elvira, Mistress of the Dark. We can't keep up with you! FIND. AN. IDENTITY.

CB'S SISTER. You're one to talk!

CB. What could you possibly mean by that?! I'm always the same!

CB'S SISTER. (*Venomously.*) That's nothing to brag about. (*Beat.*) Just drop it, okay? You don't tell me how to live my life and I won't tell you how to live yours. (*Silence.*)

CB. I thought there'd be a bigger turnout. (*She gives him a funny look.*) Well, he was popular. All our friends loved him. I just thought people would actually show up to pay their respects.

CB'S SISTER. You invited our friends?

CB. A few.

CB'S SISTER. You are so embarrassing!

CB. You're dressed like the bride of Frankenstein and I'm embarrassing?

CB'S SISTER. Shut up about my dress!

CB. (*Sotto voce; to self.*) This is not the way he would've wanted his funeral.

CB'S SISTER. He was a DOG, Charles. They shit on the ground and lick themselves. Ceremony is probably not key here. He was just a fucking dog.

CB. Oh yeah? Well, he was MY fucking dog. So, fuck you.

CB'S SISTER. He was my fucking dog, too! So, fuck you! (*Beat.*)

CB. He never liked you.

CB'S SISTER. I suppose he told you this.

CB. He didn't have to. It was apparent. He barely tolerated you.

CB'S SISTER. I hate you.

CB. Big loss.

CB'S SISTER. You're a dickhead, CB.

CB. (*Exploding.*) JUST SAY YOUR FUCKING PRAYER! (*Long pause.*)

CB'S SISTER. He was your fucking dog. You fucking say it. (*She storms off.*)