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is fitted into the lock. Gloria creeps in. Seeing no one, she tiptoes down the stairs. She glances through the open bedroom door, then takes the doll out from under her sweater. She puts it on the floor under the side table by the sofa, as if it fell there by accident. She creeps back up the stairs.)

Start SUSAN. *(From offstage.)* Who is that? ... Mike? *(Susan enters from the bedroom. Gloria freezes.)* Mike?

GLORIA. It's me.

SUSAN. ... Gloria, how did you get in here?

GLORIA. The door was unlocked.

SUSAN. No, it wasn't. How did you get in here, Gloria?

GLORIA. You'll get angry. Sam gave me a key.

SUSAN. That's how you get into the apartment when we're not here?

GLORIA. ... Yes.

SUSAN. So you *did* move that chair last night and put the wrapper in the ashtray and —

GLORIA. No! I didn't do any of that! I only came down here when I had to get away from *her!* *(Gloria starts to cry.)* ... Are you going to tell Sam?

SUSAN. That he gave you a key? I think he already knows that.

GLORIA. About me coming in when you're not here.

SUSAN. *(Thinks.)* ... Not if you do something for me.

GLORIA. What?

SUSAN. Gloria, go to the window. Can you see that police car down the street? *(Gloria climbs up on the stool and opens the closed blinds just enough to peek out.)*

GLORIA. I can see the street, but there's no police car.

SUSAN. Look carefully, are you sure?

GLORIA. There isn't any police car that I can see.

SUSAN. It was there less than five minutes ago. Can you see a policeman anywhere?

GLORIA. No.

SUSAN. Anyone who might be watching this house?

GLORIA. *(Shakes her head.)* There's a man getting out of the milk truck.

SUSAN. Milk truck?

GLORIA. It's been parked next to the phone booth all day. He's talking to someone inside.

SUSAN. Is it the old man?

GLORIA. He's taller than him.

SUSAN. The police sergeant?

GLORIA. Might be.

SUSAN. Come down before they see you. (*Gloria gets off the stool, having left both blinds open.*) Gloria. Have you seen a doll anywhere around the apartment?

GLORIA. ... No.

SUSAN. It belonged to the woman who was murdered last night. If the police find it, it might make them think Sam had something to do with it. (*Carlino can be glimpsed through the slightly open blinds. He peers in. Gloria sees him and ducks behind the sofa.*)

GLORIA. (*Whispers.*) Susan, someone's looking through the window! (*Susan goes to the sink.*)

SUSAN. (*Without moving her lips.*) You see who it is?

GLORIA. It's the police sergeant. (*She reaches for the doll under the sofa.*)

SUSAN. Does he see you?

GLORIA. No. (*Gloria pulls the doll towards her, very slowly. It bumps the chair leg and plays its little tune for a few seconds before Gloria snatches it up to silence it. Susan turns sharply. Carlino moves away from the window.*)

SUSAN. Gloria! Where did — ? (*Sound: Street doorbell rings. As Susan speaks, she crosses to the windows and closes the blinds.*) You've got to hide that doll! Now, Gloria, put it in the trash can. (*Gloria puts the doll inside the kitchen trash can and covers it with newspaper.*) Where was it?

GLORIA. Under the chair.

SUSAN. Lieutenant Talman searched every inch of this room! (*Sound: Street doorbell rings.*) Tell me the truth!

GLORIA. ... I saw it yesterday when Sam came back from Philadelphia. I thought it was for me, but Sam said no. So I stole it. You can hate me.

SUSAN. Gloria, listen to me, I need you to do something very dangerous. Can you see that phone booth from your apartment window?

GLORIA. I think so.

SUSAN. You know our phone number?

GLORIA. 'Course.

SUSAN. Go up to your apartment and watch the phone booth, do not take your eyes off it for a second. If anyone gets out of the milk truck and uses that phone booth, call me down here the moment he hangs up. Understand?

GLORIA. If anyone gets out of the milk truck to use the phone booth, call after he hangs up.

SUSAN. You call the *moment* he hangs up!

GLORIA. I got it! (*Gloria runs to the top of the steps.*)

SUSAN. When you call, I won't answer. Just let it ring twice, then hang up, like a signal.

GLORIA. When Daddy was still living with us, those were the only kind of calls we got! (*Gloria is about to open the hall door when — Sound: Hall door buzzer rings. Gloria jumps back from the door and almost shrieks.*) **Stop**

SUSAN. Shh! (*Sound: Door knock. Susan motions for Gloria to come down the steps to her.*)

CARLINO. (*From offstage.*) Mrs. Hendrix? It's Sergeant Carlino.

SUSAN. (*Beat; calls.*) Come in, sergeant, I'm just on the phone! (*Whispers to Gloria.*) Get inside the closet under the stairs! (*Sound: Carlino tries to open the door.*) Don't come out until you're sure he can't see you, then go up to your apartment quick as you can! I'll signal you to come back with three bangs on the pipe!

GLORIA. Okay! (*She runs to the closet under the stairs and goes inside.*)

CARLINO. (*From offstage.*) It won't open!

SUSAN. ... What's that?

CARLINO. (*From offstage.*) The door's locked! Mrs. Hendrix, do you want me to get the landlord to open this?

SUSAN. (*Going up the steps.*) Wait! I'm almost there! (*Gloria closes the closet door just as — Susan unlocks the door. Carlino enters, and Susan immediately grabs for his hand and pulls him down the steps.*) Here, come quick, please!

CARLINO. Where are we going?

SUSAN. The bedroom! I found something! Hurry! (*Susan pulls Carlino into the bedroom. From offstage.*) There!

CARLINO. (*From offstage.*) What?

SUSAN. (*From offstage.*) On the floor. What's that? (*Slowly the door under the stairs creaks open. Gloria creeps out and starts for the steps. We see Carlino's back in the doorway. He hasn't gotten far into the bedroom. Gloria freezes.*)

CARLINO. (*From offstage.*) Is what what?

SUSAN. (*From offstage.*) Is that the doll? (*Carlino is pulled out of view again and Gloria takes this opportunity to dash up the steps, quietly and quickly, and out the hall door, closing it behind her.*)

CARLINO. (*From offstage.*) It's a towel, Mrs. Hendrix. Just a balled-up towel.

SUSAN. (*From offstage.*) Oh, I am so embarrassed ... (*Susan comes out*