

1. Bogeyman dozing in his chair in the kitchen, frowning slightly, open book spine-up on his chest.

Grace: Sir? E-excuse me, sir...

2. Bogeyman frowns harder, cracks open one eye glaring down in her direction.

Bogeyman: Mhm?

3. Grace looks very apologetic, twists her fingers together nervously.

Grace: Sorry to-to disturb you, sir, but I was just wondering...

4. Bogeyman gestures towards her head with the book, now closed.

Bogeyman: What? Wondering about the quickest way to earn yourself a smack?

5. Grace cringes away, hands up to protect herself.

Grace: No! I just wanted to ask you...

6. Grace looks very sad and embarrassed.

Grace: ... About my mummy.

1. Bogeyman narrows his eyes.

Bogeyman: Oh? What about her?

2. He looks surprised.

Grace: Did she – did she ask you to take me away?

3. He sighs, puts the book to one side with one hand, pats his knee with the other.

Bogeyman: Grace. Come here.

4. Grace sits on his lap, looking nervous. He lays a hand on her shoulder.

Bogeyman: Your mummy loved you very much. Which is why she turned you into such a spoilt brat.

5. He smiles cheerfully.

Bogeyman: I'm just here to reverse the damage. Once you've learned your lesson, you can go back to her, and she'll love you again.

1. She lets a tear begin to spill over.

Grace: Does she even want me back?

2. His hand appears to wipe it away.

Bogeyman: She'll want you back once you've learned to behave yourself.

3. He licks the tear off his own thumb/knuckle.

Bogeyman: Mm.

4. He starts to lift her down.

Bogeyman: So be a good girl, now – run along and fetch me something to eat.

5. She has her feet back on the floor, looking determined.

Grace: Yes, sir.

Bogeyman: Atta girl. Your mummy will be proud.