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Felix, Oscar, Murray (Vinnie, Roy, Speed as one part)

ACT I                      THE ODD COUPLE                      25

*(They ALL try to grab him, stopping him near the stairs.)*

MURRAY. Felix, please. We're your friends. Don't run out like this.

*(FELIX struggles to pull away.)*

OSCAR. Felix, sit down. Just for a minute. Talk to us.

FELIX. There's nothing to talk about. There's nothing to say. It's over. Over. Everything is over. Let me go!

*(He breaks away from them and dashes into the Stage Right bedroom. They start to chase him and he dodges from the bedroom through the adjoining door into the bathroom.)*

ROY. Stop him! Grab him!

FELIX. *(Looking for an exit.)* Let me out! I've got to get out of here!

OSCAR. Felix, you're hysterical.

FELIX. Please let me out of here!

MURRAY. The john! Don't let him get in the john!

FELIX. *(Comes out of the bathroom into the room with ROY hanging onto him, and the others trailing behind.)* Leave me alone. Why doesn't everyone leave me alone?

OSCAR. All right, Felix, I'm warning you. . . . Now cut it out! *(Throws half-filled glass of water, which he has picked up from the bookcase, into FELIX's face.)*

FELIX. It's my problem. I'll work it out. Leave me alone. . . . Ohh, my stomach. *(He collapses in Roy's arms.)*

MURRAY. What's the matter with your stomach?

VINNIE. He looks sick. Look at his face.

*(ALL try to hold him as they lead him over to the couch.)*

FELIX. I'm not sick. I'm all right. I didn't take anything, I swear. . . . Ohh, my stomach.

OSCAR. What do you mean you didn't take anything? What did you take?

FELIX. (*Sitting on couch.*) Nothing! Nothing! I didn't take anything. . . . Don't tell Frances what I did, please! . . . Oohh, my stomach.

MURRAY. He took something! I'm telling you he took something.

OSCAR. What, Felix? *What??*

FELIX. Nothing! I didn't take anything.

OSCAR. Pills? Did you take pills?

FELIX. No! No!

OSCAR. (*Grabbing FELIX.*) Don't lie to me, Felix. Did you take pills?

FELIX. No, I didn't. I didn't take anything.

MURRAY. Thank God, he didn't take pills.

(*ALL relax and take a breath of relief.*)

FELIX. Just a few, that's all.

(*ALL react in alarm and concern over pills.*)

OSCAR. He took pills.

MURRAY. How many pills?

OSCAR. What kind of pills?

FELIX. I don't know what kind. Little green ones. I just grabbed anything out of her medicine cabinet. . . . I must have been crazy.

OSCAR. Didn't you look? Didn't you see what kind?

FELIX. I couldn't see. The light's broken. Don't call Frances. Don't tell her. I'm so ashamed. So ashamed.

OSCAR. Felix, how-many-pills-did-you-take?

FELIX. I don't know. I can't remember.

OSCAR. I'm calling Frances.

FELIX. (*Grabs him.*) No! Don't call her. Don't call her. If she hears I took a whole bottle of pills . . .

MURRAY. *A whole bottle? A whole bottle of pills?* (*He turns to VINNIE.*) My God, call an ambulance!

(*VINNIE runs to the front door.*)

OSCAR. (*To MURRAY.*) You don't even know what *kind!*

MURRAY. What's the difference? He took-a-whole-bottle!

OSCAR. Maybe they were vitamins. He could be the healthiest one in the room! . . . Take it easy, will you?

FELIX. Don't call Frances. Promise me you won't call Frances.

MURRAY. Open his collar. Open the window. Give him some air.

SPEED. Walk him around. Don't let him go to sleep.

(*SPEED and MURRAY pick FELIX up and walk him around, while ROY rubs his wrists.*)

ROY. Rub his wrists. Keep his circulation going.

VINNIE. (*Running to bathroom to get a compress.*) A cold compress. Put a cold compress on his neck.

(*They sit FELIX in the armchair, still chattering in alarm.*)

OSCAR. One doctor at a time, heh? All the interns shut the hell up!

FELIX. I'm all right. I'll be all right. . . . (*To OSCAR urgently.*) You didn't call Frances, did you?

MURRAY. (*To OTHERS.*) You just gonna stand here? No one's gonna do anything? I'm calling a doctor. (*Crosses to phone.*)

FELIX. No! No doctor.

MURRAY. You gotta have a doctor.

FELIX. I don't need a doctor.

MURRAY. You gotta get the pills out.

FELIX. I got them out. I threw up before! . . . (*Sits back weakly.* MURRAY hangs up the phone.) Don't you have a root beer or a ginger ale?

(*VINNIE gives compress to SPEED.*)

ROY. (*To VINNIE.*) Get him a drink.