

ANGELA: Just – please – never do that again.

RAY: That's up to her. I hope we won't need to.

ANGELA: And the light – ? She has had enough nightmares already, Sergeant. She hardly sleeps as it is.

RAY: Well let's hope for all our sakes that's the last of it. [To LIZZIE] You think you can keep out of trouble from now on?

LIZZIE: The Wolf came.

ANGELA: [to RAY] Tomorrow's Christmas Eve!

RAY: Look. She's not the first. I've done it to others and I can assure you, they don't need psychotherapy after. On the contrary: they never set a foot wrong again.

LIZZIE: The Wolf came back, Mum.

RAY: I keep an eye on them through the peep-hole. And it's never for more than half an hour.

ANGELA: She's nine years old!

LIZZIE: The Wolf.

RAY: Just to teach them a lesson.

LIZZIE: Mummy.

RAY: If the mothers are out working ...

ANGELA: Yes! It's criminal, isn't it?!

SCENE FOUR

The house. WARREN has a Christmas present for LIZZIE. ANGELA laughs as:

WARREN: [singing]

Joy to the world,
Your Dad has come,
So how about a beer?

ANGELA gives him a beer. LIZZIE looks at WARREN's present.

ANGELA: [to LIZZIE] Well? Go on!

WARREN: She's awestruck, aren't you, Liz? How about a hello?

LIZZIE: Hello, Dad.

ANGELA: Let's see what it is!

LIZZIE: I don't want any presents.

WARREN: Now that's what I call a Christmas miracle.

ANGELA: [to LIZZIE] What are you talking about? [To WARREN] She's been asking what you'll bring her since *last* Christmas. [To LIZZIE] Of course you do! And you've got something for Dad, haven't you?

LIZZIE runs out.

Do I get anything?

WARREN: Last month's school fees. Sorry it's late.

ANGELA: Gee. You shouldn't have.

WARREN: Plus I'm taking you out to tea. Chinese or Australian: your choice.

LIZZIE runs back in and gives WARREN a page.

What's this?

LIZZIE: I wrote you a story.

ANGELA: No, remember we went shopping? What you bought Dad?

WARREN: Your writing's getting neater.

ANGELA: The real present ...

WARREN: But your spelling's a worry. Don't give up your day job, kiddo.

ANGELA: Remember ... ?

Beat.

From the mall.

Beat.

In silver paper.

LIZZIE bursts into tears.

LIZZIE: I ate them!

She hurls herself sobbing to the floor.

WARREN: I just hope they weren't drill bits, that's all.

ANGELA: Lizzie ...

WARREN: Or socks.

LIZZIE: They were chocolates! And I ate them!

ANGELA laughs uncomfortably.

ANGELA: I told you they'd be safer in my room. Come on ...