

⑦
PAUL +
MRS.
WAKOWSKI
(pp. 57-8)

(The doorbell rings and DAD opens the door.)

DAD. Hello Mrs. Wakowski, won't you come in.

MRS. WAKOWSKI. I can't stay, I was just wondering if you'd seen - *(She spots PAUL across the room.)* Where have you been?!

PAUL. Isn't it obvious?

MRS. WAKOWSKI. Don't get smart with me - I'll strangle you til your face is the same color as your hair. Why didn't you drop off the gift and come straight back like I asked.

DAD. Mrs. Wak -

MRS. WAKOWSKI. I'll handle this!

PAUL. Mom.

MRS. WAKOWSKI. What?!

PAUL. I'd like you to meet Tony.

MRS. WAKOWSKI. *(turns, barely paying attention)* Pleasure. Now, would you mind explaining to me why you're still here? I was worried sick!

TONY. What Sid Vicious here is tryin' ta tell yous is that he is being held hostage.

MRS. WAKOWSKI. What?

TONY. *(pulls out pistol)* And so are you.

MRS. WAKOWSKI. Oh my goodness -

DAD. Calm down - he's not going to hurt anyone as long as we cooperate.

MRS. WAKOWSKI. *(runs across to PAUL)* Oh, baby are you okay?!

PAUL. I'm fine, Mom.

MRS. WAKOWSKI. Are you sure.

PAUL. Yes. Actually, this is one of the cooler Christmas Eves that I can remember.

MRS. WAKOWSKI. Paul!

PAUL. I'm serious. Who else can say that they've been held hostage on Christmas Eve?

TONY. You, and sixty-three other people in dis house.

(Lights fade quickly to black. End of Scene Two.)