

MIKE. ... If we go ... if we leave you alone ... what will you tell the police?

SUSAN. What *can* I? I can't describe you. I don't know who you are.

MIKE. (*Sad smile.*) ... You do, actually.

SUSAN. What about Carlino? The doll / isn't ...

MIKE. I don't want to know. I just wanna get out of here. It's not like we ever knew what's inside of the thing. Could be it's nothin' but stuffing!

SUSAN. (*Almost laughs, eyes wet.*) Yeah.

MIKE. I'll tell Carlino a story, you called the cops before we cut the wire, somethin' ... Give us a running start?

SUSAN. Sure.

MIKE. Thanks. (*For a moment, we can see a faint flicker of light under the hall door, as if someone has struck a match.*)

SUSAN. If that twenty-dollar bill was still at the back of the freezer, I'd give it to you.

MIKE. Fatso said he took *that* yesterday. (*Susan and Mike laugh. He takes her hand. She puts her other hand up to feel his face, but he takes it gently with his other hand and pulls it down.*) No see, no tell. (*Mike turns and goes up the steps.*)

SUSAN. Good luck, lieutenant. (*Mike opens the hall door and turns to Susan.*)

MIKE. You know the funny thing? I actually *was* a lieutenant once. It wasn't in the — (*Suddenly Mike stiffens. His eyes go wide. He pitches forward and falls down the stairs, clutching at the railing until he collapses at the foot of the steps, dead.*)

SUSAN. Mike? MIKE! (*Roat enters and closes the hall door, locking it. He wears gloves. He wipes his knife and puts it away.*)

Start ROAT. All the children have gone to bed now, Susan. Now we can talk. (*Roat attaches the chain, padlocks the door, and starts down the steps.*) I knew they'd try something. When Carlino saw the truck coming at him, he did seem awfully taken aback. (*As Roat continues to speak, he checks to make sure Mike is dead, then shoves his body out of our view.*) I understand you noticed my shoes. Wanna know why they squeak? They're orthopedic. Club foot. I wasn't born with it. When I got my draft notice, I wore a work boot two sizes too small for a week and a half. Day I go down for my physical, my foot's bent backwards almost. I get my 4F, but not for the club foot. "Mental Exception." Doctor didn't even *look* at my feet. Well, you know the saying: "The good they take, the bad get to

play with blind girls.” The doll’s in the safe, yes? (*No reply from Susan.*) We have time. Sam is just arriving at St. Vincent’s Hospital about now. When his train got in — he *was* on the 6:05, by the way — he was given an urgent message that you’d been hit by a milk truck trying to cross Sixth Avenue. By the time he’s gone around to every doctor and nurse in the place, “Where’s Susan? Where’s my poor blind Susan?” you and I will have finished. **Stop**
SUSAN. I won’t give it to you.

ROAT. (*Mocking her.*) “I won’t give it to you, I won’t, I won’t!” You remind me of a girl who talked just like that. In this very room, too. Only she said “I don’t know where it is, I don’t, I don’t!” They always say, “I don’t, I can’t, I won’t,” but they always do. (*Roat takes out a chiffon scarf and flings it into the air so it almost floats down over her head. She recoils from it violently, as if someone had tossed her a snake. It lands on the floor. Roat watches this like it was an experiment.*) You frighten pretty easily. That instructs me. My scarf, please. It’s just in front of you on the floor. Would you pick it up? (*Instead, Susan backs away until she touches the back of the sofa. As Roat picks up the scarf himself, Susan grabs the matches from off the table where she left them, clutching them in her fist.*) I ask you with great courtesy to please pick up my scarf for me, and you deny me, without even an attempt at explanation. What lesson should I take from this?

SUSAN. I’m not giving you the doll.

ROAT. (*Lightly mocking.*) “I won’t, I don’t, I can’t!” (*He picks up the scarf himself and takes from his pocket a metal can of gasoline. He splashes its contents all over the carpet and around the bedroom door and into the bedroom. When he comes out of the bedroom, he puts the can on top of the safe. Susan feels around the table until she finds the matches and clutches them in her fist.*) This is some gasoline here in a little can. The sound you hear is me splashing the gasoline around. Can you smell it? When I’m done, I’m going to light it. All you have to do is choose whether you want to be outside on the street when the place goes up or do you want to be locked in here with Lieutenant Mike? (*Roat has moved closer to Susan.*) I’m not going to ask you again, Susan. From this point forward, what I want from you must be *offered* to me, like a gift. (*Susan’s hand slips behind the sofa back.*) Let’s go into the bedroom. (*Susan pulls the small black thing from behind the sofa cushion. It’s a squeeze bulb connected to the studio lamp. Susan squeezes. The lamp pops to an incredibly bright light. Roat tries to shield his eyes, but Susan has maneuvered him right into its line of fire. Now the lamp goes off.*