**Oscar side**

(to Felix) How can I help you when I can’t help myself? You think *you’re* impossible to live with? Blanche used to say, “What time do you want dinner?” And I’d say, “I don’t know. I’m not hungry.” Then at three o’clock in the morning I’d wake her up and say, “Now!”… I’ve been one of the highest paid sports writers in the East for the past fourteen years---and we saved eight and a half dollars---in pennies! I’m never home, I gamble, I burn cigar holes in the furniture, drink like a fish and lie to her every chance I get, and for our tenth wedding anniversary, I took her to see the New York Rangers-Detroit Red Wings hockey game, where she got hit with a puck. And I *still* can’t understand why she left me. That’s how impossible *I* am!