

FELIX. I don't belong to the Playboy Club.

MURRAY. I know you don't, Felix, it's just a figure of speech... Anyway, it's not such a bad idea. Why don't you join?

FELIX. Why?

MURRAY. *Why?* Because for twenty-five dollars they give you a key—and you walk into Paradise. *My keys cost thirty cents—and you walk into corned beef and cabbage. (He winks at him.)* Listen to me. *(Moves to door.)*

FELIX. What are you talking about, Murray? You're a happily married man.

MURRAY. *(Turns back on landing.)* I'm not talking about my situation... *(Puts on jacket.)* I'm talking about yours! ...Fate has just played a cruel and rotten trick on you... so enjoy it! *(Turns to go, revealing "PAL" letters sewn on back of his jacket.)* C'mon, Vinnie.

*(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.)*

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.)*

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

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?

OSCAR. (*Takes his glass which FELIX has put on 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. (*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.*)

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?

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.

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.

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.

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 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.

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.

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.*)

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?

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.

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. Get drunk. Get angry... C'mon, *break the Goddamned cup!*

(*FELIX suddenly stands up and hurls the cup against the door, smashing it to pieces. Then he grabs his shoulder in pain.*)

FELIX. Oww! ...I hurt my arm! (*Sinks down on couch, massaging his arm.*)

OSCAR. (*Throws up hands.*) You're hopeless! You're a hopeless mental case! (*Paces about the table.*)

FELIX. (*Grimacing with pain.*) I'm not supposed to throw with that arm. What a stupid thing to do.