

cook for you. Because people like you don't even appreciate a decent meal. That's why they have T.V. dinners.

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.

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—

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?

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.

OSCAR. We'll remember that if it comes up... Cecily and Gwendolyn, I'd like you to meet my roommate...and our chef for the evening... Felix Ungar.

CECILY. *(Holding hand out.)* Heh d'yew dew?

FELIX. *(Moving to her and shaking her hand.)* How do you do?

GWENDOLYN. *(Holding hand out.)* Heh d'yew dew?

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.)*

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 loveseat. Finally all have settled down.)*

CECILY. This is ever so nice, isn't it, Gwen?

GWENDOLYN. *(Looking around.)* Lovely. And much nicer than our flat. Do you have help?

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 at her joke. OSCAR looks over at FELIX but there is no response.)*

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.

*(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?

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 at her latest joke, joined by OSCAR. He once again looks over at FELIX, but there is no response.)*

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 in Nature's Own cooling ourselves in front of the open fridge. Can you imagine such a thing?

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?

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.*)

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?

(*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!

OSCAR. No, it isn't! I'm sure the girls would like a cocktail first. (*To girls.*) Wouldn't you, girls?

GWENDOLYN. Well, I wouldn't put up a struggle.

OSCAR. There you are. (*To CECILY.*) What would you like?

CECILY. Oh, I really don't know. (*To OSCAR.*) What have you got?

FELIX. London broil.

OSCAR. (*To FELIX.*) She means to drink. (*To CECILY.*) We have everything. And what we don't have, I mix in the medicine cabinet. What'll it be? (*Crouches next to her.*)

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?