

fear and listens to him coming nearer and nearer. Then she makes a wild effort to find the electric cord on the R. side of the refrigerator. She begins to shout for help.)

SUSY. Help me! Help me! (But her voice seems half-strangled and hardly any noise comes out. As he slides nearer Roat says:)

ROAT. I'll help you, Susy. (She goes to the other side of the refrigerator, i.e., behind its open swinging door. She searches for the cord that side but her way is barred by the dish rack and as she tears her way to the cord, dishes and silver fly in all directions. At last she finds it and tugs at it but nothing happens. Roat reaches the refrigerator and hauls himself up, using the inside trays like a ladder. Then he steadies himself against the swinging door and raising his knife hurls himself and the door at Susy. Just as he does this she gives a final tug and the light goes out and the refrigerator stops humming. Complete darkness again and silence in the room. Then immediately we hear footsteps and shouting. There is banging on the hall door and then it breaks open with a splintering crash. Patrolman One enters followed by Patrolman Two. They flash their lights around the room until one halts on Roat's body. Sam runs in calling:)

SAM. Susy! (Note: The action and speeches by the Patrolmen and Sam must be rapid and should, to some extent, overlap.)

PATROLMAN TWO. (On landing.) You better stay out of here, Mr. Hendrix! (Sam rushes past him and down the stairs and into the bedroom.)

SAM. (Calling off.) Susy!

PATROLMAN TWO. (Down the stairs after him.) Mr. Hendrix! (Meanwhile Patrolman One has come down the stairs with his flashlight on, and has gone over to Roat. Note: Susy has been knocked out and is lying behind the refrigerator door which is held wide open by Roat's body and neither we nor they can see her yet. Roat is in a grotesque position, apparently dead, one sleeve is caught in the refrigerator shelf so he is half hanging by one arm and his weight is so placed as to hold the refrigerator door wide open, completely masking Susy.) That's one of 'em. I'm going in there. (Indicates bedroom. Sam now enters from the bedroom and runs up the stairs and out of the door off L. He passes Patrolman Two in the bedroom doorway.)

SAM. She's not here! I'll check upstairs. (Patrolman One is examining Roat.)

PATROLMAN ONE. He's still bleeding—may stand a chance.

(Patrolman Two draws his gun and enters the bedroom. We hear him kick open the bathroom door and open a closet. Meanwhile Patrolman One looks round for the phone, finds it, picks it up. After rattling the phone he hangs up. Patrolman Two enters from bedroom [having returned his gun to holster].)

PATROLMAN TWO. There's a D.O.A. in there—looks like a knifing.

PATROLMAN ONE. Phone's dead . . . first aid bag and ambulance . . . (As Patrolman One says this he is moving Roat away from the refrigerator so as to attend to him. He does not see the door start to close, revealing Susy for the first time. She is now conscious but dazed and gets up and begins to feel her way, D. L. Suddenly noticing her, Patrolman Two whips out his gun and goes down on one knee.)

PATROLMAN TWO. (Shouts.) Watch it! (Patrolman One turns sharply drawing his gun, so they are now both aiming their guns and flashlights straight at Susy. As though in reply she strikes a match and holds it straight out in front of her. Then she stands there quite still, arm outstretched, holding the lighted match as if it was her last and only means of protection. Gloria appears in the hall door and looks down. For a moment the two patrolmen simply stare at Susy, completely bewildered as to who she is and what she is doing. Then seeing she is unarmed they put away their guns but keep their flashlights on her.)

PATROLMAN ONE. (Gently.) Put that match out! (Gloria runs down the stairs and pushes her way between the two men. Takes Susy's hand and gently blows out the match.)

GLORIA. Susy—are you all right? . . . It's me—we're back. (Patrolman One goes to Susy to help her out of the room.)

PATROLMAN ONE. (Gently.) Okay, lady—let's get out of here, shall we? (But Gloria pushes him aside.)

GLORIA. Leave her alone! Both of you. She can manage by herself. (Gloria takes Susy by the hand and leads her to the settee, which is the nearest thing Susy can recognize. Gloria then leaves her to herself and then, as she backs away from Susy, she picks up a fallen chair, moves another chair, moves a side table, etc., as though she has only one thing in mind—: to clear the way for Susy so she can get up the stairs in her usual way and without help. During this the two patrolmen keep their flashlights on Susy

