

**SIDE 1 Murray, Speed, Vinnie, Roy**

*[Around the poker table at their weekly Friday night game]*

Roy: Geez, it stinks in here.

Vinnie: What time is it?

Speed: Again what time is it?

Vinnie: My watch is slow. I'd like to know what time it is.

Speed: You're winning ninety-five dollars, that's what time it is ... Where the hell are you running?

Vinnie: I'm not running anywhere. I just asked what time it was. Who said anything about running?

Roy: It's ten-thirty.

Vinnie: I got to leave by twelve.

Speed: Oh, Christ!

Vinnie: I told you that when I sat down. I got to leave by twelve.

Murray: No kidding, I'm really worrying about Felix. He's never been this late before.

Roy: Listen, why don't we chip in three dollars apiece and buy another window? How the hell can you breathe in here?

Vinnie: I told my wife I'd be home by one at the latest. I told you that when I sat down.

Speed: Don't cry, Vinnie. You're forty-two years old. It's embarrassing.

Roy: Why doesn't he fix the air conditioner? It's ninety-eight degrees and it sits there sweating like everyone else. I'm out.

Murray: Hey, you think maybe Felix is sick? I mean, he's never been this late before.

Maybe he's in his office licked in the john again. Did you know Felix was one locked in the john overnight? He wrote out his entire will on a half roll of toilet paper.

## **SIDE 2 Felix, Oscar**

*[Just Oscar and Felix, alone together figuring out Felix' future]*

Oscar: *[Concerned]* Where were you last night?

Felix: Nowhere. I just walked.

Oscar: All night?

Felix: All night.

Oscar: In the rain?

Felix: No. In a hotel. I couldn't sleep. I walked around the room all night ... It was over near Times Square. A dirty, depressing room. Then I found myself looking out the window. And suddenly ... I began to think about jumping.

Oscar: What changed your mind?

Felix: Nothing. I'm still thinking about it. *[Pause]* I don't want to get divorced, Oscar. I don't want to suddenly change my whole life ... Talk to me, Oscar. What am I going to do? ...What am I going to do?

Oscar: You're going to pull yourself together. And then you're going to drink that Scotch and then you and I are going to figure out a whole new life for you.

Felix: Without Francis? Without the kids?

Oscar: It's been done before.

Felix: You don't understand, Oscar. I'm nothing without them. I'm *nothing!*

Oscar: What do you mean, nothing? You're *something!* A person! You're flesh and blood and bones and hair and nails and ears. You're not a fish. You're not a buffalo. You're *you!* ... You walk and talk and cry and complain and eat little green pills and send suicide telegrams. No one else does that, Felix. I'm telling you, *you're-the-only-one-of-its-kind-in-the-world!* Now drink that.

Felix: Oscar, you've been through it yourself. What did you do? How did you get through those first few nights?

Oscar: I did exactly what you're doing.

Felix: Getting hysterical?

Oscar: No, drinking! *Drinking!* I drank for four days and four nights. And then I fell through a window. I was bleeding but I was forgetting.

Felix: How can you forget your kids? How can you wipe out twelve years of marriage?

Oscar: You can't. When you walk into eight empty rooms every night, it hits you in the face like a wet glove. But those are the facts, Felix. You've got to face it. You can't spend the rest of your life crying. It annoys people in the movies! ... Be a good boy and drink your Scotch.

### **SIDE 3 Felix & the Pigeons**

*[Felix is suddenly left alone with two very sexy companions]*

Felix: Er, Oscar tells me you're sisters?

Cecily: Yes, that's right.

Felix: From England?

Gwendolyn: Yes, that's right.

Felix: I see. *[Pause]* 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.

Felix: You know my brother?

Gwendolyn: No, we know that Buffalo is in upstate New York.

Felix: Oh.

Cecily: We've been there! ... Have you?

Felix: No! ... Is it nice?

Cecily: Lovely.

Felix: Isn't that interesting? ... How long have you been in America?

Cecily: Almost four years now.

Felix: Uh huh ... Just visiting?

Gwendolyn: No! ... We live here.

Felix: And you work here too, don't 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 percent off.

Cecily: Off the price, not your body.

Felix: Yes, I see.

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: 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?

## Callback Side 1

*[Felix and Oscar alone, after the poker gang has left the two “bachelors” on their own; Oscar is on his last nerve with Felix]*

Oscar: I'd be immensely grateful to you, Felix if you didn't clean up just now.

Felix: It's only a few things ... I can't get over what Murray just said ... You know, I think they really envy us.

Oscar: Felix, leave everything alone. I'm not through dirtying up for the night.

Felix: But don't you see the irony of it? ... Don't you see, Oscar?

Oscar: Yes, I see it.

Felix: No, you don't. I really don't think you do.

Oscar: Felix, I'm telling you I see the irony of it.

Felix: Then tell me. What is it? What's the irony?

Oscar: The irony is – unless we can come to some other arrangement, I'm gonna kill you! ... That's the irony.

Felix: What's wrong?

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!

Felix: 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?

Oscar: 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: I'm not asking you to do it, Oscar. You don't have to clean up.

Oscar: *That's* why you make me feel guilty. You're always in my bathroom hanging up my towels ... Last night, I found you washing the kitchen floor, shaking your head and moaning, “Footprints, footprints”!

Felix: I didn't say they were yours.

Oscar: Well, *they were* mine, dammit! 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: I'm just trying to keep the place livable. I didn't realize I irritated you that much.