Scene 1

 *Setting: Tim’s Bachelor Pad*

 *Tim and Angela enter from stage left. She is seeing*

 *his home for the first time.*

TIM

Well, this is it! It’s not much, but it’s home. *(chuckles heartily)* The kids are so excited to meet you, they’ve been talking about you all day, non-stop chatter! They’re in the playroom, I’ll call them out in a bit. This is so nice that you’re finally here, Angela.

ANGELA

Aw, Tim. I’m so excited to finally meet your little ones! You’ve already told me so much about them, I feel like I already know the little tykes! This is so nice, Tim. *(touches Tim’s arm)*

TIM

YOU’RE so nice. *(awkward lovey-dovey staring)* Ahem, Okay, I think it’s time, Angela. Kids! Come out here! There’s someone here that wants to meet you!

*Three cats enter the room, who proceed to purr, meow, and rub up against Tim’s legs. Tim pets and coos them and talks to them. Angela is in disbelief.*

TIM

 You’re such good kids! Yes you are! Yes you are!

ANGELA

 Um . . . Tim . . . you can’t be serious . . .

TIM

I know, I know, it’s a little past their bedtime, but I’m one of those cool dads, ya know? I let them stay up til midnight. I don’t make them wear helmets when they ride their bikes. I feed them sugary cereal. Kids, say hello to Angela, daddy’s special friend.

ANGELA

Um . . . hey kids! *(laughs nervously)* Tim, can I talk to you for a second? *(pulls Tim aside)* Honey, when you were talking about your children for the past four months that we’ve been dating, you were talking about cats?

*One cat rubs against Angela, almost knocking her down. Angela screams.*

Oh! Oh my god! Hi! Um . . . hi there.

TIM

*(chuckles)* I see you’ve met Sheila. She’s the friendliest of the three. Garfield and Lucy are a bit shy. Aw, you’re so good with them, honey. This is so nice. I love you. *(sighs and touches Angela’s arm)*

ANGELA

 Um . . . good kitty. *(pets Sheila)*

TIM

 Sheila.

ANGELA

 Huh?

TIM

 Her name is Sheila.

ANGELA
 Oh! Sorry . . . good . . . ahem . . . Sheila.

*Sheila hisses and runs away. Lucy begins to give herself a bath in front of Angela.*

ANGELA

 Oh! My, that is graphic. That is explicit. I need one of

those blurry censor bars or something. *(Shields her eyes)*

TIM

*(chuckles)* Isn’t it cute? So what do you think of your new mommy, kids?

ANGELA

Woah, woah, woah. Hold up. Tim, you realize your children are fully fledged cats, right? They are clearly cats. They’re cats. Not humans. Not children. They’re freaking cats!

 *(beat)*

TIM

 I am one hundred percent aware of the fact that my

children are feline, yes.

ANGELA

 *(gets up)* All right, that’s it. I’m out. Sorry kids!

Kittens! Cats! Whatever the heck you are! This is too much for me! God, I need a drink. Have a nice life, Tim. You’re a freak. *(Angela exits stage left)*

TIM
 That’s okay, babies. Come to papa. *(sits on floor as cats*

*crawl to him)* We don’t need her anyway. We’ll find you a

mama soon. Real soon. That’s it. It’ll be okay.

 *Cats crawl all over Tim, meowing and purring. Tim*

*pets them and chuckles to himself.*