

pp 6-7

Speed, Roy, Murray, Vinnie, Oscar

6

THE ODD COUPLE

ACT I

SPEED. (*Cups his chin in his hand and looks at MURRAY.*) . . . Tell me, Mr. Maverick, is this your first time on the riverboat?

MURRAY. (*With utter disregard.*) You don't like it, get a machine. (*He continues to deal slowly.*)

ROY. Geez, it stinks in here.

VINNIE. (*Looks at his watch.*) What time is it?

SPEED. Again what time is it?

VINNIE. (*Whiny.*) My watch is slow. I'd like to know what time it is.

SPEED. (*Glares at him.*) You're winning ninety-five dollars, that's what time it is. . . . Where the hell are you running?

VINNIE. I'm not running anywhere. I just asked what time it was. Who said anything about running?

ROY. (*Looks at his watch.*) It's ten-thirty.

(*Pause. MURRAY continues to shuffle.*)

VINNIE. (*Pause.*) I got to leave by twelve.

SPEED. (*Looks up in despair.*) Oh, Christ!

VINNIE. I told you that when I sat down. I got to leave by twelve. Murray, didn't I say that when I sat down? I said I got to leave by twelve.

SPEED. All right, don't talk to him. He's dealing. (*To MURRAY.*) Murray, you wanna rest for a while? Go lie down, sweetheart.

MURRAY. You want speed or accuracy, make up your mind. (*He begins to deal slowly.*)

(*SPEED puffs on his cigar angrily.*)

ROY. Hey, you want to do me a really big favor? Smoke towards New Jersey.

(*SPEED blows smoke at ROY.*)

MURRAY. No kidding, I'm really worried about Felix.

(*Points to empty chair.*) He's never been this late before. Maybe somebody should call. (*Yells Off.*) Hey, Oscar, why don't you call Felix?

ROY. (*Waves hand through smoke.*) Listen, why don't we chip in three dollars apiece and buy another window. How the hell can you breathe in here?

MURRAY. How many cards you got, four?

SPEED. Yes, Murray, we all have four cards. When you give us one more, we'll all have five. If you were to give us two more, we'd have six. Understand how it works now?

ROY. (*Yells Off.*) Hey, Oscar, what do you say? In or out?

(*From Offstage we hear OSCAR'S VOICE.*)

OSCAR. (*Off.*) Out, pussy cat, out!

(*SPEED opens, and the OTHERS het.*)

VINNIE. I told my wife I'd be home by one the latest. We're making an eight o'clock plane to Florida. I told you that when I sat down.

SPEED. Don't cry, Vinnie. You're forty-two years old. It's embarrassing. Give me two. . . . (*Discards.*)

ROY. Why doesn't he fix the air-conditioner? It's ninety-eight degrees and it sits there sweating like everyone else. I'm out. (*Goes to window and looks out.*)

MURRAY. Who goes to Florida in July?

VINNIE. It's off season. There's no crowds and you get the best room for one-tenth the price. No cards. . . .

SPEED. Some vacation. Six cheap people in an empty hotel.

MURRAY. Dealer takes four. . . . Hey, you think maybe Felix is sick? (*He points to empty chair.*) I mean he's never been this late before.

ROY. (*Takes laundry bag from armchair and sits.*) You know it's the same garbage from last week's game. I'm beginning to recognize things.