Scene 4

*Katie,* still alone on stage, speaks to the audience.

*Katie*  
Martin’s right, though. I *am* scared. Scared of everything in this big old house. Even my own poem scares me. And later on, when I’m in my room and the lights are out, it gets even worse.

_She settles down to sleep._

I can’t get that tapestry out of my mind. I can’t get the sweet smell of malt out of my mind. I lie in my bed in the dark, and even though the storm has stopped, I still hear noises.

The actors who play *Alice,* *Martin,* *Miss Jackson,* and *Joe* now enter and speak as narrators, describing the sounds that Katie hears. Their voices are scary, and *Katie* reacts, scared, to them.

*Alice*  
Traffic whooshing in the rain outside.

*Martin*  
Scratching noises from the roof above.

*Miss Jackson*  
Gurglings and snufflings –

*Joe*  
Creakings and shufflings –

*Katie* speaks aloud to herself:

*Katie*  
It’s just the water-pipes! It’s just owls in the loft! There’s nothing to be scared of, nothing at all!

*Alice*  
Oh, yes, there is, there’s a lot to be scared of –

*Martin*  
A lot to be scared of in an old house at night.

*Miss Jackson*  
Those two red eyes shining in through the window –