

Wait Until Dark

Audition for Susy and Gloria

Audition Selection #5

Act 1 Scene 2

Script pages 27-29

MIKE is just leaving the apartment after his first meeting with SUSY. GLORIA popped her head in a couple of minutes ago and, after she and MIKE looked at each other for a moment, she popped her head back out, even though SUSY had invited her in.

SUSY: *(As MIKE heads for the door.)* **Well, good bye . . . and thanks for putting out the . . . oh, my God!** *(SUSY forgot that she still has the Fire Department on the line and hurries to the phone, grabbing it off the table. While she is talking on the phone, MIKE opens the door to leave. GLORIA is standing outside. He exits Left and GLORIA enters quietly and stands at the top of the stairs watching SUSY, who does not notice her. GLORIA is nine years old and wears glasses. SUSY, into phone.)* **Hello . . . Oh — you're still there. I'm terribly sorry, but the fire's out. As a matter of fact, it wasn't in here at all. It was upstairs — just some soup that had burnt up on the stove, but you could smell it for blocks! . . . Yes, you see, there was a little girl up there, and she was supposed to be watching it, but you know how they are sometimes — oh, no, she's fine, and so it's all right now. Good bye. *(Hangs up.)* Oh — how awful! Mike? . . . Mike?**

GLORIA: **What soup?**

SUSY: **Oh — hello, Gloria.**

GLORIA: *(Quietly, coming down stairs.)* **Who was that man who was in here?**

SUSY: **That was Mr. Talman . . . he's an old friend of Sam's.**

GLORIA: **Oh, I see. Is the grocery list ready?**

SUSY: **Yes. It's by the phone. And five dollars . . .** *(Note: this is equal to almost \$40 in 2014 dollars. Can you see it?)*

GLORIA: *(Picking them up.)* **Yes, I have it. What else?**

SUSY: **Nothing else . . .** *(Cheerfully.)* **My job for today is to defrost the icebox . . . if you'd like to help me.** *(Wasting no time, GLORIA goes straight to the refrigerator, switches it to defrost and, leaving refrigerator door open, starts toward stairs.)* **What did you do then?**

GLORIA: **Switched it to defrost, of course.**

SUSY: **No — that's not how we do it.**

GLORIA: **It is too. I've done it for Mother— hundreds of times.**

SUSY: **Not with this one. If you switch *this* one to defrost, the milk freezes solid and all the jars crack open. We have to do it *Sam's* way. We just pull out the cord at the back and take *everything* out and put two pans of boiling water into the freezer.**

GLORIA: *(Overlapping.)* **Okay, do it Sam's way, then. I'll go to the A&P . . .**

SUSY: *(As GLORIA reaches stairs.)* **Did you close the door . . . of the icebox?** *(GLORIA glances from the open refrigerator to SUSY and back.)*

GLORIA: **Yes.**

SUSY: **I didn't hear it shut.**

GLORIA: **Okay then, it's open.**

SUSY: *(Calmly.)* **Then will you shut it, please.**

GLORIA: **Can't you shut it yourself? It's right by you.** *(SUSY pretends to be busy at sink – hums to herself.)*

SUSY: **That's the girl . . . thanks.**

GLORIA: **For what?**

SUSY: *(Surprise.)* **Oh! I thought you closed it!**

GLORIA: **Well, I didn't.**

SUSY: *(Letting go.)* **Now look here, Four-Eyes! I thought I'd made this clear. When I open the icebox I close it and when you open . . .** *(At the name "Four-Eyes," GLORIA goes into a controlled rage. She knocks an ashtray off the side table and then stands facing SUSY, waiting for a fight. SUSY, quietly:)* **Did you drop that by mistake?**

GLORIA: **No.**

SUSY: **Then pick it up . . . now!** *(GLORIA goes to table, picks up jar, but, seeing it is breakable, puts it back and throws knives and spoons, etc. onto floor instead.)*

GLORIA: *(Through her teeth.)* **Don't you ever call me that again. (Loudly) AND I DO NOT STEAL!!**

SUSY: **Steal? Who said anything about stealing?**

GLORIA: *(Loudly)* **You did! I know Sam wouldn't say a thing like that. You told Mother I'd stolen a *doll* of yours. What would I want with a silly doll?**

SUSY: **I never said anything of the kind. And whatever you threw down then — pick it up!**
(*Shouting.*) **AT ONCE!**

(GLORIA now goes right around the sink and closets, systematically dropping everything she can see [which will not break or damage] onto the floor. As she does this, she shouts angrily:)

GLORIA: **And don't you shout at me! . . . I —don't — like — being — shouted — at! Understand?**

(SUSY puts her hands to her ears and shouts.)

SUSY: **You stop that — whatever you're doing — stop it! You little . . . sawed-off shuttlecock!** (GLORIA stops dropping things and stares at SUSY, a coffee pot still in her hands.)

GLORIA: (*Quietly,*) **What did you say?**

SUSY: (*Quietly, ashamed of herself.*) **I'm sorry, Gloria, I — I shouldn't have said that.**
(GLORIA lays down coffee pot.)

GLORIA: **What does it mean?**

SUSY: **Nothing. It just popped out — see what happens when you push someone too far? . . .** (GLORIA moves toward SUSY.)

GLORIA: **I know some dirty words *too*, you know . . .**

SUSY: **. . . And I wouldn't have called you Four-Eyes, either, if . . .**

GLORIA: **So why *did* you?**

SUSY: **Doesn't Sam call you that?**

GLORIA: **Sam *likes* me. He can call me what he likes.**

SUSY: **Oh, I see, thanks. I'll tell him.**

GLORIA: **What will you tell him?** (*No reply; then, slowly.*) **If you tell Sam *anything* about this — I'll tell *him*!**

SUSY: **What?**

GLORIA: (*Slowly.*) **About that *man* — who was here just now! — I *heard*!**

SUSY: **What do you mean — I *heard*?** (GLORIA notices MIKE's package on the safe. She picks it up and reads:)

GLORIA: **From M. Tal-man . . . Ari-zona! . . . Well!**