

ACT II

SCENE 3

TIME: *A minute later.*

ALTERATIONS TO SET: *None.*

ON RISE: *We can just see Mike's legs disappearing into the bedroom as Roat drags his body in there. Susy is standing D. C. After a few moments Susy cautiously feels her way round the settee towards the stairway but just as she reaches for the railing Roat comes silently out of the bedroom and bars her way. She recoils and works her way backwards to where she was before. Roat goes upstairs and fixes a chain and padlock to door handle and railing.*

START

ROAT. I'm going to lock us in, Susy . . . so . . . the dog it was that died! Of course I knew they'd try and kill me the moment we had the doll. But when Carlino walked up to his car just now he saw it start up—all by itself—and drive straight at him. I couldn't resist switching on the light just to catch his expression . . . I don't think I've ever seen anyone look quite so surprised! So it's in the safe, is it? *(No reply from Susy. He comes down stairs.)* Take your time. At best Sam will just be arriving at St. Vincent's Hospital. You see, when his bus arrived at Asbury Park he was given a phone message which said you had had a slight accident and by the time they've kept him waiting around there I'll have finished. So will you give it to me now—please.

SUSY. I won't give it to you.

ROAT. I won't give it to you. I won't give it to you . . . you remind me of someone else who talked like that . . . only she said "I don't know where it is . . . I don't know—I don't know . . ." over and over again. *(Then from his zip bag he takes out a very lightweight chiffon scarf and turns and watches her.)* I've heard people say that before—only she was more stubborn . . . I don't know—I don't know. *(He flings the scarf into the air so it almost floats over her head. She recoils from it violently and as the scarf tangles in her fingers she backs away from it as though someone had handed her a snake. Finally it falls to the floor. He watches all this as though it was some kind of experiment. Quietly.)* Do you

frighten easily? . . . (A pause.) It's just in front of you on the floor. Would you pick it up, please . . . there's no need to be ashamed . . . everybody's frightened of something. (Instead, Susy backs away—until she touches the table. Then, as he talks, she slowly maneuvers her way round, until she is close to the flower vase. As though his experiment has so far succeeded, he picks up the scarf himself. During the above dialogue he has taken from his zip bag a metal can [of gasoline] and now goes to the top of the stairs and sprinkles it all over the stair carpet and around the bedroom door and into the bedroom. When he comes out of bedroom he puts the can on top of the safe. During the above Susy feels around the table until she finds the matches and puts them into the pocket of her sweater. Roat, during above action.) I have gasoline here. This place will go up like a matchbox . . . it's simply a question of whether you want to be outside in the street—or locked in there with Mike . . . won't you give it to me now?

SUSY. No.

ROAT. I won't give it to you—I don't know—I don't know . . . and then finally—as it always happens—something seemed to snap . . . and she told me everything she knew. As it happened she didn't know where it was but she told me everything she could . . . at last she wanted to help me . . . and like her you won't stop at that . . . when she'd answered all my questions—she went on—other things—little things that just might be useful to me . . . and then other things—things I didn't even want to know . . . little intimate things about herself and Mike and Carlino and I kept telling her—that's enough—I don't want to know any more—but she went on and on and on . . . (Simply:) and then she was dead. (~~While he has been talking he has been moving closer and closer to her.~~) I'm not going to ask you for it again, Susy . . . so when you want to give it to me—you have to tell me. (No reply. She is still feeling the flowers. He moves even closer and says very gently:) Then will you go in there? . . . Shall I help you? (As he touches her lightly on the arm, she throws the vase and its contents into his face. His hands fly to his eyes. Susy makes a violent dash for the bench lamp and starts to move L. of the settee, knocking over a chair and stumbling. This gives Roat a chance to recover. He sees what she is aiming for and goes round the other side of the settee and reaches the lamp before her. But Susy has heard him move and changes direction and hurling herself across the room she reaches

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