

# Pavlov's Cats

A Comedy in Three Acts  
(or two if you prefer)  
by Robert Joseph Ahola

# Pavlov's Cats

A Play in Three Acts  
(or two if you prefer)  
by Robert Joseph Ahola

©Copyright 2004  
Robert Joseph Ahola, CEO  
Galahad Films  
23852 Pacific Coast Highway #753  
Malibu, CA 90265  
Tel. 424-644-0611  
Fax 310-456-5109  
Cell 310-713-0547  
e-mail: [galahadfilms@aol.com](mailto:galahadfilms@aol.com)  
e-mail [Robert.ahola@verizon.net](mailto:Robert.ahola@verizon.net)  
[www.robertahola.com/](http://www.robertahola.com/)

# Pavlov's Cats

## Synopsis

When two well-intended but meddlesome apprentice angels set out to prove their respective philosophical points of view, they make the untenable error of trying to prove them with the very human beings they've been entrusted to help.

Of the two angels, Fidel (the male) firmly believes in his theory of *Nanotology* — that all major events in life hinge on decisions made in infinitesimal moments in time, and it is upon those *nanoseconds* that all events turn. The female, Catrina, on the other hand ridicules Fidel's theory, choosing instead to believe that all human beings fall into two categories — cats and dogs — and that the “cats” in the human world are the only creatures with the initiative to think outside the box that life has built for them.

Assigned by the archangel Gabriela to act as guides and angelic counselors to a high profile, high-strung, willful quartet of young men and women, our two celestial messengers are very hard pressed to get them to follow the paths for which they are presumably destined.

In their attempts to help their charges, these angels are willing to resort to any means necessary. That extension of energy alone conjures Lucifer himself “to lend a helping hand.” And when the Devil enters the equation, anything can happen.

A comedy in three acts, *Pavlov's Cats*, proves to be as willful, as spontaneous and as joyously unpredictable as its name implies.

— Robert Joseph Ahola  
105 Minutes - 4M/4F

# Pavlov's Cats

## Characters

### **Angels of our better (or “worser”) nature.**

**FIDEL.** An adjudicating angel who oversees the greater responses to all the small decisions in our lives – the self-appointed master of “Nanotology.”

**CATRINA.** Fidel’s coworker and partner in “angelic oversight,” she advances her own theory that all people fall into one of two categories — dogs or cats. And she will do anything to prove they are right.

**GABRIELA.** An archangel in charge of these two troublesome but well-meaning angels. (Yes she is the “Gabriel” of legend, before sexist historians took over her bio. She’s just too nice to contradict anyone, and smart enough to understand the relativity of misperception.)

**LUCIFER.** Even more charming, ingratiating and confusing than usual, the Prince of Darkness needs no introduction, mainly because he prefers to make up his own.

### **Human Beings.**

**JEREMY THORPE.** A stockbroker. A scoundrel. An opportunist, soon to be a political power. And a generally fine human being with a great deal of potential.

**GEORGE LANE.** Jeremy’s banker and friend. He sees everything clearly, and is now just learning not to hide his light.

**LETICIA MCANALLEY.** The female equivalent of “The Plain Dealer.” She is beautiful, candid, sarcastic, vulnerable, and an exceptional fashion designer.

**ELLEN LARAMOUR.** Wealthy, intuitive, and nearly psychic, she has an innate understanding of everyone’s inner nature — even the natures of angels.

# Pavlov's Cats

## Production Considerations

- 1) BECAUSE THERE ARE NUMEROUS SCENE CHANGES, the sets are definitely designed to be minimalist, interpretive and make maximum usage of implied accents of a room or setting. What's more, if properly handled the changes of scene and movements into them may actually add to the dynamics of pace and the style of staging. Let's think outside the box, here. (Pavlov's cats certainly would have.)
- 2) THE USE OF THREE ACTS IS OPTIONAL. It would be just as easy to break it down into two acts. In fact, it does so nicely by carrying Act I the end of Act II. But somewhere in the process, the milestones just seemed to fall nicely into place as they are currently constructed.

**Approximate running time 105 minutes – 4M/4F**

## **SYNOPSIS OF SCENES**

**Act 1. Scene 1 — Heaven.**

**Act 1. Scene 2— Two Pocket Sets. A Car. The side of the Road**

**Act 1, Scene 3 — The Club. Pocket Set/ A Table.**

**Act 1. Scene 4 — The Club. Pocket Set/The Entrance**

**Act 1. Scene 5 — Limbo Between Pocket Sets**

**Act 2. Scene 1 — Heaven**

**Act 2. Scene 2— The Club (Pocket set). A Table.**

**Act 2. Scene 3— The Club (Pocket set). The Dance Floor**

**Act 2. Scene 4— The Club. (Pocket set). A Table.**

**Act 2. Scene 6 — The Club (Pocket set). The Dance Floor**

**Act 2. Scene 7— The Club. (Pocket set). A Table.**

**Act 2. Scene 8— At the Altar**

**Act 2. Scene 9 — Limbo**

**Act. 2 Scene 10 — Ellen's Bedroom.**

**Act 3. Scene 1— Hell. Hell's Kitchen (as it were).**

**Act 3. Scene 2— Another Bedroom**

**Act 3. Scene 3— A Sitting Room**

**Act 3. Scene 4— Political Caucus Room.**

**Act 3. Scene 5— George's Car.**

**Act 3 Scene 6 — Political Caucus Room.**

**Act 3. Scene 7— Back in Hell's Kitchen.**

**Act 3. Scene 8 — George's Car.**

**Act 3. Scene 9 — Political Caucus Room.**

**Act 3. Scene 10— The Club. A Table.**

**Act 3. Scene 11 — Ellen's Den.**

**Act 3. Scene 12 — Jeremy's Study. Three Years Later.**

# PROP LIST

1. Two High Stools (for the angels in heaven.)
2. A table and four chairs (for the club sequences.)
3. Two cell phones.
4. A car steering wheel (or implied car.)
5. Two car seats (for driving sequences.)
6. Two large signs saying "Defining Moment."
7. Possible Political Signs (Optional)

# COSTUME PLOT

*(For 8 Actors – 4 M, 4 F)*

- 1) White tops and pants (for the 3 Angels).
- 2) Black top and pants (for Lucifer).
- 3) Modern Business Attire for 4 Human Beings.
- 4) Change of Wardrobe for 4 Human Beings in Acts 2 and 3.
- 5) Black Tie Optional (For the Human Beings throughout Act 2)

# Pavlov's Cats

## Act 1. Scene 1. Heaven

*The lighting is celestial. The setting is sparse and interpretive. Two angels (in white simple dress) come in one after the other. The first angel is male, approachable and affiliative. He is FIDEL. The other angel is graceful, adorable, and distinctly female. She is CATRINA. They come to a point opposite one another and take their place in two tall chairs (or stools).*

**FIDEL**

Nanotology!

**CATRINA**

Oh, that again!

**FIDEL**

What do you mean: "Oh, that again!?"

**CATRINA**

Just what I said. I'm very clear about the things I say.

**FIDEL**

It is the guiding principle of life on Earth as we know it.

**CATRINA**

Life on Earth as we know it has no guiding principles; only agendas. That's the paradox.

**FIDEL**

Except this one: Nano-tology! The defining moment — the instant of decision, that nanosecond upon which the door to your destiny swings open.

**CATRINA** (*dismissive*)

I know. I Know. *Carpe Diem.*

**FIDEL**

Forget *Carpe Diem!* *Carpe Momentum!* *Carpe Instantum!* Seize the instant!

**CATRINA**

Ridiculous notion.

**FIDEL**

Brilliant hypothesis. Soon to be axiomatic.



**CATRINA**

Overrated!

*(She chants like Handel's Hallelujah Chorus)*

Overrated! Overrated! Over-rated! Over-ra-a-a-a-ated! Ahhhhhh-men!

**FIDEL**

Then, why do you always help me when the time comes?

*(She regards him quizzically. Demonstrative, he points)*

With them — on the other side of the veil. On Earth! The living... for lack of a better word. Frankly, you're more enthusiastic about it than I am.

**CATRINA**

Well, that's what we do. We're Angels. We positively influence people's lives. Besides, I help you because I want to see you and this absurd theory of yours fall flat on your collective faces.

**FIDEL**

It's not a theory. Nanotology is physical law.

**CATRINA**

It's a load of crap!

**FIDEL**

Language! You're in Heaven.

**CATRINA**

It's Bull----!

**FIDEL**

Ah, ah, ah, ah...!

**CATRINA**

Oh God, I miss profanity!

**FIDEL**

Besides, it hasn't failed. Nanotology never fails.

**CATRINA**

You've been lucky. That's all.

**FIDEL**

That magic moment! That sacred instant. Seize it! And the universe is yours. Let it slip through your hands, and Heaven weeps. And life will pass you by.

**CATRINA**

Until next time!

**FIDEL**

Maybe. And maybe not. Physical Law has nothing to do with failing. It simply is, like Truth. Both hands at twelve. Besides, I asked.

**CATRINA**

Asked who?

**FIDEL**

*(motions upward with his finger)*

Himself!

**CATRINA**

You asked God? As if he had time. And what did He say?

**FIDEL**

He said figure it out yourself. I'm busy running the Universe.

**CATRINA**

See!

**FIDEL**

Well, he didn't say "no." Or even "No!" It was a definite maybe... Besides, it's a lot closer to law than that stupid theory of yours.

**CATRINA**

It's not stupid! It's a great concept!

**FIDEL**

Pavlov's Cats! It's certainly not a law.

**CATRINA**

I never claimed it was. I'm not that arrogant. But it's a magnificent theory.

**FIDEL**

If anyone understood it. I mean, I understand Pavlov's Dogs. Ring the Bell. The dogs salivate on cue, whether they get fed or not. Conditioned reflex – the behaviorist's Bible. I get it. Hence the extrapolation that we are all creatures of conditioned reflex — trainable and therefore predictable.

**CATRINA**

Except for the fact that Ivan Pavlov's disciples tried the same test with a group of cats. And it completely fell apart, because the cats figured it out. The cats all walked away from it. The cats wouldn't buy into the bull----!

**FIDEL**

*(interrupts again)*

I get it! What I don't get is the rest of it.

**CATRINA**

That cats are able to think for themselves and are not be manipulated — that cats can think outside the box.

**FIDEL**

And dogs?

**CATRINA**

Are the box! If they don't have the box, they'll look for a box to jump into.

**FIDEL**

But what I don't get is the rest of it, your attempt to stretch this into the human metaphor.

**CATRINA**

Should be obvious. All people are divided into one of the two categories: dogs or cats. Dogs are conformists, planners, plodders, hyper-dependent security-motivated, loyal — predictable! — and sweet but often boring!

**FIDEL**

Loyal, steadfast, courageous, bastions of integrity, fun, playful, interactive...

**CATRINA**

Cats on the other hand are daring, spontaneous, electrifying, imaginative, recognition-motivated chance-takers...

**FIDEL**

*(interrupts/continues)*

Cunning, calculating, manipulative, scheming. Obviously you're a cat. How did you ever get here, anyway?

**CATRINA**

And whose bias is showing now? It's okay to relate to dogs, you know. Some of my best friends are dogs.

**FIDEL**

Generous of you. But this could hardly be made into a law.

**CATRINA**

Never said it was. But it's just as much a law as your Nanotology thing is.

**FIDEL**

Wrong! And I'll prove it. We'll ask an archangel.

**CATRINA**

Oh that's a big help! Ask an archangel and all you ever get is the same answer: that everything is "perfect!" Everything's in "perfect order." They're so... equivocal.

**FIDEL**

Well, maybe not Gabriela. Occasionally, you get an answer from her.

**CATRINA**

Oh, she's the worst. She's so "perfect," she doesn't even mind that some sexist historians turned her into a male archangel — Gabriel — and sent her around tooting a horn.

**FIDEL**

So what's gender to an angel anyway? There's no sex up here. Kind of makes you wonder.

*(Looks down, sighs.)*

I miss my package.

**CATRINA**

Yeah, I know. I had a great rack too.

**FIDEL**

Just what I mean. Is this really heaven? Is this all there is? I mean, think about it.

*(Neither sees the Archangel Gabriela as she enters.)*

**CATRINA**

Is this really Heaven? Come on, Fidel! Don't you remember the first few decades after we got here? Euphoria! Pure euphoria!

**FIDEL**

It doesn't last. The iron law of familiarity takes over, and you just get used to it.

**GABRIELA**

*(singsong)*

Not if you know what to look for.

**FIDEL**

Gabriela! Your ears must have been burning.

**GABRIELA**

Burn, oh no, no, no! Not here. Never burn! Ring! My ears were ringing!

**CATRINA**

Of course, she hears everything. She's an Arch-angel.

**FIDEL**

Gabriela. We were just debating.

**GABRIELA**

A wonderful thing to do — debate! Clears the mind. Feeds the intellect. Sharpens the wits. As long as you don't overdo it. Too much thinking blocks the heart. Chums the water for discord.

**CATRINA**

Gabriela! Nanotology!

**GABRIELA**

Excellent concept! Brilliant! Perfectly brilliant!

**CATRINA**

But is it Law?

**GABRIELA**

Well... laws are mutable. Laws change. Today's heresy is tomorrow's superstition.

**FIDEL**

So, Catrina's theory about dogs and cats is over-the-top. Right?

**GABRIELA**

Brilliant. Perfectly brilliant. Worth trying out.

*(motions to Earth)*

Certainly, we have an arena of study. The ultimate proving grounds! And while you're testing out your theories, here are you new assignments!

*( She hands out name cards to the two.)*

These two for you, dear Catrina. A woman named Ellen Laramour, a wealthy heiress with a generous nature, and powerful insights into people. She has a best friend, Letitia McAnnaly who is a hard-driving fashion designer and terrifyingly success driven. She is meant to be mated with this man... Fidel: Jeremy Thorpe, a man destined to be political l force majeure who will actually save his city and state from an ecological catastrophe, but only if he marries Leticia. And this young man, George Lane is destined to be an influential financier and banker whose brokerage will help finance the one and only sure cure for lymphatic cancer, but if — and only if — he pairs with Ellen Laramour.

**CATRINA**

Nothing like a little pressure...

**GABRIELA**

So Catrina! These women need your guidance.

**CATRINA**

Oh, I get the women. Isn't that a bit sexist?

**FIDEL**

And I get these men? How safe.

*(Looks up from his cards)*

Can't we cross-pollinate? I mean, work in tandem?

**GABRIELA**

Well, of course, dear boy. You do anyway. You don't really think we don't know what you two are up to. After all, we are ubiquitous.

**CATRINA**

And it's okay if we work on these theories

**FIDEL**

*(corrects)*

Laws.

**CATRINA**

Whatever... of ours?

**FIDEL**

So, we can check 'em out? Fine tune them?

**GABRIELA**

But not manipulate them? Remember! Angels only enter when invited. That way, it's divine intervention.

**CATRINA**

But that means they have to tune us in. They have to meditate.

**GABRIELA**

That's right. Otherwise they're not on our frequency! Otherwise it's manipulation! And you know what that leads to.

**FIDEL**

But nobody meditates. And if they do, they don't do it right.

**GABRIELA**

You just have to allow them to learn. You have to let them find you. Make yourselves available of course. And be patient. Remember...

**FIDEL**

*(resigned)*

I know. I know. Angel time.

**GABRIELA**

It's the only time there is.

**CATRINA**

So, we just go and observe? And wait to be asked-in?

**FIDEL**

That's all we ever do.

**GABRIELA**

Perfect!

**FIDEL**

Of course, it is.

**GABRIELA**

And I know you'll behave perfectly. Like the little angels you are.

**CATRINA**

You bet.

**FIDEL**

Got your back.

**GABRIELA**

Keep me posted. I mean, I'll already know. But your opinions are important. And remember, whatever happens. Everything's in....

*(she anticipates)*

**FIDEL AND CATRINA**

*(Repeat simultaneously but not happily)*

Perfect order...

**GABRIELA**

Abiento!

**CATRINA**

Thanks, Gabby!

**FIDEL**

Bye!

*He turns back to Catrina*

How, depressing. How...

**CATRINA**

*(interrupts. Disgusted, she imitates Gabby)*

Perfect! What did you expect? It's perfect! What we're doing is perfect! The whole thing is "perfect!"

**FIDEL**

Gets a little patronizing, don't you think?

**LUCIFER**

*(VO)*

Why do you think I left?

*(They turn to see a handsome Archangel dressed entirely in black. Distinguished, charming, ingratiating, and rather low key, he is Lucifer.)*

**CATRINA**

*(flat)*

Well, look who's here. Lucifer. Surprise, surprise.

**FIDEL**

Have a dissenting thought, and up jumps you know who...

**LUCIFER**

That's just it. This thinking thing — they don't like concepts. New ideas upset them. Threatens their sense of order. I mean, I'm all for it, personally. Support it 1000%. That's what got me in trouble to begin with.

**FIDEL**

Thinking?

**LUCIFER**

No, they don't mind thinking. Concepts! I had too many concepts. Great concepts. The absolute best concepts!

**CATRINA**

Yeah? Like what?

**LUCIFER**

Contrast! I mean think about it. Contrast! The whole thing was my idea. And where would life on Earth be without it? I mean, remember, I was an Archangel too, once.

*(He strolls around, gestures upward)*

Then one day He calls me in and says, "Lu," [We were on a first name basis in those days]. "Lu, I really like this Contrast thing — The Law of Dynamic Opposites, I like it. Let's see what you can do with it." Well, the next thing you know I stage a little palace revolt, just to show Him how far you can take it if you want to push the envelope, and Bam! Suddenly I'm tossed out on my ass!

**FIDEL**

That's your version.

**CATRINA**

The story gets better every time.

**LUCIFER.**

Don't take my word for it. Ask around. I mean, I've got no agenda here. I just stopped by to say hello. You know. And I just happened to overhear your theories. I mean, Fidel, that Nanotology concept. The defining moment! Brilliant! Smo-kin! [As it were.]

*(He dances around the angels as he speaks.)*



**LUCIFER. (Continues)**

And Catrina — the cats and dogs theory. Amazing! You know I've always believed that myself. And you've got some new assignments, I see. Going down to do some mentoring. How sweet.

*(He grabs the name cards out of their hands)*

Oh yeah! Perfect test market. Oh, these are good choices! Hey! I know this guy! Jeremy Thorpe. Great Potential! And this one? Yeah okay.

*(Catrina yanks the cards away from Lucifer)*

**CATRINA**

Do you mind? Besides, you're not even supposed to be here. You know what'll happen if you get caught.

**LUCIFER**

*(mocks the notion)*

Oooh! What's going to happen? I get cast out of Heaven? Oooh! They send me to Hell? Oooh! Besides, they let me come and go anytime I like. Because He...

*(He motions skyward.)*

He still likes His contrast. And as long as He does, I've got a ticket to ride. Hey, think about it! I'm just doing my job. And look, I know what you're going through. I mean, you get down there, you try to do some good things, and nobody listens. Can't hear you. Can't feel you. It's got to be frustrating.

**FIDEL**

Okay. What are you up to? Why the offer?

**LUCIFER**

Mainly, because I'm a lover of concepts. And I know what it's like for you guys down in that muddle of illusion they call life. You're blocked most of the time by all those ridiculous rules. And let's be frank, guys. That's my turf! They're tuned in to me down there. I'm on the same frequency. I'm the ego's personal manager.

**CATRINA**

So?

**LUCIFER**

So, if you want to get your point across... You know somebody to put in a good word for you, get you heard... I'm your guy!

**CATRINA**

And?

**LUCIFER**

Nothing really, I'm just trying to show you my heart's in the right place.

**FIDEL**

You know you'd really be a lot more credible if you'd just cut to the chase and tell us what you're in it for.

**LUCIFER**

No, no, no. I just want to see to it that you get a fair shake. And meanwhile, if someone in that group goes over-the-top — you know, gets a little crazy — you might want to just ease up on that salvation thing.

*(They answer with silence and a very dirty look.)*

Okay, okay, just a thought. No strings. Just the same, I think I'll drop in once in a while, see how you're doing. You know, hang.

*(goes to leave.)*

Oh, and by the way. If you want to get into that sex and profanity thing, party's going on at my place 24-7-365. And I'm the soul of discretion...

**FIDEL**

Get out of here!

*(LUCIFER shrugs, exits.)*

Can you believe that?!

**CATRINA**

Talk about brass balls!

*(Suddenly, GABRIELA pops in out of black light.)*

**GABRIELA**

Oh **CATRINA** darling, marginal language — marginal! Keep it up, and you'll get busted back to Angel Third Class again. And we don't want to see that happen.

**CATRINA**

For what?! For that "brass balls" comment? You've got to be kidding?!

**GABRIELA**

It's all about intention, little miss potty mouth. And please, young friends, watch out with whom you spend your time. My goodness!

*(She sniffs the air.)*

And don't tell me he hasn't been here. The stench of burnt carbon is everywhere! Just remember, every exchange with him pulls you another notch off the path.

**FIDEL**

What happened to perfect order?

**GABRIELA**

Well, it is all perfect, of course. It's just that some is more perfect than others. And speaking of perfection... Ahem!

**GABRIELA**

*(Continuing, she makes as if looking at a watch.)*

You're about to lose your defining moment.

**CATRINA**

*(remembering)*

Oh, my God! You're right!

**FIDEL**

I'm on it! I'm on it!

*(Grabbing their name cards, FIDEL and CATRINA straighten each other's wings, bail out.)*

**GABRIELA**

Perfection! Absolute perfection!

*(End of Scene. Set darkens.)*

## **Act 1. Scene 2. Two Pocket**

**Sets.** *(The sets are minimalist simulations of circumstance.) The stage is dark as single-source lights kick up on two pairs of people. IN POCKET SET ONE, two handsome young men, JEREMY and GEORGE sit in the front seat of a car. JEREMY drives.*

*IN POCKET SET TWO, two attractive young women in their mid-twenties, LETICIA and ELLEN, stand stranded on the side of the road. LETICIA is on her cell phone, ELLEN is trying to flag down cars. Intercut the sets with Actor dialogue.*

**POCKET SET ONE: JEREMY, wheel in hand, steers.**

**JEREMY**

*(driving, notes the women)*

Hey nice! Think we should help?

**GEORGE**

It's a Beamer. I'm sure "daddy's" coming. Or they've already called American Express.

Still... **JEREMY**

Hell, you're driving.. You decide. **GEORGE**

It's your car. **JEREMY**

I don't know, shit. **GEORGE**

***POCKET SET TWO: ELLEN jumps up and down, trying to flag down the men.)***

**ELLEN**  
What the hell! Are we invisible, or what?

**LETICIA**  
*(dialing on her cell phone)*  
Show some skin. Flash a little leg. Claudette Colbert in It Happened One Night.

**ELLEN**  
I want to get helped, not raped.

**LETICIA**  
Whatever it takes...

**ELLEN**  
You're sick!

***POCKET SET ONE: The men drive, look on, continue to look on.***

**JEREMY**  
Yeah, waste of time.

**GEORGE**  
Almost always.

*(Angels, **FIDEL** and **CATRINA**, come rushing in out-of-breath, unseen by the men.)*

**CATRINA**  
Are we too late?

**FIDEL**

Never too late, love. Let's do it!

*(Frantically, they hold up a pair of signs with DEFINING MOMENT written on them. CATRINA even jumps up and down a time or two.)*

**CATRINA AND FIDEL**

Defining moment! Defining moment!

*(The men don't hear or see the angels.)*

**JEREMY**

I mean, let's face it. Women today don't even know how to spell chivalry, much less appreciate it.

**GEORGE**

Cynical but true. Pity too. There was a time...

**JEREMY**

Not in our lifetime.

**GEORGE.**

Still...

*(JEREMY and GEORGE freeze. Angels jump up and down. CATRINA tries to shout again, "DEFINING MOMENT.:" But no voice comes out. The men of course are unaware she is there. Frustrated the angels lower the signs. As soon as they do, LUCIFER in black light strides up.)*

**LUCIFER**

*(to the angels)*

No, no, you've got this all wrong. Way too esoteric.

*(Confident, he bends over between the two men.)*

Hey, guys! Booty call!!

*(As if he hears and obeys, JEREMY immediately turns the wheel, 180°.)*

**JEREMY**

What the hell.

**GEORGE**

You're doing it, aren't you?

Yeah...  
Yeah...  
**JEREMY**  
*(thinks about it)*

**GEORGE**  
Would you do it, if they weren't so good-looking?

**JEREMY**  
Probably... But just not as quickly

**GEORGE**  
You're unbelievable.

**JEREMY**  
I know... Let me borrow your cell phone.

**GEORGE**  
*(hands it to him)*  
Is there anything in life you actually do have?

**JEREMY**  
I've got you, babe.  
*(Mocking, blows him an air-kiss)*

**GEORGE**  
Oh, piss off!  
*(As they turn. Single source goes out, leaving only black light on The Angels and LUCIFER. Ever the teacher, he regards FIDEL and CATRINA.)*

**LUCIFER**  
See? You've got to keep it simple. Simple. Got it?  
*(He shrugs at his own infallible logic and exits)*

**FIDEL**  
*(to CATRINA, resigned)*  
Same old, same old.

**POCKET SET TWO: JEREMY and GEORGE arrive. LETICIA stays on her cell phone.**

**LETICIA**  
Oh, great — Knights of the Order of the Agenda.

**ELLEN**

That is so sweet.

**GEORGE**

What can we do to help?

**JEREMY**

... A ride? A call to roadside assistance? An invitation to dinner at the restaurant of your choice, all while your wounded vehicle is being attended to?

*(By now the angels, CATRINA and FIDEL come up but stay in the background.)*

**LETICIA**

We've already called Triple "A."

**ELLEN**

Half an hour ago. Anyway, it's my car. And I say leave it.

**JEREMY**

Then, I invite you to ride in my... *(corrects himself)*  
... our chariot for dinner at our favorite bistro.

**GEORGE**

*(asides to JEREMY)*

Oh, yeah?! On whose credit card, as if I didn't know?

**ELLEN**

*(defers to LETICIA)*

Well, we were going to eat anyway.

**LETICIA**

*(thinks about it)*

Well... I mean why not? Sure.

**ELLEN**

That is so sweet. What luck!

**JEREMY**

No such thing as luck, dear lady. There are no accidents. Everything is divinely ordained.

*(JEREMY bows and sweeps his hand before the women. In the background, the Angels give a silent cheer. ELLEN thinks about it and pauses)*

**ELLEN**

Then again, there's no need to go to some expensive restaurant when my father is on the board of the Ternburry Club. We were headed that way, anyway... to meet daddy. And I'm sure he can have the car picked up.

Whatever you say.

**GEORGE**

*(As the women walk by, the two men whisper- aside to one another, mouthing the words)*

The Ternburry Club!

**JEREMY AND GEORGE**

*(They high-five, low-five one another. Pocket set goes dark. In the background the Angel FIDEL and CATRINA also high five one another.)*

### **Act 1. Scene 3. The Club.**

**POCKET SETS.** *(There is simple, but nicely appointed table with cloth and silverware. The meal has just been completed, and the four are having coffee. JEREMY and GEORGE sit at one corner. LETICIA and ELLEN sit at the other. It is apparent that no one has paired up. The angels stumble up late again. CATRINA looks at the wall clock.)*

Sorry, wrong turn! Are we late?

**CATRINA**

We're always late.

**FIDEL**

How's it going?

**CATRINA**

God only knows.

**FIDEL**

*(Invisible, inaudible to the people, the pair of angels look on. FIDEL motions for them to back away. They fade into black light. Freeze.)*

Well, Mr. Thorpe...

**ELLEN**

**JEREMY**, please...

**JEREMY** *(corrects)*



**ELLEN** (*Continues, unabashed*)

**JEREMY**... Daddy was so impressed with you. I mean, you've accomplished so much at such a young age. Top Gun pilot. The Marine Corps Space program. I didn't even know they had one! Harvard MBA. And now a Wall-Street broker...

**LETICIA**

(*expands on the portfolio, goes to light a cigarette*)

Bullshit patent. Corner on unmitigated gall.

**GEORGE**

(*interjects*)

I'm a banker. And I play tennis. Do you play tennis?

**LETICIA**

Love to.

**JEREMY**

I'm actually "A" level at tennis.

**LETICIA**

Of course, you are.

**JEREMY**

A 5.6. in the new ranking system.

**LETICIA**

(*lights her own cigarette*)

I'm orgasmic.

**ELLEN**

Daddy says that you set 90% of your whole life's course by the time you're thirty. So, we'd all better get our act together early on.

**GEORGE**

I disagree. I feel that so many of us don't find ourselves until later in life. And there's always a chance for redemption, no matter how late in the game.

**LETICIA**

Hear! Hear!

**ELLEN**

But Daddy says...

**GEORGE**

Maybe your daddy should let you think for yourself.

**JEREMY**

No, I think your dad's right: quick out of the gate. And he should know.

**LETICIA**

Let's add a BS in sucking-up to the list of credentials?

**JEREMY**

You know, Jesus said, "It is not what goes into a man's mouth but what comes out of it that defileth him." The cheap shots I can deal with. Not the side-stream smoke. Do you mind?

**LETICIA**

No. I need to go to the ladies room, anyway. **ELLEN?** Coming?

**ELLEN**

Excuse us please. And don't go away.

*(The women exit. The men watch them.)*

**GEORGE**

Marine Corps space program?! Where do you dream this shit up? Harvard MBA?!

**JEREMY**

Well, I was in the program before I got bounced.

**GEORGE**

And you're a penny stock jock who hasn't even got a Series 7. And your brokerage firm 's a boiler room.

**JEREMY**

**GEORGE**, my man. You have to learn to speak your realities into existence. I have dreams, my man. And ambition...

**GEORGE**

For striking it rich with young **ELLEN?** God knows she's got the bucks. Her dad owns a real brokerage firm. A huge one.

**JEREMY**

Rule #1 of modern courtship. Never marry a car payment.

**GEORGE**

**ELLEN's** cool. **ELLEN's** pretty. But God, **JEREMY**, **LETICIA's** a goddess!

**JEREMY**

She's not a goddess. She's the statue of a goddess. She's ice. Ice will always freeze your soul. And statues break your balls.

**GEORGE**

Well, then there's not much debate about how we divide this one up.

**JEREMY**

Not really. I mean, **LETICIA** would be cool, short term. Very short term: like a weekend of S&M, if you're into endless physical and mental abuse.

**GEORGE**

Here we go again.

**JEREMY**

No! I'm telling you, I've evolved beyond all that. Got it out of my system. Besides, **ELLEN** is lovely... and kind. And ultimately kindness is the only coin in a woman that truly spends well.

**GEORGE**

What is this I'm hearing? Maturity? Or surrender?

**JEREMY**

A little of both, maybe.

*(The women return. JEREMY gets up from his chair. GEORGE follows suit.)*

**ELLEN**

Old fashioned gentlemen. That goes a long way indeed. Well, I've already taken care of the check. And they just brought the car back.. Apparently I'd run out of gas, if you can imagine...

**JEREMY**

*(reaches for his billfold)*

Please! Allow us to contribute.

**ELLEN**

Oh no! Don't be silly. It all goes into the club account. Untouched by human hands. Besides, you were both so helpful.

*(She holds out her hand to JEREMY)*

And let me get your parking validated.

**JEREMY**

Oh, **GEORGE** has got the ticket, haven't you, old man?

**GEORGE**

*(fishes for his stub, gets up to go to the entrance.)*

Yes. Yes, I do.

**ELLEN***(gets up to join him.)*

Here, let me get that validated. I insist.

**GEORGE**

No, it's all right. I'll get it.

*(GEORGE and ELLEN go off to a pocket set on one side and deanimate.. JEREMY and LETICIA*

*look on, then turn to one another. As they do  
CATRINA appears. Apparently fascinated by  
JEREMY, she reaches toward him, then  
withdraws.)*

**JEREMY**

Lovely woman.

**LETICIA**

Hurt her, and I'll break your legs.

**JEREMY**

Such loyalty, however misplaced. I like that. What makes you think I'm interested in her and not you?

**LETICIA**

Because I'm onto you. And you know I'm onto you.

**JEREMY**

You're onto nothing. You can't take it because I'm the real deal. Because I've got the goods, and you don't know how to handle it.

*(Suddenly, they start circling one another, warily  
sizing one another up. CATRINA circles with  
them.)*

**LETICIA**

As if anyone would want to. As if you weren't the biggest load of bullshit I've ever come across.

**JEREMY**

Oh, where's the love?

**LETICIA**

I've never had that low an opinion of myself. And I can spot a ditch-broke opportunist the minute I see one. All I know is, the only MBA you've ever gotten is a Master of Bad Attitude.

**JEREMY**

Nice play on words. But you're totally fear matrix.

**LETICIA**

Fuck your fear matrix.

**JEREMY**

It's not my fear matrix you want to fuck. The trouble is, I make you hot. And baby it shows!

**LETICIA**

I can't stand you. You repulse me!

**JEREMY**

Oh yeah? Then why are your nipples on point?

**LETICIA**

It's the visceral response I always get when a snake crosses my path!

**JEREMY**

Freud would love this.

*POCKET SET. Off to one side, ELLEN and GEORGE search for his parking ticket.*

**GEORGE**

Sorry, still looking for the ticket to my, uh, I mean **JEREMY**'s car.

**ELLEN**

That's okay. I know it's not his car — or his cell phone.

**GEORGE**

You do?

**ELLEN**

Oh sure. I overheard him checking voice messages, and they were all for you.

**GEORGE**

Bright little bunny, aren't you?

**ELLEN**

And you're a good friend.

**GEORGE**

Well, **JEREMY**'s been a good friend.

**ELLEN**

**JEREMY**'s a bit of a scoundrel, I know. But there's something I see in him that he doesn't even see in himself.

**GEORGE**

Really?

**ELLEN**

Greatness. I see greatness...

**GEORGE**

And **LETICIA**? What do you see in her?

**ELLEN**

I see that she likes you. And she doesn't like many men.

*(Both couples freeze. Pocket sets dim as the black light goes up on angels inbetween. Frustrated CATRINA and FIDEL walk inbetween the characters.)*

**CATRINA**

We're in for it with this bunch.

**FIDEL**

You're in for it. That's for sure.... You like him don't you.

**CATRINA**

Like who?

**FIDEL** *(corrects)*

"Like whom..." **JEREMY**. And don't tell me you're not interested.

**CATRINA**

He's... intriguing.

**FIDEL**

Intriguing! That's what a woman says when she wants a man. And you do don't you. And you can't can any more. And that pisses you off.

**CATRINA**

You piss me off. But then, at least I admit things. I'm honest.

**FIDEL**

You're in denial. *(sing songs)* You've got a crush! You've got the hot pants! Only you don't have any pants to get hot...

**CATRINA**

I do not have a crush. I'm just frustrated. And so are you. Admit it.

**FIDEL**

Of course, I'm frustrated. They're all attracted to the wrong person. Destiny denied! All because they don't listen to us — because they can't hear us. That proves the law. But that also proves we're powerless to change it. So what good are we?

**CATRINA**

I agree. For once, I agree.

*(In their midst, out of black light, LUCIFER appears.)*

**LUCIFER**

Don't you think you're overreacting, guys? I mean whatever happened to patience? Give it time. Let the relationships cook a little. They'll come around.

**CATRINA**

Well, it's just going off in total bullshit directions! Nobody's with anybody!

**LUCIFER**

Yeah, but you've got to understand...

*(He walks over to LETICIA and JEREMY, puts his hands on their shoulders.)*

**LUCIFER**

These two are cats. And cats never get along well to start out with. It's a territorial thing.

*(He strolls over to ELLEN and GEORGE.)*

And **GEORGE** and **ELLEN** here — according to your theory at least — are dogs! Dogs affiliate. They always kind of buddy up. Of course, I agree, there is the human factor — dicey at best. And then there's your Nanotology thing? Definitely in danger. Timing's all off. Shame.

**FIDEL**

Okay, what're you up to?

**LUCIFER**

Well, I can expedite things — manage a few tricks. You know, turn the screws a little quicker. It's all about timing, anyway. So, maybe we can work a deal.

*(Suddenly, GABRIELA swoops-in, outraged.)*

**GABRIELA**

You get out of here, right now! Right now! Shoo! Shoo!

**LUCIFER**

Hey Gabby, long time no see.

**GABRIELA**

*(shoos him off)*

Shoo! Shoo!

**LUCIFER**

Still porkin' Michael?

*(The angels look aghast at what he says)*

**GABRIELA**

Get out of here right now, or you know who'll be coming!

*(LUCIFER goes to leave, but turns over his shoulder to tell them, makes a "having sex" symbol.)*

**LUCIFER**

Oh yeah! They didn't tell you back in Angel basic, did they? One of the perks of being an Archangel: You get your package back, and then anything goes! Oh yeah! Ohhh yeah!

**GABRIELA**

Out!

**LUCIFER**

Okay, okay. But you guys think about what I said.

*(LUCIFER exits. They turn back to GABRIELA.)*

**CATRINA**

Was it true, what he said?

**GABRIELA**

Well, puh-lease! Consider the source! He is right about one thing though. You've got to have patience with the process. Give it time. Everything's in perfect...

**CATRINA**

*(interrupts)*

Well, maybe it's not! Maybe we have to help it along.

**GABRIELA**

With input from the likes of him? I don't think so.

**FIDEL**

*(points to the couples)*

If you're worried about them, don't be. We'll protect them.

**GABRIELA**

You don't get it yet, do you sweetheart? They're small potatoes. It's you he wants.

*(End of Act One. Curtain.)*



*(To be continued...)*

If you wish to read the complete script, please contact the playwright directly:

Robert Joseph Ahola, CEO  
Galahad Films  
23852 Pacific Coast Highway #753  
Malibu, CA 90265  
Tel. 424-644-0611  
Fax 310-456-5109  
Cell 310-713-0547  
e-mail: [galahadfilms@aol.com](mailto:galahadfilms@aol.com)  
[www.robertahola.com/](http://www.robertahola.com/)  
[www.robertjosephahola.com/](http://www.robertjosephahola.com/)