

SCENE: THE ODD COUPLE (2F)

Acting Notes

Blocking Notes

Flo: (*Staring at the door.*) That's funny, isn't it Olive? . . . They think we're happy . . . They think we're enjoying this . . . (*Gets up and begins to straighten up chairs.*) They don't know Olive. They don't know what it's like. (*She gives a short, ironic laugh, tucks napkin under arm and starts to pick up dishes from table.*)

Olive: I'd be immensely grateful to you, Florence, if you didn't clean up just now.

Flo: (*Puts dishes on tray.*) It's only a few things . . . (*She stops and looks back at the door.*) Can you imagine they actually envy us? (*Clears more stuff off table.*)

Olive: Florence, leave everything alone. I'm not through dirtying up for the night.

Flo: (*Gets rest of dishes, glasses and coasters from table.*) It's just a few dishes. You want me to leave them here all night?

Olive: (*Takes her glass which Flo has put on a tray and crosses to bar for refill.*) I don't care if you have them cleaned by your dentist but don't make me feel guilty.

Flo: (*Takes tray into kitchen, leaving swinging door open.*) I'm not asking you to do it.

Olive: (*She moves up to the door.*) That's why you make me feel guilty. You're always in my bathroom hanging up my towels . . . Whenever someone smokes you follow them around with an ashtray . . . Last night I found you washing the kitchen floor shaking your head and moaning, "Footprints, Footprints!"

Flo: (*Comes back to table, she dumps the ashtrays; then wipes carefully.*) I didn't say they were yours.

Olive: (*angrily sits in wing chair.*) Well they were mine damn it. I have feet and they make prints what do you want me to do climb across the cabinets?

Flo: No! I want you to walk on the floor.

Olive: Can I? Oh that's wonderful.

Flo: (*Crosses to telephone table and cleans ashtray there.*) I'm just trying to keep the place livable. I didn't realize I irritated you that much.

Olive: Then don't wipe the telephone! Some of my favorite fingerprints are on that telephone!

Flo: (*Puts down ashtray and rag on coffee table and sits down glumly.*) I was wondering how long it would take

Olive: How long what would take?

Flo: Before I got on your nerves.

Olive: I didn't say you got on my nerves.

Flo: Well it's the same thing. You said I irritated you.

Olive: *You* said you irritated me. I didn't say it.

Flo: Then what did you say?

Olive: I don't know what I said. What's the difference what I said?

Flo: It doesn't make any difference. I was just repeating what I thought you said.

Olive: Well don't repeat what you *thought* I said. Repeat *what* I said! . . . My god that's irritating!

Flo: (*Holding cup.*) I'm sorry. Forgive me Olive. I don't know what's wrong with me.

Olive: (*Paces.*) And don't pout. If you want to fight we'll fight. But don't pout! Fighting I win, pouting you win!

Flo: You're right. Everything you say about me is absolutely right.

Olive: (*Really angry.*) And don't give in so easily. I'm not always right. Sometimes you're right.

Flo: You're right. I do that. I always figure I'm wrong.

Olive: Only this time you are wrong. And I'm right.

Flo: Oh leave me alone.

Olive: And don't sulk, that's the same as pouting.

Flo: I know, I know. (*She squeezes cup with anger.*) Damn me why can't I do one lousy thing right?