

MIKE. There sure won't.

SUSY. Go on, Mike, and hurry!

MIKE. I will.

SUSY. And lock this door—and the street door as you go out.

MIKE. Okay.

SUSY. Good luck! *(Mike goes to top of stairs and opens hall door. The three men exit—Mike last—and closes the door—Susy listens to make sure they have gone. She then crosses to sink, finds a heavy utensil, feels until she finds the water pipe [which leads up the side of the wall] and bangs on it three times. After a few moments there are three muffled knocks on the pipe from Gloria. Susy then goes to the blackout and makes some arrangement whereby no one may open the blackout in the normal way: i.e. 1) If the blackout is a sliding shutter which is manipulated by means of a cranking handle [as it was in the Broadway Production] she simply pulls out the handle and hides it. 2) If the blackout consists of curtains manipulated by a hanging cord, Susy stands on stool, and ties a knot in the cord so that it is too high to reach and tucks it behind the curtain. As she finishes doing this there is a knock on the door.)* Who is it?

GLORIA. It's me. Gloria! *(Susy crosses and lets her in hall door.)*

SUSY. Lock the door, honey.

GLORIA. *(Locking it.)* Did you get my two signals?

SUSY. Yes! You were wonderful! Now quickly, who was it who went into that phone booth?

GLORIA. The last one was Sam's friend.

SUSY. Mr. Talman?

GLORIA. Yes.

SUSY. And before him?

GLORIA. The man with glasses.

SUSY. Who?

GLORIA. That man I thought was a detective.

SUSY. That's Mr. Roat.

GLORIA. And they just left the house with that police sergeant who was in here. They all went back to the Volkswagen. *(A pause.)* Susy—are Mr. Talman and Mr. Roat police detectives, too?

SUSY. They may be. Anyway I'm not taking any chances till Sam gets back. Do you know the Port Authority Bus Terminal?

GLORIA. The what?

SUSY. It's the—just ask for the biggest bus station in New York—I think it's near Forty-second Street.

GLORIA. Near Forty-second Street.

SUSY. Go out the back way and take the first taxi you can find. *(Handing Gloria her purse, Susy takes out the knife first.)* Here—take all the money in this—all of it. *(As Gloria takes out several dollar bills and puts the purse back in Susy's hands.)*

GLORIA. What do I do when I get to the bus place?

SUSY. Ask where the buses come in from Asbury Park—Asbury Park. Say that.

GLORIA. Asbury Park.

SUSY. Meet every bus that comes in from there. Just stay there all night if you have to. Sam will be on one of them. Can you do that?

GLORIA. Of course I can. What shall I tell him?

SUSY. Everything. And he will know what to do.

GLORIA. About the doll . . . ?

SUSY. About the doll and the three men and the Volkswagen. Everything you can think of. *(Gloria starts up the stairs then turns.)* Wait a minute. Before you go—can you find me some ammonia and some vegetable oil?

GLORIA. Where are they?

SUSY. *(She points to the kitchen shelves.)* Under the sink . . . and in that cabinet. *(As Gloria searches for the bottles, Susy goes to table, puts the knife down and feels for the vase of flowers. She carries it to the sink and holds the flowers, so they do not drop out.)* Ammonia.

GLORIA. *(Takes bottle from cupboard under sink.)* Got it.

SUSY. Pour some into this vase . . . quite a lot . . . watch out for your eyes. *(Gloria pours in some ammonia. They both wince at the smell.)*

GLORIA. Ugh! What's this for?

SUSY. For just in case. . . . Go on . . . a little more. Okay. Now a little oil on top of that . . . to stop it smelling. *(Gloria pours in some oil that she got from the wall cupboard over the stove.)* Now put those bottles away where you found them. *(As Gloria does what she is told.)* Now—where's the fuse box? Can you see it?

GLORIA. The what? *(From now on their speech and action become more and more rapid.)*

SUSY. *(Searching.)* There's a fuse box in the wall somewhere . . .

near the stairs I think. (She puts out her hand.) Take me to it. (Gloria takes Susy's hand and leads her to the fuse box. Note: There are actually two fuse boxes—a large one and a small one just above it.) Now go round the whole apartment turning on all the lights. Start in the bathroom. (Gloria turns just before entering bedroom.)

GLORIA. On—or off?

SUSY. (Impatiently.) On! . . . On!

GLORIA. (A little hurt.) Okay. Okay.

SUSY. I'm not mad at you, honey—just in an awful hurry. Those men are coming back here!

GLORIA. (Calmly.) That's okay, Susy—I'm not mad either.

(Gloria exits into bedroom.)

SUSY. Is it dark outside yet?

GLORIA. (Off.) No—not quite.

SUSY. I wish it would hurry up. Close the drapes in the bedroom.

GLORIA. (Calling off.) I will. (Pause.) They just switched on the street lamps.

SUSY. Good. (We hear Gloria closing the drapes in bedroom and then several lights go on in there—one after the other. Meanwhile Susy has opened the fuse box and is feeling for the [screw] fuses.

Then Gloria enters from bedroom.)

GLORIA. All on.

SUSY. In here too?

GLORIA. Yes.

SUSY. Good. Now—as I take out each fuse—tell me which light has gone off. Ready?

GLORIA. Yes. (Gloria runs back into bedroom. As Susy unscrews each fuse and drops it into her zip purse, Gloria calls out:) Bedroom . . . bathroom . . . all out in there . . . (She enters.) . . . ceiling . . . that one . . .

SUSY. Which one?

GLORIA. Sorry—on Sam's bench—it's just by you. (Susy screws that fuse back in again.)

SUSY. Now that one I want to keep . . . is it on again?

GLORIA. Yes. (Susy unscrews the last fuse.) Wall lights . . .

that's all. Except the clock—

SUSY. Oh—pull the plug out.

GLORIA. Okay. (Gloria unplugs electric clock. Susy now feels until she finds Sam's bench lamp.)

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SUSY. Now—don't be frightened, honey—I'm going to turn this one off for a second.

GLORIA. I won't be frightened. (Susy turns off bench lamp at the lamp itself.)

SUSY. Now—can you see anything at all?

GLORIA. No!

SUSY. Absolutely dark?

GLORIA. Yes! (Susy moves away from the bench and waves her hand.)

SUSY. Can you see me moving? Look very carefully.

GLORIA. Yes—just.

SUSY. (Quite angrily.) Then there must be a light from somewhere—where's it coming from?

GLORIA. From under the door at the top of the stairs.

SUSY. Hell! Okay—wait. (Susy switches on the bench lamp.)

There's a broom in the stair closet. (As Gloria gets it.) Go into the hall, sweetheart, and smash every bulb in sight. Just go on until you can't see anything.

GLORIA. Will do! (Gloria runs up the stairs and unlocks door and disappears. Through the open door we can then see the light swinging as she strikes—once, twice and three times at the hall light. Then there is a bang and the light goes out. Another bang and the hall is dark. Gloria enters.) All out! (Susy immediately switches off bench lamp.)

SUSY. Close the door. (Gloria closes it.) See anything now?

GLORIA. Nothing at all.

SUSY. All dark?

GLORIA. Yes! (Susy switches on bench lamp. Gloria comes downstairs and returns broom to closet.)

SUSY. Good! Off you go then—know what to do?

GLORIA. (Running upstairs to door.) Asbury Park. Tell Sam everything.

SUSY. . . . Lock that door and check that the street door is locked. Then go out the back way and run until you find a taxi.

GLORIA. Bye, Susy. (She opens hall door.)

SUSY. And, Honey . . . (Whirling her to succeed.) I just don't know anyone who could do all this as well as you.

GLORIA. Oh boy I wish something like this would happen every day! (Gloria exits, locking hall door. Susy stands still for a moment and listens. We hear the back door open and slam and Gloria run

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