

SUSAN. She lives upstairs.

ROAT. I'd like to introduce her to my little girl. Geraldine. *(Mike reenters from the bedroom. Roat quickly pockets the scarf.)*

MIKE. Aspirin? *(She hands Roat the glass and pours out pills from a bottle for him.)*

ROAT. *(Takes the pills, drinks.)* Thank you. That's better. I hope I haven't upset you. I guess I'm like any husband if his wife went missing, like *your* husband would be if *you* were missing and — *(The phone rings. Rings again.)*

MIKE. You want me to get that? ... *(Susan does not reply, so Mike picks up the phone. Into phone.)* Hello ... Yeah, sure. *(To Susan.)*

Susan, Carlino's on the phone.

SUSAN. ... I don't want to talk right now.

MIKE. *(Into phone.)* She can't come to the phone, she's speaking with Mr. Roat ... Yes...? *(There's a long pause as Mike listens. Into phone, somber.)* ... Uhm, yeah, sure. *(To Roat.)* Mr. Roat, could you get on the line?

ROAT. Why?

MIKE. It's the police. About your wife.

ROAT. Did she come home?

MIKE. The sergeant just said to put you on the line. *(Roat takes the phone from Mike.)*

ROAT. Hello ... speaking ... Yes. ... No, tell me now. *(Roat listens for several seconds. Susan senses something is wrong and stands still, trying to listen to other end of phone. Roat has gone pale. He drops the phone and runs up the steps.)*

MIKE. Mr. Roat...? Mr. Roat! *(Roat exits, leaving the hall door open. We see him run past the window. Mike hangs up the phone and goes upstairs to close the hall door.)*

Start SUSAN. She's dead. Mrs. Roat. Someone identified the murdered woman's body, didn't they?

MIKE. The old man. After he left here, he went straight to the precinct. How did you know?

SUSAN. The way Mr. Roat reacted to the sergeant's call ... I have to find Sam. I have to talk to / Sam right now!

MIKE. Hey, calm down, don't get all in a twist because some nutcase is calling Sam Hendrix "Sam Hunt" and has him going down to Philadelphia all the time / like he's —

SUSAN. Sam does go to Philadelphia all the time, his parents are there, he visits when they're sick, at least when he *claims* they're sick.

MIKE. (*Sarcastic.*) And he's all the time hauling dolls back and forth, too.

SUSAN. No. That he only did yesterday.

MIKE. What?

SUSAN. Yesterday when he came back from this last trip, I thought I'd show off and help him unpack, and I knocked something onto the floor. It played a few notes. It was a doll. I thought it was a present for me, but Sam said he didn't have any idea how it got into his satchel. An hour later a woman came to the door. She said she'd sat next to Sam on the train and now she couldn't find a doll she'd bought for her niece, and did Sam find it in one of his bags.

MIKE. How'd she know Sam's address?

SUSAN. She saw the tag on his valise.

MIKE. She remembered the address from *that*?

SUSAN. That's what she *said*. Anyway, Sam told her, yes, the doll's here, but when he went to look for it, he couldn't find it. Then she left.

MIKE. Did she give you her name? In case the doll showed up?

SUSAN. (*Realizing that's odd.*) ... No. (*It dawns on her.*) She must have been Mrs. Roat. And the Liciana who called, that was Mrs. Roat too. (*Susan suddenly rushes into the bedroom. We hear her knock over some bottles.*)

MIKE. Susan...? What are you doing? (*Susan runs out of the bedroom.*)

SUSAN. Mike, is there a wedding picture in a leather frame sitting on the dresser? (*Mike exits to the bedroom ...*) Is there?! (*Mike returns.*)

MIKE. No.

SUSAN. It wasn't a book. The thing Mr. Roat was waving around when he left. It was our wedding photo. He took it so he'd know what Sam looks like ...

MIKE. Tell you what. I'm gonna phone Carlino and / say, "Look —"

SUSAN. No, don't! Sergeant Carlino said — when he was talking to his precinct — he said something about a doll. And all those questions about where Sam was last night and did he know the dead woman? Carlino thinks Sam killed Mrs. Roat.

MIKE. Carlino's a cop, he's got to look into / every lead —

SUSAN. I don't trust him! When he went to the icebox, and that thing with the blinds!

MIKE. I'm not following here. What thing with the blinds?

SUSAN. Sergeant Carlino opened the blinds and then he closed them. Mr. Roat did the same thing when *he* was here.

MIKE. ... Uhm, I don't know about blinds opening and closing, but ... tell me what you want me to do, and I'll do it.

SUSAN. Find that doll. Before they do.

MIKE. If you say so. You should get some rest, though. Take a little nap at least.

SUSAN. No.

MIKE. Ten minutes. I'll stand guard.

SUSAN. ... Okay. Ten minutes.

MIKE. (*Mock stern.*) And not one minute more.

SUSAN. (*Smiles.*) Yes, lieutenant. (*Starts to the bedroom.*) Mike? Thank you.

MIKE. Hey. I owe Sam a lot more than this. (*Susan exits to the bedroom. Then the door shuts from inside. Mike stares at the bedroom door for a beat. Then he crosses to the windows and pulls the blinds once — “shunk.”*) **Stop**

End of Act One