

A CHRISTMAS STORY, THE MUSICAL AUDITION SCENES

- #1 Pages 38-39 From: SCHWATZ: Hey, listen, smartass....
To: FARKUS: Who's ready to say uncle?
 • SCWARTZ, FLICK, JEAN, RALPHIE, RANDY, ESTHER JANE,
 FARKUS, DILL
- #2 Pages 42-43 From: MISS SHEILDS: Good morning class.
To: RALPHIE: You never know when you'll need it.
 • MISS SHIELDS, JEAN, RALPHIE
- #3 Pages 56-60 From: MISS SHIELDS: Mr. and Mrs. Parker.....
To: THE OLD MAN: It's a lamp!
 • MISS SHIELDS, MOTHER, OLD MAN, JEAN, RALPHIE, RANDY
- #4 Pages 72-73 From: MOTHER: Open up, Ralphie.
To: SCHWATZ: What 'd I ...?
 • MOTHER, RALPHIE, JEAN, MRS, SCHWARTZ, SCHWARTZ
- #5 Pages 83-85 From: MISS SHIELDS: Now I know some of you put Flick up to this.
To: MISS SHEILDS: Take him away, boys!
 • MISS SHEILDS, JEAN, RALPHIE
- #6 Pages 89-92 From: FARKUS: Come here, jerk!
To: JEAN: I had won.
 • FARKUS, DILL, JEAN, RANDY, RALPHIE, MOTHER, SCWARTZ,
 GIRL 1, FLICK, MARY BETH, GIRL 2, ESTHER JANE
- #7 Pages 94-96 From: MOTHER: Now, Ralphie, go to your room and lie down.
To: JEAN: Perhaps I was not about to be destroyed after all.
 • MOTHER, RANDY, JEAN, OLD MAN
- #8 Page 104 From: SANTA: What's your name, little boy?
To: RALPHIE: NOOOOOOOO!
 • SANTA, MALE ELF, FEMALE ELF, JEAN, RALPHIE
- #9 Pages 106-107 From: OLD MAN: What broke?
To: MOTHER: You're the only one who didn't finish eating.
 • OLD MAN, JEAN, MOTHER
- #10 Pages 132-133 From: JEAN: Back in those days...
To: JEAN: ...and getting off spectacular hip shots.
 • JEAN

#1

(#4c: "The Path to School")

SCENE 3

(A path leading to school. Soon afterward.

SCHWARTZ, FLICK and one other BOY enter.)

SCHWARTZ *(an ongoing debate, he argues with arrogance).*

Hey listen, smartass. I asked my old man about sticking your tongue to a flagpole in the winter, and he says it'll stick to the pole, just like I told you.

FLICK *(with healthy confidence).* Ah, baloney. What would your old man know about anything?

JEAN. Schwartz and Flick, my two best friends. My fellow wimps. All for one, one for all.

SCHWARTZ. My old man knows, 'cause he once saw a guy stick his tongue to a railroad track on a bet, and the fire department had to come and get his tongue unstuck.

FLICK. You're full of beans, and so's your old man.

(ESTHER JANE and MARY BETH enter, chatting animatedly, followed by RALPHIE and RANDY.)

RALPHIE. Hey fellas, wait up!

(RANDY struggles to keep up. He falls, immobile.)

RANDY *(tries repeatedly to get up but can't).* I can't get up. *(Trying.)* I can't get up. I can't get up! *(Hysterical.)* Ralphie, I can't get up! Come on, Ralphie! Wait up! *(Whimpers.)* Come on, guys!

RALPHIE. Let's go, Randy, we're gonna be late!

RANDY. I can't! I fell down, and I can't get up!

ESTHER JANE. Go help your brother, Ralphie.

RALPHIE *(reluctantly).* Oh, all right.

(#5: "When You're a Wimp")

(RALPHIE tries to help RANDY up. An ominous chord of music is heard. SCUT FARKUS and GROVER DILL leap in with a horrifying roar.)

FARKUS & DILL. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

JEAN *(with paralyzing fear)*. Scut Farkus and Grover Dill, the bully and his toady.

DILL *(threatening, booming)*. Muah, ha, ha, ha, ha!

JEAN. We were about to be pummeled!

DILL. Come here, you wimp!

RALPHIE. Oh, no.

JEAN. These were the kind of meatheads who grow up bashing in car grills and becoming mafia hit men ... or captains of industry.

FARKUS. Who's ready to say "uncle?"

~~ALL KIDS *(except FARKUS and DILL, charged)*~~

~~ON EV'RY PLAYGROUND
THERE'S A WAR TAKING PLACE
BETWEEN THE BULLIES
AND THE WIMPS THAT THEY CHASE~~

~~*(Resigned to their fate.)*~~

~~AND IF YOU'RE PART OF THE PACK
THAT'S ALWAYS UNDER ATTACK,
YOU QUICKLY LEARN THAT YOU DON'T FIGHT BACK.~~

~~*(Throughout the number, the kids are tortured by the bullies. Handing over lunch money, homework, food, and receiving wedgies, noogies and the like.)*~~

~~ALL KIDS *(except FARKUS and DILL, cont'd)*~~

~~WHEN YOU'RE A WIMP
THEY KNOW THAT YOU DON'T HAVE THE GUYS~~

2

KIDS 2.

WIMP!

KIDS 3.

WIMP!

(As the KIDS celebrate and start to exit toward school, FARKUS and DILL return to scare them off.)

(#5a: "After Wimp")

(DILL throws FARKUS a congratulatory punch on the arm. FARKUS reciprocates. DILL, proving his might, punches FARKUS, a bit harder this time. FARKUS responds even harder, reminding DILL who's boss.)

JEAN. Although I had survived the wrath of the feared, arm-twisting twosome, there was no avoiding the fact that the coveted air rifle was in serious jeopardy. I couldn't even convince my own mother I needed it! I had to find another way.

(School bell rings.)

SCENE 4

(The classroom. A few minutes later.)

MISS SHIELDS *(prim, stuffy)*. Good morning, class.

KIDS *(in muffled, unenthused voices)*. Good morning, Miss Shields.

MISS SHIELDS. Children. Our first activity of the day will be an in-class theme—

(The KIDS groan.)

MISS SHIELDS *(cont'd)*. Entitled: "What I Want for Christmas."

(The KIDS perk up, excited. Especially RALPHIE.)

(#5b: "What I Want for Christmas")

JEAN (*pleased with his luck*). I had found another way!

MISS SHIELDS. And, as always, I expect good penmanship, careful conjugation, proper punctuation and close attention to the margins. *Margins ... (Frustration boils over, directed at RALPHIE.)* MARGINS! You may begin.

(MISS SHIELDS discretely takes a book from her desk and begins to read. The KIDS pull out their notebooks and pencils and begin to write.)

JEAN. If I could get Miss Shields to sympathize with my plight, she might phone my mother and implore her to get me that gun. That piece of cold blue steel would soon be mine. If I could just stay inside the margins. Rarely had the words poured from my penny pencil with such feverish fluidity. I remember to this day the glorious winged phrases and concise imagery of that theme.

RALPHIE (*to himself as he writes*). "What I want for Christmas is a Red Ryder BB gun with a compass in the stock and this thing that tells time." (*Impressed with himself.*) Wow, that's great! "I don't think a football is a very good Christmas present. But, I think that everybody should have a Red Ryder BB gun. You never know when you'll need it."

~~VILLAIN (*menacingly, appearing suddenly from out of nowhere*). Ha ha ha!~~

~~(#6: "Ralphie to the Rescue!")~~

~~(*As RALPHIE's fantasy begins, we see a VILLAIN grab MISS SHIELDS and tie her to the desk. He's going to blow her up with TNT. The KIDS scream and take cover.*)~~

~~KIDS: AAAHHHHH!!!~~

#3

~~RALPHIE (*abruptly; concealing a story*). Flick says he saw some grizzly bears near Pulaski's candy store the other day.~~

~~JEAN. My parents looked at me as if I had lobsters coming out of my ears.~~

~~MOTHER. That's—quite interesting, dear.~~

~~JEAN (*frustrated*). If I couldn't get my parents' attention, it would have to be up to Miss Shields. She *had* to get those papers graded soon.~~

~~(*Another fantasy as MISS SHIELDS enters the Parker family house in a puff of smoke, lavishing RALPHIE with exaggerated praise.*)~~

MISS SHIELDS. Mr. and Mrs. Parker, your extraordinary son Ralph has written the theme I've been waiting for all my life. "What I want for Christmas is a Red Ryder BB gun with a compass in the stock and this *thing* that tells time!" Sheer poetry. And the penmanship, the conjugation, the punctuation. (*She salivates over this.*) All contained in the tightly constrained dictates of the margins. I can hardly *control* myself. Anyway, Ralph has convinced me beyond a doubt, through his magnificent and eloquent theme, that it is absolutely necessary that he be given a Red Ryder BB gun for the protection of your family. After all, grizzly bears were spotted near Pulaski's candy store the other day. (*She winks at RALPHIE.*) Thank you, Mr. and Mrs. Parker, for your time. And for Ralph—my prize. A-plus, plus, plus, plus, plus, plus student!

(*She exits as quickly as she appeared, and the fantasy is over though RALPHIE remains entranced.*)

MOTHER (*to RALPHIE, monotone*). Eat your cabbage, Ralphie. You need your roughage.

(*Back to reality, RALPHIE heaves a sigh of despair.*)

(*The front doorbell rings.*)

THE OLD MAN. Well, who's that?

MOTHER. I'm not sure ...

THE OLD MAN. It's almost seven!

(MOTHER goes to answer it. JEAN enters, wearing a telegram delivery hat.)

JEAN *(as MAILMAN)*. Telegram for you folks, Mrs. Parker.

(He hands the telegram to MOTHER and exits.)

THE OLD MAN. What is it?

MOTHER. A telegram.

THE OLD MAN *(nervously)*. What's it say?

MOTHER *(handing him the telegram)*. It's addressed to you.

(THE OLD MAN slowly opens the telegram.)

MOTHER *(cont'd)*. Well ... ?

THE OLD MAN *(trembling, after a moment)*. Look. Read it.

MOTHER *(at first, fearing the worst)*. "Dear Mr. Parker. Congratulations! You have won a major award in our \$50,000 'Great Figures of World Literature Contest.' It will arrive by special messenger tonight. Congratulations! You are a winner!"

THE OLD MAN *(dances around the kitchen, exuberant)*. I. Am. A. Winner. I'm a winner! I'm a winner!!!

MOTHER. But a winner of what?

THE OLD MAN. It could be anything. A new car, a trip to Paris. A guy in Terre Haute won a bowling alley.

MOTHER *(practical, skeptical)*. How could they deliver a bowling alley?

THE OLD MAN *(stumped for a moment)*. Well ... they could deliver a deed, for cripessake.

(The doorbell rings again. The PARKERS freeze.)

THE OLD MAN *(cont'd, with a hushed reverence)*. It's here!
Omigod, it's here!

(JEAN, now dressed as a delivery man, and two more DELIVERY MEN have entered and made their way to the front door, carrying a large crate. THE OLD MAN answers the door.)

JEAN. Frank Parker?

THE OLD MAN. Yeah?

JEAN. Sign here.

(JEAN hands a clipboard and a pen to THE OLD MAN, who scribbles frantically. JEAN calls to the DELIVERY MEN.)

JEAN *(cont'd)*. OK, haul it in.

(7b: "Haul It In")

(The DELIVERY MEN enter and deposit the crate in the living room.)

THE OLD MAN *(cont'd, eagerly)*. Well, what is it?

(JEAN shrugs. A very long pause as THE PARKERS stare at the giant crate.)

THE OLD MAN *(cont'd)*. What is it?

JEAN *(annoyed)*. I don't know.

(JEAN and the DELIVERY MEN exit as THE OLD MAN begins to roughly examine the crate, recklessly lowering it long-ways on the floor.)

MOTHER. Careful, dear. Look what it says on the side.

(THE OLD MAN looks to see the word "fragile.")

THE OLD MAN (sounding it out, exclaiming with ecstasy).
Fra-gee-lay. It must be Italian. I won an Italian prize. (In a
thick Italian accent.) Fra-gee-lay!

MOTHER (gently). I think that says fragile, honey.

THE OLD MAN. Oh, yeah.

(#8: "A Major Award")

THE OLD MAN (cont'd). Crowbar. Get me a crowbar. And a
hammer. Get me a hammer.

~~(RALPHIE and RANDY quickly exit as THE OLD MAN
jumps atop the crate, overjoyed.)~~

~~THE OLD MAN (cont'd)~~

~~HERE'S THE PROOF I'M SOMEONE~~

~~I'M A SOMEONE, VERY WISE~~

~~WHEN YOU'RE THIS ASTUTE~~

~~YOU GET SALUTED WITH A PRIZE~~

~~AND WHEN THAT PRIZE ARRIVES IN A GIANT~~

~~WOODEN CRATE~~

~~YOU KNOW IT'S SOMETHIN' GREAT!~~

~~HA!~~

~~(RALPHIE and RANDY rush in with the crowbar and ham-
mer respectively. THE OLD MAN begins to work at open-
ing the crate, swiftly and excitedly.)~~

JEAN. The old man worked in supercharged haste to lay bare
his hard won symbol of victory.

~~THE OLD MAN (removes the lid).~~

~~OH, MR. PARKER~~

~~WHO COULD BELIEVE THE~~

~~GLORY OF THE GIFT~~

~~THAT YOU'RE ABOUT TO RECEIVE?~~

(THE OLD MAN reaches inside the crate and holds up a large plastic leg in a seductive fishnet stocking and a black high-heeled shoe.)

MOTHER *(aghast)*. What is it?

THE OLD MAN. A—leg.

MOTHER *(after a pause)*. But—what is it?

THE OLD MAN *(a bit edgy, defensive)*. Well, it's a leg. Like a statue.

MOTHER. A statue?

RANDY. Whoopee, a statue!

RALPHIE *(feeling the leg, seduced)* We won a statue ...

(MOTHER quickly takes RALPHIE's hand off of the leg.)

THE OLD MAN. Wait a minute. There's something else in the box.

MOTHER. What?

(THE OLD MAN bends down and fishes inside the crate. He can't believe his good fortune.)

THE OLD MAN. Holy smokes! Do you know what this is?

RALPHIE & RANDY. What?

(THE OLD MAN reveals the leg, now assembled with a shade.)

THE OLD MAN *(delighted)*. It's a lamp!

~~MOTHER *(confused)*. It's a lamp?~~

~~THE OLD MAN *(with growing admiration)*. It's ... It's ...~~

~~IT'S A MAJOR AWARD!~~

~~I WON A MAJOR AWARD!~~

~~I WON A GRAND SLAM, BIG FAT~~

~~WARM-BAM, TAKE THAT!" AWARD~~

~~(He whispers into MOTHER's ear. She gasps audibly.)~~

MOTHER. I can't breathe ... I can't breathe!

JEAN *(full of doom)*. It was all over. I was dead. What would it be—the guillotine, a hanging, the chair, the rack, Chinese water torture? No. Mere child's play compared with what awaited me.

~~(The scene has transitioned.)~~

SCENE 8

(The Parker family house. Late that night. RALPHIE is sitting on a stool with MOTHER and THE OLD MAN glowering over him while RANDY hides.)

MOTHER *(with a disciplinary tone)*. Open up, Ralphie!

(She pops a bar of Lifebuoy soap into his mouth.)

JEAN *(with an air of sophistication)*. I had become quite a connoisseur of soap. My personal preference was for Lux, but I found that Palmolive was quite piquant with just a touch of mellow smoothness ... Lifebuoy, on the other hand ...

RALPHIE *(with soap in his mouth)*. Yuck.

MOTHER. All right. Where did you hear that word?

JEAN *(chuckles)*. Now I'd heard that word at least twelve times a day from my old man. My father worked in profanity the way other artists might work in oils or clay. It was his true medium. But I chickened out.

MOTHER. Are you ready to tell me?

RALPHIE *(with soap still in mouth, indecipherable, reluctantly)*. Schwartz.

(She takes the bar of soap out of RALPHIE's mouth.)

RALPHIE (*cont'd*). Schwartz.

MOTHER. Oh, I see.

RALPHIE (*as MOTHER crams the soap back into his mouth*).

No! No! No! No!

(MOTHER goes to the phone and dials.

MRS. SCHWARTZ appears suddenly in a spotlight DR. She speaks nasally, answering with muffled words throughout the conversation.)

MRS. SCHWARTZ. Hello.

MOTHER. Hello, Mrs. Schwartz?

MRS. SCHWARTZ. Hello, Mrs. Parker, how are you?

MOTHER. I'm fine. Mrs. Schwartz, do you know what Ralph just said?

MRS. SCHWARTZ. I hear all the kids are saying "smartass" these days.

MOTHER. No. He said ... *(Inaudible.)*

MRS. SCHWARTZ (*horrified*). Oh no, not that!

MOTHER. Yes. That. And do you know where he heard it?

MRS. SCHWARTZ (*as if it were obvious*). Probably from his father.

MOTHER (*offended*). No. He heard it from your son!

MRS. SCHWARTZ (*with growing outrage*). What? WHAT? WHAAAAAAT???

SCHWARTZ (*appearing beside her*). Mom?

(As MRS. SCHWARTZ chases SCHWARTZ across the stage, we hear sounds of spanking and ad-libbed crying.)

SCHWARTZ (*cont'd*). Ah! What'd I do? What'd I do? What'd I ... ? *(They exit.)*

#5

(Using hot water to thaw his tongue, they attempt to pull him from the pole.)

FLICK.
OW!

ADULTS & KIDS.
OOH!

ALL ADULTS & KIDS.
STICKY, STICKY, STICKY

(They attempt once again to pull him from the pole.)

FLICK.
OW!

ADULTS & KIDS.
OOH!

ALL ADULTS & KIDS.
STICKY, STICKY, STICKY SITUATION

FLICK.
OW! OW!

ADULTS & KIDS.
OOH!

(They have successfully removed FLICK from the pole.)

FLICK. Sthlun uv ? — *(A lisped version of "son of a ___.")*

(The DOCTOR or FIREMAN or POLICEMAN covers his mouth just in time so we don't hear the word. Music: Button.)

#12a: "Sticky Situation" [Playoff]

(FLICK'S MOM leads him away, scolding him. The POLICEMAN, FIREMAN, DOCTOR and NURSE exit. MISS SHIELDS returns to the classroom.)

MISS SHIELDS *(didactic)*. Now I know some of you put Flick up to this. But those who did know their blame. And I'm sure the guilt is far worse than any punishment you might receive. Don't you feel terrible? Don't you feel remorse ... for what you have done?

JEAN (*chuckling*). Adults love to say things like that. But kids know better. We know darn well it was always better not to get caught.

(FLICK enters the classroom, sulking, and sits in his chair. Several giggles are heard.)

MISS SHIELDS. Well, that's all I'm going to say about poor Flick. (*Shifting topics.*) All right, class, I have your Christmas themes for you. (*She picks the themes up from her desk and begins to pass them out.*)

JEAN (*relieved*). At last!

MISS SHIELDS. I'm pleased. They were generally pretty good, except for the margins. Look at your paper only. No talking now.

(She finally hands RALPHIE his theme. He holds it without opening it, anticipating an impressively high grade.)

JEAN. I held my breath as I stared at the paper. I imagined Miss Shields was restraining her verbal praise of my theme in deference to the ordinary intelligence of my classmates.

(The KIDS look at one another's papers and generally congratulate one another on what seems to be uniformly good grades.)

JEAN (*cont'd*). I was sure the multiple pluses were fairly dripping to the floor.

(RALPHIE looks at his paper.)

JEAN (*cont'd, shock and anger*). But there was only one plus.
RALPHIE (*outraged*). C-plus?

(Instantly, MISS SHIELDS assumes the demeanor of a menacing 1930's gun moll or nightclub singer.)

MISS SHIELDS (*delighting in his misfortune*). Ha, ha, ha,
ha! C-plus!

JEAN. Along with a note at the bottom.

MISS SHIELDS (*puffing a cigar, she casually seals his fate*).

P.S. You'll shoot your eye out!

RALPHIE & JEAN. Oh, noooo!

MISS SHIELDS. Take him away, boys!

(#12b. "To the Nightclub")

SCENE 2

(*A 1930s kid gangster fantasy at a speakeasy.*

FARKUS and DILL enter dressed as dancing 1930's gangsters, manhandling and kidnapping RALPHIE as all the KIDS and MISS SHIELDS exit and the classroom disappears.)

FARKUS & DILL (*in their best mobster/gangster voices*).

C-PLUS! C-PLUS!

NOT AN A, NOT A B

BUT A C-PLUS!

RALPHIE (*trying to escape their clutches with no success*).

HEY!

(*A small cutout getaway car enters. DILL is driving. FARKUS shoves RALPHIE into the car and it speeds away. They bounce along on the joy ride until they arrive at their destination.*)

FARKUS & DILL (*cont'd, taunting*).

THE BOSS ISN'T HAPPY

SHE ISN'T IMPRESSED

YOUR REPORT CAME UP SHORT

SO YOU FAILED THE TEST

HEY!

#6

~~(Big tap finish! RALPHIE is defeated. The KIDS, in celebration, move off to the next speakeasy. MISS SHIELDS, winded, struggles to keep up.)~~

~~MISS SHIELDS (calling offstage). Yeah, I'm comin'! Call me a cab!~~

~~(#13a: "You'll Shoot Your Eye Out!" [Playoff])~~

SCENE 3

(A path from school, immediately following.)

After the song, RALPHIE, alone and downcast, is found sitting outside in the snow. FARKUS and DILL sneak up on him. He tries to get away, but they trip him. RANDY enters to find his brother on the ground.)

FARKUS (threatening). Come here, jerk! ... Hey, Parker, when I tell you to come here, you better come here.

DILL (measured menacing tones, as if compensating for his size). Better do what he says, Ralphie boy!

(JEAN enters.)

JEAN. Ah, the venomous vipers of the jungle appear once again.

RANDY (afraid). Come on, Ralphie, let's run home.

JEAN. But sometimes in this wild wilderness, there emerges a small red demon, a beady-eyed carnivore, an insane little beast that, on rare occasion, inhabits us all.

FARKUS. Come on, fat mess. What, you goin' to cry?

DILL. You goin' to cry?

FARKUS. Come on cry! Cry baby! Cry!

DILL. Cry baby!

FARKUS (louder). Cry!

DILL (even louder). Cry!

FARKUS (louder still). Cry!

(#13b: "The Fight")

(During JEAN's speech, we see the rage boil and well up within RALPHIE as he prepares to attack. He has reached his breaking point.)

JEAN. And on that day, at that moment, the demon not only inhabited me, it consumed me. It possessed me. I threw myself at the tormentor with a strength I'd never known.

RALPHIE *(losing all control and jumping onto FARKUS as he squeals a high-pitched, almost girlish squeal)*. AH-HH-HH!!! *(He goes into a full-on faux-profanity rage.)* Gol-buster balfaddle fulfuse flappermap!

(In an exaggerated, heightened manner, FARKUS falls to the ground, and RALPHIE punches and smacks him. FARKUS groans and cries.)

RANDY. Ralphie, stop it! You're going to kill him.

RALPHIE *(continuing the choreographed fight)*. Stick-a-lick-a, mac-a-lack-a!

DILL. Hey! Get off of him!

(RALPHIE sucker-punches DILL.)

RANDY *(quickly, running offstage)*. Mom! Mom! You gotta come quick!

(Other KIDS enter and, mesmerized, watch the fight.)

RALPHIE *(almost delighting in the profanity and violence. Broad gestures, over the top)*. Confaluted frazzle-baster pena-lotta corn doodle dooooo!

(He continues the "profanity" under JEAN's line.)

JEAN. By now, I was beyond profanity. I was speaking in tongues!

RALPHIE (*stylized he-man warrior celebration. He is conquering his foe*). He-bee, je-bee! Arkanoble! Umlay, umlay, umlay!

(*RALPHIE is still clobbering FARKUS as MOTHER enters, rushing on, with RANDY close behind.*)

RALPHIE (*cont'd.*) Glockenspeilia cheriberium! Eglottal! Eglottal! Eglottal! (*With a finishing blow, he clobbers FARKUS.*) Splid!

MOTHER (*overlapping with RALPHIE*). Ralphie! Stop it! Stop it!

(*She tries to pull RALPHIE off of FARKUS, then implores the gathered KIDS.*)

MOTHER (*cont'd.*). Somebody ... boys! Help me get him off.

(*Two or three of the KIDS help MOTHER pull RALPHIE from the defeated FARKUS who, along with RALPHIE, is crying.*)

SCHWARTZ. Way to go, Parker!

GIRL 1. Hooray for Ralphie!

(*The KIDS break into a cheer.*)

~~ALL KIDS.~~

~~WHEN YOU'RE A WIMP
YOU PATIENTLY WAIT FOR THE DAY ...
WHEN THE TABLES HAVE TURNED
AND YOU'RE MAKIN' 'EM PAY~~

MOTHER (*interrupting them*). Kids! Now stop that.

(*DILL comes to the aid of FARKUS and helps him up. Barely able to stand, FARKUS is dragged off by DILL as they exit.*)

FLICK (*his tongue still in bandages from the flagpole accident*).
But that was Scut Farkus. He showed Scut Farkus who's boss!

MOTHER. I don't care about Scut Farkus.

MARY BETH. He's a big bully!

MOTHER. It makes no difference!

(MOTHER speaks as she and RANDY help RALPHIE up.)

MOTHER *(cont'd, forcefully)*. Now all of you go home. *(A moment later, smiling weakly.)* And have a merry Christmas.

(She picks up RALPHIE's glasses that have fallen to the ground and puts them in her pocket.)

The KIDS start to leave, all overlapping. MOTHER gathers a crying RALPHIE and heads home as RANDY follows.)

(#14: "Just Like That")

GIRL 1. Do you believe that?

GIRL 2. Ralphie beat the stuffing out of Scut Farkus ...

SCHWARTZ. I never thought it would happen. Especially by Parker.

ESTHER JANE. He tore right into him.

MARY BETH. I think that's the last we'll see of Farkus for a while ... and Dill, too ...

(The KIDS ad-lib as they exit.)

JEAN *(in momentary celebration)*. I had won!

~~*(The Parker family house comes into view as MOTHER comforts RALPHIE on the way to the house.)*~~

MOTHER. Shh ... shh ...

JEAN. I had pummeled Farkus and sent Dill running for the hills.

MOTHER. Ralphie ... Ralphie.

JEAN. But I had also disappointed my mother, losing any chance of procuring the coveted Christmas gift.

#7

~~THE MOMENT COMES
THE MOMENT GOES
AND JUST LIKE THAT
THE MOMENT'S GONE~~

~~(RALPHIE seems to gain control, then bursts into tears again)~~

MOTHER (*cont'd*). Now, Ralphie, go to your room and lie down.

(RALPHIE slowly goes upstairs and exits into his bedroom. RANDY is heard whimpering. MOTHER opens the door beneath the sink.)

MOTHER (*cont'd, sweetly*). Randy? Hi. Can I come in?
What's the matter? Whatcha crying for?

RANDY (*whimpering*). Daddy's gonna kill Ralphie! (*Lets out a wail.*)

MOTHER (*almost amused by his sweet innocence*). No, he's not. I promise you Daddy is not going to kill anyone. Want some milk?

RANDY (*nodding his head*). Uh-huh.

MOTHER. You would? (*She hands him a glass of milk, which he takes, immediately shutting the cupboard door.*)
Oh, Randy ...

~~(In a moment to herself)~~

~~ALL THESE CRAZY MOMENTS
FLICKER FAST
AND THEY'RE GONE
CRAZY, MESSY MOMENTS
YET YOU TRY
TO HOLD ON.~~

~~(She suddenly makes this realization. It's as true for her children as it is for her.)~~

~~'CAUSE THEY PASS YOU IN AN INSTANT
PASS YOU BY SO FAST~~

~~DON'T FORGET TO REMEMBER
THESE MOMENTS NEVER LAST~~

(Distant sounds of the BUMPUS HOUNDS barking are heard. Panicked, RALPHIE emerges from his room and trembles with fear.)

JEAN *(with dread)*. Oh no! The old man was home. I'd be drawn and quartered when he found out about the fight.

THE OLD MAN *(entering)*. Get away, you mangy malfroggin' mutts! Shoo! Git! Bumpus! Keep your slobberin' hounds outta my yard!

(RALPHIE slowly descends the stairs.)

MOTHER. Hello, dear. How was your day?

THE OLD MAN *(grumbling)*. Aw, the Bears say they're going to start Bulholtz this Sunday. The worst quarterback in the—*(Sees RALPHIE. Instant anger.)* Where's your glasses? Did you lose your glasses again?

MOTHER *(quickly rescuing RALPHIE, who's frozen in fear)*. Ralphie, here's your glasses.

(MOTHER takes the glasses from her pocket and goes to RALPHIE. She smoothly invents an excuse for him)

MOTHER *(cont'd.)* You left them on the radio. Don't you do that again.

(RALPHIE takes the glasses, slightly relieved but still nervous. THE OLD MAN, RALPHIE and RANDY sit at the table.)

THE OLD MAN. So, what happened today?

MOTHER *(pauses, then casually offers as she continues with kitchen chores)*. Oh, Ralphie got into a fight.

(RALPHIE stiffens.)

THE OLD MAN (*ready to blow a fuse*). Fight? What kind of fight?

(RALPHIE is now paralyzed with fear.)

MOTHER. Oh, it was ... *(Softening.)* Oh, you know how boys are ... It wasn't much. I gave him a talking to ... *(Effortlessly changing the subject, she completely bypasses any further discussion of the fight.)* You say the Bears are starting Bulholtz this Sunday?

THE OLD MAN (*pauses, somewhat surprised*). Yeah. Yeah, I didn't know you paid attention to—

MOTHER. Why don't you go to the game? Take Ralphie with you.

(MOTHER makes eye contact with a much-relieved RALPHIE.)

THE OLD MAN (*offhand*). Maybe I will. *(More convincingly.)* Maybe I will ... *(Even showing a hint of affection toward RALPHIE.)* Though we'll probably freeze our keesters off. That reminds me. I need to put some more antifreeze in the Olds. *(He exits.)*

JEAN (*astonished*). I couldn't believe my ears. Perhaps I was not about to be destroyed after all.

~~*(RALPHIE looks at his mother, a bit overwhelmed by the miracle she has just pulled off.)*~~

MOTHER.

NOTICE HOW THE WORLD KEEPS TURNING
LIFE GOES ON

~~JEAN. From then on, things were different between me and my mother.~~

#8

(Note: The following eight lines, with the exception of JEAN's dialogue, may be delivered in slow motion and with an echo effect. RALPHIE views this moment in a hazy, quasi-nightmarish way.)

SANTA. What's your name, little boy?

MALE CHIEF ELF. Come on, kid.

FEMALE CHIEF ELF. It's nearly nine. The store's closing.

SANTA. What do you want for Christmas?

JEAN. My mind had gone blank. I was blowing it. Blowing it.

MALE CHIEF ELF. Hurry up, kid.

FEMALE CHIEF ELF. Come on.

SANTA. What about a nice football?

JEAN. Football? Football? What's a football? Without conscious will, my voice squeaked out—

RALPHIE *(mindlessly, in a haze)*. Football.

SANTA *(back to real time)*. OK, get him outta here.

(JEAN speaks as RALPHIE is being pushed down the slide.)

JEAN. A football? Oh, no. What was I doing? Wake up, stupid, wake up!

RALPHIE *(stopping himself mid-slide, climbing back up)*.
No! No! I want an official Red Ryder carbine-action 200-shot Range Model air rifle! *(He shoots a wink and a smile to the audience, self-satisfied.)*

SANTA. You'll shoot your eye out, kid. Ho! Ho! Ho!

(With his boot, SANTA pushes RALPHIE, who is devastated, down the slide.)

RALPHIE *(going down the slide)*. NOOOOOOOOO!

~~SANTA & ELVES~~

~~UP ON SANTA'S LAI~~

#9

~~(SANTA and the ELVES exit, perhaps ready to blow off some steam. RALPHIE, somewhat shaken, is comforted by JEAN.)~~

~~(#15a: "Up on Santa's Lap [Playoff]
& Transition to the Parker House")~~

~~JEAN. Despite my near debacle with Santa and the elves at Higbee's, I had managed to at least log my air rifle request with the big man. Who knows—maybe I'd get the air rifle and a football. It was Christmas Eve. I had renewed reason for optimism. But, of course, that's always the moment when life plays tricks on you. Cruel, unexpected tricks.~~

SCENE 6

(The Parker family house. Christmas Eve. In low light, we hear sounds of THE OLD MAN grumbling and working on the furnace in the basement as MOTHER is rearranging decorations in the window. Suddenly, we hear crashing sounds. The lights come up to reveal MOTHER and the broken leg lamp on the floor.)

THE OLD MAN *(from offstage)*. What broke?

(RALPHIE and RANDY retreat into hiding, fearing what may come next. THE OLD MAN emerges from the cellar.)

THE OLD MAN *(cont'd)*. What happened? What broke?

JEAN. At that moment, the old man knew. A thing he'd feared from the very first day had come to pass.

MOTHER *(softly, but overly dramatic)*. The lamp.

(THE OLD MAN is devastated. He rushes to the lamp. RALPHIE has come out of his room, and RANDY has now poked his head out of the below-the-sink door. THE OLD MAN drops to the floor beside the broken lamp.)

MOTHER (*cont'd*). I—I don't know what happened. I was just—setting out the candles ... and ... and ...

THE OLD MAN (*after a long pause, in measured tones*). You were always jealous of that lamp.

MOTHER (*incredulous*). Jealous? Of a plastic leg?

THE OLD MAN (*the tension is mounting*). You were jealous because I won!

MOTHER. That's ridiculous! Jealous! Jealous of what? (*She can't hold back any longer.*) That was the ugliest lamp I ever saw.

(*A long pause.*)

THE OLD MAN (*standing, staring at her with indignation*). Get the glue.

MOTHER. We're out of glue.

THE OLD MAN (*shudders with rage*). Aha! You ran out of glue on purpose.

MOTHER. Randy used it up on a school project. I haven't had a chance to buy some more.

THE OLD MAN (*with formality and bristling dignity*). Then I shall buy some more.

MOTHER. At six o'clock on Christmas Eve?

THE OLD MAN. Oh, I'll find some—somewhere. (*Gets his coat and starts to leave.*) And—don't—touch—that—lamp. (*Quickly.*) Don't touch that lamp. (*Marches out the door, then returns.*) Not a finger.

MOTHER (*hurt*). I've never wanted to touch that lamp.

THE OLD MAN (*not letting up*). Well, you certainly touched it tonight, didn't you?! (*He exits in a huff.*)

MOTHER (*after a moment, angry and near tears, calling offstage*). Boys, I'm going next door to Mrs. Cartwright's for a little while. Randy, your dinner is still on the table. You're the only one who didn't finish eating.

#10

~~GROUP 1.~~~~ALL AROUND OUR TREE~~~~ALL.~~~~SEEING EV'RY GIRL AND BOY
WITH A HEART SO FULL OF~~~~GROUP 1.~~~~JOY.~~~~GROUP 2.~~~~WE'LL LOOK BACK SOMEDAY~~~~GROUP 1.~~~~FROM FAR AWAY~~~~ALL (except KIDS).~~~~WE'LL SAY:~~~~ALL (except TENOR 1).~~~~WHAT A CHRISTMAS
STORY TO
BEHOLD~~~~A CRAZY CHRISTMAS
STORY TO BE TOLD~~~~TENOR 1.~~~~AH~~~~WHAT A CHRISTMAS
STORY TO
BEHOLD
TO BE TOLD~~

~~(All except JEAN exit. The scene gradually shifts back to the Parker family house. MOTHER and THE OLD MAN put RALPHIE and RANDY to bed.)~~

JEAN (softly, but still buoyant). Back in those days you never asked yourself, "Do my parents love me?" It never crossed your mind. You were there. They took care of you. Their job was to raise you. Your job was to let them. When they said, "Don't run with scissors," or "Button your coat," or ... "You'll shoot your eye out," maybe even *they* didn't know it—but that's what it was ... love ...

(A beat.)

JEAN *(cont'd)*. That night, next to me in the darkness lay my cold, blue, steel beauty—the greatest gift I had ever received. Are you kiddin'?' *(Attempting to control his emotions.)* My old man, my *dad*, gave it to me. That's why it was the greatest gift I would ever receive. *(After a moment, he returns to his usual narrative demeanor.)* As the excitement of the day gradually subsided, I finally drifted off to sleep, pranging ducks on the wing and getting off spectacular hip shots.

~~*(THE OLD MAN and MOTHER have come back downstairs and are alone, perhaps sitting together by the tree.)*~~

~~MOTHER.~~

~~CHRISTMAS IS HERE
THIS CALM, QUIET NIGHT~~

~~THE OLD MAN.~~

~~IT COMES ONCE A YEAR~~

~~THE OLD MAN & MOTHER.~~

~~SO YOU HOLD ON TO IT TIGHT
WHO COULD WANT MUCH MORE?
A CHRISTMAS STORY~~

~~*(JEAN's radio studio has materialized one final time. He thoughtfully finishes his broadcast.)*~~

~~JEAN *(looking toward RALPHIE's bedroom)*. Good night, Ralphie. *(To the audience.)* Good night all. Thanks for listening. Merry Christmas.~~

~~*(Used at the beginning, the "On Air" sign goes out.)*~~

~~END OF ACT II~~