THE ODD COUPLE by Neil Simon

Act Two

SCENE I

.Apt  It is immaculately clean. No, not clean. Sterile! Spotless! Not a speck of dirt can be seen
No laundry bags, no dirty dishes, no half-filled glasses. Suddenly FELIX appears from the
kitchen.

FELIX: (Staring at the door) That's funny, isn't it? They think we're happy. They really think
we're enjoying this. They don't know what it's like.

OSCAR: I'd be immensely grateful to you, Felix, if you didn't clean up just now.

FELIX: (Puts dishes on the tray) It's only a few things. You know I think they really envy us.
(He clears more stuff from the table)

OSCAR: Leave everything alone. I'm not through dirtying-up for the night.

FELIX: (Putting stuff on the tray) But don't you see the irony of it? Don't you see it?

OSCAR: Yes, I see it.

FELIX: (Clearing the table) No, you don't. I really don't think you do.

OSCAR: I'm telling you I see the irony of it.

FELIX: Then tell me. What is it? What's the irony?

OSCAR: The irony is—unless we can come to some other arrangement, I'm gonna kill you!
That's the irony.

FELIX: What's wrong? (puts down all the glasses and other things)

OSCAR: There's something wrong with this system, that's what's wrong. I don't think that two
single roommates living alone in an apartment should have a cleaner house than my mother.

FELIX: What are you talking about? I'm just going to put the dishes in the sink. You want me to
leave them here all night?

OSCAR: I don't care if you take them to bed with you. You can play Martha Stewart all you
want. But don't make me feel guilty.

FELIX: I'm not asking you to do it. You don't have to clean up.

OSCAR: That's why you make me feel guilty. Last night I found you washing the kitchen floor,
shaking your head and moaning, "Footprints, footprints!"

FELIX: I didn't say they were yours.
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OSCAR: Well, they were mine, damn it. I have feet and they make prints. What do you want me to do, climb across the cabinets?

FELIX: No! I want you to walk on the floor.

OSCAR: I appreciate that! I really do.

FELIX: I’m just trying to keep the place livable. I didn't realize I irritated you that much.(Puts the rag down on the coffee table and sits down glumly on the couch) I was wondering how long it would take before I got on your nerves.

OSCAR: I didn't say you get on my nerves.

FELIX: Well, it's the same thing. You said I irritated you.

OSCAR: You said you irritated me. I didn't say it.

FELIX: Then what did you say?

OSCAR: I don't know what I said. What's the difference what I said?

FELIX: I was just repeating what I thought you said.

OSCAR: Well, don't repeat what you thought I said. Repeat what I said! My God, that's irritating!

FELIX: You see! You did say it!

OSCAR: I don't believe this whole conversation.

FELIX: I'm sorry. I don't know what's wrong with me.

OSCAR: And don't pout. If you want to fight, we'll fight. But don't pout! Fighting I win. Pouting you win!

FELIX: You're right. Everything you say about me is absolutely right.

OSCAR: And don't give in so easily. I'm not always right. Sometimes you're right.

FELIX: You're right. I do that. I always figure I'm in the wrong.

OSCAR: Only this time you are wrong. And I'm right. And don't sulk. That's the same as pouting.

FELIX: Oh, leave me alone. Damn me, why can't I do one lousy thing right?

OSCAR: (Watching this) Why didn't you throw it?
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FELIX: Because I'm trying to control myself.

OSCAR: Why?

FELIX: What do you mean, why?

OSCAR: Why do you have to control yourself? You're angry, you felt like throwing the pillow, why don't you throw it?

FELIX: Because there's no point to it. I'd still be angry and I'd have a lumpy pillow.

OSCAR: How do you know? Maybe you'd feel wonderful. Why do you have to control every single thought in your head? For once in your life do something you're not supposed to do. Get drunk. Get angry. C'mon, throw the goddamned pillow!

(FELIX suddenly stands up and hurls the pillow. Then he grabs his shoulder in pain)

FELIX: Oww! I hurt my arm!

OSCAR: And how can you hurt your arm throwing a pillow? If it had foam in it, that's one thing. But a feather pillow?

FELIX: All right, cut it out. I get hurt easily. I can't help it.

OSCAR: A world full of room-mates and I pick you. I suppose I could have done worse.

FELIX: Now wait a minute. We have some fun too, don't we?

OSCAR: That's right. After we've had your halibut steak and the dishes are done and the sink has been Brillo'd and the leftovers have been Saran-Wrapped—what do we do?

FELIX: Well, we read, we talk . . .

OSCAR: No, no. I read and you talk

OSCAR: I don't think you're getting my point. I think I've spent enough evenings discussing tomorrow's menu. The night was made for other things.

FELIX: Like what?

OSCAR: Like unless I get to touch something in the next two weeks, I'm in big trouble.

FELIX: That's funny. You know I haven't even thought about sex in weeks.

OSCAR: I fail to see the humor.
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FELIX: What are you saying?

OSCAR: I'm saying let's spend one night talking to someone of the opposite sex.

FELIX: You mean go out on a date? Oh, well, I—I can't.

OSCAR: Why not?

FELIX: Well, it's all right for you. But I'm still married.

OSCAR: You can cheat until the divorce comes through!
FELIX: It's not that. It's just that I have no—no feeling for it. I get lonely too. But I'm just separated a few weeks. Give me a little time.

FELIX: I'll take a pill and go to sleep.

OSCAR: Why take a pill to sleep when you can you can have sex?

FELIX: Because I'd feel guilty, that's why.

OSCAR: Look, for all I care you can screw in the kitchen and make a blueberry pie. But I think it's a lot healthier than sitting up in your bed every night writing Frances' name all through the crossword puzzles. For one night, talk to another human being.

FELIX: But who would I call?

OSCAR: Leave that to me. There's two roomies who live in this building. English. They're a barrel of laughs.

FELIX: How do you know?

OSCAR: I was trapped in the elevator with them last week. I've been meaning to call them. This'll be perfect.

FELIX: What do they look like?

OSCAR: Don't worry. Yours is hot.

FELIX: I'm not worried. What's mine like?

OSCAR: Divorced.

FELIX: Divorced!?

OSCAR: Look do whatever you want. I don't care.
FELIX: Alright.

OSCAR: No crying, sighing, moaning or groaning. And this above all, no talk of the past. Only the present.

FELIX: And the future.

OSCAR: That's what I've been waiting for. Hey, where do you want to go?

FELIX: For what? You mean a restaurant? For the four of us? It'll cost a fortune.

OSCAR: We have to eat.

FELIX: We'll have dinner here.

OSCAR: Here?

FELIX: I'll cook.

OSCAR: What kind of a double date is that? You'll be in the kitchen all night.

FELIX: No, I won't. Once I get my potatoes in, I'll have all the time in the world. (He starts to dial)

OSCAR: Who are you calling?

FELIX: Frances. I want to get Frances’s recipe for London broil. They’ll be crazy about it.