

WOMAN. What was what, madam?

MRS. STEVENSON. That—that click just now—in my own telephone? As though someone had lifted the receiver off the hook of the extension phone downstairs. . . .

WOMAN. I didn't hear it, madam. Now—about this . . .

MRS. STEVENSON (*scared*). But I *did*. There's someone in this house. Someone downstairs in the kitchen. And they're listening to me now. They're . . . (SCENE: *She puts hand over her mouth*). (*Hangs up phone*). (SCENE: *She sits there, in terror, frozen, listening*). (*In a suffocated voice*). I won't pick it up, I won't let them hear me. I'll be quiet—and they'll think . . . (*With growing terror*). But if I don't call someone now—while they're still down there—there'll be no time. . . . (*She picks up receiver. Bland buzzing signal. She dials operator. Ring twice*). (SCENE: *On second ring, spotlight goes on R. We see 5TH OPERATOR.*)

OPERATOR (*fat and lethargic*). Your call, please?

MRS. STEVENSON (*a desperate whisper*). Operator—I—I'm in desperate trouble . . . I—

OPERATOR. I cannot hear you, madam. Please speak louder.

MRS. STEVENSON (*still whispering*). I don't dare. I—there's someone listening. Can you hear me now?

OPERATOR. Your call, please? What number are you calling, madam?

MRS. STEVENSON (*desperately*). You've got to hear me. Oh—please. You've got to help me. There's someone in this house. Someone who's going to murder me. And you've got to get in touch with the . . . (*Click of receiver being put down on MRS. STEVENSON'S line. Bursting out wildly*). Oh—there it is . . . he's put it down . . . he's coming . . . (*She screams.*) he's coming up the stairs . . . (SCENE: *She thrashes in bed, phone cord catching in lamp wire, lamp topples, goes out. Darkness*). (*Hoarsely*). Give me the Police Department. . . . (SCENE: *We see on the dark c. stage, the shadow of*

door opening). (*Screaming*). The police . . . (SCENE: *On stage, swift rush of a shadow, advancing to bed—sound of her voice is choked out, as*)

OPERATOR. Ringing the Police Department. (*Phone is rung. We hear sound of a train beginning to fade in. On second ring, MRS. STEVENSON screams again, but roaring of train drowns out her voice. For a few seconds we hear nothing but roaring of train, then dying away, phone at police headquarters ringing*). (SCENE: *Spotlight goes on DUFFY, L. stage.*)

DUFFY. Police Department. Precinct 43. Duffy speaking. (*Pause*). (SCENE: *Nothing visible but darkness on C. stage*). Police Department. Duffy speaking. (SCENE: *A flashlight goes on, illuminating open phone to one side of MRS. STEVENSON'S bed. Nearby, hanging down, is her lifeless hand. We see the second man, GEORGE, in black gloves, reach down and pick up phone. He is breathing hard.*)

GEORGE. Sorry. Wrong number. (*Hangs up*). (SCENE: *He replaces receiver on hook quietly, exits, as DUFFY hangs up with a shrug, and CURTAIN FALLS.*)