

DRAMA

0411/11/T/PRE

Paper 1

May/June 2015

PRE-RELEASE MATERIAL

To be given to candidates on receipt by the Centre.

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

The questions in Paper 1 will be based on the stimuli and on the extract from Neil Simon's play *The Odd Couple* provided in this booklet.

You may do any preparatory work that is considered appropriate. It is recommended that you perform the extract, at least informally.

You will **not** be permitted to take this copy of the material **or** any other notes or preparation into the examination. A clean copy of the pre-release material will be provided with the Question Paper.

This document consists of **22** printed pages and **2** blank pages.

STIMULI

Choose **one** of the following three stimuli and devise a piece of drama based on it. You should work in groups of between two and six performers. Your piece should last approximately 15 minutes.

In the Written examination, you will be asked questions about your piece that will cover both practical and theoretical issues.

Stimulus 1

Title: *A monumental achievement*

Stimulus 2

Poem: *After the Lunch* by Wendy Cope

On Waterloo Bridge, where we said our goodbyes,
The weather conditions bring tears to my eyes.
I wipe them away with a black woolly glove
And try not to notice I've fallen in love.

On Waterloo Bridge I am trying to think:
This is nothing. You're high on the charm and the drink.
But the juke-box inside me is playing a song
That says something different. And when was it wrong?

On Waterloo Bridge with the wind in my hair
I am tempted to skip. *You're a fool.* I don't care.
The head does its best but the heart is the boss –
I admit it before I am halfway across.

Stimulus 3

Photograph: *Scott's Antarctic Voyage*
Scott's Expedition sights Roald Amundsen's Tent (1912)



EXTRACT**Taken from *The Odd Couple* by Neil Simon**

These notes are intended to help you understand the context of the drama.

Neil Simon's play *The Odd Couple* was first performed in 1965 in New York City. The play is a fast-moving comedy, which has some elements of farce and depends for its humour on rapidly-delivered jokes and one-liners.

Felix Ungar is a highly-strung journalist who has recently separated from his wife. He has moved in with his friend Oscar Madison, who is a sportswriter. Felix is obsessively neat and tidy, whereas Oscar is a slob who makes no attempt to keep his apartment tidy. At the start of the play, the apartment is filthy and poorly-kept.

Their lifestyles are also very different. Oscar is divorced, and is reckless in his use of money but nevertheless seems to enjoy life. Felix, on the other hand, is less relaxed and gets hung up on detail and trying to make everything perfect.

In Act 1, we have been introduced to a group of friends who meet regularly at Oscar's apartment to play cards. They create considerable mess as they eat, drink and play.

Act 2 takes place two weeks after Act 1 has finished. By now, Felix has performed a makeover on the apartment so it is well-kept and fresh. In so doing he has begun to really annoy Oscar.

The play is in three Acts, and the extract consists of the whole of Act 2.

Characters (in order of appearance)

Oscar Madison	A divorced sports journalist; a slob.
Felix Ungar	A neurotic journalist; separated from his wife.
Murray	A New York policeman; plays cards with Felix and Oscar.
Speed	Another card player; often grumpy and mocking of the others.
Vinnie	Another card player; easy-going and often picked on as a result.
Roy	Oscar's accountant; has a 'dry' wit.
Cecily Pigeon	British. A divorcee; sister to Gwendolyn.
Gwendolyn Pigeon	British. A widow; sister to Cecily.

The action of the play takes place in Oscar Madison's apartment in Riverside Drive, Manhattan.

ACT II

Scene 1

TIME: *Two weeks later. About 11:00 P.M.*

*It is late in the evening and the card game is in session again. **Vinnie, Roy, Speed, Murray** and **Oscar** are all seated at the table. **Felix's** chair is empty. There is one major difference between this scene and the opening scene. It is the appearance of the room. It is immaculately clean. No, not clean. Sterile! Spotless! Not a speck of dirt can be seen under the ten coats of polish that have been applied in the last two weeks. No laundry bags, no dirty dishes, no half-filled glasses. Suddenly **Felix** appears from the kitchen. He carries a tray with glasses and food and napkins. After putting the tray down, he takes the napkins one at a time, flicks them out to full length and hands one to every player. They take them with grumbling and put them on their laps. **Felix** picks up a can and very carefully pours it into a tall glass, measuring it perfectly so that not a drop spills or overflows. With a flourish he puts can down.*

FELIX: *(Moves to **Murray**.)* ... An ice-cold drink for Murray.
MURRAY: *(He reaches up for it.)* Thank you, Felix.
FELIX: *(Holds glass back.)* Where's your coaster?
MURRAY: My what? 20
FELIX: Your coaster. The little round thing that goes under the glass. Always try to use your coasters, fellows. *(He picks up another drink from tray and hands it to **Speed**.)* I hate to be a pest, but you know what wet glasses do? *(Goes back to the tray and picks up and wipes a clean coaster.)* 25
OSCAR: *(Coldly and deliberately.)* They-leave-little-rings-on-the-table.
FELIX: *(Nods.)* Ruins the finish. Eats right through the polish.
OSCAR: *(To **Others**.)* So let's watch those little rings, huh?
FELIX: *(Takes ashtray and plate with a sandwich from tray and crosses to table.)* And we have a clean ashtray for Roy. ... *(Handing **Roy** ashtray.)* Aaaaand ... a sandwich for Vinnie. *(Like a doting headwaiter, he skillfully places the sandwich in front of **Vinnie**.)* 30
VINNIE: *(Looks at **Felix**, then at sandwich.)* Gee, it smells good. What is it?
FELIX: Bacon, lettuce and tomato with mayonnaise on pumpernickel toast. 35
VINNIE: *(Unbelievably.)* Where'd you get it?
FELIX: *(Puzzled.)* I made it. In the kitchen.
VINNIE: You mean you put in toast and cooked bacon? Just for me?
OSCAR: If you don't like it, he'll make you a meat loaf. Takes him five minutes. 40
FELIX: It's no trouble. Honest. I love to cook. ... Try to eat over the dish. I just vacuumed the rug. *(Goes back to tray, stops.)* Oscar!
OSCAR: *(Quickly.)* Yes, sir?
FELIX: I forgot what you wanted. What did you ask me for? 45
OSCAR: Two three-and-a-half-minute eggs and some petit fours.
FELIX: *(Points to him.)* A double gin and tonic. I'll be right back. ... *(**Felix** starts out, then stops at a little box on the bar.)* Who turned off the Pure-A-Tron?
MURRAY: The what? 50

FELIX:	The Pure-A-Tron! (<i>He snaps it back on.</i>) Don't play with this, fellows. I'm trying to get some of the grime out of the air.	
	<i>(He looks at them and shakes his head disapprovingly, and exits. They All sit in silence a few seconds.)</i>	
OSCAR: SPEED:	Murray—I'll give you two hundred dollars for your gun. <i>(Throws his cards on table and gets up angrily.)</i> I can't take it any more. <i>(Hand on neck.)</i> I've had it up to here. In the last three hours we played cards for just four minutes. I'm not giving up my Friday nights to watch cooking and housekeeping.	55
ROY:	<i>(Slumped in his chair, head hanging down.)</i> I can't breathe. <i>(Points to Pure-A-Tron.)</i> That lousy machine is sucking everything out of the air.	60
VINNIE: MURRAY:	<i>(Chewing.)</i> Gee, this is delicious. Who wants a bite? Is the toast warm?	
VINNIE:	Perfect. And not too much mayonnaise. It's really a well-made sandwich.	65
MURRAY: VINNIE: SPEED:	Cut me off a little piece. Give me your napkin. I don't want to drop any crumbs. <i>(Watches them, horrified, as Vinnie carefully breaks sandwich over Murray's napkin. Then turns to Oscar.)</i> Are you listening to this? Martha and Gertrude at the Automat.	70
ROY:	<i>(Still choking.)</i> I'm telling you that thing could kill us. They'll find us here in the morning with our tongues on the floor.	
SPEED: OSCAR:	<i>(Yells at Oscar.)</i> Do something! Get him back in the game. <i>(Rises, containing his anger.)</i> Don't bother me with your petty little problems. You get this one stinkin' night a week. I'm cooped up here with Mary Poppins twenty-four hours a day. <i>(Moves to window.)</i>	75
ROY:	It was better before. With the garbage and the smoke, it was better before.	80
VINNIE: MURRAY: VINNIE: MURRAY:	<i>(To Murray.)</i> Did you notice what he does with the bread? What? He cuts off the crusts. That's why the sandwich is so light. And then he only uses the soft, green part of the lettuce.	
SPEED: OSCAR: SPEED: OSCAR: SPEED:	<i>(Chewing.)</i> It's really delicious. <i>(Reacts in amazement and disgust.)</i> I'm going out of my mind. <i>(Yells towards kitchen.)</i> Felix! ... Damn it, FELIX! Forget it. I'm going home. Sit down! I'll buy a book and I'll start to read again.	85
OSCAR: SPEED:	Siddown! Will you siddown! <i>(Yells.)</i> Felix! Oscar, it's all over. The day his marriage busted up was the end of our card game. <i>(Takes his jacket from back of chair and crosses to door.)</i> If you find some real players next week, call me.	90
OSCAR: SPEED:	<i>(Following him.)</i> You can't run out now. I've lost. <i>(With door open.)</i> You got no one to blame but yourself. It's all your fault. You're the one who stopped him from killing himself. <i>(He exits and slams door.)</i>	95
OSCAR:	<i>(Stares at door.)</i> He's right! ... The man is absolutely right. <i>(Moves to table.)</i>	100
MURRAY: VINNIE: MURRAY:	<i>(To Vinnie.)</i> Are you going to eat that pickle? I wasn't thinking of it. Why? Do you want it? Unless you want it. It's your pickle.	

- VINNIE: No, no. Take it. I don't usually eat pickle. 105
- (Vinnie holds plate with pickle out to Murray. Oscar slaps the plate which sends the pickle flying through the air.)*
- OSCAR: Deal the cards!
- MURRAY: What did you do that for?
- OSCAR: Just deal the cards. You want to eat, go to Schrafft's. *(To Vinnie.)* Keep your sandwich and your pickles to yourself. ... Everybody's getting fat. *(He screams.)* Felix. ... 110
- (Felix appears in the kitchen doorway.)*
- FELIX: What?
- OSCAR: Close the kitchen and sit down. It's a quarter to twelve. We've still got an hour and a half to play. 115
- ROY: *(Sniffs.)* What is that smell? Disinfectant! *(He smells cards.)* It's the cards. *He washed the cards! (Throws down cards, takes jacket from chair and moves above table.)*
- FELIX: *(Comes to table with Oscar's drink, which he puts down, and then sits in his own seat.)* Okay ... 120
- OSCAR: *(Hurrying to his seat.)* I can't believe it. We're gonna play cards again. *(He sits.)* It's up to Roy. ... Roy, baby, what are you gonna do?
- ROY: I'm going to get in a cab and go to Central Park. If I don't get some fresh air, you got yourself a dead accountant. *(Moves towards door.)* 125
- OSCAR: *(Follows him.)* What do you mean? It's not even twelve o'clock.
- ROY: *(Turns back to Oscar.)* Look, I've been sitting here breathing disinfectant for four hours! ... Nature didn't intend for cards to be played like that. *(He crosses to door.)* If you wanna have a game next week ... *(He points to Felix.)* either Louis Pasteur cleans up *after we've gone ... or we play somewhere else. Good night! (He goes and slams door.)* 130
- (There is a moment's silence. Oscar goes back to table and sits.)* 135
- FELIX: Gee, I'm sorry. Is it my fault?
- VINNIE: No, I guess no one feels like playing much lately.
- MURRAY: Yeah. I don't know what it is, but something's happening to the old gang. *(Goes to side chair, sits, and puts on shoes.)* 140
- OSCAR: Don't you know what's happening to the old gang? It's breaking up. Everyone's getting divorced. ... I swear, we used to have better games when we couldn't get out at night.
- VINNIE: *(Getting up and putting on jacket.)* Well—I guess I'll be going, too. Bebe and I are driving to Asbury Park for the weekend. 145
- FELIX: Just the two of you, heh? Gee, that's nice! ... You always do things like that together, don't you?
- VINNIE: *(Shrugs.)* We have to. I don't know how to drive! ... *(Moves to door.)* You coming, Murray?
- MURRAY: *(Gets up, takes jacket and moves towards door.)* Yeah, why not? If I'm not home by one o'clock with a hero sandwich and a frozen éclair, she'll have an all-points out on me. ... Ahhh, you guys got the life. 150
- FELIX: Who?

- MURRAY: *(Turns back.)* Who? ... You! The Marx Brothers! Laugh laugh laugh. What have you got to worry about? C'mon, Vinnie. 155
- (Vinnie waves goodbye and they both exit.)*
- FELIX: *(Staring at door.)* That's funny, isn't it, Oscar? ... They think we're happy. ... They really think we're enjoying this. ... *(Gets up and begins to straighten up chairs.)* They don't know, Oscar. They don't know what it's like. *(He gives a short, ironic laugh, tucks napkins under arm and starts to pick up dishes from table.)* 160
- OSCAR: I'd be immensely grateful to you, Felix, if you didn't clean up just now.
- FELIX: *(Puts dishes on tray.)* It's only a few things. ... *(He stops and looks back at door.)* I can't get over what Murray just said. ... You know I think they really envy us. *(Clears more stuff from table.)* 165
- OSCAR: Felix, leave everything alone. I'm not through dirtying up for the night. *(Drops cards on floor.)* 170
- FELIX: *(Putting stuff on tray.)* But don't you see the irony of it? ... Don't you see it, Oscar?
- OSCAR: *(Sighs heavily.)* Yes, I see it.
- FELIX: *(Clearing table.)* No, you don't. I really don't think you do.
- OSCAR: Felix, I'm telling you I see the irony of it. 175
- FELIX: *(Pauses.)* Then tell me. What is it? What's the irony?
- OSCAR: *(Deep breath.)* The irony is—unless we can come to some other arrangement, I'm gonna kill you! ... That's the irony.
- FELIX: What's wrong? *(Crosses back to tray, puts down glasses, etc.)*
- OSCAR: There's something wrong with this system, that's what's wrong. I don't think that two single men living alone in a big eight-room apartment should have a cleaner house than my mother. 180
- FELIX: *(Gets rest of dishes, glasses and coasters from table.)* 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? 185
- OSCAR: *(Takes his glass which Felix has put on tray and crosses to table for refill.)* I don't care if you take them to bed with you. You can play Mr. Clean all you want. But don't make *me* feel guilty.
- FELIX: *(Takes tray into kitchen, leaving swinging door open.)* I'm not asking you to do it, Oscar. You don't have to clean up. 190
- OSCAR: *(Moves up to door.)* That's why you make me feel guilty. You're always in my bathroom hanging up my towels. ... Whenever I smoke, you follow me around with an ashtray. ... Last night I found you washing the kitchen floor shaking your head and moaning, "Footprints, footprints"! *(Paces Right.)* 195
- FELIX: *(Comes back to table with silent butler into which he dumps the ashtrays; then wipes them carefully.)* I didn't say they were yours.
- OSCAR: *(Angrily; sits Down Right in wing chair.)* Well, they *were* mine, damn it. I have feet and they make prints. What do you want me to do, climb across the cabinets? 200
- FELIX: No! I want you to walk on the floor.
- OSCAR: I appreciate that! I really do.
- FELIX: *(Crosses to telephone table and cleans ashtray there.)* I'm just trying to keep the place livable. I didn't realize I irritated you that much. 205

- OSCAR: I just feel *I* should have the right to decide when my bathtub needs a going over with Dutch Cleanser. ... It's the democratic way!
- FELIX: (*Puts down silent butler and rag on coffee table and sits down on couch, glumly.*) I was wondering how long it would take. 210
- OSCAR: How long *what* would take?
- FELIX: 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. 215
- 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: It doesn't make any difference. I was just repeating what I thought you said. 220
- OSCAR: Well, don't repeat what you *thought* I said. Repeat what I *said!* ... My, that's irritating!
- FELIX: You see! You *did* say it!
- OSCAR: I don't believe this whole conversation. (*Gets up and paces above table.*) 225
- FELIX: (*Pawing with a cup.*) Oscar, I'm—I'm sorry. I don't know what's wrong with me.
- OSCAR: (*Paces Down Right.*) 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. 230
- OSCAR: (*Really angry, turns to Felix.*) 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.
- FELIX: Oh, leave me alone. 235
- OSCAR: And don't sulk. That's the same as pouting.
- FELIX: I know. I know. (*He squeezes cup with anger.*) Damn me, why can't I do one lousy thing right? (*He suddenly stands up and cocks his arm back angrily about to hurl the cup against the front door, then thinks better of it and puts it down and sits.*) 240
- OSCAR: (*Watching this.*) Why didn't you throw it?
- FELIX: I almost did. I get so insane with myself sometimes.
- OSCAR: Then why don't you throw the cup?
- FELIX: Because I'm trying to control myself.
- OSCAR: Why? 245
- FELIX: What do you mean, why?
- OSCAR: Why do you have to control yourself? You're angry, you felt like throwing the cup, why don't you throw it?
- FELIX: Because there's no point to it. I'd still be angry and I'd have a broken cup. 250
- OSCAR: How do you *know* how you'd feel? Maybe you'd feel *wonderful*. Why do you have to control every single thought in your head? ... Why don't you let loose *once* in your life? Do something that you *feel* like doing—and not what you *think* you're supposed to do. Stop keeping books, Felix. Relax. Have a drink. Get angry. ... 255
C'mon, *break the wretched cup!*
- (*Felix suddenly stands up and hurls the cup against the door. Then he grabs his shoulder in pain.*)
- FELIX: Oww! ... I hurt my arm! (*Sinks down on couch, massaging his arm.*) 260

OSCAR:	<i>(Throws up hands.)</i> You're hopeless! You're a hopeless mental case! <i>(Paces about the table.)</i>	
FELIX:	<i>(Grimacing with pain.)</i> I'm not supposed to throw with that arm. What a stupid thing to do.	
OSCAR:	Why don't you live in a closet? I'll leave your meals outside the door and slide in the papers. Is that safe enough?	265
FELIX:	<i>(Rubbing arm.)</i> I used to have bursitis in this arm. I had to give up golf. ... Do you have a heating pad?	
OSCAR:	How can you hurt your arm throwing a cup? If it had coffee in it, that's one thing. But an <i>empty cup</i> ... <i>(Sits in wing chair.)</i>	270
FELIX:	All right, cut it out, Oscar. That's the way I am. I get hurt easily. I can't help it.	
OSCAR:	You're not going to cry, are you? I think all those tears dripping on the arm is what gave you bursitis.	
FELIX:	<i>(Holding arm.)</i> I once got it just from combing my hair.	275
OSCAR:	<i>(Shaking his head.)</i> A world full of room-mates and I pick myself the Tin Man. <i>(Sighs.)</i> Oh, well, I suppose I could have done worse.	
FELIX:	<i>(Puts rag and silent butler on table.)</i> You're darn right, you could have. A <i>lot</i> worse.	280
OSCAR:	<i>How?</i>	
FELIX:	What do you mean, how? How'd you like to live with Ten-thumbs Murray or Speed and his complaining? <i>(Gets down on his knees, picks up cards.)</i> Don't forget I cook and clean and take care of this house. I save us a lot of money, don't I?	285
OSCAR:	Yeah, but then you keep me up all night counting it.	
FELIX:	<i>(Goes to table and tidies up.)</i> Now wait a minute. We're not always going at each other. We have some fun too, don't we?	
OSCAR:	<i>(Crosses to couch.)</i> Fun? Felix, getting a clear picture on Channel Two isn't my idea of whoopee.	290
FELIX:	What are you talking about?	
OSCAR:	All right, what do you and I do every night? <i>(Takes off sneakers, dropping them on floor.)</i>	
FELIX:	What do we do? You mean after dinner?	
OSCAR:	That's right. After we've had your halibut steak and the dishes are done and the sink has been scoured and the pans have been scrubbed and the leftovers have been film wrapped—what do we do?	295
FELIX:	<i>(Finishes clearing table and puts everything on top of bookcase.)</i> Well, we read ... we talk ...	300
OSCAR:	<i>(Takes off pants and throws them on floor.)</i> No, no. I read and you talk! ... I try to work and you talk. ... I take a bath and you talk. ... I go to sleep and you talk. We've got your life arranged pretty good but I'm still looking for a little entertainment.	
FELIX:	<i>(Pulling Upstage kitchen chairs away from table.)</i> What are you saying? That I talk too much?	305
OSCAR:	<i>(Sits on couch.)</i> No, no. I'm not complaining. You have a lot to say. What's worrying me is that I'm beginning to listen.	
FELIX:	<i>(Pulls table up into alcove.)</i> Oscar, I told you a hundred times, just tell me to shut up. I'm not sensitive. <i>(Pulls love seat down into room, and centers table between windows in alcove.)</i>	310
OSCAR:	I don't think you're getting my point. For a husky man, I think I've spent enough evenings discussing tomorrow's menu. ... The night was made for other things.	
FELIX:	Like what?	315
OSCAR:	If you want to give it a name, all right, women!	

- FELIX: *(Picks up two kitchen chairs and starts towards landing.)* That's funny. You know I haven't even *thought* about women in weeks.
- OSCAR: I fail to see the humor.
- FELIX: *(Stops.)* No, that's really strange. I mean when Frances and I were happy I don't think there was a girl on the street I didn't stare at for ten minutes. *(Crosses to Up Left kitchen door, pushes it open with back.)* I used to take the wrong subway home just following a pair of legs. ... But since we broke up, I don't even know what a woman looks like. *(Takes chairs into kitchen.)* 320
- OSCAR: Well, ... I could make a phone call.
- FELIX: *(From the kitchen, as he washes dishes.)* What are you saying?
- OSCAR: *(Crosses to cigar box on small table Down Right and takes cigar.)* I'm saying let's spend one night talking to someone with higher voices than us. 325
- FELIX: You mean go out on a date?
- OSCAR: Ya ...
- FELIX: Oh, well, I—I can't.
- OSCAR: Why not?
- FELIX: Well, it's all right for you. But I'm still married. 330
- OSCAR: *(Paces towards kitchen door.)* 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 can't explain it.
- OSCAR: Try! 340
- FELIX: *(Comes to doorway with brush and dish in hand.)* Listen, I intend to go out. I get lonely, too. But I'm just separated a few weeks. Give me a little time. *(Goes back to sink.)*
- OSCAR: There isn't any time left. I saw TV Guide and there's nothing on this week! *(Paces into and through kitchen and out kitchen door on landing to Down Right.)* What am I asking you? All I want to do is have dinner with a couple of girls. You just have to eat and talk. It's not hard. You've eaten and talked before. 345
- FELIX: *(In kitchen.)* Why do you need me? Can't you go out yourself?
- OSCAR: Because I may want to come back here. And if we walk in and find you washing the windows, it puts a damper on things. *(Sits Down Right.)* 350
- FELIX: *(Pokes head out of kitchen.)* I'll take a pill and go to sleep. *(Back into kitchen.)*
- OSCAR: Why take a pill when you can have female company? 355
- FELIX: *(Comes out with aerosol held high over his head, and circles the room spraying it.)* Because I'd feel guilty, that's why. Maybe it doesn't make any sense to you, but that's the way I feel. *(Puts aerosol on table and takes silent butler and rag into kitchen. Places them on sink and busily begins to wipe refrigerator.)* 360
- OSCAR: Look, for all I care you can take her 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. ... Just for one night, talk to another girl.
- FELIX: *(Pushes love seat carefully in position Down Right and sits; weakening.)* But—who would I call? The only single girl I know is my secretary and I don't think she likes me. 365
- OSCAR: *(Jumps up and crouches next to Felix.)* Leave that to me. There's two sisters who live in this building. English girls. One's a widow, the other's a divorcee. They're a barrel of laughs. 370
- FELIX: How do you know?

OSCAR:	I was trapped in the elevator with them last week. (<i>Runs to telephone table, puts directory on floor, and gets down on knees to look for number.</i>) I've been meaning to call them but I didn't know which one to take out. This'll be perfect.	375
FELIX:	What do they look like?	
OSCAR:	Don't worry. Yours is very pretty.	
FELIX:	I'm not worried. ... Which one is mine?	
OSCAR:	The divorcee. (<i>Looking in book.</i>)	
FELIX:	(<i>Goes to Oscar.</i>) Why do I get the divorcee?	380
OSCAR:	I don't care. You want the widow? (<i>Circles number on page with crayon.</i>)	
FELIX:	(<i>Sitting on couch.</i>) No, I don't want the widow. I don't even want the divorcee. I'm just doing this for you.	
OSCAR:	Look, take whoever you want. When they come in the door, point to the sister of your choice. (<i>Tears page out of the book, runs to bookcase and hangs it up.</i>) I don't care. I just want to have some laughs.	385
FELIX:	All right. All right.	
OSCAR:	(<i>Crosses to couch, sits next to Felix.</i>) Don't say all right. I want you to promise me you're going to try to have a good time. Please, Felix. It's important. Say I promise.	390
FELIX:	(<i>Nods.</i>) I promise.	
OSCAR:	Again!	
FELIX:	I promise!	395
OSCAR:	And no writing in the book, a dollar thirty for the cab.	
FELIX:	No writing in the book.	
OSCAR:	No one is to be called Frances. It's Gwendolyn and Cecily.	
FELIX:	No Frances.	
OSCAR:	No crying, sighing, moaning or groaning.	400
FELIX:	I'll smile from seven to twelve.	
OSCAR:	And this above all, no talk of the past. Only the present.	
FELIX:	And the future.	
OSCAR:	That's the new Felix I've been waiting for. (<i>Leaps up and prances Right.</i>) Oh, is this going to be a night. ... Hey, where do you want to go?	405
FELIX:	For what?	
OSCAR:	For dinner. Where'll we eat?	
FELIX:	You mean a restaurant? For the four of us? It'll cost a fortune.	
OSCAR:	We'll cut down on laundry. We don't wear socks on Thursdays.	410
FELIX:	But that's throwing away money. We can't afford it, Oscar.	
OSCAR:	We have to eat.	
FELIX:	(<i>Moves to Oscar.</i>) We'll have dinner here.	
OSCAR:	<i>Here?</i>	
FELIX:	I'll cook. We'll save thirty, forty dollars. (<i>He goes to couch, sits, and picks up phone.</i>)	415
OSCAR:	What kind of a double date is that? You'll be in the kitchen all night.	
FELIX:	No, I won't. I'll put it up in the afternoon. Once I get my potatoes in, I'll have all the time in the world. (<i>He starts to dial.</i>)	420
OSCAR:	(<i>Pacing back and forth.</i>) What happened to the new Felix? ... Who are you calling?	
FELIX:	Frances. I want to get her recipe for London broil. The girls'll be crazy about it.	
	(<i>He dials as Oscar storms off towards his bedroom.</i>)	425

CURTAIN

ACT II

SCENE 2

TIME: *A few days later. About 8 o'clock.*

*No one is on Stage. The dining table looks like a page out of House and Garden magazine. It's set up for dinner for four, complete with linen tablecloth, candles and wine glasses. There is a floral centerpiece and flowers about the room, and crackers and dip on the coffee table. There are sounds of activity in the kitchen. The front door opens and **Oscar** enters with a bottle of wine in a brown paper bag, and his jacket over his arm. He looks about gleefully as he listens to the sounds from the kitchen. He puts the bag on the table and his jacket over the chair, Down Right.*

- OSCAR: *(Calls out. In a playful mood.) I'm home, dear! (He goes into his bedroom, taking off his shirt, and comes skipping out shaving with a cordless razor, and with a clean shirt and a tie over his arm. He is joyfully singing as he admires the table.) Beautiful! Just beautiful! (He sniffs, obviously catching the aroma from the kitchen.) Oh, yeah. Something wonderful is going on in that kitchen. ... (He rubs hands gleefully.) No, sir. There's no doubt about it. I'm the luckiest man on earth. (Puts razor into his pocket, and begins to put on shirt. **Felix** enters slowly from the kitchen. He's wearing a small dish towel as an apron. He has a ladle in one hand. He looks silently and glumly at **Oscar**, crosses to the armchair and sits.) I got the wine. (Takes bottle out of the bag and puts it on the table.) Batard Montrachet. Six and a quarter. You don't mind, do you, pussycat? We'll walk to work this week. (**Felix** sits glumly and silently.) Hey, no kidding, Felix, you did a great job. One little suggestion? Let's come down a little with the lights ... (Switches off wall brackets.) and up very softly with the music. (He crosses to stereo in bookcase and picks up albums.) What do you think goes better with London broil, Mancini or Sinatra? (**Felix** just stares ahead.) Felix? ... What's the matter? (Puts albums down.) Something's wrong. I can tell by your conversation. (Goes into bathroom, gets bottle of after shave lotion, comes out and puts it on.) All right, Felix, what is it?*
- FELIX: *(Without looking at him.) 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: *(Puts lotion down on small table.) All right, so it's eight o'clock. So? (Begins to fix tie.)*
- FELIX: *So? ... You said you'd be home at seven.*
- OSCAR: *Is that what I said?*
- FELIX: *(Nods.) 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: *(Pauses while fixing tie.) 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: *(Moves Down Left.)* Working? Ha!
 OSCAR: Yes. Working!
 FELIX: I called your office at seven o'clock. You were gone. 480
 OSCAR: *(Tucking in shirt.)* 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 485
 you if I'm coming home late for dinner?
 FELIX: *(Crosses to Oscar.)* Not *any* dinner. Just the ones I've been slaving over since two o'clock this afternoon ... to help save *you* money to pay your wife's alimony.
 OSCAR: *(Controlling himself.)* Felix ... this is no time to have a domestic 490
 quarrel. We have two girls coming down any minute.
 FELIX: You mean you told them to be here at eight o'clock?
 OSCAR: *(Takes jacket and crosses to couch. Sits and takes some dip from coffee table.)* I don't remember what I said. Seven-thirty, eight o'clock. What difference does it make? 495
 FELIX: *(Follows Oscar.)* 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'œuvres. 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!* 500
 OSCAR: Heaven help me!
 FELIX: Never mind helping *you*. Tell heaven to save the meat. Because we got nine dollars and thirty-four cents worth drying up in there right now. 505
 OSCAR: Can't you keep it warm?
 FELIX: *(Paces Right.)* 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? 510
 OSCAR: Don't you have any gravy?
 FELIX: *(Storms over to Oscar.)* Where the hell am I going to get gravy at eight o'clock?
 OSCAR: *(Gets up and moves Right.)* I thought it comes when you cook the meat. 515
 FELIX: *(Follows him.)* 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. *(Putting on jacket.)*
 FELIX: Advice? *(He waves ladle in his face.)* You didn't know where the kitchen was 'til I came here and showed you. 520
 OSCAR: You wanna talk to me, put down the spoon.
 FELIX: *(Exploding in rage, again waving ladle in his face.)* 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. 525
 FELIX: *(Pulls himself together, sits on love seat.)* 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: *(To no one in particular.)* Listen to me. I'm arguing with him over gravy. 530

(The Bell rings.)

- FELIX: *(Jumps up.)* Well, they're here. Our dinner guests. I'll get a saw and cut the meat. *(Starts for kitchen.)*
- OSCAR: *(Stopping him.)* Stay where you are!
- FELIX: I'm not taking the blame for this dinner. 535
- OSCAR: Who's blaming you? Who even *cares* about the dinner?
- FELIX: *(Moves to Oscar.)* 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. *(Rips the towel off Felix and goes to the door.)* 540
- FELIX: *(Takes jacket from dining chair and puts it on.)* 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. 545
- OSCAR: You through?
- FELIX: I'm through!
- OSCAR: Then smile. *(Oscar smiles and opens the door. The Girls poke their heads through the door. They are both in their young thirties and somewhat attractive. They are undoubtedly British.)* Well, hello. 550
- GWENDOLYN: *(To Oscar.)* Hallo!
- CECILY: *(To Oscar.)* Hallo.
- GWENDOLYN: I do hope we're not late.
- OSCAR: No, no. You timed it perfectly. Come on in. *(He points to them as they enter.)* Er, Felix, I'd like you to meet two very good friends of mine, Gwendolyn and Cecily— 555
- CECILY: *(Pointing out his mistake.)* Cecily and Gwendolyn.
- OSCAR: Oh, yes. Cecily and Gwendolyn ... er ... *(Trying to remember their last name.)* Er ... Don't tell me ... Robin? ... No, no ... Cardinal? 560
- GWENDOLYN: Wrong both times. It's Pigeon!
- OSCAR: Pigeon. Right. Cecily and Gwendolyn Pigeon.
- GWENDOLYN: *(To Felix.)* You don't spell it like Walter Pidgeon. You spell it like "Coo Coo" Pigeon. 565
- OSCAR: We'll remember that if it comes up. ... Cecily and Gwendolyn, I'd like you to meet my room-mate ... and our chef for the evening ... Felix Ungar.
- CECILY: *(Holding hand out.)* How do you dooo?
- FELIX: *(Moving to her and shaking her hand.)* How do you do? 570
- GWENDOLYN: *(Holding hand out.)* How do you dooo?
- FELIX: *(Stepping up on landing and shaking her hand.)* How do you do?
- (This puts him nose to nose with Oscar, and there is an awkward pause as they look at each other.)* 575
- OSCAR: Well, we did that beautifully. ... Why don't we sit down and make ourselves comfortable?
- (Felix steps aside and ushers the Girls down into the room. There is ad-libbing and a bit of confusion and milling about as they All squeeze between the armchair and the couch, and the Pigeons finally seat themselves on the couch. Oscar sits in the armchair, and Felix sneaks past him to the love seat. Finally All have settled down.)* 580

- CECILY: This is ever so nice, isn't it, Gwen?
 GWENDOLYN: (*Looking around.*) Lovely. And much nicer than our flat. Do you have help? 585
- OSCAR: Er, yes. I have a man who comes in every night.
 CECILY: Aren't you the lucky one?
- (*Cecily, Gwendolyn and Oscar all laugh. Oscar looks over at Felix but there is no response.*) 590
- OSCAR: (*Rubs hands together.*) Well, isn't this nice? ... I was telling Felix yesterday about how we happened to meet.
 GWENDOLYN: Oh? ... Who's Felix?
 OSCAR: (*A little embarrassed. Points to Felix.*) He is!
 GWENDOLYN: Oh, yes, of course. I'm so sorry. 595
- (*Felix nods that it's all right.*)
- CECILY: You know it happened to us again this morning.
 OSCAR: What did?
 GWENDOLYN: Stuck in the elevator again.
 OSCAR: Really? Just the two of you? 600
 CECILY: And poor old Mr. Kessler from the third floor. We were in there half an hour.
 OSCAR: No kidding? What happened?
 GWENDOLYN: Nothing much, I'm afraid.
- (*Cecily and Gwendolyn both laugh again, joined by Oscar. He once again looks over at Felix, but there is no response.*) 605
- OSCAR: (*Rubs hands again.*) Well, this really is nice.
 CECILY: And ever so much cooler than our place.
 GWENDOLYN: It's like equatorial Africa on our side of the building.
 CECILY: Last night it was so bad Gwen and I sat there cooling ourselves in front of the open fridge. Can you imagine such a thing? 610
- OSCAR: Er ... I'm working on it.
 GWENDOLYN: Actually, it's impossible to get a night's sleep. Cec and I really don't know what to do.
- OSCAR: Why don't you sleep with an air-conditioner? 615
 GWENDOLYN: We haven't got one.
 OSCAR: I know. But we have.
 GWENDOLYN: Oh you! I told you about that one, didn't I, Cec?
 FELIX: They say it may rain Friday.
- (*They all stare at Felix.*) 620
- GWENDOLYN: Oh?
 CECILY: That should cool things off a bit.
 OSCAR: I wouldn't be surprised.
 FELIX: Although sometimes it gets hotter after it rains.
 GWENDOLYN: Yes, it does, doesn't it? 625
- (*They continue to stare at Felix.*)
- FELIX: (*Jumps up and, picking up ladle, starts for the kitchen.*) Dinner is served!
 OSCAR: (*Stopping him.*) No, it isn't!

FELIX:	Yes, it is!	630
OSCAR:	No, it isn't! I'm sure the girls would like a drink first. <i>(To Girls.)</i> Wouldn't you, girls?	
GWENDOLYN:	Well, I wouldn't put up a struggle.	
OSCAR:	There you are. <i>(To Cecily.)</i> What would you like?	
CECILY:	Oh, I really don't know. <i>(To Oscar.)</i> What have you got?	635
FELIX:	London broil.	
OSCAR:	<i>(To Felix.)</i> She means to drink. <i>(To Cecily.)</i> We have everything. And what we don't have, I mix. What'll it be? <i>(Crouches next to her.)</i>	
CECILY:	Oh ... a cocktail.	640
GWENDOLYN:	Cecily ... not before dinner.	
CECILY:	<i>(To the Men.)</i> My sister ... She watches over me like a mother hen. <i>(To Oscar.)</i> Make it a <i>small</i> cocktail.	
OSCAR:	A small one! ... And for the beautiful mother hen?	
GWENDOLYN:	Oh ... I'd like something cool. I think I would like mine with some crushed ice ... unless you don't have the crushed ice.	645
OSCAR:	I was up all night with a sledge hammer. ... I shall return! <i>(Goes to bar and mixes drinks.)</i>	
FELIX:	<i>(Going to him.)</i> Where are you going?	
OSCAR:	To get the refreshments.	650
FELIX:	<i>(Starting to panic.)</i> What'll I do?	
OSCAR:	You can finish the weather report. <i>(He exits into kitchen.)</i>	
FELIX:	<i>(Calls after him.)</i> Don't forget to look at my meat! <i>(He turns and faces the Girls. He crosses to chair and sits. He crosses his legs nonchalantly. But he is ill at ease and he crosses them again. He is becoming aware of the silence and he can longer get away with just smiling.)</i> Er ... Oscar tells me you're sisters.	655
CECILY:	Yes. That's right. <i>(She looks at Gwendolyn.)</i>	
FELIX:	From England.	
GWENDOLYN:	Yes. That's right. <i>(She looks at Cecily.)</i>	660
FELIX:	I see. <i>(Silence. Then, his little joke.)</i> We're not brothers.	
CECILY:	Yes. We know.	
FELIX:	Although I am a brother. I have a brother who's a doctor. He lives in Buffalo. That's upstate in New York.	
GWENDOLYN:	Yes, we know.	665
FELIX:	You know my brother?	
GWENDOLYN:	No. We know that Buffalo is upstate in New York.	
CECILY:	We've been there! ... Have you?	
FELIX:	No! ... Is it nice?	
CECILY:	Lovely.	670
	<i>(There is an awkward pause.)</i>	
FELIX:	Isn't that interesting? ... How long have you been in the United States of America?	
CECILY:	Almost four years now.	
FELIX:	<i>(Nods.)</i> Uh-huh. ... Just visiting?	675
GWENDOLYN:	<i>(Looks at Cecily.)</i> No! ... We live here.	
FELIX:	And you work here too, do you?	
CECILY:	Yes. We're secretaries for Slenderama.	
GWENDOLYN:	You know. The Health Club.	
CECILY:	People bring us their bodies and we do wonderful things with them.	680
GWENDOLYN:	Actually, if you're interested, we can get you ten per cent off.	
CECILY:	Off the price, not off your body.	

- FELIX: Yes, I see. *(He laughs, they **All** laugh. Suddenly shouts towards kitchen.)* Oscar, where's the drinks? 685
- OSCAR: *(Offstage.)* Coming! Coming!
- CECILY: What field of endeavor are you engaged in?
- FELIX: I write the news for C.B.S.
- CECILY: Oh! Fascinating!
- GWENDOLYN: Where do you get your ideas from? 690
- FELIX: *(He looks at her as though she's a Martian.)* From the news.
- GWENDOLYN: Oh, yes, of course. Silly me. ...
- CECILY: Maybe you can mention Gwen and I in one of your news reports.
- FELIX: Well, if you do something spectacular, maybe I will.
- CECILY: Oh, we've done spectacular things but I don't think we'd want it spread all over the Telly, do you, Gwen? 695
- (They both laugh.)*
- FELIX: *(He laughs too, then cries out almost for help.)* Oscar!
- OSCAR: *(Offstage.)* Yeah yeah!
- FELIX: *(To **Girls**.)* It's such a large apartment, sometimes you have to shout. 700
- GWENDOLYN: Just you two baches live here?
- FELIX: Baches? Oh, bachelors! We're not bachelors. We're divorced. That is, Oscar's divorced. I'm *getting* divorced.
- CECILY: Oh. Small world. We've cut the dinghy loose too, as they say. 705
- GWENDOLYN: Well, you couldn't have a *better* matched foursome, could you?
- FELIX: *(Smiles weakly.)* No, I suppose not.
- GWENDOLYN: Although technically, I'm a widow. I was divorcing my husband but he died before the final papers came through.
- FELIX: Oh, I'm awfully sorry. *(Sighs.)* It's a terrible thing, isn't it? 710
- Divorce.
- GWENDOLYN: It can be ... if you haven't got the right solicitor.
- CECILY: That's true. Sometimes they can drag it out for months. I was lucky. Snip, cut and I was free.
- FELIX: I mean it's terrible what it can do to people. After all, what is divorce? It's taking two happy people and tearing their lives completely apart. It's inhuman, don't you think so? 715
- CECILY: Yes, it can be an awful bother.
- GWENDOLYN: But of course, that's all water under the bridge now, eh? ... er ... I'm terribly sorry, but I think I've forgotten your name. 720
- FELIX: Felix.
- GWENDOLYN: Oh, yes. Felix.
- CECILY: Like the Cat.
- (Felix takes wallet from his jacket pocket.)*
- GWENDOLYN: Well, the Pigeons will have to beware of the cat, won't they? 725
- (She laughs.)*
- CECILY: *(Nibbles on a nut from the dish.)* Mmm, cashews. Lovely.
- FELIX: *(Takes snapshot out of wallet.)* This is the worst part of breaking up. *(He hands picture to **Cecily**.)*
- CECILY: *(Looks at it.)* Childhood sweethearts, were you? 730
- FELIX: No, no. That's my little boy and girl. *(Cecily gives picture to Gwendolyn, and takes pair of glasses from her purse and puts them on.)* He's seven, she's five.
- CECILY: *(Looks again.)* Oh! Sweet.
- FELIX: They live with their mother. 735

- GWENDOLYN: I imagine you must miss them terribly.
 FELIX: *(Takes back picture and looks at it longingly.)* I do. *(Shrugs.)* But—that’s what happens with divorce.
- CECILY: When do you get to see them?
 FELIX: Every night. I stop there on my way home! ... Then I take them on the weekends and I get them on holidays and July and August. 740
- CECILY: Oh! ... Well, when is it that you miss them?
 FELIX: Whenever I’m not there. If they didn’t have to go to school so early, I’d go over and make them breakfast. They love my French toast. 745
- GWENDOLYN: You’re certainly a devoted father.
 FELIX: It’s Frances who’s the wonderful one.
 CECILY: She’s the little girl?
 FELIX: No. She’s the mother. My wife. 750
 GWENDOLYN: The one you’re divorcing?
 FELIX: *(Nods.)* Mm! ... She’s done a terrific job bringing them up. They always look so nice. They’re so polite. Speak beautifully. Never “Yeah.” Always “Yes.” ... They’re such good kids. And she did it all. She’s the kind of woman who— Ah, what am I saying? You don’t want to hear any of this. *(Puts picture back in wallet.)* 755
- CECILY: Nonsense. You have a right to be proud. You have two beautiful children and a wonderful ex-wife.
 FELIX: *(Containing his emotions.)* I know. I know. *(He hands Cecily another snapshot.)* That’s her. Frances. 760
- GWENDOLYN: *(Looking at picture.)* Oh, she’s pretty. Isn’t she pretty, Cecy?
 CECILY: Oh, yes. Pretty. A pretty girl. Very pretty.
 FELIX: *(Takes picture back.)* Thank you. *(Shows them another snapshot.)* Isn’t this nice? 765
- GWENDOLYN: *(Looks.)* There’s no one in the picture.
 FELIX: I know. It’s a picture of our living room. We had a beautiful apartment.
- GWENDOLYN: Oh, yes. Pretty. Very pretty.
 CECILY: Those are lovely lamps.
 FELIX: Thank you! *(Takes picture.)* We bought them in Mexico on our honeymoon ... *(He looks at picture again.)* I used to love to come home at night. *(He’s beginning to break.)* My wife, my kids ... and my apartment. *(He breaks down and sobs.)* 770
- CECILY: Does she have the lamps now, too?
 FELIX: *(Nods.)* I gave her everything. ... It’ll never be like that again. ... Never! ... I—I— *(He turns head away.)* I’m sorry. *(He takes out a handkerchief and dabs eyes. Gwendolyn and Cecily look at each other with compassion.)* Please forgive me. I didn’t mean to get emotional. *(Trying to pull himself together. He picks up bowl from side table and offers it to Girls.)* Would you like some potato chips? 780
- (Cecily takes the bowl.)*
- GWENDOLYN: You mustn’t be ashamed. I think it’s a rare quality in a man to be able to cry.
 FELIX: *(Hand over eyes.)* Please. Let’s not talk about it. 785
 CECILY: I think it’s sweet. Terribly terribly sweet. *(Takes potato chip.)*
 FELIX: You’re just making it worse.
 GWENDOLYN: *(Teary-eyed.)* It’s so refreshing to hear a man speak so highly of the woman he’s divorcing! ... Oh, dear. *(She takes out her*

CECILY:	<i>handkerchief.</i>) Now you've got me thinking about poor Sydney. Oh, Gwen. Please don't. <i>(Puts bowl down.)</i>	790
GWENDOLYN:	It was a good marriage at first. Everyone said so. Didn't they, Cecily? Not like you and George.	
CECILY:	<i>(The past returns as she comforts Gwendolyn.)</i> That's right. George and I were never happy. ... Not for one single, solitary day. <i>(She remembers her unhappiness and grabs her handkerchief and dabs her eyes. All Three are now sitting with handkerchiefs at their eyes.)</i>	795
FELIX:	Isn't this ridiculous?	
GWENDOLYN:	I don't know what brought this on. I was feeling so good a few minutes ago.	800
CECILY:	I haven't cried since I was fourteen.	
FELIX:	Just let it pour out. It'll make you feel much better. I always do.	
GWENDOLYN:	Oh dear oh dear oh dear.	
	<i>(All Three sit sobbing into their handkerchiefs. Suddenly Oscar bursts happily into the room with a tray full of drinks. He is all smiles.)</i>	805
OSCAR:	<i>(Like a corny M.C.)</i> Is ev-rybuddy happy? <i>(Then he sees the maudlin scene. Felix and the Girls quickly try to pull themselves together.)</i> What the hell happened?	810
FELIX:	Nothing! Nothing! <i>(He quickly puts handkerchief away.)</i>	
OSCAR:	What do you mean, nothing? I'm gone three minutes and I walk into a funeral parlor. What did you say to them?	
FELIX:	I didn't say anything. Don't start in again, Oscar.	
OSCAR:	I can't leave you alone for five seconds. Well, if you really want to cry, go inside and look at your London broil.	815
FELIX:	<i>(He rushes madly into the kitchen.)</i> Oh, my gosh! Why didn't you call me? I told you to call me.	
OSCAR:	<i>(Giving drink to Cecily.)</i> I'm sorry, girls. I forgot to warn you about Felix. He's a walking soap opera.	820
GWENDOLYN:	I think he's the dearest thing I ever met.	
CECILY:	<i>(Taking the glass.)</i> He's so sensitive. So fragile. I just want to bundle him up in my arms and take care of him.	
OSCAR:	<i>(Holds out Gwendolyn's drink. At this, he puts it back down on tray and takes a swallow from his own drink.)</i> Well, I think when he comes out of that kitchen you may have to.	825
	<i>(Sure enough, Felix comes out of the kitchen onto the landing looking like a wounded puppy. With a protective kitchen glove, he holds a pan with the exposed London broil. It is burnt black.)</i>	
FELIX:	<i>(Very calmly.)</i> I'm going down to the delicatessen. I'll be right back.	830
OSCAR:	<i>(Going to him.)</i> Wait a minute. Maybe it's not so bad. Let's see it.	
FELIX:	<i>(Shows him.)</i> Here! Look! Nine dollars and thirty-four cents' worth of ashes! <i>(Pulls pan away. To Girls.)</i> I'll get some corned beef sandwiches.	835
OSCAR:	<i>(Trying to get a look at it.)</i> Give it to me! Maybe we can save some of it.	
FELIX:	<i>(Holding it away from Oscar.)</i> There's nothing to save. It's all black meat. Nobody likes black meat! ...	
OSCAR:	Can't I even look at it?	840
FELIX:	No, you can't look at it!	

- OSCAR: Why can't I look at it?
 FELIX: If you looked at your watch before you wouldn't have to look at the black meat now. Leave it alone! *(Turns to go back into kitchen.)* 845
- GWENDOLYN: *(Going to him.)* Felix ... ! Can we look at it?
 CECILY: *(Turning to him, kneeling on couch.)* Please? **(Felix stops in the doorway to kitchen. He hesitates for a moment. He likes them. Then he turns and wordlessly holds pan out to them. Gwendolyn and Cecily inspect it wordlessly, and then turn away sobbing quietly. To Oscar.)** How about Chinese food? 850
- OSCAR: A wonderful idea.
 GWENDOLYN: I've got a better idea. Why don't we just make pot luck in the kitchen?
- OSCAR: A *much* better idea. 855
 FELIX: I used up all the pots! *(Crosses to love seat and sits, still holding the pan.)*
- CECILY: Well then, we can eat up in *our* place. We have tons of T.V. dinners.
- OSCAR: *(Gleefully.)* That's the best idea I ever heard. 860
 GWENDOLYN: Of course it's awfully hot up there. You'll have to take off your jackets.
- OSCAR: *(Smiling.)* We can always open up a refrigerator.
 CECILY: *(Gets purse from couch.)* Give us five minutes to get into our cooking things. 865
- (Gwendolyn gets purse from couch.)*
- OSCAR: Can't you make it four? I'm suddenly starving to death.
(The Girls are crossing to door.)
- GWENDOLYN: Don't forget the wine.
 OSCAR: How could I forget the wine? 870
 CECILY: And a corkscrew.
 OSCAR: And a corkscrew.
 GWENDOLYN: And Felix.
 OSCAR: No, I won't forget Felix.
 CECILY: Ta ta! 875
 OSCAR: Ta ta!
 GWENDOLYN: Ta ta!
- (The Girls exit.)*
- OSCAR: *(Throws a kiss at the closed door.)* You bet your sweet little crumpets, ta ta! *(He wheels around beaming and quickly gathers up the corkscrew from bar, the wine and the records.)* Felix, I love you. You've just overcooked us into one heck of a night. Come on, get the ice bucket. Ready or not, here we come. *(Runs to door.)* 880
- FELIX: *(Sitting motionless.)* I'm not going! 885
 OSCAR: What?
 FELIX: I said I'm not going.
 OSCAR: *(Crossing to Felix.)* Are you out of your mind? ... You've just been invited to spend the evening with the Coo Coo Pigeon Sisters! What do you mean you're not going? 890

FELIX:	I don't know how to talk to them. I don't know what to say. I already told them about my brother in Buffalo. I've used up my conversation.	
OSCAR:	Felix, they're crazy about you. They told me! One of them wants to wrap you up and make a bundle out of you. You're doing better than I am! Get the ice bucket. <i>(Starts for door.)</i>	895
FELIX:	Don't you understand? I cried! I cried in front of two women.	
OSCAR:	<i>(Stops.)</i> And they <i>loved</i> it! I'm thinking of getting hysterical. <i>(Goes to door.)</i> Will you get the ice bucket?	
FELIX:	But why did I cry? Because I felt guilty. Emotionally I'm still tied to Frances and the kids.	900
OSCAR:	Well, untie the knot just for tonight, will you!	
FELIX:	I don't want to discuss it any more. <i>(Starts for kitchen.)</i> I'm going to scrub the pots and wash my hair. <i>(Goes into kitchen and puts pan in sink.)</i>	905
OSCAR:	<i>(Yelling.)</i> Your greasy pots and your greasy hair can wait. You're coming upstairs with me!	
FELIX:	<i>(In kitchen.)</i> I'm not! <i>I'm not!</i>	
OSCAR:	Felix, don't do this to me. I'll never forgive you!	
FELIX:	I'm not going!	910
OSCAR:	<i>(Screams.)</i> All right, damn you, I'll go without you! <i>(And he storms out the door and slams it. Then it opens and he comes in again.)</i> Are you coming?	
FELIX:	<i>(Comes out of kitchen looking at magazine.)</i> No.	
OSCAR:	You mean you're not going to make any effort to change. ... This is the person you're going to be ... until the day you die.	915
FELIX:	<i>(Sitting on couch.)</i> We are what we are.	
OSCAR:	<i>(Nods, then crosses to a window, pulls back drapes and opens window wide. Starts back to door.)</i> It's twelve floors, not eleven.	
	<i>(He walks out as Felix stares at the open windows.)</i>	920

CURTAIN

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