

# CECILY GWENDOLYN FELIX

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THE ODD COUPLE

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.

CECILY. I think it's sweet. Terribly terribly sweet. *(Takes potato chip.)*

FELIX. You're just making it worse.

GWENDOLYN. *(Tearful.)* It's so refreshing to hear a man speak so highly of the woman he's divorcing! ...Oh, dear. *(She takes out her handkerchief.)* Now you've got me thinking about poor Sydney.

CECILY. Oh, Gwen. Please don't. *(Puts bowl down.)*

GWENDOLYN. It was a good marriage at first. Everyone said so. Didn't they, Cecily? Not like you and George.

CECILY. *(The past returns as she comforts GWENDOLYN.)* That's right. George and I were never happy... Not for one single, solitary day. *(She remembers her unhappiness and grabs her handkerchief and dabs her eyes. All three are now sitting with handkerchiefs at their eyes.)*

FELIX. Isn't this ridiculous?

GWENDOLYN. I don't know what brought this on. I was feeling so good a few minutes ago.

CECILY. I haven't cried since I was fourteen.

FELIX. Just let it pour out. It'll make you feel much better. I always do.

GWENDOLYN. Oh dear oh dear oh dear.

*(All three sit sobbing into their handkerchiefs. Suddenly OSCAR bursts happily into the room with a tray full of drinks. He is all smiles.)*

STOP →

OSCAR. *(Like a corny M.C.)* Is ev-rybuddy happy?