

Mike  
Susan

SUSAN. You sure? ... Sam must've taken it with him.

MIKE. Maybe the kid stole it.

SUSAN. Gloria? ... I was just starting to like her.

MIKE. You can be likeable and still be a thief. It's kind of a requirement, actually. Look, don't worry, I got plenty of cash.

SUSAN. Well, tell me the number.

MIKE. What?

SUSAN. Of the locksmith's. In case Carlino shows up or one of the Roats / comes —

MIKE. Susan, I'll be back before / you —

SUSAN. Please.

MIKE. *(After a beat.)* Let me look it up again.

SUSAN. I'm sorry, I know / I'm —

MIKE. *(Makes flipping noises again.)* No, no. WA4 —

SUSAN. That's the same as ours.

MIKE. WA4-5302.

SUSAN. Five, three, oh, two. Fifty-three, oh ... No. Five minutes to the subway, I'll be thirty in three years, zero in the bank ... Five minutes, three years, zero bank ... and ...

MIKE. Two for tea.

SUSAN. What?

MIKE. It takes two for tea. I mean, tango! Two for ... two to tango, tea for two ...

SUSAN. Two?

MIKE. Yeah, two.

SUSAN. Five, three, zero, two!

MIKE. You have to do that every time someone gives you a phone number?

SUSAN. Yes, so hurry. *(Mike goes up the steps.)* Oh, and lock both doors when you go, this one and the street door. *(Mike opens the hall door, slips the catch.)*

MIKE. Okay, locked.

SUSAN. Mike...?

MIKE. Yes?

SUSAN. I do not know what I would have done today if you hadn't been here. *(Mike looks at Susan.)*

MIKE. Keep ... searching. *(Then decides not to and exits, closing the door behind him, locking it. A beat later we hear the street door close and lock. Susan goes into the bedroom. The stage is empty for several seconds, then we hear someone try the handle of the hall door. Pause. Then a key*

*is fitted into the lock. Gloria creeps in. Seeing no one, she tiptoes down the stairs. She glances through the open bedroom door, then takes the doll out from under her sweater. She puts it on the floor under the side table by the sofa, as if it fell there by accident. She creeps back up the stairs.)*

SUSAN. *(From offstage.)* Who is that? ... Mike? *(Susan enters from the bedroom. Gloria freezes.)* Mike?

GLORIA. It's me.

SUSAN. ... Gloria, how did you get in here?

GLORIA. The door was unlocked.

SUSAN. No, it wasn't. How did you get in here, Gloria?

GLORIA. You'll get angry. Sam gave me a key.

SUSAN. That's how you get into the apartment when we're not here?

GLORIA. ... Yes.

SUSAN. So you *did* move that chair last night and put the wrapper in the ashtray and —

GLORIA. No! I didn't do any of that! I only came down here when I had to get away from *her!* *(Gloria starts to cry.)* ... Are you going to tell Sam?

SUSAN. That he gave you a key? I think he already knows that.

GLORIA. About me coming in when you're not here.

SUSAN. *(Thinks.)* ... Nor if you do something for me.

GLORIA. What?

SUSAN. Gloria, go to the window. Can you see that police car down the street? *(Gloria climbs up on the stool and opens the closed blinds just enough to peek out.)*

GLORIA. I can see the street, but there's no police car.

SUSAN. Look carefully, are you sure?

GLORIA. There isn't any police car that I can see.

SUSAN. It was there less than five minutes ago. Can you see a policeman anywhere?

GLORIA. No.

SUSAN. Anyone who might be watching this house?

GLORIA. *(Shakes her head.)* There's a man getting out of the milk truck.

SUSAN. Milk truck?

GLORIA. It's been parked next to the phone booth all day. He's talking to someone inside.

SUSAN. Is it the old man?

GLORIA. He's taller than him.

SUSAN. The police sergeant?