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Cecily, Gwendolyn, Felix

ACT II

THE ODD COUPLE

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CECILY. Oh . . . a double vodka.

GWENDOLYN. Cecily . . . not before dinner.

CECILY. (*To the MEN.*) My sister . . . She watches over me like a mother hen. (*To OSCAR.*) Make it a *small* double vodka.

OSCAR. A small double vodka! . . . And for the beautiful mother hen?

GWENDOLYN. Oh . . . I'd like something cool. I think I would like to have a double Drambuie with some crushed ice . . . unless you don't have the crushed ice.

OSCAR. I was up all night with a sledge hammer. . . . I shall return! (*Goes to bar and gets bottles of vodka and Drambuie.*)

FELIX. (*Going to him.*) Where are you going?

OSCAR. To get the refreshments.

FELIX. (*Starting to panic.*) Inside? What'll I do?

OSCAR. You can finish the weather report. (*He exits into kitchen.*)

FELIX. (*Calls after him.*) Don't forget to look at my meat! (*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 no longer get away with just smiling.*) Er . . . Oscar tells me you're sisters.

CECILY. Yes. That's right. (*She looks at GWENDOLYN.*)

FELIX. From England.

GWENDOLYN. Yes. That's right. (*She looks at CECILY.*)

FELIX. I see. (*Silence. Then, his little joke.*) 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. (*Taking cigarette from her purse.*) Yes, we know.

FELIX. You know my brother?

GWENDOLYN. No. We know that Buffalo is upstate in New York.

FELIX. Oh! (*Gets up, takes cigarette lighter from side table and lights GWENDOLYN's cigarette.*)

CECILY. We've been there! . . . Have you?

FELIX. No! . . . Is it nice?

CECILY. Lovely.

(*FELIX closes lighter on cigarette and turns to go back to chair, taking the cigarette, now caught in the lighter, with him. He notices cigarette and hastily gives it back to GWENDOLYN, stopping to light it once again. He puts lighter back on table and sits nervously. There is a pause.*)

FELIX. Isn't that interesting? . . . How long have you been in the United States of America?

CECILY. Almost four years now.

FELIX. (*Nods.*) Uh-huh. . . . Just visiting?

GWENDOLYN. (*Looks at CECILY.*) 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.

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?

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?

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?

(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.

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.

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? 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?

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.

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? (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?

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.

GWENDOLYN. I imagine you must miss them terribly.

FELIX. (Takes back picture and looks at it longingly.) I can't stand being away from them. (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.

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.

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.

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.*)

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.

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?

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.*) That was my whole life. My wife, my kids . . . and my apartment. (*He breaks down and sobs.*)

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?

(*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.