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Oscar, Murray, Roy, Speed, Vinnie

ACT I

THE ODD COUPLE

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tive and pulls phone to side and talks low, but still audibly to OTHERS, who turn and listen.) I told you not to call me during the game. . . . I can't talk to you now. . . . You *know* I do, darling. . . . All right, just a minute. *(He turns.)* Murray, it's your wife. *(Puts phone on table and sits on sofa.)*

MURRAY. *(Nods disgustedly as he crosses to phone.)* I wish you *were* having an affair with her. . . . Then she wouldn't bother *me* all the time. *(Picks up phone.)* Hello, Mimi, what's wrong?

(SPEED gets up, stretches, and goes into bathroom.)

* OSCAR. *(Woman's voice, imitating Mimi.)* What time are you coming home? *(Then imitating MURRAY.)* I don't know, about twelve, twelve-thirty.

MURRAY. *(Into phone.)* I don't know, about twelve, twelve-thirty! *(ROY gets up and stretches.)* Why, what did you want, Mimi? . . . "A corned beef sandwich and a strawberry malted!"

OSCAR. Is she pregnant again?

MURRAY. *(Holds phone over chest.)* No, just fat! *(There is the sound of a TOILET flushing, and after SPEED comes out of the bathroom, VINNIE goes in. Into phone again.)* What? . . . How could you hear that, I had the phone over my chest? . . . Who? . . . Felix? . . . No, he didn't show up tonight. . . . What's wrong? . . . You're kidding! . . . How should I know? . . . All right, all right, goodbye. . . . *(The TOILET flushes again, and after VINNIE comes out of the bathroom, ROY goes in.)* Goodbye, Mimi. . . . Goodbye. *(He hangs up. To OTHERS.)* Well, what did I tell you? I knew it!

ROY. What's the matter?

MURRAY. *(Pacing above the couch.)* Felix is missing!

OSCAR. Who?

MURRAY. Felix! Felix Ungar! The man who sits in that chair every week and cleans ashtrays. I told you something was up.

SPEED. (*At the table.*) What do you mean, missing?

MURRAY. He didn't show up for work today. He didn't come home tonight. No one knows where he is. Mimi just spoke to his wife.

VINNIE. (*In his chair at the poker table.*) Felix?

MURRAY. They looked everywhere. . . . I'm telling you he's missing.

OSCAR. Wait a minute. No one is missing for one day.

VINNIE. That's right. You've got to be missing for forty-eight hours before you're missing. The worst he could be is lost.

MURRAY. How could he be lost? He's forty-four years old and lives on West End Avenue. What's the matter with you?

ROY. (*Sitting in armchair.*) Maybe he had an accident.

OSCAR. They would have heard.

ROY. If he's laying in a gutter somewhere? Who would know who he is?

OSCAR. He's got ninety-two credit cards in his wallet. The minute something happens to him, America lights up.

VINNIE. Maybe he went to a movie. You know how long those pictures are today.

SPEED. (*Looks at VINNIE contemptuously.*) No wonder you're going to Florida in July! *Dumb dumb dumb!*

ROY. Maybe he was mugged?

OSCAR. For thirty-six hours? How much money could he have on him?

ROY. Maybe they took his clothes. I knew a guy who was mugged in a doctor's office. He had to go home in a nurse's uniform.

(OSCAR *throws a pillow from the couch at Roy.*)

SPEED. Murray, you're a cop. What do you think?

MURRAY. I think it's something real bad.

SPEED. How do you know?

MURRAY. I can feel it in my bones.

SPEED. (*To OTHERS.*) You hear? Bulldog Drummond.

ROY. Maybe he's drunk. Does he drink?

OSCAR. Felix? On New Year's Eve he has Pepto Bismal. . . . What are we guessing? I'll call his wife. (*He picks up phone.*)

SPEED. Wait a minute! Don't start anything yet. Just 'cause we don't know where he is doesn't mean *somebody else* doesn't. . . . Does he have a girl?

VINNIE. A what?

SPEED. A girl? You know. Like when you're through work early.

MURRAY. Felix? Playing around? Are you crazy? He wears a vest and galoshes.

SPEED. (*Gets up and moves towards MURRAY.*) You mean you automatically know who has and who hasn't got a girl on the side?

MURRAY. (*Moves to SPEED.*) Yes, I automatically know.

SPEED. All right, you're so smart. Have *I* got a girl?

MURRAY. No, you haven't got a girl. What you've got is what *I've* got. What you *wish* you got and what you *got* is a whole different civilization! . . . Oscar maybe has a girl on the side.

SPEED. That's different. He's divorced. That's not on the *side*. That's in the *middle*. (*Moves to table.*)

OSCAR. (*To them BOTH as he starts to dial.*) You through? 'Cause one of our poker players is missing. I'd like to find out about him.

VINNIE. I thought he looked edgy the last couple of weeks. (*To SPEED.*) Didn't you think he looked edgy?

SPEED. No. As a matter of fact, I thought *you* looked edgy. (*Moves Down Right.*)

OSCAR. (*Into phone.*) Hello? . . . Frances? . . . Oscar. I just heard.

ROY. Tell her not to worry. She's probably hysterical.

MURRAY. Yeah, you know women. (*Sits down on couch.*)

OSCAR. (*Into phone.*) Listen, Frances, the most important thing is not to worry. . . . Oh! (*To others.*) She's not worried.

MURRAY. Sure.