

at you! You can't even break anything!" And when we woke up the next morning he'd gone . . . (Susy is about to pick up a small sharp knife from the table.) Look out! . . . Oh—I'm sorry, Susy.

SUSY. That's okay—what is it?

GLORIA. It's just a small kitchen knife—looks sharp. (Susy feels around carefully and picks it up.)

SUSY. It is! Thanks . . . (Front doorbell rings.) Who is it? (Doorbell rings again.) Come in! The door's open.

GLORIA. I'll go to the A & P.

SUSY. Thanks, honey. No rush. (Gloria picks up list and money and runs up stairs. Doorbell rings again.) Come in!

GLORIA. I'll get it. (About to open door.) You can call me Four-Eyes one day if you like . . . but not just yet, if you don't mind.

(Gloria opens door, revealing a man of about seventy standing outside. We may not immediately recognize him as "Roat," who is now disguised as "Harry Roat, Sr." He is eccentric in appearance and manner, even a little crazy. He wears a hat over white, tousled hair. His voice is old and husky.)

ROAT. I would like to speak to Mr. Sam Hunt.

SUSY. I beg your pardon . . . ? Who are you, please . . . ?

ROAT. Where is she? . . . Where is Mrs. Roat? (Roat comes inside the door and Gloria stands outside watching him.)

SUSY. I think you must have the wrong house . . . I'm Mrs. Hendrix . . . who are you please? . . . You see I'm . . .

ROAT. May I have a glass of water? I—I'm not feeling too well.

SUSY. (Hesitates.) Okay. Just a minute. (Susy goes to the sink to find a glass while Roat closes the door. He then starts down the stairs.) If you'll just wait there, I'll bring it. (Roat runs into the bedroom and we hear him open several drawers in the dresser.)

What—what are you doing in there? (After a few moments Roat bursts out of the bedroom. He is brandishing what looks like a thin leather volume [i.e., closed leather framed wedding photograph]. He crosses to Susy like a maniac and as though he does not realize she is blind.)

ROAT. And you can tell Sam Hunt—if he doesn't leave her alone—I'll kill him! (He starts crossing to door, Mike enters without knocking, and comes down the stairs.)

MIKE. (Cheerfully.) Hello . . . It's Mike Talman again. Sorry—but I think I must have left a package . . . oh yes, there it is—

START

SUSY. Mike—stop him . . . I don't know who he is . . . (Roat starts up stairs.)

MIKE. You just hold it! Who are you? (Mike pretends to be pushed over so that he falls down the stairs.)

ROAT. Don't touch me! Don't you dare touch me! I've found it! I've found it in the House of Sin! (Roat exits, running. Mike gets up from floor.)

MIKE. Now wait a minute! Come back here! (Offstage we hear Roat shouting, L.)

ROAT. Taxi! . . . Taxi!

SUSY. Mike?

MIKE. What happened?

SUSY. (Scared to death.) I don't know . . . he just barged in and went into the bedroom. I heard a lot of noise and then . . .

MIKE. And then he emptied your dresser all over the floor . . . I'll call the police.

SUSY. (Thinking hard.) The number is . . . 440-1234. . . . Mike, what will I do if he comes back? (He crosses to the phone, takes out his little notebook and is referring to the telephone number of the phone booth outside.)

MIKE. 440-1234. (As he dials the number from his notebook.) Don't worry, Susy. I'll take a later flight to Phoenix. I'll stay here 'til Sam gets back. Okay?

SUSY. (With great relief as she sinks onto settee.) Oh, yes! Thank you.

END

CURTAIN

END OF ACT I—SCENE 2

ACT I

SCENE 3

TIME: Twenty minutes later.

ALTERATIONS TO SET: Hall door is closed. Venetian blinds are nearly closed downward slant.

ON RISE: Carlino enters from bedroom, notebook in hand. He is now dressed as a city police detective and wears