

Start

somebody should call. (*Yells offstage.*) 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 offstage.*) Hey, Oscar, what do you say? In or out?

(*From offstage we hear OSCAR'S voice.*)

OSCAR. (*Offstage.*) Out, pussycat, out!

(*SPEED opens, and the others bet.*)

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.

MURRAY. (*Throwing cards down.*) I'm out...

SPEED. (*Showing hand.*) Two kings...

VINNIE. Straight... (*Shows hand and takes in p...*)

End