

Hello? New York Herald?

Oscar Madison, please.

He's not in?

Well, let it ring, Operator.

Sometimes he can't find  
the phone under the rubble.

Hello? Sports Department?

Is Oscar Madison there, please?

What? He's out on an interview?!

Well, doesn't he know

he's over an hour  
late for dinner?

That I've got a  
meatloaf in the oven

that's slowly turning  
into a footrest?!

Why doesn't he tell me before  
he goes out on these things?

No, this is not his father.

No. No message.

I'm sure he'll come home  
in his own good time.

Well, Oscar, old buddy,  
you got any more questions

you want to ask me  
about my football team?

No. No, I got enough  
material for my column.

Now, this is the way a  
man should work, see?

Ten questions and a  
winning hand, I'll telling you.

Oh, and Sam, you  
still contemplatin', boy?

We're only in New York  
for the weekend, you know.

Don't rush me.

I got five card, but  
only two eyes. (laughs)

Listen, Oscar, I'm givin'  
this here charity bash

Saturday night, and,  
uh, I'd be mighty pleased

if you and the... the  
filly of your choice,

uh, would consent to come.

Thanks. I'll be there.

Yeah, it should be  
quite a hoedown.

I got the top-notch band, boy.

I'm flyin' Ma Gump and her  
Tumbleweeds in from El Paso.

Ma Gump?

The kindest, sweetest,

most toe-tappin'  
lady you ever saw.

58 years old,

and tobacco spittin'  
champ of Dawson County.

No kidding?

Now, I got four red  
cards, one black.

I'm yellow. I quit.

Well, it looks like it's  
just you and me, Oscar.

Yeah, Billy Joe, cost  
you \$100 to see me.

I hope that's not  
gonna scare you.

Shoot, I tipped the cabdriver  
more than that yesterday.

Okay, buddy, here's  
your hundred, and, uh...

Okay.

I raise you \$500.

You raise me \$500?

Listen, I got you beat,  
but I'm all tapped out.

Well, let's not hassle  
over a few measly dollars.

I'll trust you for it.

You will? That's what I

love... a gentleman's game.

I got a full house...  
Three kings, two queens.

Sorry about that. Uh, uh!

I'm afraid I got you  
whipped, Oscar.

Two pair.

Since when does two  
pair beat a full house?

When they're two pair of aces.

Four aces?

That's all there are.

Well, you're a  
little short, buddy,

but 500 bucks...  
that ain't much.

No, that ain't much.

Shoot, I tipped my doorman  
more than that yesterday.

Billy Joe, I got  
bad news for you.

It looks like Ma Gump ain't  
gonna be able to make it up

from El Paso this  
week for the dance.

She's in a family way.

I thought you said  
she was 58 years old?

Well, now, she's  
a right pretty girl

when she's got her teeth in.

Now, look, Dick, buddy,

you gonna have to get me a  
real country band pronto, boy.

That ain't gonna  
be easy, Billy Joe.

All the good bands is  
down in Nashville this week

for that Country Music Roundup.

Now, listen, buddy,

you are my business manager.

Now, come Saturday, I want  
to hear a band, not excuses.

I'll get right on it, Billy Joe.

Oh, Oscar? Yeah?

About that \$500  
you owe Billy Joe?

Yeah? He'll take your check.

Well, that's no good.

You see, this month's service  
charge wiped me out, see?

Uh-huh.

Will he take an IOU?

Well, the last fella that tried

to give Billy Joe an IOU

got about as far as the "O"?

As far as the "O"? Yeah.

They found him a  
couple days later,

coughing up the ace of spades.

Well, won't he give me  
some time to pay him back?

Well, how much  
time you gonna need?

Well, let's see, there's  
the back alimony,

the bookie, the  
food, there's the rent.

See, but I could the  
stall the food and the rent.

About 11 months.

Billy Joe allows only 24 hours.

Oh, okay.

I'll get it from my roommate.

As long as you get the \$500 up

by 7:00 tomorrow night.

Well, don't worry,  
he's my best friend.

When I tell him I'm in trouble,

he'll give me the  
money like that.

I'll tell him what happened.

I had a full house,  
the guy put four aces.

He understands  
about things like that.

I'll trick him into it.

(theme music playing)

♪ ♪

♪ ♪

The Odd Couple was filmed  
in front of a live audience.

(door opening)

Hi, buddy.

Don't ask me about my arm.

I don't want to upset you.

Oh, boy, what a pleasure  
it is to come home.

Look how you set a  
nice table, you know?

No matter what kind  
of a jungle it is out there,

it's always so  
nice to come here.

Flowers, everything so nice.

All right, Felix,  
what's the matter?

Something's wrong.

I can tell by your conversation.

You're late.

I'm sorry.

You're over an  
hour and a half late!

All right, I'm sorry.  
Come on, let's eat.

We'll talk about my  
sore arm later, okay?

"Come on, let's eat.  
We'll talk about it later."

What am I supposed to do,  
go and get your food for you?

What am I, your slave?

From now on, you're gonna get  
your own food, do you hear that?

What I'm doing now... I'm  
never gonna do this again.

What is this that's next  
to my sore arm that hurts?

It's your ex-meatloaf.

Rest in peace.

It's not bad.

Just needs some  
ketchup, that's all.

See if I can open it.

Oh.

I don't know why I cook for you,

'cause people like you don't

even appreciate a decent meal.

That's why they have TV dinners.

I said I was sorry.

That covers it, huh?

Uh-uh! Uh-uh!

No way!

I want your solemn promise  
this will never happen again.

Do I have your promise?

Yeah, I promise, I promise!

I've got a closet  
full of your promises.

What's the matter with your arm?

You noticed. I didn't want...

I didn't want you to  
notice, upset you like that.

What is it? What's  
the matter? No, no...

Oh. Well, I was on the subway.

Yeah. 42nd Street.

A guy got on, he  
must have been drunk.

His head got caught  
right in the doors.

I went over, I rushed,  
I opened the doors.

Oh, but he got his head

out, but right on my shoulder.

Oh! Right on my shoulder.

Oh, but you saved that...

(groans) It hurts.

It hurts, huh?

Oh, yeah, but it's all  
right, I can live with it.

I'm gonna get a beer.  
You're coming with me.

I'm taking you  
straight to the doctor.

I've already been to a doctor.

Now, I can do  
without the operation.

What operation?

I told you forget the operation.

I can't afford it anyway.

Don't... Not with your teeth.

Let me do this for you.

Oh, thank you, buddy.  
It's nice. Thank you.

Thank you.

How much is the operation?

\$500.

Still, \$500 is not so  
much for an operation.

It is to me. You sit down.

I'm going to loan you the money.

Oh, no, I can't ask  
you to do that, Felix.

I don't want to hear  
another word out of you.

We're friends, aren't we?

You'd do the same for me.

Yes, I know, I mean, I can't  
ask... You'd loan me \$500.

I told you, I don't want  
to hear another word.

I don't mean to do it, I swear I  
don't. Where's my checkbook?

You usually keep it in the  
middle drawer right here.

(gasps)

You bunco artist.

Have you no shame?

No.

It's not enough that you  
come home late for dinner,

but you give me that sleazy  
story about subways and arms.

All right, I gave it a shot.

It didn't work. I got  
to find something else.

Thought you could play  
on my sympathy, didn't you?

But I'm too smart for you.

That \$500... I'm  
telling you this, mister...

It's earmarked  
for a trash masher.

Why don't you give it to me?

We'll live with loose garbage.

Now hear this,  
Madison... new rules.

I'm laying down the law.

From now on, no  
more late for dinner,

and no more crazy stories  
about the subway, comprende?

Eat your meatloaf. It's good.

Will you stop nagging?

I'll eat it already.

And if you expect any  
dinner tomorrow night,

you better be on time,

because I'm having  
the Sophisticados in.

Who are the Sophisticados?

You know my band,  
the Sophisticados.

Don't make any remarks. Come on.

How... how's it

doing, your band?

I told you, no smart  
remarks, didn't I?

My band's doing all right.

We need one good  
break, that's all.

Yeah... like Ma Gump  
getting pregnant.

Ma Gump is pregnant?!

That's why you need  
the \$500, isn't it?

You're disgusting!

This is the last time  
I'm getting your dessert.

(knocking on door)

Hey, Oscar. Hi,  
Dick. How are you?

You raised the money.  
You come to pay off.

Well, not exactly.

Boy, howdy! Wait  
a minute, will you?

Now, did Billy Joe get  
a band for the party?

No, he didn't, and  
he's all riled up about it.

Don't worry. I'm  
gonna rile him down.

Dad-burn it, I almost

got Ma Gump's sister,

Hoedown Harriet, to play for us,

but she won't work on  
Gabby Hayes' birthday.

Uh, buddy, you come to pay up?

Well, listen, Billy  
Joe, I've been thinking.

You're a rich man. Now,  
what does money mean to you?

Everything.

Well, I was thinking  
about paying you off

in something more  
important than money.

What, you got oil?

Something more  
important than that.

I can get you a  
band for your party.

Don't play with me, buddy.

I'm not playing with you.

Now, I can get you a band...  
It won't cost you a penny.

I'll donate it to  
your favorite charity.

Hey, you know,  
now that would really

pull me out of the well, buddy.

You can get me a  
real country band?

The countriest.

Boy, you get me a country  
band, and I'll forget the \$500

you owe me. Hey, it's a deal!

Okay.

Hey, wait a minute, old buddy.

What's the name  
of this here band?

Oh, uh, Felix "Red River"  
Unger and His Saddle Sores.

Oh, and they play  
the countriest music

you ever heard in your life.

♪ Do wah! ♪

Felix Unger and  
the Sophisticados,

ladies and gentlemen.

(song ends)

(laughter)

Wow, that... that  
is so sophisticated.

That is so good.

We have not lost  
our touch, fellas.

We're good. We're good. Ah, boy.

Felix, if we're so good,  
how come we can't get a gig?

We will, we will, Vern.

It just takes a  
little time, that's all.

Don't get down.

Yeah, listen, I read somewhere

where it took Ishkabibble

a good six years  
before he made it big.

There you are, there you are.

You said we'd work,  
we'd be seen. We will.

There's a call for  
sophisticated music...

Hey, your music sounded  
terrific out in the hall.

Play another  
one, will ya, fellas?

Yeah, okay, come on, let's go.

Did I hear anyone  
say, "Horns up?"

You're late again.

What's your crazy  
story this time?

Making a baby  
shower for Ma Gump?

I'm sorry.

Stuff your sorrys  
in a sack, mister.

Horns up.

Maybe you're not  
interested in a job.

What job?

For you and the band.

That's why I'm late. Where?

At the Ritz Towers.

It's for some football fans.

They're here to  
see the Jets game.

The Ritz Towers.

Fellas, I told you we'd work.

Oh, that's so great.

I'm sorry I snapped  
at you, Oscar.

Stuff your sorrys  
in a sack, mister.

Hey, that's a good one, Oscar.

How much do we get paid?

Try nothing.

Nothing? Yeah.

Nothing doing, buddy.

This is a charity. Your  
band gets to be heard

by a lot of rich people.

Who knows what can happen?

Charity? Yeah.

Do we have to dance  
with the singles?

No, no mixing. What do you say?

The Ritz Towers.

Hey, that's a very  
sophisticated room.

Let's do it, guys.  
What do you say?

(all talking excitedly,  
piano plays)

Thank you. Let's  
do a song for Oscar.

Yeah, I like a folksy one,  
okay? Yeah, number 23.

Yeah, okay. Go ahead, folksy.

♪ Golly gee ♪

♪ Jeepers Creepers! ♪

♪ Where'd you get ♪

♪ Where'd you get  
those peepers? ♪

♪ Jeepers creepers ♪

♪ Where'd you get ♪

♪ Where'd you get those eyes? ♪

♪ Where'd you get 'em? ♪

♪ Golly gee, when you

turn those heaters on ♪

♪ Woe is me ♪

♪ Gotta put my heaters on ♪

♪ Jeepers creepers ♪  
(scatting)

♪ Where'd you get those  
peepers? ♪ (scatting)

♪ All those weepers ♪

♪ How they hypnotize! ♪

♪ Where'd you get those eyes? ♪

♪ Eyes, where'd you  
get those eyes? Bah! ♪

(band harmonizing):

♪ Do wah... ♪

You don't want to  
see this room, Felix.

FELIX: Of course  
I want to see it.

I've got to check the  
acoustics, the microphone.

I already checked them  
out on the telephone.

How can you check  
them on the teleph...?

What's this? What's what?

Straw on the  
floor. What is this?

That's right, it looks  
like straw, doesn't it?

What's this stuff, what is it?

Oh, this is fertilizer.

Felix, look at this...

A nice microphone,

goes up and down for a  
nice singer like yourself.

What a mess.

Look who I'm talking  
to about a mess.

The acoustics are pretty nice.

You hit the straw, it  
comes right back to you.

Really hit the skids,  
I'll tell you that.

That's real wires...

Felix Unger and the  
Sophisticados are a class act.

We will not perform  
in this ambience.

What are you talk...  
this is a great ambience.

Maybe the other guys  
will like this ambience.

BILLY JOE: Hey, Oscar.

Glad you're here, buddy. Oh, hi,

Billy Joe, nice to see you.

Billy Joe, I'd like you  
to meet my roommate

and your conductor for tonight.

He came here to check the room.

Well, now, I'm mighty pleased  
to shake your hand, Red River.

Red River?

Where are your Saddle Sores?

My what?

Come on, Red, let's go.  
Uh, so this good ol' boy

is going to make my  
people happy, huh?

Well, I want to keep  
it moving, buddy.

I want this place to shake

like two tomcats in a gunnysack.

I want action, boy, action.

You're gonna have  
this cleaned, aren't you?

Cleaned?

I had these decorations flown in

all the way from Texas  
just for this here barn dance.

Barn dance? That's right.

♪ Ribs on a spit, beer in  
the keg ♪ (snapping fingers)

♪ Grandpa's dancin'  
on a wooden leg ♪

♪ He kept on spinnin'  
around and around ♪

♪ Till he screwed hisself  
right in the ground! ♪

Whoo-hoo! (laughing)

Can I talk to you for  
a moment, Oscar?

And that's what Oscar  
wants us to lower ourselves to.

Country music.

What's the difference  
what kind of music you play?

A band's a band, right?

That from a man who had  
a jukebox at his wedding.

All right, fellas, all  
together, "No dice, Oscar."

And n...

Come on, and...

You mean you guys will play?

Maybe we should, Felix.

Look, I mean, I'm a policeman,  
Alan's an interior decorator,

Bob's a butcher, and  
Vern's a gynecologist.

I mean, we're just a bunch  
of guys playing for fun.

Degradation is not fun.

It could be.

It will be fun.

Bob's a great  
country fiddle player.

Yeah, Oscar could  
play the washboard.

He's never even been  
near a washboard.

Fellas, I'm warning  
you, count me out.

ALAN, MURRAY & VERN: You're out.

Who will lead the band?

I'll lead the band.

Oh, that's a hot one.

Ho, ho, ho. Oh, come on.

You always make  
a big deal out of it.

I could do it, it's easy.

What do you say, fellas?

Yeah, let's play, huh?

FELIX: Thanks a lot, fellas.

Just remember,  
without Felix Unger

you're not a band,  
you're just a mob.

Now, if you'll excuse me,  
I have bigger fish to fry.

I think he's a little  
peevd, Oscar.

Oh, he's a sore loser.

What do we do  
now? We play a song.

Which one?

Billy Joe... you  
know what he likes?

Uh, "Coming 'Round  
the Mountain," okay?

All right, but you  
better lead us

because we don't  
know this one too good.

What do you want?  
With the baton.

Oh, it'll be my pleasure.  
Well, that's easy.

All right, here we go.

(band playing "Coming  
'Round the Mountain" slowly)

What are you doing, fellas?

Come on, play it, will you?

Play the song. (tempo increases)

Not that fast.  
Wait, wait, slow...

In the middle,  
play it in the middle!

First you play it fast,  
then you play it slow.

What is it? In the middle.

Well, you were leading us.

You mean you watch  
the guy with the baton?

(scoffs)

It looked so easy.

Let's do something we all know

like "I Got Spurs  
That Jingle Jangle."

Okay, anything, come on.

("I Got Spurs That Jingle  
Jangle Jingle" playing)

♪ I got spurs that  
jingle jangle jingle ♪

♪ As I go ridin' merrily... ♪  
(trumpet playing loudly)

Wait, wait, wait, Vern,

you're playing in the wrong key.

Me? You guys are off.

All right, Oscar, who was  
playing in the wrong key?

Yeah.

Sounded great to me.

Felix'd know who's off.

Oh, I sure miss Felix.

All right, we'll get him back.

How?

Well, play that Sons  
of the Pioneers song,

"The Tumbling Weeds," what  
is... "Tumbling Tumbleweeds."

Play that thing. ("The  
Tumbling Tumbleweeds" playing)

(off-key): ♪ There they  
go rumbling down ♪

♪ Pledging ♪

♪ Their love to the ground ♪

♪ There they go singing a song ♪

♪ Tumbling along ♪

♪ With the tumbling  
tumbleweeds... ♪

All right, all together  
now... "I'm sorry, Felix."

And... ALL: I'm sorry, Felix.

Very good. You were in  
the wrong key before, Vern.

Yeah. All right,

that detestable  
"Mountain" thing.

Horns up.

Con moto spirito, and...

("She'll Be Coming 'Round

the Mountain" playing)

♪ She'll be coming 'round the  
mountain when she comes ♪

Yahoo!

♪ She'll be coming 'round the  
mountain when she comes. ♪

Yeah, yeah, go!

MURRAY, FELIX & OSCAR: ♪  
She'll be coming 'round the mountain ♪

♪ She'll be coming  
'round the mountain ♪

Yeah! ♪ She'll be coming ♪

♪ 'Round the mountain  
when she comes. ♪

Whoo-whoo!

("The Tumbling  
Tumbleweeds" playing)

♪ I'll keep rolling along ♪

♪ Deep in my heart is a song ♪

♪ Here on the range I belong ♪

♪ Tumbling along ♪

♪ With the tumbling  
tumbleweeds ♪

♪ Tumbling, tumbling,  
tumbling, tumbling ♪

♪ Tumbling tumbleweeds... ♪

Red River Unger  
and His Saddle Sores,

ladies and gentlemen.

♪ Doo-wah... ♪

Aha!

Hey!

Take five, men.

Don't mingle.

Oscar? Oscar.

Oscar. Hey...

you're a big hit  
here, Red River.

I am in love with country music.

I love it.

What? This coming from the  
leader of the Sophisticados?

I love it. What can I tell you?

Hey, Billy Joe,  
having a good time?

Howdy, partner.

Pull up a barrel  
and set a spell.

Think the rain'll  
hurt the rhubarb?

Not if it's in the  
can, it won't.

Aha! (laughing)

Oscar, I got to hand

it to you, old boy.

That band is  
sharper than a cactus.

Aw, 'tain't nothing.

Aha!

Well, thank you, buddy,

you really know how to  
pay off on a poker debt.

Ah...!

What poker debt?

I think I'll mosey on down now

to the punch bowl.

You just hold it right here.

What poker debt?

Felix, why don't you play  
"Tumbling Tumbleweeds" again?

I love the way you do  
it and they go crazy.

Oh, I'm getting the message.

What message? You got  
into a great big poker game

with Billy Joe  
Grissom, didn't you?

Yeah, well, I went  
down to interview him...

Yeah, and you lost  
your shirt, didn't you?

Well, it was a lot of money.  
Then you had the bright idea

of paying off with  
my band, right?

What was I going to  
do? I owed him \$500.

You sold out the Sophisticados  
for 500 measly dollars?

How low can you get?

BILLY JOE: Hey, Red River,  
our boots are cooling off, boy.

Let's have a square dance.

Yeah, Felix,

w-why don't you  
call the square dance

and you can yell at me later?

You call it. What?

You call it.

It's your mess, you  
clean it up for a change.

Are you crazy? BILLY JOE:  
Boys, I don't hear any music.

You're on your  
own, boy. Let's go!

Felix.

"Turkey in the Straw," okay?

(band playing)

♪ Lead with your left,

then lead with your right ♪

♪ Stand up, sit down,  
fight, fight, fight ♪

♪ Then grab your  
foot, hop up and down ♪

♪ Shooby-doo,  
sit on the ground ♪

♪ Bend way over,  
touch your toe ♪

♪ Shuffle off to Buffalo ♪

♪ Grab your partner,  
drop your socks ♪

♪ A dozen bagels,  
a pound of lox ♪

♪ Shave and a  
haircut, two bits. ♪

Hold it.

Hold it!

Now, what in thunder was that?

I almost choked on my  
garters on that last line, boy.

I'm sorry, Billy Joe.

You know, I think  
I ought to take

about \$500 out of your hide.

Well, wait a minute, see, I...

How'd you like the comedy  
square dance, folks?

That's Crazy O and  
his bunkhouse humor.

Let's hear it for him.

Okay, now we'll have  
the real barn dance.

You ready, fellas?

Thanks, pal.  
Nothing to it, partner.

♪ Bow to your  
partners, corners all ♪

♪ Wave to the pretty  
gal across the hall... ♪

(band begins playing)

♪ Allemande left  
with your left hand ♪

♪ Back to your partner,  
right and left grand ♪

♪ Keep on going till you meet ♪

♪ The one on whom  
you're kind of sweet ♪

♪ Promenade with that girl ♪

♪ Then go on home  
and swing and swirl ♪

(cheering)

♪ Ladies to the center  
and back to the bar ♪

♪ Gents to the center,  
now form a star ♪

♪ Girls, circle right

and next time around ♪

♪ Go home with a  
fella you have found ♪

♪ One, two, three,  
four, everybody swing ♪

(cheering)

♪ All join hands  
and circle south ♪

♪ Let a little sunshine  
in your mouth ♪

♪ Drop your hands  
and single file ♪

♪ Go back home Indian style ♪

(all shouting) ♪ One,  
two, three, four ♪

♪ When you get  
there, swing and whirl ♪

♪ Swing and swing  
that purty little girl ♪

♪ Okay, Oscar, show your style ♪

♪ Come on up and dance a while ♪

♪ No, thank you,  
I'll stay right here ♪

♪ You have fun,  
I'll drink my beer ♪

♪ I'm gonna tell your  
buddy, Billy Joe ♪

♪ That you refused to do-si-do ♪

♪ Don't you squeal,

I'll do my dance ♪

♪ That's better than having  
buckshot in my pants ♪

(all clapping rhythmically)

(cheering and whooping)

(whistling)

Whoo!

(cheering continues)

♪ Think this song  
is about to end ♪

♪ 'Cause this old  
man needs oxygen. ♪

("Goodnight Ladies" playing)

♪ Good night, ladies ♪

♪ Good night, ladies ♪

♪ Good night, ladies ♪

♪ Good night, good night ♪

This is Felix "Red River"  
Unger and His Saddle Sores

from high atop the  
beautiful Ritz Towers,

overlooking Gotham by the sea,

asking the musical  
question, "Good night."

Now, au revoir, a  
bit of a tweet-tweet,

a bit of a toodle-doodle,

bon cheerio, and...

(band harmonizing):

♪ Good night. ♪

Aha.

(Felix laughing)

Unger, you're the best  
friend anybody ever had.

When I need you,  
you're always there.

That's the cut of my  
jib, partner, cut of my jib.

I should be angry at you, but  
I had so much fun, I can't be.

Listen, there's just  
one more thing. Yeah.

Don't let the band pack up.

Billy Joe wants  
to sing one song.

Is there no end?

Is there no end?!  
How long does it take

to sing one little song?

Everything'll be  
all right, come on.