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.