

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.

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.*

*Roat, blinded by the light, covers his eyes as Susan makes a dash for the bench lamp, hitting a chair and stumbling. This gives Roat a chance to recover. He sees what she is aiming for and reaches the lamp before her. But Susan has heard him move and changes direction. Hurling herself across the room she reaches the light switch by the bedroom door [let us call this the bedroom light switch]. Roat makes a frantic dash to get to her before she can switch it off, but he is too late. Susan switches the bench lamp off from the bedroom light switch. The stage is now completely dark. We cannot hear Susan moving. But we hear Roat as he gropes for the bedroom light switch. When he switches on the bench lamp from the bedroom light switch we see — Susan has now moved across to the bench lamp and is feeling for it. In the dark, they have changed places, which is exactly what she intended. As she touches the bench lamp, Roat flicks out his knife and takes aim.] Don't touch it! (Susan lifts the lamp to smash it. Roat throws his knife. We see it stick and quiver in the back wall just above Susan's head. Susan smashes the lamp against the wall. Complete darkness again. Roat's first move is to the back wall to retrieve his knife. We hear him searching. Then we hear Susan speak. She has now moved close to the safe.)*

SUSAN. I have your knife, Mr. Roat. *(Neither speaks now for several seconds. Roat is standing perfectly still and his breathing gradually quiets until we cannot hear him at all. Roat strikes a match. He is still over by Sam's bench. Susan is next to the safe with Roat's knife in her hand.)*

ROAT. I see you. You're standing next to the safe. *(Susan, using her free hand, feels around on top of the safe until she finds the can of gasoline and goes straight for him. As he sees what she is about to do he shouts.)* No! *(The match goes out.)* It's out! I've blown it out! It's out! *(Susan, aiming at his voice, starts to douse him with the gasoline.)* Hey! Stop! Stop!

SUSAN. You want to light another one? You've got a whole box full. *(She strikes a match and holds it out at Roat, whose face is dripping with gasoline.)* Throw the matches on the floor, or I'll set you on fire.

ROAT. *(Throws his box of matches to the floor.)* They're on the floor.

SUSAN. *(Blows out her match.)* Now stand perfectly still, where you are, and listen. *(Silence for a few seconds, then we hear Roat start to tiptoe towards the stairs.)* I hear you, Mr. Roat! *(Roat stops. Susan's voice now comes from the bedroom door.)* Now, walk slowly to the bedroom door, walk so that I can hear you, make noises. *(We hear Roat start towards the bedroom and bump into the side table.)* Keep walking, Mr. Roat.

ROAT. I don't know where I am.