

THE FIGHT #2

FARKUS · DILL · RALPHIE · RANDY  
SCHWARTZ · FLICK · GIRLS  
MOTHER

p. 89-90

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!

~~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 tormenter 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!

1 of 2

10 6  
CM CF

THE FIGHT # 2  
CONST.

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 ...

2 of 2

10 6  
CM CF

SANTA + girls  
p. 99-100

SANTA (*ready to be done for the day*).  
HOP ON MY KNEE, KID

MARY BETH (*snotty and perturbed*) . Well it's about time—

SANTA.  
WHAT'LL IT BE, KID?

MARY BETH. (*producing a long-scroll-like wishlist*) Tinker-  
toys, X-ray glasses— (*She continues to pantomime read-  
ing her list to SANTA.*)

SANTA.  
I'M ENDIN' MY SHIFT  
SO ONLY ONE GIFT  
(*His mind wanders.*)  
AND WHY IS THIS SUIT SO TIGHT?  
I'M GONNA CHAFE ALL NIGHT

MARY BETH (*still aggressively reading from her list*). A  
teddy bear, a Monopoly set—

SANTA.  
I GET AN EARFUL

MARY BETH. A decoder pin, a new pair of gloves—

SANTA.  
GOTTA BE CHEERFUL!

MARY BETH (*emphatic and demanding with this last one*).  
Oh! And a collie named Fluffy!

SANTA.  
OH, GIMME A BREAK!  
HOW LONG CAN I TAKE THIS CRAP?!

(*He sends MARY BETH down the slide.*)

MARY BETH (*sliding down*). Aaaahhhh!!!

(*The ELVES shuffle NANCY up to see SANTA. She climbs  
up and whispers in his ear.*)

SANTA.  
UP ON SANTA'S LAP!  
LITTLE NANCY WANTS A NEW TOY TRAIN

NANCY (*maniacally mimicking the gift she desires*).  
WOO! WOO!

SANTA.  
LITTLE NANCY'S DRIVIN' ME INSANE  
AIN'T THAT A LOVELY CHRISTMAS MOB  
I HATE MY JOB  
HEY!