

PARKERS & JEAN

pg 34-36

THE OLD MAN. What was that?
MOTHER (*they both know all too well*). It sounded like the furnace again, dear.

THE OLD MAN (*slowly unleashing his rage*). It's the clinkers ... It's the consarned, goobly-degooking, racklin' ash! (*Goes toward the door to the cellar.*) Sons britches motor-floggin' cake-sniffin' shirty plastards!

(*He exits down into the furnace room, continuing the faux profanity as MOTHER covers RANDY's ears.*)

THE OLD MAN (*cont'd*). Farfangled britches, cobbler-goblin'.

(*Continues to ad-lib faux profanity until he is heard falling, accompanied by a crash.*)

THE OLD MAN (*cont'd, yelling from the basement*). Who left the skates on the steps!?

JEAN (*with an air of pride*). My old man was one of the most feared furnace fighters in northern Indiana. He had lots of practice. And the blue streak coming out of his mouth was equal to the blue smoke pouring out of the furnace grate.

THE OLD MAN. Who turned the damper down?! You *have* to leave it up! Clinkers again. Cob-globbering, tutt-in-fruitten clinkers.

THE OLD MAN (*cont'd*). The fufaluckin' fumulgatin', faar-fignugin flopchockitty furnace has gone out again. (*To MOTHER.*) Call the office and tell them I'll be late. (*He exits down the stairs, spewing more faux profanity.*)

JEAN. Profanity, for us kids, was strictly verboten. But my old man? That day my father wove a tapestry of obscenity that, as far as we know, is still hanging in space over Lake Michigan. And Mother always tried to divert our attention from it.

MOTHER. Well ... uh ... What do you boys want for Christmas?

JEAN. I knew the old man would never get me the gun for Christmas. Maybe I'd convince Mom. I only had twenty-three days left. How could I make the case that the Red Ryder wasn't just a Christmas present—it was a necessity!?

RALPHIE (*measured, deliberate*).

GOTTA FIND A SUBTLE WAY TO SAY IT
PLAY IT CAREFUL DON'T SEEM DESP'RATE
OR I'M DONE

GET THE RED RYDER CARBINE-ACTION BB GUN

RANDY. I want a toy zeppelin that lights up and makes noises.

MOTHER. That's nice ... Ralphie?

JEAN. Now I knew the moment called for nuance and non-chalance. But sometimes you just—

RALPHIE (*blurting out quickly and excitedly*). An Official Red Ryder carbine-action 200-shot Range Model air rifle with a compass in the stock and a—uh—uh—

JEAN (*sensing the impending doom*). Oh, no! My tongue short-circuited my brain. I was dead. Even before she opened her mouth, I knew what was coming.

MOTHER. Ralphie—you'll shoot your eye out.

⑥ ⑥ ⑥
AM. AF. CM

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 con-~~
~~noisseur 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 profan-~~
~~ity 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, reluc-*
tantly). 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?

MOTHER · MRS SCHWARTZ
RALPHIE · SCHWARTZ

P. 72-73

MISS SHIELDS

#1

p. 83-84

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?

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.*)

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

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!

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

MISS SHIELDS (*puffing a cigar, she casually seals his fate*).
P.S. You'll shoot your eye out!

MISS SHIELDS

2 p. 56

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!

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.

OLD MAN . MOTHER

1 pg 57-58

58 A Christmas Story, The Musical ACT I

(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.

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

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

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.

⑥
⑩
AM AF

OLD MAN · MOTHER

#2 pg 95-96

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.

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.*)

6 AM 10 AF

MOTHER (*from inside the house*). Frank, stay away from that turkey. You'll get worms. Where's Ralphie?

JEAN. Rapidly my mind evolved a spectacular plot ... It had to work. Quickly, I whipped up some tears.

(RALPHIE whimpers as MOTHER enters the yard.)

RALPHIE (*a tear-filled yelp, putting on a show*). Mommy!

MOTHER. Ralphie? What's the matter, baby? What happened? (*Examines his face.*)

RALPHIE (*crying*). There was ... this ... (*Improvising.*) icicle!

MOTHER. Icicle?

RALPHIE (*weepy and dramatic*). Yeah, an icicle, and it fell off the garage roof and hit my cheek, and it broke my glasses ... and I tried to get out of the way ... but I couldn't ...

MOTHER. Ah, lemme see. It's just a little bump. You poor thing! You're lucky it didn't hit your eye! (*A bit daffy.*)

Those icicles have been known to kill people!

RALPHIE. But what about my glasses?

MOTHER (*picking up the glasses*). Well, you can wear the old ones with the crack in them until we can get you some new ones.

(*They start back inside.*)

JEAN (*in delirious joy*). I had pulled it off!

(#18b: "Bumpus Hounds")

(RALPHIE looks out at the audience and smiles, then immediately resumes crying to his MOTHER. They exit.)

JEAN (*cont'd*). It had worked! Victory was mine! Ah, life is like that. Sometimes at the height of our reveries, when our joy is at its zenith, when all is most right with the world—the most unthinkable disasters descend upon us.

MOTHER · RALPHIE · JEAN

P. 125

PARKERS #1

p. 67-68

THE OLD MAN (*from outside*). Shut up, you gardingle dogs.
Come on, everybody! If we don't hurry, all the good trees
will be gone!

MOTHER. We're coming. We're coming. Goodness gra-
cious. Uh, I'll just be a second dear.

(*She inconspicuously turns off the leg lamp during the
following dialogue. RALPHIE and RANDY enter, coming
down the stairs, in the middle of an argument.*)

RALPHIE. I get to pick the tree out this time.

RANDY. No, I get to pick out the tree this time.

(*THE OLD MAN, wearing gloves and an overcoat and car-
rying a tree saw, enters the living room.*)

RALPHIE. You picked it out last time.

RANDY. Did not.

RALPHIE. Did too.

RANDY. Did not.

RALPHIE. Did too.

RANDY. Did not.

RALPHIE. Did too.

THE OLD MAN. Shut up! We will all pick out the tree together.
And if it's one I like, we'll get it. In the car, in the car!

(*MOTHER, RALPHIE and RANDY start to exit through the
front door to the car. THE OLD MAN glances back and
sees the leg lamp unlit.*)

THE OLD MAN (*cont'd*). Hey, who turned off the lamp?
(*Moves toward the lamp.*)

MOTHER (*trying to distract him*). We don't want to miss out
on all the good trees, do we, dear?

RANDY (*impatiently*). Yeah, come on, Dad. Let's go.

MOTHER (*an appeal*). We don't want to waste electricity,
do we, dear?

(*THE OLD MAN grumbles.*)

RALPHIE. Come on, Dad!

④ AM. ⑥ AF. ⑥ CM
~~ME~~

MOTHER (*calling to upstairs*). Ralphie ... Randy! Time for supper. I just heard your father pull up. He'll be famished. Hurry up now and wash up.

(RALPHIE and RANDY enter from upstairs.)

The BUMPUS HOUNDS are heard barking from offstage. THE OLD MAN enters, grabs the mail and hurries to escape the dogs.)

THE OLD MAN (*growling*). Get out of here you rotten mala-futin' mangy mutts! (*He enters the house, yelling through the window.*) Confloggers, muttjoggers! You'll pay for this, Bumpus! (*The BUMPUS HOUNDS appear in the window.*) You and your hog-huggin', mange-moltin' hounds! Get out of here! Go on, get out of here! (*The dogs retreat.*)

MOTHER (*sweetly*). Hello, dear. Did you have a good day?

THE OLD MAN (*tired, frustrated*). I did till quitting time. Then the Olds wouldn't start. Again. So, I had to get a jump. Needs a new battery. Those things are up to six dollars apiece these days.

MOTHER. Well, dear, a big plate of meatloaf and cabbage should cheer you up.

THE OLD MAN (*under his breath*). Oh, sure.

MOTHER. Now everyone go and wash up. Dinner's getting cold.

RANDY (*yelping*). No, I don't need to. I washed my hands yesterday.

MOTHER (*cont'd*). Randy, sit down and let's eat.

RANDY (*slumps into his chair and stares at his food*). Aw-
www ...

RANDY (*pushing his food around his plate, repulsed*). Aw, jeez.

MOTHER (*cont'd, attempting to use guilt to make him eat*).
Starving people would be glad to have that.

RANDY. Awww ... Meatloaf, smeatloaf, double beetloaf. I hate meatloaf.

THE OLD MAN. Where's the screwdriver and the plumber's helper? I'll pry his mouth open and stuff it in.

MOTHER (*as if playing a game*). Randy? How do little piggies go?

(RANDY snorts like a pig and continues to do so intermittently.)

MOTHER (*cont'd, encouraging him*). That's right! Oink, oink. Nice little piggies.

~~JEAN. My brother was deep into The Three Little Pigs.~~

MOTHER. Now, how do little piggies eat? There's your trough. How do little piggies eat? Be a good boy. Show Mommy how the piggies eat.

(Suddenly, RANDY bends forward, shoves his face into the plate and begins to gobble food frantically, giggling all the while as MOTHER coaxes him on.)

RALPHIE (*under his breath*). Gosh.

THE OLD MAN (*under his breath*). ~~Jesus. (Or "jeez.")~~

~~JEAN. It was disgusting.~~

MOTHER. Mommy's little piggy. That's right. (*She moves*

#2

PARKERS

pg ~~51-55~~ 51-55

(4) (6) (6)
AM · AF · CM