

BEN What is it, Dad? What happened?

JOE I don't know.

SARAH What happened, Dad? What is it?

JOE I said I don't know.

SARAH We heard the alarm go off.

BEN Did you hear the alarm go off, Dad?

JOE Certainly I heard it go off. That's why I'm down here. *(To SARAH)* Close your bathrobe.

(SARAH can never keep her robe tied. She closes it)

SARAH My God, it was really the alarm.

BEN *(Points)* The French door is open. Look!

SARAH It's open, Dad. The French door. Look!

JOE I can see it's open. Stop repeating everything.
(The telephone rings)

BEN It's the phone, Dad.

SARAH Dad, it's the phone.
(It rings again)

JOE I can hear it. Close your bathrobe. Ben, answer the phone.

SARAH Answer the phone, Ben.

JOE I'm going to look outside.

SARAH Suppose someone's out there?

JOE That's why I'm looking. That's the whole point of it. Close your robe. *(The phone rings again)* Answer that.
(JOE goes out to the portico, and BEN picks up the phone)

BEN *(Into the phone)* Hello? . . . Yes?

SARAH Who is it?

BEN The burglar alarm company.

SARAH Daddy, it's the burglar alarm company.

BEN *(Into the phone)* Yes, we just heard it.

SARAH Ben said we just heard it.

JOE *(From out on the portico, yells)* Close your bathrobe!

BEN *(Into the phone)* We found the living-room French door open. My father's checking now.

SARAH What do they think?

BEN *(Into the phone)* What do you think?

JOE *(Coming back into the room)* I think someone tried to break in.

BEN *(Into the phone)* My father thinks someone tried to break in.

JOE I found footprints in the snow.

BEN *(Into the phone)* He found footprints in the snow.

SARAH My God, footprints in the snow.

JOE Close your robe, you want to catch cold? Go to bed. Look at you shivering.

SARAH I'm not cold. I'm scared. My God, someone tried to break in.

JOE Stop using God's name in vain.

SARAH It's not in vain. I'm really scared.

BEN *(Into the phone)* One second, please. *(To JOE)* They want to know if they should send somebody.

JOE No one got into the house.

BEN How can you tell?

JOE There's snow outside. There would be footprints on the rug.

SARAH There *are* footprints. *(Points)* Right there!

JOE *Those are mine!* Wasn't I just in the snow?

BEN Suppose he wore galoshes and left them outside?

JOE What kind of a robber wears galoshes? No one got in. Tell them never mind. Everything's all right. I'm going to look around again.
(He goes back out on the portico)

BEN *(Into the phone)* Hello? No one got in . . . Never mind, please. Everything's all right. My father's going to look around again . . . Thank you. We will. *(He hangs up)* Close your bathrobe.

JOE (*Comes back in*) Someone was here. He dropped these outside.
(*He holds up a pair of steel-rimmed glasses*)

BEN Eyeglasses!

SARAH Look, Daddy, it's a pair of eyeglasses!

JOE *Didn't I just find them?* I can see they're eyeglasses. Well, whoever dropped them won't get far without them. They're a half-inch thick—I can't see two feet through them.

SARAH A half-blind burglar, my God, it gives me the creeps.
(*She shivers*)

JOE I'm not going to tell you about God's name or your bathrobe again . . . I wouldn't be surprised if he broke both his legs. There are no footprints going down the stairs, so he must have jumped off the balcony.

BEN Jumped off the balcony? Forty feet? He'd break both his legs.

SARAH Oh God, a crippled blind burglar . . .

BEN Why don't we call the police? A crippled blind burglar shouldn't be too hard to find.

JOE First of all, he isn't a burglar because he didn't steal anything. And second of all, I don't want any police around here with your mother in the house. You know how frightened she is.

BEN But whoever it was could still be out there. He could be a dangerous lunatic.

SARAH He could be a rapist! . . . A *sexual* rapist!
(*She closes her robe, which always falls open*)

BEN *All* rapists are sexual.

JOE (*Looks at her*) He can't see two feet ahead of him, who's he going to find to rape?

SARAH He could feel his way into the house.

BEN Not if he has two broken legs.

SARAH He could *crawl* and feel his way into the house.

JOE (*Yells*) People don't break into houses if they have to crawl and feel around . . . How would they ever get away?

SARAH A girl in my college was attacked by a man with one arm and one leg . . . They still can't figure out how he held her down.

JOE A nineteen-room house with priceless paintings, irreplaceable antiques and a half million dollars in jewelry, who's going to stop for a rape? He's got other things on his mind.

SARAH What if rape was the thing he had on his mind?

JOE Will you stop talking about rape and close your bathrobe? Ben, take her upstairs. Go to bed, the both of you.

SARAH Yes, Daddy. Good night, Daddy.

BEN Good night, Dad.

JOE Wait a minute! Did you just hear something? . . . Listen!
(*We hear a door screech open, then shut. They all look at each other*)

JOE It's in the house.

BEN Someone's in the house!

SARAH Oh God, the rapist!

JOE (*Whispers*) Be quiet! Listen . . . footsteps!

SARAH Coming this way!

BEN Out in the hall!

SARAH Give them what they want, Daddy, don't let them do you-know-what.

JOE Get back, both of you. Near the wall!
(*They all move back and pin themselves against the wall*)

BEN The burglar alarm is off. We forgot to reset it.

JOE It's too late now.

BEN I could call them. What's the number?

JOE How should I know the number?

BEN Should I call information?

JOE Will you get back against the wall?

SARAH Oh God, I can just feel his hands on me now, his clammy hands rubbing all over me, up and down, up and down—

JOE No one's going to rub you up and down! Stop it! Grab something! (*They each pick up a vase*) The minute I hit him, call the police! Stand back! Here he comes . . . Close your bathrobe! (*They all stand behind the door, and raise the vases over their*