

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, tuttin-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

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*). AHHH-HH!!! (*He goes into a full-on faux-profanity rage.*) Golbuster 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

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

RALPHIE. And there oughta be something we can do to make Mom feel better.

RANDY. Like what?

RALPHIE. Well, for one thing, *you* could start eating your food without all that little piggy stuff.

RANDY (*disinclined*). Aawwww ...

RALPHIE.

SHE'LL COME BACK

SEE YOUR PLATE

WON'T BELIEVE THAT YOU ATE

TRY TO SWALLOW JUST ONE CARROT

RANDY.

I DON'T KNOW IF I CAN

RALPHIE (*imploring him*).

OPEN UP, BE A MAN

RANDY.

IT'S TOO MUCH

RALPHIE.

THEN FINE, WE'LL SHARE IT

HEY, IF YOU JUST TAKE A BITE

THEY WON'T REMEMBER THEIR FIGHT

RANDY.

ALL RIGHT.

(*He reluctantly takes a bite.*)

RALPHIE.

FORCE IT DOWN

REALLY QUICK

RANDY (*mouth full, unable to swallow*).

I THINK I'M ...

GETTING SICK

RALPHIE.

THIS COULD WORK!

RANDY (*again, giving up*).

WE NEED A BETTER PLAN

RALPHIE & RANDY.

BEFORE THE OLD MAN COMES HOME

IF HE SEES THAT THE LAMP IS ON

IF SHE SEES THAT THE FOOD IS GONE

MAYBE THEN THAT'S WHEN

EVERYTHING WILL BE OK AGAIN

RALPHIE & RANDY

Pg 109-111

# 1  
FARKUS · DILL · RALPHIE  
SCHWARTZ · FLICK  
pg 38-39

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.

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

~~JEAN (*with paralyzing fear*). Sent 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?"

RALPHIE · FLICK · SCHWARTZ

P. 77-79

SCHWARTZ (*with an attitude*). All right, there's the flagpole. Why don't you put your tongue on it? I double dare you.

(#12: "Sticky Situation")

~~JEAN (*with hushed urgency*). The exact exchange and nuance of phrase in this ritual is very important.~~

FLICK. You kiddin'? Stick my tongue to that *stupid* pole? That's dumb.

SCHWARTZ. That's 'cause you know it'll stick.

FLICK. You're full of it.

SCHWARTZ. Oh, yeah?

FLICK. Yeah.

SCHWARTZ. Oh, yeah?

FLICK. Yeah.

SCHWARTZ. Oh, yeah?!

FLICK. Yeah!

SCHWARTZ. Well, I double *dog* dare you.

~~JEAN (*the tension builds*). Now it was serious. A double dog dare. What else was left but a triple dare you and the final coup de grace of all dares — the sinister triple dog dare.~~

SCHWARTZ. I *triple* dog dare you.

FLICK. All right. All right.

SCHWARTZ. Well, go on, smartass, and do it.

FLICK (*defensive, confident*). I'm goin', I'm goin'.

~~JEAN. Flick's spine stiffened. His lips curled in a defiant sneer. There was no going back now.~~

(*FLICK plants his tongue on the pole.*)

FLICK (*tongue-tied, with a lisp*). This is nothin'. (*Slowly realizing ... gradually turning hysterical.*) Stuck ... stuck ... stuck? I'm stuck!

~~MARY BETH. What did he say?~~

SCHWARTZ (*sheer astonishment*). Jeez, it really worked!

RALPHIE. Schwartz's old man was right!

SCHWARTZ. Told ya!

(*The school bell rings. The KIDS begin inching away toward the school, unsure of how to deal with the quandary they find themselves in.*)

FLICK (*with his tongue stuck, he attempts to speak*). —Hey fellas, help me, come on—

SCHWARTZ. What are we going to do?

RALPHIE (*inching away toward the school, in somewhat of a panic*). The bell rang. We've gotta go back in.

SCHWARTZ (*pointing to FLICK*). But what are we going to do?

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