

# The Odd Couple by Neil Simon

Oscar: I'm home dear! Beautiful! Just beautiful! Oh, yeah. Something wonderful is going on in that kitchen.... No, sir. There's no doubt about it. I'm the luckiest man on earth.

*Felix enters*

Oscar (cont.): I got the wine. Batard Montrachet. Six and a quarter. You don't mind, do you, pussycat? We'll walk to work this week. Hey, no kidding, Felix, you did a great job. One little suggestion? Let's come down a little with the lights...and up very softly with the music. What do you think goes better with London broil, Mancini or Sinatra? Felix?... What's the matter? Something's wrong. I can tell by your conversation. All right, Felix what is it?

Felix: What is it? Let's start with what time do you think it is?

Oscar: What time? I don't know. Seven-thirty?

Felix: Seven-thirty? Try eight o'clock.

Oscar: All right, so it's eight o'clock. So?

Felix: So?...You said you'd be home at seven.

Oscar: Is that what I said?

Felix: That's what you said. "I will be home at seven" is what you said.

Oscar: Okay, I said I'd be home at seven. And it's eight. So what's the problem?

Felix: If you knew you were going to be late, why didn't you call me?

Oscar: I couldn't call you. I was busy.

Felix: Too busy to pick up a phone?...Where were you?

Oscar: I was in the office, working.

Felix: Working? Ha!

Oscar: Yes. Working!

Felix: I called your office at seven o'clock. You were gone.

Oscar: It took me an hour to get home. I couldn't get a cab.

Felix: Since when do they have cabs in Hannigan's bar?

Oscar: Wait a minute. I want to get this down on a tape recorder...because no one'll believe me!...You mean now I have to call you if I'm coming home late for dinner?

Felix: Not *any* dinner. Just the ones I've been slaving over since two o'clock this afternoon...to help *you* save money to pay your wife's alimony.

Oscar: Felix...this is no time to have a domestic quarrel. We have two girls coming down any minute.

Felix: You mean you told them to be here at eight o'clock?

Oscar: I don't remember what I said. Seven-thirty, eight o'clock. What difference does it make?

Felix: I'll tell you what difference. You told me they were coming at seven-thirty. You were going to be here at seven to help me with the hors d'oeuvres. At seven-thirty they arrive and we have cocktails. At eight o'clock we have dinner. It is now eight o'clock. *My-London-broil-is-finished!* If we don't eat now the whole damned thing'll be *dried out!*

Oscar: Oh, God, help me.

Felix: Never mind helping *you*. Tell Him to save the meat. Because we got nine dollars and thirty-four cents worth drying up in there right now.

Oscar: Can't you keep it warm?

Felix: What do you think I am, the Magic Chef? I'm lucky I got it to come out at eight o'clock. What am I going to do?

Oscar: I don't know. Keep pouring gravy on it.

Felix: What gravy?

Oscar: Don't you have any gravy?

Felix: Where the hell am I going to get gravy at eight o'clock?

Oscar: I thought it comes when you cook the meat.

Felix: When you *cook the meat*? You don't know the first thing you're talking about. You have to make gravy. It doesn't *come!*

Oscar: You asked my advice, I'm giving it to you.

Felix: You didn't know where the kitchen was 'til I came here and showed you.

Oscar: You wanna talk to me, put down the spoon.

Felix: Spoon? You dumb ignoramus. It's a ladle. You don't even know it's a ladle.

Oscar: All right, Felix, get a hold of yourself.

Felix: You think it's so easy? Go on. The kitchen's all yours. Go make a London broil for four people who come a half hour late.

Oscar: Listen to me. I'm arguing with him over gravy.

(The bell rings)

Felix: Well, they're here. Our dinner guests. I'll get a saw and cut the meat.

Oscar: Stay where you are!

Felix: I'm not taking the blame for this dinner.

Oscar: Who's blaming you? Who even *cares* about the dinner?

Felix: *I care*. I take *pride* in what I do. And you're going to explain to them exactly what happened.

Oscar: All right, you can take a Polaroid picture of me coming in at eight o'clock!...Now take off that stupid apron because I'm opening the door.

Felix: I just want to get one thing clear. This is the last time I ever cook for you. Because people like you don't even appreciate a decent meal. That's why they have T.V. dinners.

Oscar: You through?

Felix: I'm through!

Oscar: Then smile! Well, hello.