

The Odd Couple (Female Version) – Neil Simon

Neil Simon's revision of his hugely successful play, The Odd Couple, sees the lead characters transformed into Olive Madison and Florence Unger. Olive and their group of girlfriends are enjoying their weekly Trivial Pursuit night in Olive's messy and ill-equipped apartment. As the game continues, Florence arrives, fresh from being dumped by her husband. Fearful that the neurotic Florence might attempt suicide, Olive invites her to move in as her roommate. However, Olive and Florence have VERY different personalities. Where Olive is messy, untidy, and unconcerned about the state of her apartment, Florence is obsessively clean, tidy, and obsessed with hygiene. Olive's easy-going outlook on life soon clashes with Florence's highly-strung neurotic tendencies, testing their friendship to the limit. When Olive organizes a double-date with the Costazuela brothers, their differences come to a head and sparks fly.

Olive Madison: attractive, divorced, professional, vibrant, active, quick-witted, big-hearted, but also relentlessly sloppy and careless when it comes to the routine concerns of her personal life. She is very much at home in running shorts and a t-shirt, and still looks smashing in a cocktail dress. The female counterpart to the original play's Oscar Madison. She is a woman seriously in need of order in her life.

Florence Unger: attractive, a homemaker/housewife and very recently separated from her husband, was a bookkeeper before she married, extremely "pulled together" (obsessively so), pathologically organized and neat, even sanitizes the telephone cord. Her personality is the complete antithesis of Olive's personality. The female counterpart to the original play's Felix Unger. A woman who badly needs to cut loose, give it up, take a risk.

Mickey: a New York City policewoman and an organizer and problem solver.

Vera: a bit literal-minded and a bit slow to get a point that everyone else gets instantly, always seems "a few beats behind the conductor." very sweet, very nice, somewhat spacey, and, although quite smart, is often a step or two behind her friends; she's very funny, but doesn't realize it.

Sylvie: highly energized and a wise-cracker. desperately trying to stop smoking, and so sucks on lollipops or chews gum; she can get irritated with her friends, but has a good sense of humor, especially about her husband.

Renee: a wisecracker and a bit of a complainer as well. Sylvie's best friend, can be very plain-spoken, especially when she points out Olive's failings as a hostess--and then Flo's; she is single and dating a doctor.

Manolo: handsome, very well-groomed, and Spanish with a Castilian accent; he is every woman's dream date and showers both Olive and Flo with attention; he must have good comic timing, as he gets very emotional; he is sensitive and appreciates Florence's sensitivity.

Jesus: Manolo's younger brother; also very handsome, well-groomed, excellent posture, very romantic; he also gets very emotional and truly appreciates Florence.

SCENE 1 – Florence and Olive

FLORENCE: Alright, how much longer is this going to go on. Are you going to spend the rest of your life not talking to me?

OLIVE: You had your chance to talk last night. I never want to hear the sound of your voice again. Do you understand?

FLORENCE: Si. Yo comprendo. Gracias.

(Olive takes key out of pocket. Crosses to the Florence.)

OLIVE: There's a key to the back door. Stick to the hallway and your room and you won't get hurt.

FLORENCE: Oh really? Well, let me remind you that I pay half the rent and I'll go into any room that I want.

OLIVE: Not in my apartment. I don't want to see you. Cover the mirrors when you walk through the house. And I'm sick and tired of smelling your cooking. I've had it up to here with your polyunsaturated oils. Now get that spaghetti off my table.

FLORENCE: That's funny. That's really funny.

OLIVE: What the hell's so funny about it.

FLORENCE: It's not spaghetti. It's linguini.

(Olive picks up plate of pasta, crosses to the kitchen door, and hurls it.)

OLIVE: Now it's garbage!!

(Florence looks into the kitchen, aghast.)

FLORENCE: Are you CRAZY???...I'm not cleaning that up...It's your mess...Look at it hanging all over the walls.

OLIVE: I like it.

FLORENCE: You'd just let it hang there, wouldn't you? Until it turns hard and brown and yich- I'm cleaning it up!

(Florence starts in.)

OLIVE: You touch one strand of that linguini and I'll break every sinus in your head.

FLORENCE: Why? What is it that I've done? What's driving you crazy? The cooking? The cleaning? The crying? What?

OLIVE: I'll tell you exactly what it is. It's the cooking, the cleaning and the crying. I can't take it anymore, Florence. I'm cracking up. Everything you do irritates me. And when you're not here, the things I know you're going to do when you come in irritate me...You leave me little notes on my pillow. "We're all out of cornflakes. F.U." It took me three hours to figure out that F.U. was Florence Unger...It's no one's fault, Florence. We're just a rotten pair.

FLORENCE: I get the picture.

OLIVE: That's just the frame. The Picture I haven't even painted yet. Every night in my diary I write down the things you did that day that aggravate me and I haven't even put down the Gazpacho brothers yet.

FLORENCE: Oh! Is that what's bothering you? That I loused up your sex life last night?

OLIVE: What sex life? I can't even have dirty dreams. You come in and clean them up.

FLORENCE: Alright, Olive, get off my back. Off! You hear me?

(Florence turns away as if she's won a major battle.)

OLIVE: What's this? A display of temper? I haven't seen you really angry since the day I dropped my eyelashes in your pancake batter.

FLORENCE: Olive, you're asking to hear something I don't want to say...But if I say it, I think you'd better hear it.

OLIVE: I'm trembling all over. Look how I'm trembling all over.

FLORENCE: Alright, I warned you. ..You're A wonderful girl, Olive. If it weren't for you, I don't know what would've happened to me. You gave me a place to live and something to live for. I'll never forget you for that. You're tops with me, Olive.

SCENE 2— Florence and Olive

OLIVE: If I've just been told off, I think I may have missed it.

FLORENCE: It's coming now.

OLIVE: Good.

FLORENCE: You are also one of the biggest slob in the world.

OLIVE: I see.

FLORENCE: And completely unreliable.

OLIVE: Is that so?

FLORENCE: Undependable.

OLIVE: Is that it?

FLORENCE: Unappreciative, irresponsible, and indescribably inefficient.

OLIVE: What is that, a Cole Porter song?

FLORENCE: That's it. I'm finished. Now you've been told off. How do you like that?

(Florence crosses away.)

OLIVE: Good. Because now I'm going to tell you off. For eight months I've lived all alone in this apartment. I thought I was miserable. I thought I was lonely. I took you in here because I thought we could help each other. And After three weeks of close, personal contact, I have hives, shingles and the heartbreak of psoriasis...I am growing old at twice the speed of sound. I Can't take any more Florence...Do me a favor and move into the kitchen with your pots and pans. I'm going to lie down now. Are these liver spots...

FLORENCE: Walk on the papers, will you? I just washed the floors in there.

(Olive comes out seething mad. She comes after Florence.)

FLORENCE: Keep away from me. I'm warning you, don't you touch me.

OLIVE: In the kitchen! I want to get your head into the oven and cook it like a capon.

FLORENCE: You're going to find yourself in one sweet lawsuit, Olive.

OLIVE: It's no use running, Florence. There's only six rooms, and I know all the shortcuts.

(Olive chases Florence offstage.)

FLORENCE: Is this how you settle your problems, Olive? Like an animal?

OLIVE: I hope you can swim.

FLORENCE: Stand back! That's tear gas. You lay another hand on me and you'll be using eyedrops the rest of your life.

OLIVE: You want to see how I settle my problems, I'll show you how I settle them.

(Olive exits to bedroom)

FLORENCE: Alright. I warned you. I'm turning on my siren.

(She presses the switch but it doesn't scream. She holds it to her ear and listens.)

FLORENCE: What's wrong with this? Have you been playing with my siren?

(Bangs it on table in despair.)

FLORENCE: Goddam it! Twenty-two fifty for a piece of Japanese shit!

(Olive enters and puts a suitcase on the table.)

OLIVE: I'll show you how I settle them! There! That's how I settle them.

FLORENCE: Where are you going?

OLIVE: Not me, you idiot! You!! You're the one who's going. The marriage is over, Florence. We're getting an annulment. I don't want to live with you anymore. I want you to pack your things, tie it up with your Saran Wrap and get out of here.

FLORENCE: You mean actually move out?

OLIVE: Actually, physically and immediately.

(Olive drops pots and pans into suitcase.)

OLIVE: There! You're all packed.

FLORENCE: You know I've got a good mind to really leave.

OLIVE: Why doesn't she hear me? I know I'm talking, I recognize my voice.

FLORENCE: In other words, you're throwing me out.

OLIVE: Not in other words. Those are the perfect ones.

FLORENCE: Alright. I just wanted to set the record straight. Let it be on your conscience. I left you plenty of food, you just have to heat it up. You can ask the neighbors how to light a match.

(Florence heads for door.)

FLORENCE: I'd like to leave now.

(Doorbell rings.)

FLORENCE: That's your bell...Aren't you going to answer it?

OLIVE: Florence, we've been good friends too long to end this way. We're civilized people. Let's shake hands and part like gentleman...

FLORENCE: There's nothing gentle about being kicked out.

OLIVE: Okay...I tried.

(Olive opens door.)

FLORENCE: Have a nice game. If you're hungry, Olive'll get you a plate of linguini. Don't forget to duck...Goodbye everyone.

SCENE 3 - Mickey, Renee, Vera, Sylvie

MICKEY: *(shakes dice in hand)* C'mon, baby, we need a piece of the pie. (She throws the dice) Five! (She counts off spaces on the board). One - two - three - four - five! Science and Nature.

(Renee takes card from the box and looks at it)

RENEE: Oh, you're going to love this... "How many times a year does a penguin have sex?"

(Mickey looks at her partner Vera puzzled)

MICKEY: Do you know any penguins? ... Intimately?

VERA: That shouldn't be Science and Nature. That should be gossip.

MICKEY: I'll say they do it six times.

VERA: Why only six time?

MICKEY: Did you ever see what they look like?

VERA: They live on icebergs. What else could they do all winter? I say twenty times.

RENEE: Wrong. They do it once.

SYLVIE: Once? Crap, I married a penguin.

RENEE: Ugh, it's hot in here. When is she going to fix her air conditioner?

SYLVIE: (Handing the dice to Renee) Your roll.

RENEE: I'm going to pass out, I swear.

VERA: Someone told me you were seeing a doctor. Is it anything serious?

RENEE: No. We only had two dates. (Rolls dice) Four. One - two - three - four. Oh, crap. Sports!

SYLVIE: Go the other way. We take Science.

MICKEY: Two minutes to go and counting down.

SYLVIE: Do you mind if she asks the question first? Go on, Vera.

VERA: "What does C mean in Einstein's Theory of Relativity, E equals MC squared?"

SYLVIE: OK... we'll try sports.

VERA: You can't change after you've heard the question.

RENEE: She picked it on MY turn. I pick sports.

MICKEY: *(Looks at watch)* A minute thirty and counting down.

VERA: "Who pitched back to back no-hitters for the Cincinnati Reds in 1938?"

SYLVIE: Ummmm You want to take a crack at MC Squared?

RENEE: Give us a hint.

VERA: What kind of hint?

RENEE: Is it baseball or football?

VERA: It's baseball. I'll give you another hint. He has a Dutch name...

SYLVIE: ... Dutch Schultz.

MICKEY: Dutch Schultz was a gangster.

RENEE: Joe Rembrandt.

VERA: Is that your answer?

SYLVIE: Peter Windmill.

VERA: Is that your answer?

MICKEY: Sixty seconds and counting down.

SYLVIE: What is this, liftoff at Cape Canaveral? Olive! We need help!

VERA: Do you give up?

RENEE: Not yet... Bobby Amsterdam... Tony Tulips.

VERA: Give up. You'll never get it. I have to leave by twelve.

SYLVIE: Where the heck are you running?

VERA: I told you that when I sat down. I have to leave by twelve. Mickey, didn't I say that when I sat down? I have to leave by twelve.

MICKEY: I'm really starting to worry about Florence. She's never been this late before.

VERA: I told Harry I'd be home by one the latest. We're making an eight o'clock plane to Florida.

MICKEY: Who goes to Florida in July?

VERA: It's off-season. There are no crowds and you get the best rooms for one-tenth the price.

SYLVIE: Some vacation. Six cheap people in an empty hotel.

MICKEY: Maybe Florence is sick. I'm really getting nervous. Did you know Florence once locked herself in the bathroom overnight in Bloomingdale's? She wrote out her entire will on half a roll of toilet paper...

SCENE 4 – Jesus, Manolo, Florence, Olive

OLIVE: Well, hello there. Or should I say, "Buenas Dias"?

MANOLO: You can, but ees wrong. Say "Buenas tardes."

JESUS: Dias ees morning.

MANOLO: Tardes ees evening.

OLIVE: Got it. I capeesh.

MANOLO: No. You "comprendo".

JESUS: Capeesh ees Italian.

MANOLO: Comprendo ees Spanish.

OLIVE: I understand.

MANOLO: I understand is English.

(The boys and Olive laugh)

OLIVE: Well, come on in, "amigos."

MANOLO: Amigos! Very good! Jesus? You have something to say?

JESUS: Si. With our deep felicitations, Manolo and I have brought you fresh flowers and fresh candy.

MANOLO: And red roses for your red hair.

OLIVE: Oh, how sweet.

JESUS: And the candy. I hope you like them. They are no good.

OLIVE: They're no good?

JESUS: Si.

OLIVE: The candy is no good?

MANOLO: Si. Very chewy.

OLIVE: Do you mean nougat?

MANOLO: Ah, yes! Nou-gat. *(To Jesus)* Not no good. Nougat!

JESUS: I'm sorry... we are still new at English.

OLIVE: But very thoughtful. I'll put them in water.

MANOLO: Just the flowers. Candy in water is no good.

JESUS: I thought it was nougat.

MANOLO: No, this time I meant no good was no good.

OLIVE: Well, they certainly are beautiful. I feel like Miss America.

JESUS: I feel the same. I miss Spain sometimes.

MANOLO: No. She means the girl in the bathing suit. We'll talk later. *(To Olive)* Are you alone tonight?

OLIVE: No. Where is she? Manolo! Jesus! I'd like you to meet my roommate and chef for the evening, Florence Unger.

FLORENCE: Mrs. How do you do?

MANOLO: My pleasure is most extreme. *(He bows and kisses her hand).* I am Manolo Costazuela *(He bows and kisses her hand again)* And thees ees my very dear brother, Jesus Costazuela.

FLORENCE: How do you do?

JESUS: I am filled with much gratification to meet you. *(He kisses her hand, bows).*

OLIVE: *(extends her hand)* And one for me.

JESUS: Always a pleasure *(kisses, bows).*

MANOLO: And I double the pleasure *(bows, kisses).* Thees ees a charming surprise for me, Mrs. Unger.

OLIVE: Why don't we all sit down, boys?

MANOLO: Gracias. You like me een thiees chair?

OLIVE: I don't know. Park it anywhere.

JESUS: We did. The car is outside.

MANOLO: No. No. She means park yourself. *(The boys laugh)*

OLIVE: Jesus, why don't you sit on the sofa?

JESUS: Of course, eef eet's not too much trouble.

OLIVE: Well, do it the easiest way you can. And Florence, why don't you sit on the sofa next to Jesus? Manolo, aren't you going to sit?

MANOLO: After you, Olivia.

JESUS: *(gets up)* Oh, excuse me.

OLIVE: You don't like that chair?

JESUS: No, I love this chair. Perhaps you like this chair.

OLIVE: No, no. I gave you that chair. Please sit.

MANOLO: Olivia! I am so much impressed with your home.

OLIVE: Oh? You like it?

MANOLO: Like it? No. Love it. Beautiful, like an El Greco.

OLIVE: Who?

MANOLO: El Greco. The painter, no?

OLIVE: I don't remember who painted it. *(The boys laugh)*

MANOLO: You live to me, Olivia. You say to us eet ees too - uh, sloppy - here to invite us. Ees not sloppy.

OLIVE: Yes, but since then I have a woman who cleans every day.

MANOLO: I have the same thing. It's Jesus.

JESUS: Ees true. I like my house very clean. Manolo and I are very different. I am neat, he is not. I am always on time, he is always late. Ees very difficult to live together, you understand?

OLIVE: I've heard of people like that, yes.. You've heard of people like that, haven't you Florence?

FLORENCE: ... You mean El Greco, the great Spanish painter, don't you?

MANOLO: Si... You wish to go back a little een the conversation?