**Felix side**

(To Oscar)

You don’t know what I was like at home. I bought her a book and made her write down every penny we spent. Thirty-eight cents for cigarettes, ten cents for a paper. Everything had to go in the book. And then we had a big fight because I said she forgot to write down how much the book was….Who could live with anyone like that?

Faults? Heh!...Faults…. We have a maid who comes in to clean three times a week. And on the other days, Frances does the cleaning. And at night, after they’ve both cleaned up, I go in and clean the whole place again. I can’t help it. I like things clean. Blame it on my mother. I was toilet trained at five months old.

*I* loused up the marriage. Nothing was ever right. I used to recook everything. The minute she walked out of the kitchen, I would add salt or pepper. It’s not that I didn’t trust her, it’s just that I was a better cook….Well, I cooked myself out of a marriage. (*He bangs his head with the palm of his hand three times.) God-damned idiot!*