

# SCENE: THE ODD COUPLE (2M)

## Acting Notes

**Felix:** (*Staring at the door.*) That's funny, isn't it Oscar? . . . They think we're happy . . . They 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 napkin under arm and starts to pick up dishes from table.*)

**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 the door.*) I can't get over what Murray just said . . . You know I think they really envy us. (*Clears more stuff off table.*)

**Oscar:** Felix, leave everything alone. I'm not through dirtying up for the night. (*Drops poker chips on the floor.*)

**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.

**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.*)

**Oscar:** There's something wrong with the system, that's what's wrong. I don't think two single men living alone in a big eight room apartment should have a cleaner house than my mother.

**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.

## Blocking Notes

**Oscar:** (*Takes his glass which Felix has put on a tray and crosses to bar 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.

**Oscar:** (*He moves up to the 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!"

**Felix:** (*Comes back to table with silent butler into which he dumps the ashtrays; then wipes carefully.*) I didn't say they were yours.

**Oscar:** (*angrily sits D. R 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?

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

**Oscar:** I appreciate that I really do.

**Felix:** (*Crosses to telephone table and clean ashtray there.*) I'm just trying to keep the place livable. I didn't realize I irritated you that much.

**Oscar:** I just feel I should have the right to decide when my bathtub needs going over with Dutch Cleanser . . . It's the democratic way!

**Felix:** (*Puts down silent butler and rag on coffee table and sits down glumly.*) I was wondering how long it would take

**Oscar:** How long what would take?

**Felix:** Before I got on your nerves.

**Oscar:** I didn't say you got 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:** It doesn't make any difference. 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. (*Gets up and paces above table.*)

**Felix:** (*Pawing with cup.*) Oscar I'm sorry. I don't know what's wrong with me.

**Oscar:** (*Paces.*) 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:** (*Really angry turn 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 wrong.

**Oscar:** Only this time you are wrong. And I'm right

**Felix:** Oh leave me alone.

**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?