

TONY. Well, I certainly ain't goin' ta jail on account o' these morons. *(to DAD)* C'mon. We're goin' ta see who's at th' door. *(to VINNY)* Keep an eye on 'em – and don't take no monkey business if ya know what I mean.

(TONY and DAD exit to living room as lights dim in dining room.)

Don't go thinkin' 'bout nothin' cute – I'd hate ta hafta shoot yous. Now, look out th' peep hole. Who is it?

DAD. It's Emily.

TONY. What am I – yer social planner? Who's that?!

DAD. She's a neighbor girl.

TONY. Alright...open th' door an' invite hers in.

DAD. I can probably get rid of her.

TONY. Nice try – get her in here!

(DAD opens the door.)

DAD. Hello, Emily.

EMILY. Hi, Mr. Douglas. Have you seen Paul?

DAD. Yes...yes I have. Would you like to come in?

(She enters and TONY steps from behind the door.)

EMILY. Yes sir, it's freezing out here.

TONY. Welcome to th' party.

EMILY. Is that a gun?

TONY. Oh for th' love o' Pete – we're not goin' through dis again! YES, it's a gun. A *real* gun, that I will use to shoot you if you start talkin'. I've had enough talkin' for one night!

DAD. It's okay, Emily, he's not going to hurt us – he's just here for a while and then he'll be gone. Right, Tony?

TONY. Dats th' plan. Keep yer mouth shut, don't try nuthin' stupid – and everything'll be fine.

(They cross to the dining room and the lights restore.)

VINNY. Another one!

TONY. They're multiplyin' like rabbits 'round here.

VINNY. If anymore people show up – we're gonna need a bigger house.

PAUL. What are you doing here?

EMILY. Mom sent me to find *you*.

PAUL. Why?

EMILY. You've been gone for fifteen minutes. How long could it take to drop off one little present?

VINNY. It's was actually two presents.

EMILY. Two?

VINNY. Yeah, the one your mom sent, and the one he brought for Beth.

EMILY. You brought Beth a **BETH**. You brought me a present? present?

PAUL. *(embarrassed)* Well, uh...

BUNNY. *(to BUD)* Isn't that sweet?!

VINNY. Why don't you open it?

BETH. *(awkward)* Well, I...

TONY. *(to VINNY)* Have you lost your mind!?! We are not playin' "dirty Santa" here –

BUNNY. Bud played Dirty Santy once and –

TRACY. Mother, gross!

~~TONY. *(to the group)* Look, I put up wit' yer slicin' ham and servin' cake and I was even fine wit' makin' coffee, but I draw the line at openin' presents. There will be NO present opening.~~

~~VINNY. *(pauses)* ...were you neglected as a child?...~~

~~*(Lights quick fade to black. End of scene.)*~~

TO

EMILY
+
PAUL