

ning out into the alley. Susy remains still for a moment as though thinking hard: "What else must I do?" She goes to the table, finds the knife, knocks it on the floor, goes down on knees and finds it. She moves around for a moment as though wondering where to put it. Then she goes to the washing machine, opens it and hides the knife underneath the washing. As she closes the washer door . . .

## CURTAIN

### END ACT II—SCENE 1

## ACT II

### SCENE 2

TIME: *A few minutes later.*

ALTERATIONS TO SET: *None.*

ON RISE: *As before the room is lit only by the lamp on Sam's bench. Susy sits at the kitchen table . . . waiting and listening. The vase of flowers is in front of her, and a box of matches. She is smoking a cigarette.*

*Susy stubs out cigarette, then suddenly she becomes very alert. She turns as though listening to a noise from the back door. We have heard nothing from that direction but she has. The door handle turns quietly as someone tries it. Then there is a quiet knock. Susy does not move nor answer. Then we hear Mike's voice calling quietly:*

MIKE. (Off.) Susy. (She does not reply. He calls louder and more urgently.) Susy . . . there's something I must tell you. It's important. (She does not move. Then we hear something being fitted in between the door and the lock and after some patient rattling the door opens and Mike enters. He returns a piece of celluloid to his pocket. He then closes the door [locked] and comes down the stairs. He is very angry. Susy does not rise.)

SUSY. (Calmly.) Hello Mike . . . I was expecting you . . . did you get into the studio all right?

MIKE. As it happens—I did . . . no thanks to you. I don't know

START

whether you've ever been there or not—but there is no desk. (Mike throws the bunch of three keys onto the floor.)

SUSY. And no doll? (Mike stares as Susy for several seconds.)

MIKE. (Quietly.) How long have you known?

SUSY. About what?

MIKE. Me.

SUSY. (As though to a friend.) Now that's much better, Mike. Isn't it? Now we can talk like sensible people.

MIKE. (Quietly.) Where is it? (A pause.)

SUSY. You'll have to buy it.

MIKE. (After a pause.) Go on then—how much?

SUSY. Not money. I'll trade you—truth for truth. Let's start with Sam and Mrs. Roat—true or false?

MIKE. Do you know where it is? (No reply.) I can't trade if you don't know.

SUSY. I know.

MIKE. Here?

SUSY. How about Sam?

MIKE. If I tell you—can I have it right now?

SUSY. (After a pause.) In a few minutes—you could—yes.

MIKE. Then it is here.

SUSY. Well?

MIKE. Sam didn't kill that woman. He first met her at the airport just like he told you.

SUSY. So you aren't a policeman . . . nor is Sgt. Carlino.

MIKE. No.

SUSY. Have you ever met Sam?

MIKE. No. Is it in the safe?

SUSY. Who was she?

MIKE. I can't tell you that.

SUSY. Did you kill her?

MIKE. No.

SUSY. (Quickly.) Did Mr. Roat?

MIKE. (After a pause.) You don't have to know that either . . . in the safe?

SUSY. Yes . . . it's in the safe.

MIKE. The key?

SUSY. It's already unlocked.

MIKE. Thank you, Susy. (Mike goes to the phone and dials a number. As he waits excitedly and then speaks, Susy remains per-

END