

OSCAR MURRAY ROY SPEED VINNIE

THE ODD COUPLE

45

OSCAR. (*Quickly.*) Yes, sir?

FELIX. I forgot what you wanted. What did you ask me for?

OSCAR. Two three-and-a-half-minute eggs and some petit fours.

FELIX. (*Points to him.*) A double gin and tonic. I'll be right back... (*FELIX starts out, then stops at a little box on the bar.*) Who turned off the Pure-A-Tron?

MURRAY. The what?

FELIX. The Pure-A-Tron! (*He snaps it back on.*) Don't play with this, fellows. I'm trying to get some of the grime out of the air.

(He looks at them and shakes his head disapprovingly, and exits. They all sit in silence a few seconds.)

START → OSCAR. Murray—I'll give you two hundred dollars for your gun.

SPEED. (*Throws his cards on table and gets up angrily.*) I can't take it anymore. (*Hand on neck.*) I've had it up to here. In the last three hours we played four minutes of poker. I'm not giving up my Friday nights to watch cooking and housekeeping.

ROY. (*Slumped in his chair, head hanging down.*) I can't breathe. (*Points to Pure-A-Tron.*) That lousy machine is sucking everything out of the air.

VINNIE. (*Chewing.*) Gee, this is delicious. Who wants a bite?

MURRAY. Is the toast warm?

VINNIE. Perfect. And not too much mayonnaise. It's really a well-made sandwich.

MURRAY. Cut me off a little piece.

VINNIE. Give me your napkin. I don't want to drop any crumbs.

SPEED. (*Watches them, horrified, as VINNIE carefully breaks sandwich over MURRAY's napkin. Then turns to OSCAR.*) Are you listening to this? Martha and Gertrude at the Automat. (*Almost crying in despair.*) What the hell happened to our poker game?

ROY. (*Still choking.*) I'm telling you that thing could kill us. They'll find us here in the morning with our tongues on the floor.

SPEED. (*Yells at OSCAR.*) Do something! Get him back in the game.

OSCAR. (*Rises, containing his anger.*) Don't bother me with your petty little problems. You get this one stinkin' night a week. I'm cooped up here with Mary Poppins twenty-four hours a day. (*Moves to window.*)

ROY. It was better before. With the garbage and the smoke, it was better before.

VINNIE. (*To MURRAY.*) Did you notice what he does with the bread?

MURRAY. What?

VINNIE. He cuts off the crusts. That's why the sandwich is so light.

MURRAY. And then he only uses the soft, green part of the lettuce. (*Chewing.*) It's really delicious.

SPEED. (*Reacts in amazement and disgust.*) I'm going out of my mind.

OSCAR. (*Yells towards kitchen.*) Felix! ...Damn it, FELIX!

SPEED. (*Takes kitty box from bookcase, puts it on table, and puts money in.*) Forget it. I'm going home.

OSCAR. Sit down!

SPEED. I'll buy a book and I'll start to read again.

OSCAR. Sidddown! Will you sidddown! (*Yells.*) Felix!

SPEED. Oscar, it's all over. The day his marriage busted up was the end of our poker game. (*Takes his jacket from back of chair and crosses to door.*) If you find some real players next week, call me.

OSCAR. (*Following him.*) You can't run out now. I'm a big loser.

SPEED. (*With door open.*) You got no one to blame but yourself. It's all your fault. You're the one who stopped him from killing himself. (*He exits and slams door.*)

STOP