

Roat 2

SUSAN. You should go now, Gloria. I don't need you today. In fact, I never want to ... I don't want you to come down here again. (*Beat. Gloria sees Susan miss things by inches.*)

GLORIA. You're missing —

SUSAN. Just go upstairs to your apartment.

GLORIA. But you keep missing the —

SUSAN. Go home, Gloria!

GLORIA. ... I can't. My's mother's got someone with her. (*Susan stops, realizing what Gloria means.*)

SUSAN. Well, if you're gonna help, help. (*Gloria comes down the steps and picks up a large knife that Susan has missed twice and puts it into Susan's hand.*)

GLORIA. Watch it, it's sharp.

SUSAN. Thanks. (*Gloria picks up the rest of the cutlery and puts it back into the drawer.*) Is anything broken?

GLORIA. I never throw things that can break.

SUSAN. Where'd you learn that trick?

GLORIA. My father. Every time he and my mom'd fight, he only threw things that wouldn't get busted: coffee cans, buckets, the phone book. My mother finally got wise and said, "Can't you break just *one* thing?" So he broke her nose. (*Sound: Door buzzer.*) Do you want me to get the door? (*Sound: Door buzzer.*)

SUSAN. (*Deadpan.*) Well, I can't do it, I might trip. (*Gloria runs up the steps. Sound: Doorbell rings again.*)

GLORIA. Coming! (*Gloria opens the door, revealing — Roat. He seems to have become a man of about seventy, eccentric in appearance, even a little crazy. He wears a hat over white, tousled hair. His voice is old and husky.*)

Start ROAT. Is Sam Hunt at home?

GLORIA. Uhm ... (*Roat has now pushed past Gloria.*)

ROAT. Where is Mrs. Roat?

SUSAN. I beg your pardon?

ROAT. Mrs. Harry Roat, where is she? (*Roat is now coming down the steps, quickly.*)

SUSAN. There's no Mrs. Roat here. You must have the wrong address.

ROAT. No, this is the address.

SUSAN. Wait, what are you / doing? Gloria?

ROAT. This I know for certain is the right address. Out of my way, please. (*Roat pushes past her and exits into the bedroom. From offstage.*)

I know what I'm looking for!

SUSAN. Sir? Excuse me? Where are you going? Gloria? Are you here? What's going on? (*Gloria is frozen at the top of the steps.*) Gloria...? (*Sound: Drawers opening, things being knocked over, etc.*) Gloria, I can't see what's happening! (*Roat marches out of the bedroom, waving a thin, flat, leather-bound object.*)

ROAT. You tell him, tell Sam Hunt if he doesn't leave her alone, I will kill him! (*Roat reaches the steps as — Mike appears at the hall door.*)

MIKE. Mrs. Hendrix, I left a package, are you / all — ?

SUSAN. Mike? Mike, stop him! Stop that man! (*Roat hurries up the steps. Mike tries to block his way.*)

MIKE. Hang on, what're you — ? (*Roat shoves Mike and he stumbles down the steps.*) Oh!

SUSAN. Mike!

ROAT. Do not touch me! Do not put your hands on me! (*Roat hurries out. Gloria glances down at Mike, then runs after Roat. Offstage.*) Taxi!

MIKE. What the hell was that?

SUSAN. (*Scared.*) I don't know. The, that man just ... came in, and then the door slammed and he went into the bedroom...! Are you all right?

MIKE. Yeah. He just ... knocked the wind outta me. (*Gloria enters, out of breath. She closes the hall door behind her and comes down the steps.*)

GLORIA. He got into a taxi. I couldn't get the number.

SUSAN. Gloria, were you here the whole time?

GLORIA. ... I ...

SUSAN. Did he hurt you?

GLORIA. ... No, I ... was scared.

SUSAN. ... We should call the police.

MIKE. I think so.

SUSAN. The telephone number —

MIKE. (*Picks up the card.*) It's okay, I've got Carlino's card. (*As he dials.*) Better make sure that door's locked.

SUSAN. What?

MIKE. Lock your door, that guy could come back and walk right ... (*Into phone.*) Yeah, Sergeant Carlino, please. ... Tell him an intruder broke into the apartment of Mrs. Hendrix, the woman he visited about half an hour ago. She was assaulted.

SUSAN. (*Whispers.*) Tell them I'm blind!

MIKE. (*Into phone.*) And she's blind. (*To Susan.*) Forty-six Bank...?

SUSAN. Forty-eight.

Stop