



Based on the motion picture *A Christmas Story*, © 1983  
Turner Entertainment Co., distributed by Warner Bros.,  
written by Jean Shepherd, Leigh Brown and Bob Clark,  
and on the book *In God We Trust, All Others Pay Cash*  
by Jean Shepherd.

**DIRECTED BY VERONICA COSTA-BOLTON**

**December 6, 7, & 8, 2024**

Thank you for picking up an audition packet for the holiday production of *A Christmas Story*, directed by Veronica Costa-Bolton and sponsored by the Kodiak Arts Council. This is a play of madcap humor, iconic characters, and the warmth of the holiday season. The world's most famous nine-year-old – Ralphie Parker – takes us on a hysterical, hijinks-filled avalanche of adventure filled with all the trappings of a perfect family holiday – an exploding furnace, a perfect pair of pink bunny pajamas, and a wild rash of theatrical fantasies not for the “fra-gee-lay” of heart.

Included in this packet you will find:

- Character Descriptions
- Audition Script Selections
- Audition Form that you can fill out in advance to bring with you to auditions (also available as a digital form online) -> [kodiakarts.org/achristmasstory](http://kodiakarts.org/achristmasstory)
- Audition poster that details date, time and place for auditions

Adults are encouraged to attend auditions on Friday, Oct. 11 at 6pm. If you have scheduling conflict on Friday, we will also audition adult actors on Saturday, 1pm-3pm. You only need to attend on audition event. Children only will audition on Saturday, Oct. 12 11am 1pm.

Please enter the Gerald C. Wilson Auditorium through the main public glass doors. Check in at the table in front of the doors leading to the mainstage on Friday and in front of the Drama Pod on Saturday.

# CHARACTER DESCRIPTIONS FOR “A CHRISTMAS STORY”

## YOUTH ROLES

***Ralphie Parker:***

**4<sup>th</sup> or 5<sup>th</sup> grade Boy.**

Life revolves around getting a Red Ryder BB gun; has a very active imagination.

***Randy Parker:***

**2<sup>nd</sup> or 3<sup>rd</sup> grade Boy.**

Ralphie’s younger brother. Loves to hide and play with his food.

***Flick:***

**4<sup>th</sup> or 5<sup>th</sup> grade Boy.**

Ralphie’s friend and classmate. He gets picked on a lot by the school bully. Has the famous “tongue stuck on the metal pole” scene.

***Schwarz:***

**4<sup>th</sup> or 5<sup>th</sup> grade Boy.**

Ralphie’s friend and classmate. Loves candy and adventure.

***Helen Weathers:***

**4<sup>th</sup> or 5<sup>th</sup> grade Girl.**

Ralphie’s friend and classmate and best friends with Ester Jane. Extremely intelligent; stands up to bullies.

***Ester Jane Alberry:***

**4<sup>th</sup> or 5<sup>th</sup> grade girl.**

Sweet tempered and a little shy and naïve. She has a huge crush on Ralphie.

***Scut Farkos:***

**4<sup>th</sup> or 5<sup>th</sup> grade boy.**

Classic elementary school bully.

## **ADULT ROLES**

### **Ralph:**

#### **Male 25-45.**

The narrator/storyteller. Ralph is the main character who weaves the entire show together with his running commentary.

### **Mother:**

#### **Female 25-45.**

Classic midwest 1950's housewife. Loves her family, has infinite patience and enjoys being a housewife.

### **The Old Man:**

#### **Male 35-55.**

Classic Midwest 1950's "head of the house." Male, hardworking, middle class. Always looking for a good deal or a big break to get ahead. This role requires a LOT of physical comedy.

### **Miss Shields:**

#### **Female 25-55.**

4<sup>th</sup>/5<sup>th</sup> Grade Teacher. The actress's age and attitude can define the role.

### **Santa Clause:**

#### **Male adult. 21-100.**

This is a classic "department store" Santa. Heard but never seen. It's all in the voice and the animation behind it.

## **CAMEO ROLES**

These are roles that usually only appear for one scene and are traditionally cast with male actors. These parts are limited only by the actor's imaginations as to what these characters are like. Be creative!

#### **Classic Cowboy (Good Guy)**

#### **Tree Lot Owner**

#### **Delivery Man**

#### **Voice of Neighbor**

#### **"Black Bart" (classic cowboy bad guy)**

- Desperado One (Sidekicks)

- Desperado Two (Sidekicks)

**Note:** Black Bart and the two Desperados are traditionally cast with 4<sup>th</sup> and 5<sup>th</sup> graders. All other "cameo roles" are adults

## Selected Readings

\*\*\*ALL ACTORS SHOULD PREPARE A 2-5 MINUTE STORY ABOUT A CHRISTMAS IN YOU PAST\*\*\*

### **Adult Characters:**

Ralph: pgs 19;25;36

Mother/Old Man: pgs 87-88; 93-94

Miss Shields: pgs. 55-56; 70-71

Dept. Store Santa Claus: pgs 79-80

Cowboy: pgs. 58-59

Tree Lot Owner (+ Mother + Old Man): pgs 45-46

### **Combo Adult/Child:**

Old Man/Mother/Ralphie: pgs 111-113

Mother/Randy: pgs 102-103

### **Children Characters:**

Ralphie/Schwartz/Flick: pg 97

Ralphie/Schwartz/Flick/Helen/EsterJane: pgs 84-86

Helen/EsterJane: pg.56

Scut: pgs 37; 99

*contents of his milk glass into the sink, then moves to the refrigerator for more milk.)*

RALPH. For my kid brother, Randy, I'd narrowed it down to a plastic water pistol, a rubber dagger or a tin zeppelin with little wheels and a friction motor. You've gotta be careful picking out a gift for your kid brother, if you get him something you've always wanted, it could lead to bad blood. I, myself, was lukewarm on water pistols, rubber daggers and tin zeppelins, so whichever one I finally chose was safe. *(Now the air is cleft with sounds of countless large dogs, barking, baying and snarling, and THE OLD MAN shouting, "Go away! Get outta here! Lemme alone!" etc.)* Our hillbilly neighbors, the Bumpuses, had at least 785 smelly hound dogs, and they ignored every other human being on Earth but my old man. Every time The Old Man showed his face outside, the Bumpus hounds would come after him.

*(Enter THE OLD MAN, RALPHIE's father, quickly through the front door, still shouting and out of breath. He crosses into the kitchen carrying a handful of envelopes.)*

THE OLD MAN. Did you see what those lousy hounds did to the hedge? *(MOTHER shrugs and takes RANDY's fresh glass of milk to the table.)* I got the morning mail. *(He pulls forth a wad of tattered paper that has been well-chewed by the Bumpus hounds.)* Most of it, anyway.

MOTHER *(back at the stove)*. Anything for me?

THE OLD MAN *(sorting through mail, with a grin)*. Sure, here you go: bill, bill, bill.

MOTHER. Very funny. Did you scrape the ice off the new car?

THE OLD MAN. Yeah. Engine's warming up.

*(RALPHIE moves to the door of his room, listens for a moment, crosses to his bed, fishes around underneath and brings forth a can of Simoniz. He sits on the bed to examine it.)*

RALPH. Now, that was a new one. Just one of many in The Old Man's endless lexicon of curses. Realizing it might come in handy during a ball game or an argument with Schwartz, I made note of it for future use. *(The smoke stops flowing. In the bedroom, RALPHIE opens a desk drawer.)* For myself that Christmas, I wanted only one thing. I found the ad in a magazine called *Open Road for Boys*.

*(RALPHIE pulls out a copy of the magazine and opens it.)*

RALPH *(cont'd)*. It was a magnificent thing of balanced copy, superb artwork and subtly contrived catch phrases. It said: "BOYS! At last YOU can own an OFFICIAL RED RYDER carbine action 200-shot RANGE MODEL AIR RIFLE!" *(RALPH dons a cowboy hat and bandanna.)* And there was a picture of Red Ryder himself, clutching the knurled stock of the most beautiful BB gun I'd ever laid eyes on. No self-respecting cowboy would be without one. *(The lights in RALPHIE's room change. We hear music: a guitar and harmonica. RALPH pulls a BB gun from nowhere, puts one foot up on a stool, and becomes a cowboy. RALPHIE does not see him, but keeps his eye on the ad, moving his lips and reacting to the words he is reading as RALPH says them.)* Hey, partner, this legendary official Red Ryder carbine action 200-shot Range Model air rifle is just like the one Red Ryder uses when he's chasin' bad guys. It even has a compass built right into the stock, so you'll never get lost on the trail; and say, there's an official Red Ryder sundial for tellin' time in the wilderness, too! It's a real straight shooter! Y'just look down the barrel to the special cloverleaf sight, and pull the trigger. Y'can't miss.

RALPHIE. You can't miss!

RALPH. It's great fer shootin' targets and varmints; and, hey, partner, tell Dad it makes a swell Christmas gift, too! Sup-

*(A light comes up at the top of the fence, accompanied by the "Wolf" music from "Peter and the Wolf," or something similar. FARKAS's head, topped with a ratty coonskin cap, pops into view.)*

RALPH. Every neighborhood had them. The lines were clearly drawn—like a kid caste system—you were either a Bully, a Toady or a Victim. The bully of legend in Hohman, Indiana, was Scut Farkas. *(FARKAS's beady eyes dart here and there, looking for trouble.)* Scut Farkas. What a rotten name! What kind of parents would name their kid "Scut"? Still, I have to admit, the name fit him. He was a wiry, malevolent, sneevily, snively bully. His lips curled cruelly over green teeth, and he had yellow eyes. So help me God, yellow eyes! *(FARKAS throws a leg over the fence, oozes up, over, and down, using the shortest garbage can as a step.)* Every kid I knew was afraid of Scut Farkas. If he acted friendly toward you—so much as said "Hi" to you, you dared to feel safe and warm inside. But mostly he just hit you in the mouth.

*(RALPH counters R as FARKAS moves to SCHWARTZ and FLICK, entering their light as they get RANDY to his feet. FLICK has let go of RANDY; SCHWARTZ still has a hold on him, keeping him upright, though slightly off balance. FARKAS throws up his arms and howls. SCHWARTZ lets go of RANDY and runs off DR as RANDY falls.)*

RALPH. Randy lay there like a slug. It was his only defense. *(FARKAS grabs FLICK's right arm.)* At one time or another, Farkas treated every kid in the class to a good, brisk, tendon-snapping arm twist. He gave us this refresher course on a rotating basis. We figured he kept a list and checked us off in turn, but Flick caught it from Farkas more often than any of the rest of us.

*(She crosses to the kitchen. THE OLD MAN stands and follows her. She turns on the kitchen lights and moves to the stove where she stirs the contents of a large pot.)*

THE OLD MAN. They're congratulating me for winning the award.

MOTHER. Sure they are.

THE OLD MAN. It's a kind of tribute. *(Another car horn. More shouts and whoops. MOTHER and THE OLD MAN stop to listen. He is proud. She is not.)* That must be the twentieth time tonight.

MOTHER. Twenty-third.

OLD MAN. Mm. What's for dinner?

MOTHER. Meatloaf and red cabbage.

THE OLD MAN *(looks into the pot, grunts)*. Mm.

MOTHER. What's the matter?

THE OLD MAN. Nothing. Nothing.

MOTHER. You love red cabbage!

THE OLD MAN. Oh yeah. Sure. Say, I have an idea! How about after dinner we go to the A&P and pick out our Christmas turkey.

MOTHER. Tonight?

THE OLD MAN. Sure! Of course! Tonight! Great weather for it! Make it a family project! Pick out a turkey! A great big turkey!

MOTHER. I thought I'd go tomorrow.

THE OLD MAN. Tomorrow! They might be all gone by tomorrow! Besides, don't you want my advice?

MOTHER. On what?

THE OLD MAN. You know, weight, shape ... *(Uses his hands to demonstrate. He is transported.)* ... aroma, flavor ... tenderness. *(In his imagination, he holds in his hands*



*the perfect turkey. In a trance, he buries his face in the nonexistent bird.)* Juiciness ... succulence ... dreaminess ... lusciousness ...

RALPHIE (*entering through the back door*). I'm home!

*(THE OLD MAN is shocked out of his reverie. RALPHIE puts his school books on the table.)*

MOTHER. Been playing in the park?

RALPHIE. Yeah.

MOTHER. How was school today?

RALPHIE. OK.

MOTHER. Oh! (*She picks up a bulky brown envelope from the countertop.*) This came in the mail for you. (*Hands it to RALPHIE.*)

RALPHIE. My "Little Orphan Annie" decoder pin! (*He runs through the house and upstairs clutching the package.*)

MOTHER (*calling after*). No running in the house!

THE OLD MAN. So ... whaddya say? The A&P? Tonight?

MOTHER. I'll think about it.

THE OLD MAN (*will have to be satisfied with this*). Mm. (*He moves to the table and sits with his newspaper. MOTHER moves to the stove.*) Where's Randy?

MOTHER (*gesturing in the direction of the back hall*). In the linen cabinet.

THE OLD MAN. Mm.

*(The lights come down several points in the kitchen and living room and come up in RALPHIE's room. RALPHIE leans against the wall. RALPHIE, now without his coat, enters and sits at his desk.)*

RALPH. Everything comes to him who waits. After what seemed like two hundred years of constant vigil, Annie had

*THE OLD MAN beating on something with a metal tool, and a continuing stream of pseudo-obscenities.)*

THE OLD MAN. You grappen fratten hosickin' fizzlewuzzin ... ! *(Another explosion.)* Cushlamochree! Cotton dampers! I'll be a summering bishop! *(Continue under RALPH's speech.)* You minceable basket! Domino bits! Dog mad clanky, frabllegribbin, malaforpin' ...

RALPH. What happened next was a matter of family controversy for years.

*(From the dark living room, a crash of glass. THE OLD MAN is suddenly silent. Now we hear him scrambling up the steps. The basement door bursts open.)*

THE OLD MAN. What was that! What happened?

*(He looks around the kitchen, then moves to the living room. Lights in the bedroom fade to black and RALPH exits as lights come up in the living room. MOTHER stands near the window holding the watering can. The leg lamp lies in pieces on the floor, along with a house plant.)*

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

MOTHER. I ... I don't know what happened. I was watering my plants and I ... I broke your lamp.

*(THE OLD MAN crosses to her and kneels down, cradling the lamp in his arms. MOTHER reaches tentatively for it.)*

THE OLD MAN. Don't you touch it! You were always jealous of my lamp!

MOTHER. Jealous! Of a cheap and tasteless ...

THE OLD MAN *(hissing)*. Jealous! Jealous because I won!

MOTHER. That's ridiculous! (*Now she is angry.*) Jealous? Jealous of what? That is the ugliest lamp I've ever seen in my entire life! I've hated it ever since it came into this house!

RALPH (*enters down the stairs, unseen by the others, and moves into the living room*). Now it was out.

THE OLD MAN (*his rage barely contained*). Get the glue.

MOTHER (*seems almost triumphant. She carefully enunciates each word*). We're. Out. Of. Glue.

THE OLD MAN (*a surprised and enraged roar, then a pronouncement through clenched teeth*). You used up all the glue on purpose!

(*RALPHIE comes down the stairs to the landing. THE OLD MAN picks up the shards and scraps of his lamp and exits the living room, through the kitchen, followed by RALPH, unseen. RANDY emerges from the back hall, trailing laundry, watching him go. THE OLD MAN goes out the door to the backyard, bathed in the blue light of evening. There is a full moon now, which adds atmosphere to THE OLD MAN's melancholy march. The lights in the house fade to black and MOTHER, RALPHIE and RANDY exit. THE OLD MAN trudges out of sight, behind the fence and the shed.*)

RALPH (*comes through the gate and moves DR as a light comes up at the R proscenium*). With as much dignity as he could muster, The Old Man gathered up the shattered remains of his major award and retreated to his workshop in the garage. There he found an ancient can of iron glue—the kind garage mechanics use for gaskets and repairing exploded locomotives. He spent the next several hours painfully, hopelessly trying to rebuild the net-stockinged, life-size symbol of his greatest victory.

THE OLD MAN. I feel awful!

*(The lights on the living room fade with their sobbing. Light comes up on DL for RALPH.)*

RALPH. Over the next few weeks my remaining senses would wink out one by one as my parents beat their breasts and blamed themselves. The last one remaining would be the sense of smell, and I would write a request in my Big Chief tablet for a bar of scented Lifebuoy, so that I might embrace the author of my demise as I drifted away. With my waning strength I would print a single word: "Forgiven," then the number two Ticonderoga pencil would fall from my lifeless fingers. The funeral would be attended by presidents, kings, queens and even Red Ryder himself, who would deliver the eulogy. Oh boy, then they'd be sorry. *(A pause.)* Friday.

*(Light comes up on MISS SHIELDS behind her desk. RALPH's light dims to black and he exits.)*

MISS SHIELDS *(addressing class)*. It's nearly time to go home, so let me give you next week's homework assignment. There will be no book report on Friday. *(Offstage cheering from a host of children.)* Instead, I want you to turn in a written theme on the following Monday, applying what we've learned in this unit: margins, spelling, paragraphing, everything. *(Offstage groans from a host of children.)* It will count heavily toward your final semester grade. Choose an appropriate subject and limit it properly. Now, what are the four purposes of a theme?

CHILDREN'S VOICES *(in unison)*. "To inform, to describe, to persuade, to tell a story."

MISS SHIELDS. That's right. For this assignment, write a theme to inform or persuade. Your choice. Single page. Watch your margins. Since it's the holiday season, this will

be your only homework assignment for all of next week. But with two weekends and five school days, I expect excellent work. Questions? *(Bell rings.)* Dismissed.

*(Lights cross fade: down on MISS SHIELDS, up on apron downstage. Fence rolls back into place as HELEN and ESTHER JANE enter DR, walking home from school, moving DL as they talk.)*

HELEN. Know what Roxane said?

ESTHER JANE. What?

HELEN. Roxane said Ralph Parker likes you.

ESTHER JANE. Really? Roxane said that? *(HELEN nods. After a pause.)* I think he's cute. Don't you think he's cute?

HELEN. I like older men.

ESTHER JANE. Older?

HELEN. Sixth-graders.

ESTHER JANE *(clearly impressed)*. Oh! *(Pause.)* Have you picked a subject for your theme?

HELEN. No. Something about politics, maybe.

ESTHER JANE. Maybe I will, too.

HELEN. Are you a democrat or republican?

ESTHER JANE *(uncertain, then, with conviction)*. Presbyterian.

*(They exit DL, crossing past RALPHIE, FLICK and SCHWARTZ, who enter DL and move DR.)*

SCHWARTZ. You see that, Ralph?

RALPHIE. What?

SCHWARTZ. Esther Jane was lookin' at you.

FLICK. I thought she was lookin' at me.

SCHWARTZ. Why would a girl look at you? *(He pokes FLICK affectionately as he crosses to RALPHIE.)*

RALPHIE (*finishes with a sigh of relief and a smile, holds up his masterpiece and reads*). “What I want for Christmas by Ralph Parker. What I want for Christmas is a legendary official Red Ryder carbine action 200-shot Range Model air rifle with a compass and this thing which tells time built right into the stock. It is a very good thing to get for Christmas. (*Pause.*) I don’t think Tinker Toys are a very good Christmas present. Lincoln Logs aren’t a good present, either. The end.” (*He puts it down, writes. Reads.*) “P.S. Have a Merry Christmas, Miss Shields.”

RALPH. A little sucking up couldn’t hurt. (*Lights fade on RALPHIE.*) On Monday, I turned in my theme, knowing I was offering up a masterpiece. No doubt Miss Shields, in her ecstasy, would excuse me from theme writing for the rest of my life. Oh, how I wanted to be a fly on the wall, to witness that historic moment when she first laid eyes on what would be known in future as the ultimate “What I Want for Christmas” theme.

*(Lights down on RALPH, who exits. Fantasy lights come up in the classroom area. MISS SHIELDS, wearing a large, wide-brimmed feathered hat, sits behind her desk, which is covered with high, wobbling piles of themes. Wielding a red pencil the size of a child’s leg, she pulls a theme from the top of the pile, wildly marks all over it with the pencil and moves it to a second pile as she speaks.)*

MISS SHIELDS. Margins! Margins! Margins! Why don’t they listen? Why don’t they learn? Semicolon, you dolt, not period! Oh, I can’t take this anymore. But I must! It is my duty! One more! Just one more! (*Takes a theme from the top of the pile and reads.*) “Ralph Parker” (*Rolls her eyes.*) Ha! (*Reads silently. The overture from Tchaikovsky’s “Romeo and Juliet” creeps in under.*) Why ... why ... this is ... good. This is

... it's wonderful! *(She clutches it to her bosom as the music swells.)* The theme I've been waiting for all my life! It validates my existence! The prose ... it ... it sings! " ... legendary official Red Ryder carbine action 200-shot Range Model air rifle with a compass and this thing which tells time build right into the stock!" Why, this isn't prose! It's poetry! Sheer poetry! I am transported! It out-Shakespeares Shakespeare! *(She stands and sweeps the stacks of themes from her desk.)* These are not worthy to be in such close proximity to this ... this ... masterpiece! Let the word go out, past is prologue! The history of theme writing begins here!

*(She turns and writes on the board, "Ralph Parker A+++++++", adding plusses until she runs out of blackboard. Streamers drop, confetti rains down and, to the sound of children cheering, RALPHIE comes into view from upstage of MISS SHIELDS' desk, climbing unseen steps like Patton mounting a rampart. He is dressed as Shakespeare, and is carrying an ostrich quill pen. He waves triumphantly to the teeming millions as MISS SHIELDS crosses downstage and plants herself below him, looking upward with hero worship in her eyes. RALPHIE stands, hands on hips, feet wide apart, lord of all he surveys, as the music fades, the lights come down. Classroom wagon moves out. RALPH's light comes up at the L proscenium.)*

RALPH. At the end of the school day I drifted home, secure in the knowledge that my plan was progressing. First, the barrage of ads; second, the addition of Miss Shields to the cause; and the third piece would fall into place that very evening.

*(Lights come up on living room. MOTHER and THE OLD MAN wear coats. She is buttoning RANDY's coat. THE OLD MAN is getting his hat from the coat rack. Christmas music under.)*

RALPHIE. 'Bye.

ESTHER JANE. Well ... 'bye.

RALPHIE. Um ... 'bye.

*(ESTHER JANE crosses L. as if to leave, stops a few steps away and turns to watch RALPHIE. On the PA system, a two-note chime.)*

VOICE ON PA. Attention, shoppers, it's nine o'clock and time for Higbee's to close for the day.

*(RALPHIE reacts, looks upward, checks his watch, tries not to panic. He sees ESTHER JANE out of the corner of his eye and turns. She exits quickly.)*

SANTA. HO! HO! HO! AND WHAT'S YOUR NAME, LITTLE BOY? *(Offstage, RANDY begins wailing. The sound builds like an air-raid siren and continues under dialogue. RALPHIE reacts. Santa has been caught unaware.)* THERE, THERE, LITTLE FELLOW, IT DOESN'T ... *(A sudden start and SANTA falls out of character.)* Holy ... Hey! Hey! Stop that! Get him off my lap! Hurry! Hurry! *(Something falls over next to SANTA's microphone. Sounds of scrambling and several voices, barely heard, ad-libbing in panic off mike.)* Look out, he's still ... a towel! Get me a towel!

*(RALPHIE, embarrassed, looks around for a place to hide. He crosses away, remembers why he has come, crosses back.)*

SANTA. He's doin' it again! Point him ... Get rid of him! *(RANDY, still wailing, comes down the chute and lands in a sitting position in the batting.)* That's cold! OK, it's quit-tin' time, I'm ... What? OK. OK. One more. Just one more, OK? And then *that's it!* *(He clears his throat and resumes*



*the basso characterization, though some of the conviction is gone from his delivery.)* HO! HO! HO! WHO'S NEXT? (*RALPHIE's not so sure now. He knows what's happened.*) GET UP HERE, KID, THE STORE'S CLOSING! (*RALPHIE scuttles quickly up the stairs and out of sight.*) SIT ON THE TOWEL! (*RANDY's wailing stops abruptly. He gets a dreamy look on his face.*) HO! HO! HO! WHAD-DYA WANT FOR CHRISTMAS, LITTLE BOY?

RALPH (*entering the light at the foot of the steps*). My mind had gone blank! Dazed in the presence of divine celebrity, I couldn't remember what I wanted! I was blowing it! Blowing it! (*He looks up the stairs.*)

SANTA. HOW ABOUT A NICE FOOTBALL?

RALPH. Football? Football? What's a football? Without conscious will of my own, I squeaked out, "Sure. Great. Football!"

SANTA. HO! HO! HO! A FOOTBALL IT IS! MERRY CHRISTMAS! MERRY CHRISTMAS!

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

*(RALPHIE appears, coming down the chute.)*

RALPHIE. Noooo!! (*He stops himself, squirms around and climbs back up and out of sight. RALPH traces RALPHIE's unseen climb to the heights with a slow arc of his arm.*)

RALPH. Fighting gravity, I pulled myself back up, inch by inch, struggling mightily until finally I reached the mountaintop.

SANTA. I THOUGHT I GOT RID OF YOU, KID. WHAD-DYA WANT?

RALPH. This time I remembered: a legendary official Red Ryder carbine action 200-shot Range Model air rifle with a

RALPH. Come on over and set a spell. (*RALPHIE crosses to the campfire. The DC light fades to black. RALPHIE sits. A coyote howls in the distance. RALPH reaches back and pulls forth a BB gun.*) Know what this is, partner?

RALPHIE. A legendary official Red Ryder carbine action 200-shot Range Model air rifle with a compass and this thing which tells time built right into the stock.

RALPH. Ya gonna get this cowboy carbine, saddle pard?

RALPHIE. No. They're afraid I'll shoot my eye out.

RALPH. So ya just gonna give up? (*RALPHIE nods.*) Why, I'm plumb ashamed of ya, pard. (*RALPHIE looks surprised and sorrowful.*) Y'ever see Red Ryder give up? (*RALPHIE shakes his head.*) Or Roy, or Gene, or Hoppy? (*The kicker.*) Or the Lone Ranger? (*RALPHIE, stunned, shakes his head.*) 'Course not! Whether yer fightin' the Cavendish gang or stoppin' a runaway stagecoach single-handed, y'never give up. That's what bein' a cowboy is all about.

*(Suddenly, RALPH is on his feet. RALPHIE pops to his feet, too. They cross down, where a special fades up. Stirring music fades in under.)*

RALPH (*cont'd*). Why, a cowboy never gives up, pard! Even when they've poisoned the water hole, blown up the railroad trestle and shot yer horse, ya never give up! No sir! Ya just push yer hat back, square up yer shoulders, look 'em straight in the eye and say, "I'm a cowboy! I love m'country, m'horse an' m'best girl in that order. Y'can stab me, shoot me fulla arrahs 'r' plug me fulla holes, I ain't fallin' down! 'Cause I'm tougher'n a boot, meaner'n a rattlesnake 'n' stubborner'n a mule. I'm still standin'! I'm standin' tall, standin' fer what's right, standin' fer m'country an' not standin' fer nothin'! And y'know why? It's 'cause I'm a cowboy, and a cowboy never gives up!" (*Big musical fin-*

*ish. RALPH pauses, claps his hand on RALPHIE's shoulder.)* That's always been my motto, pard. Words to live by. Kind of a ... theme, y'might say. *(He crosses back up onto the wagon.)*

RALPHIE *(the light has dawned)*. A theme? A theme!

RALPH *(turns)*. So you jist git up, dust yerself off and climb back on that horse that bucked y' off. *(He extends his hand.)*  
We got a deal, pard?

RALPHIE *(shaking hands)*. Deal!

SCHWARTZ *(offstage)*. Ralph! Hey, Ralph!

*(RALPHIE crosses DC as RALPH's platform moves upstage. The lights cross fade. The DC apron light comes up as the fence moves back into position. SCHWARTZ and FLICK enter DL, FLICK nursing his arm. They cross to RALPHIE.)*

SCHWARTZ. Oh man, Farkas almost got me. I got away through a hole in the fence!

FLICK. He *did* get me.

SCHWARTZ. Well, yeah. But at least he didn't get *me*.

RALPHIE. What kind of theme did Miss Shields tell us to write?

SCHWARTZ. Uh ... *(Quoting verbatim.)* "A theme to inform or persuade. Your choice. Single page. Watch your margins."

RALPH. It could be about anything, right?

SCHWARTZ. Uh-huh.

RALPHIE *(holding out magazine)*, Can I have this?

SCHWARTZ. Huh? Yeah. Sure. I already read it.

RALPHIE. How about you, Flick? Can I have yours?

FLICK *(still rubbing his arm)*. OK. It's at home. I'll ...

RALPHIE. Who else gets this?

FLICK. All the guys!

RALPHIE. Think they'd give 'em to me?

al viewing of the downtown Christmas lights. *(He pulls a coat, hat and gloves from behind the proscenium and puts them on as he speaks. The fence and shed move offstage, the wagon, which has previously held the classroom, now comes downstage carrying a selection of Christmas trees, strung-up lights, and a sign: "Christmas Trees.")* The icy power lines across Hohman Avenue were looped with shiny red and green garland, the streetlights sported plastic Santa faces, and the window at Higbee's department store was alive with electric trains and robot elves. So many colors, so many toys! Ah, the magic of Christmas!

*(Lights up DR. The Christmas tree lot. MOTHER and THE OLD MAN are examining trees.)*

RALPH. After driving through the winter wonderland that was downtown Hohman, we made our traditional journey to the frozen parking lot next to the Esso station to pick out "The Tree." *(He crosses DR.)*

THE OLD MAN. How 'bout this one?

MOTHER. No, see, there's a bare spot there.

THE OLD MAN. Yeah, but maybe we can ... *(He sees RALPH approaching.)* Sh, sh, sh, let me handle this.

RALPH *(now the owner of the Christmas tree lot)*. Find what you're lookin' for, folks?

THE OLD MAN. Well, we thought maybe ... *(He picks up the tree, holds it at arm's length and points.)*

RALPH *(takes it, spins it)*. Yeah, that there's a good 'un.

MOTHER *(pointing)*. There's a bare spot ...

RALPH *(pounds it once or twice against the ground)*. Oh no, that there's just where it was layin' when they shipped it.

THE OLD MAN *(an expert)*. Yeah. Sure.

MOTHER. But it's been standing up since ...

RALPH. Yeah, but it's cold, y'see.

THE OLD MAN. Cold.

RALPH (*tamping it against the ground again*). Froze that way.

THE OLD MAN. Froze.

RALPH. You get it inside where it's warm, it'll thaw out, them branches'll spread, it'll fluff up real good.

THE OLD MAN (*sucking his teeth*). Oh yeah. Real good.

MOTHER. I guess. It's not the kind where the needles fall out, is it?

RALPH. Nah!

THE OLD MAN. Nah!

RALPH. That's them balsams.

THE OLD MAN (*nods wisely*). Them balsams

MOTHER. Oh. Well, all right then.

THE OLD MAN. Whaddo I owe ya?

RALPH. Well ...

THE OLD MAN (*dickering*). Don't forget now, it's got a bare spot there.

RALPH. I toldja, it ...

THE OLD MAN. Yeah, yeah, sure, sure. I know. But still ... oughta knock a buck or two off the price.

*(RALPHIE enters.)*

MOTHER. Where's Randy?

RALPHIE. I dunno.

RALPH. Talkin' about a little kid? All bundled up?

MOTHER. Yes.

RALPH (*pointing off*). He crawled in under the office trailer about 20 minutes ago.

THE OLD MAN (*unaffected, counting his money*). Mm.

MOTHER. As long as we know where he is.

RALPH. At dawn on Christmas morning, we raced downstairs, quivering with desire and unbridled avarice. Santa had come! We got clothes and even new galoshes, but there were enough toys and junk to make up for the practical stuff. Of course, all good things must come to an end and finally, there were no more packages under the tree, only paper and empty boxes. In the excitement I had forgotten about the legendary official Red Ryder carbine action 200-shot Range Model air rifle, but now I remembered, and I mourned. Still, I had scored heavily with Randy's zeppelin and my mother's perfume atomizer. I made The Old Man wait to open his gift from me last.

*(Light goes down on RALPH, comes up in the living room. Christmas music plays at a low level on the radio. The floor is strewn with toys, clothes, wrapping paper and ribbons. A blue bowling ball rests at THE OLD MAN's feet, partially hidden by tissue paper. RANDY lies under the tree, fast asleep, in pajamas and new rubber galoshes, cradling a foot-long silver zeppelin in his arms. RALPHIE sits on the couch between MOTHER and THE OLD MAN. All three are dressed in robes and pajamas. RALPHIE wears his galoshes. THE OLD MAN unwraps his last gift and holds it aloft.)*

THE OLD MAN *(pleased)*. A can of Simoniz!

RALPHIE. You like it?

THE OLD MAN. Of course! Motorists wise ...

RALPHIE & MOTHER. ... Simoniz!

MOTHER. You like what I got you, sweetheart?

THE OLD MAN *(trying to remember exactly)*. What you ...  
what you got me ...

MOTHER *(pointing)*. The ...

THE OLD MAN. ... blue ball!

MOTHER (*just a little hurt*). Bowling ball!

THE OLD MAN (*he paws through the tissue paper, brings it up*). Bowling ball! Right. The bright ... blue ... bowling ball.

MOTHER. That way you'll be able to tell yours from everybody else's.

THE OLD MAN. Right! Yeah! Sure, sure! (*He leans past RALPHIE and kisses MOTHER.*) Thank you, darling.

MOTHER. You like it?

THE OLD MAN. Yes, oh yes! Very much. Very much. (*Mumbling and putting it down.*) Blue ball ...

MOTHER. What?

THE OLD MAN (*quickly*). Have a nice Christmas, son?

RALPHIE. Pretty nice, I guess.

THE OLD MAN. D'ja get everything you wanted?

RALPHIE. Well, almost.

THE OLD MAN. Almost, eh? Well, that's life. There's always next Christmas. (*A beat, then THE OLD MAN leans forward.*) Saaay, what's that over there?

RALPHIE. Where?

THE OLD MAN. Over there underneath ... over by the window. Why don't you go over there and see? (*RALPHIE looks uncertain.*) Go on. Go on. (*RALPHIE crosses to the plant stand table. THE OLD MAN and MOTHER rise and stand together.*)

MOTHER. What did we put over there, sweetheart?

THE OLD MAN. I ... um ... Santa prob'ly put something there. (*RALPHIE pulls a long foil-wrapped package from behind the table.*) Whoa! Looky there!

(*THE OLD MAN chuckles happily. He and MOTHER move downstage, closer to RALPHIE, who looks awed and hopeful. MOTHER looks glazed, an automatic smile on her lips, mild panic in her eyes.*)

THE OLD MAN. Go ahead, go ahead! Open it! Open it!

*(RALPHIE strips off the wrapping paper. The box bears a picture of Red Ryder. He gasps and tears at the box. THE OLD MAN seems as entranced and happy as RALPHIE.)*

MOTHER. Did you ... did you ... I thought we ...

THE OLD MAN. Hurry up, hurry up!

*(RALPHIE gets the box open and there it is, the legendary official Red Ryder carbine action 200-shot Range Model air rifle. He stands, his feet apart, holding his air rifle over his head. On the radio, the "Hallelujah Chorus" is suddenly louder. MOTHER, momentarily distracted, crosses to the radio and turns it down. RALPH enters on the landing.)*

RALPH. Oh, it was beautiful. My own legendary official Red Ryder carbine action 200-shot Range Model air rifle! *(RALPHIE examines the stock.)* And there they were ... a compass and this thing which tells time built right into the stock. I could hardly wait to try it out.

THE OLD MAN. There should be a tube or two of BB's in there. *(RALPHIE has one in his hand and holds it up. MOTHER crosses back to THE OLD MAN.)* You know how to load it?

RALPHIE. Uh-huh.

THE OLD MAN. Well, go ahead, go ahead!

*(RALPHIE loads the BB's into the gun.)*

RALPH. The magnificent weapon came equipped with two heavy tubes of beautiful Copprotek BB's, gleaming and gold and as hard as diamonds. Covered with a thin film of oil, they shushed into the magazine, adding weight and a feeling of danger to Red Ryder's favorite peacemaker.



hood, finally disappearing altogether. I ran into him years later at a class reunion. He wasn't nearly as big as I'd remembered. He tried to sell me life insurance. *(A pause.)* As my mother walked me home, I realized I was doomed! I had woven a tapestry of obscenity that hangs over Lake Michigan to this day like a black cloud, and my mother had heard it! I was prepared for another session with the Lifebuoy. But instead she cleaned me up and sent me to my room to lie down. Worn out by a day full of disappointment and dread, I fell fast asleep.

*(Lights up on the kitchen, living room and RALPHIE's bedroom. There is a new plant on the plant stand table. In the kitchen, the table is set for dinner. THE OLD MAN sits at his place, reading the paper.)*

MOTHER *(at the foot of the stairs)*. Ralphie! Come down to dinner!

*(RALPHIE sits up quickly in bed.)*

RALPH. Dinner! That could mean only one thing: The Old Man was home! That was it! She'd been saving me for him! Now I was really gonna get it!

*(RALPH extis and his light goes out. MOTHER starts for the kitchen, stops at the couch.)*

MOTHER. Randy? You back there?

RANDY *(after a pause, unseen. He is crying)*. Uh-huh.

MOTHER *(sits on the couch; then, gently)*. What's the matter? Whatcha crying for?

RANDY. Daddy's gonna kill Ralphie!

MOTHER. No, he's not.

RANDY. Yes, he is, too!

MOTHER. No, he's not. I promise you. Daddy's not going to kill Ralphie. Now come on. Come on out. Let's eat dinner.

*(RANDY slowly rises from behind the couch. She pats the seat next to her. RANDY comes over the back of the couch, sits and hugs her. She puts her arms around him.)*

MOTHER *(cont'd)*. Tell you what, I'll promise you that Daddy won't kill Ralphie, if you'll stop crying, OK? OK? *(RANDY tries to stop crying. MOTHER pulls a handkerchief from her apron and wipes his nose.)* OK? *(RANDY nods.)* Good. Blow. *(He blows his nose.)* Now go sit at your place.

*(RANDY exits to the kitchen. RALPHIE comes down the stairs, crosses past MOTHER downstage, his head hanging low. As she starts a cross to the kitchen, there is a knock at the door. She crosses and opens it. It is ESTHER JANE.)*

ESTHER JANE. Mrs. Parker, may I come in?

MOTHER. We're getting ready for dinner, Esther Jane, maybe you could come b ...

ESTHER JANE. It'll just take a minute.

MOTHER. Of course. Come in.

ESTHER JANE *(entering, she holds out RALPHIE's glasses)*. I thought Ralph might need these. He dropped them when he ... when they were ...

MOTHER *(accepting glasses)*. Thank you, Esther Jane. Would you like to speak to him? He ...

ESTHER JANE. No, that's all right. Oh, did you see the spider he gave me? He drew my name for the gift exchange.

MOTHER. It's a very nice spider.

ESTHER JANE. Usually, I don't like spiders. *(Pause.)* Well, I'd better go. Merry Christmas, Mrs. Parker!

MOTHER. Merry Christmas, Esther Jane.

RALPH. I was stunned, shattered! To this day I'm not certain how I got outside. But there I stood, shipping water from every seam in a sea of homebound children who were going to get what *they* wanted for Christmas.

*(HELEN continues moving to exit DL, but ESTHER JANE stops for a moment and turns back to RALPHIE.)*

ESTHER JANE. Merry Christmas, Ralph. *(No response. She waits, stroking her spider.)* Well, 'bye ...

*(He still does not respond. She exits L. FLICK and SCHWARTZ enter from R carrying their school books.)*

SCHWARTZ. Ralph! Ralph! Hey!

RALPHIE *(comes to, turning as they reach him)*. Huh?

SCHWARTZ. What gradeja get?

RALPHIE. Grade?

SCHWARTZ. On your theme. What grade didja get? *(RALPHIE extends the crumpled paper to SCHWARTZ, who takes it. FLICK looks over SCHWARTZ's shoulder as he reads. RALPHIE moves a few steps L.)* C-plus. Same as I got!

FLICK. Yeah, me too!

SCHWARTZ. "What I Want For Christmas ... official Red Ryder carbine action 200-shot Range Model air rifle ... thing built into the stock which tells time." *(SCHWARTZ nods wisely, turns to RALPHIE.)* Excellent.

FLICK. Yeah, but aren'tcha afraid you'll shoot your eye out? *(RALPHIE and SCHWARTZ turn slowly to FLICK.)* Well, that's what my mom always says. *(SCHWARTZ raps FLICK once on the arm.)* Ow! That's my sore arm!

SCHWARTZ *(a whisper)*. Check out what she wrote at the bottom here ... *(Shows FLICK the paper, pointing to MISS SHIELDS' comment at the bottom.)*

FLICK. Yeah, see! That's exactly what ... *(SCHWARTZ raps FLICK on the arm again.)* Ow!

*shaped as if he's carrying a glass, and realizes that, in fact, he is not. He has left it in the kitchen. He crosses back to the kitchen for his glass. MOTHER comes back down the stairs with the empty laundry basket, turns off the lamp, picks up the sandwich and exits. THE OLD MAN returns with his milk and now the lamp is off and his sandwich is gone. He turns the lamp on and goes back to the kitchen to search for his sandwich. This continues for a time, with MOTHER and THE OLD MAN never in the room simultaneously. The action escalates with the music until finally MOTHER enters, gives up on turning the lamp off, crosses to the curtains and closes them on the final flourish of the music. The lights fade slowly on the house. The last light to fade is, of course, the one on the major award. The L proscenium light comes up to reveal RALPH.)*

RALPH. Tuesday. On the way home from school I thought about that Red Ryder air rifle and seriously mulled over the possibility of an invasion of raccoons. How would we protect ourselves? What if the circus came to town and all the tigers escaped? What if ...

*(RALPH's light fades as the DR fantasy light comes up. The air is torn with the scream of a baboon. Kookaburras call to one another in the treetops. FLICK, SCHWARTZ, ESTHER JANE and HELEN enter through a fringe of jungle plants. ALL are dressed in tropical gear.)*

ESTHER JANE. We should have found the trading post by now.  
SCHWARTZ. I'm afraid we're lost, Esther Jane.

*(Adventure movie musical sting.)*

HELEN. All the other classes got to go to the park or the steel mill on *their* field trips ... but they send *our* class to the swamps.

FLICK. The Indiana swamps are unforgiving.

SCHWARTZ. Where's Miss Shields?

FLICK. Gator got her. About a mile back.

SCHWARTZ. Oh, man!

FLICK. Indiana gators are unforgiving.

ESTHER JANE (*hysterical*). We'll never get out alive! We're going to die!

RALPHIE (*entering on a musical cue*). I wouldn't count on that if I was you, little missy. (*He wears an Australian bush hat, a bush jacket and knee high boots and carries an official Red Ryder carbine action 200-shot Range Model air rifle.*)

HELEN. It's Ralphie Parker, Soldier of Fortune!

ESTHER JANE. Save us, Ralphie!

RALPHIE. Nothin' to it, Esther Jane ... thanks t'my legendary official Red Ryder carbine action 200-shot Range Model air rifle with a compass and this thing which tells time built right into the stock. Look out!

*(Musical sting. He cocks and fires. A python drops out of the flies. SCHWARTZ runs to pick it up.)*

ESTHER JANE. You saved my life!

SCHWARTZ. Got him right between the eyes!

FLICK. Good thing, too; Indiana pythons are unforgiving.

RALPHIE. We'd best get out of here before the rest of the herd shows up.

HELEN. We can't. We're lost.

SCHWARTZ. We don't even know what time it is!

RALPHIE. I always know what time it is and I'm never lost, because my legendary official Red Ryder carbine action 200-shot Range Model air rifle has a compass and this thing which tells time built right into the stock. It's ... (*He*

*looks at rifle stock.) ... 3:38 and ... 30 seconds. And north is that way! (He points into the wings.)*

ESTHER JANE. Oh, Ralphie! *(Musical flourish as he extends his arm. She whirls once and he catches her at arm's length.)* You're my hero!

*(She leans slightly off balance. He stands, feet apart, ESTHER JANE on one arm, his air rifle supported against his hip on the other arm. They hold that pose for a moment, the perfect adventure movie poster, then break.)*

RALPHIE. Come on, I've got to get you out of this swamp before the monsoon season hits.

FLICK. Indiana monsoons are unforgiving.

RALPHIE. I'll have you home before supper! *(He takes hold of FLICK's arm to guide him.)*

FLICK. Hey! That's my ...

RALPHIE *(propelling FLICK offstage)*. This way!

*(They exit to music. Music fades with DR light as RALPH's DL proscenium light fades up.)*

RALPH. No question about it. I had to have that air rifle. It was an absolute necessity. *(His light fades to black. The lamp fades up in living room, followed by the rest of the lights. THE OLD MAN sits reading the evening paper.)* Meanwhile, night after night, the soft, sinuous radiation of The Old Man's major award lit up Cleveland Street, attracting cruising prides of adolescents.

*(Outside a car horn sounds and young voices shout and whoop just as MOTHER enters down the stairs.)*

THE OLD MAN. You hear that?

MOTHER. Oh, yes. I hear it. I hear it every night. The neighbors hear it every night, too.

SCHWARTZ. Come on, Flick!

*(They exit. RALPHIE sits on the log. ESTHER JANE enters, carrying ice skates.)*

ESTHER JANE. Hello, Ralph.

RALPHIE. Oh ... hello.

ESTHER JANE. May I sit here?

RALPHIE. Um ... sure. *(She does.)* Thanks for, you know, bringing my glasses over.

ESTHER JANE. You're welcome. I just didn't want you to get in trouble. *(A pause. She seems to be building her courage. Finally, she pulls a square pink envelope from her coat and hands it to RALPHIE. Quickly, in one breath.)* Here's a Christmas card I got you. I got it myself. It's not from my parents. I bought it with my allowance. G'bye.

*(She exits quickly. RALPHIE watches after her, confused. He contemplates the card for a moment, then opens it. RALPH enters upstage of RALPHIE as he reads it.)*

RALPH. It was an expensive Christmas card. Esther Jane had spent more than a week's allowance on it. It was all flowers and doilies and bad poetry. Just the sort of card I'd never cared for. But for some reason I didn't mind this one so much. I even kind of liked it. *(RALPHIE smiles, stands and exits. RALPH crosses around the log and sits.)* Now, in our house we always opened one present on Christmas Eve. Other less fortunate people, I had heard, waited until Christmas morning before they were allowed to open anything. I always thought of our family as more civilized. Those great heaps of tissuey, crinkly, sparkly, enigmatic packages were a terrible temptation, half hidden among the folds of a white bed sheet snow bank under the tree. That one opened present on Christmas Eve helped relieve the pressure.

be your only homework assignment for all of next week. But with two weekends and five school days, I expect excellent work. Questions? *(Bell rings.)* Dismissed.

*(Lights cross fade: down on MISS SHIELDS, up on apron downstage. Fence rolls back into place as HELEN and ESTHER JANE enter DR, walking home from school, moving DL as they talk.)*

HELEN. Know what Roxane said?

ESTHER JANE. What?

HELEN. Roxane said Ralph Parker likes you.

ESTHER JANE. Really? Roxane said that? *(HELEN nods. After a pause.)* I think he's cute. Don't you think he's cute?

HELEN. I like older men.

ESTHER JANE. Older?

HELEN. Sixth-graders.

ESTHER JANE *(clearly impressed)*. Oh! *(Pause.)* Have you picked a subject for your theme?

HELEN. No. Something about politics, maybe.

ESTHER JANE. Maybe I will, too.

HELEN. Are you a democrat or republican?

ESTHER JANE *(uncertain, then, with conviction)*. Presbyterian.

*(They exit DL, crossing past RALPHIE, FLICK and SCHWARTZ, who enter DL and move DR.)*

SCHWARTZ. You see that, Ralph?

RALPHIE. What?

SCHWARTZ. Esther Jane was lookin' at you.

FLICK. I thought she was lookin' at *me*.

SCHWARTZ. Why would a girl look at *you*? *(He pokes FLICK affectionately as he crosses to RALPHIE.)*



*(RALPHIE and SCHWARTZ re-enter to help RANDY to his feet. FARKAS wrenches FLICK's wrist up between his shoulder blades, pushing and twisting, RALPHIE, SCHWARTZ and RANDY exit.)*

FLICK. Ouch! That's my sore arm! Hey! Hey!

RALPH. Flick's arm was always sore. There was never enough healing time between sessions with Farkas.

FLICK. Ow! Ow! Ow! Ow!

RALPH. Fortunately, Flick was left-handed.

FARKAS. Say, "I'm a dirty little chicken." *(FLICK, grimacing, shakes his head.)* Say it! Say it!

FLICK *(the pain is too much for him)*. I'm a dirty little chicken.

FARKAS. What? *(He gives an extra tug on FLICK's arm.)*

FLICK *(yelps)*. I'm a dirty little chicken!

FARKAS *(twisting even harder)*. Louder!

FLICK. I'm a dirty little chicken!

FARKAS *(hurling FLICK away)*. Fly away, chicken.

*(FLICK runs off R. FARKAS laughs a nasty laugh and shambles off L as the pool of light fades to black.)*

RALPH. See what I mean about Punjab? *(He makes a sweeping motion.)* Whoosh, bully problem solved. *(With a sigh.)* Flick had the worst luck of anybody I'd ever known. It was like he'd been cursed.

*(Lights come up DL where RALPHIE, FLICK, SCHWARTZ, HELEN and ESTHER JANE stand around a lamppost mounted on a platform. FLICK and SCHWARTZ are mid-discussion.)*

SCHWARTZ. Oh yeah?

FLICK. Yeah.

*(They laugh loud and long, and fade as the light on them fades. The classroom wagon rolls upstage and the fence and shed roll back in from R. RALPHIE gazes once more at the crumpled theme in his hand, then puts it in his pocket.)*

RALPH. I stuffed my tattered dreams into my pocket and stared out hopelessly on the bleak years ahead ... years without an official Red Ryder carbine action 200-shot Range Model air rifle. How much was a man supposed to take? *(To "Wolf" theme from "Peter & The Wolf" or something similar, FARKAS enters from DR. As he passes.)* Uh oh.

FARKAS. Hey! Hey you! Come here! *(RALPHIE turns, sees FARKAS. Stays in place, looking mournful. FARKAS moves closer.)* I said come here! *(RALPHIE does not move. FARKAS steps in next to him.)* Hey, listen, jerk, when I tell ya to come here, you better come here! *(In his hand, FARKAS holds a large snowball. He transfers it to his downstage hand, reaches across RALPHIE with the upstage hand, twirls him around, wrenches his arm up between his shoulder blades.)* How about we wash your face! *(He plops the snowball square into RALPHIE's face and massages it around as it disintegrates. RALPHIE's glasses fall off. FARKAS laughs and lets RALPHIE go. As RALPHIE crosses, FARKAS trips him and laughs again. RANDY enters from DR and stops, watching in horror. RALPHIE rolls over on one elbow, wipes his face and sniffs.)* What are you gonna do? Cry now? Come on, cry baby, cry for me! Come on, cry! *(He continues to ad-lib under RALPH's next speech, "Cry, I dare ya! Go on!" etc. RALPHIE slowly struggles to his feet.)*

RALPH. First my parents, then Orphan Annie, then Santa and finally Miss Shields. One disappointment after another ... and each one building, building, building inside me. *(FARKAS, laughing, crosses L.)* Suddenly, without warning, fuses began to blow, bang! Bang! Bang! One after another! There was an explosion in my skull! I reverted to the code of my cave-dwelling ancestors and went completely out of my mind with blood lust.

## A Christmas Story Audition Form

Presented by Kodiak Arts Council

**Director: Veronica Costa-Bolton**

**Performances: Dec. 6, 7, & 8, 2024**

NAME:	AGE:
Character(s) Desired:	If under 18 please list parent/guardian name:

If cast, will you accept any role? **Y or N**

BEST PHONE #: (check type: <input type="checkbox"/> Cell <input type="checkbox"/> Home <input type="checkbox"/> Work)	Can text at this number? Y or N
EMAIL ADDRESS:	Preferred method of communication? (Circle one) TEXT    EMAIL    CALL

Do you have reliable transportation? **Y or N**

Most Recent/Relevant Theatre/Dramatic Experience (or attach résumé):

Other Relevant Experience (or attach résumé):

List all conflicts with rehearsing **weekends & weekday evenings** (e.g., work schedule, school, activities, planned travel, etc.) from October 16 to December 8. Attendance is mandatory at all rehearsals and performances from November 18-December 8. (Actors have Nov 27-30 off), including strike.(Use the back of this page if necessary.)

Any thing else you would like the Director to know or consider: \_\_\_\_\_

Are you willing to change hairstyle, shave, or change hair color for a role? **Y or N; or Yes, but** \_\_\_\_\_

If you're not cast, would you like to work on the show in another capacity? **Y OR N** How? \_\_\_\_\_

How did you hear about auditions?  Social Media (FB/IG)  Radio ad  Newspaper  Flyers around town  Other: \_\_\_\_\_

**DIRECTOR NOTES (FOR DIRECTOR USE ONLY)**

## AUDITION AND CONTENT DISCLOSURE

The director would like to be transparent about some of the content and physical demands in the play, and need to know that you are aware of what you might be asked to do.

Are you open to the following?: (all theatrical intimacy and violence will be choreographed)  
Performing or witnessing simulated acts of comic violence?

Yes  No  I need more information

Performing or witnessing situations involving theatrical uses of weapons?

Yes  No  I need more information

Performing or witnessing situations involving bullying?

Yes  No  I need more information

Performing or witnessing bullying-language, including derogatory language?

Yes  No  I need more information

Performing or witnessing mild theatrical intimacy? (hand holding, hugging)

Yes  No  I need more information

## PHOTO RELEASE/ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

Please read and sign below. If under 18 a parent/guardian must also sign

I hereby grant permission to the Kodiak Arts Council to use photographs and/or video of me taken during auditions, rehearsals including tech & dress, & during the run of the production of A Christmas Story in social media publications online & print materials (programs, posters, newspaper, photos for display cases etc.)

I understand that rehearsals are planned by the director starting in mid October and that they will begin and end on time

I understand that I am expected to be present (barring an unforeseen circumstance), and I will communicate with the director if I can't attend. Please check with the director regarding any already-planned trips out of town.

I understand that there are performances on Friday, December 6, Saturday December 7, and Sunday December 8 and that there will likely be extra rehearsal time the week of November 23-December 5

Signature: \_\_\_\_\_

Date: \_\_\_\_\_

Parent/GuardianSignature: \_\_\_\_\_

Date: \_\_\_\_\_

# A CHRISTMAS STORY



KODIAK  
ARTS COUNCIL



# AUDITIONS!

AT GERALD  
C. WILSON  
AUDITORIUM

DIRECTED BY VERONICA COSTA-BOLTON

Fri, Oct 11  
Main Stage  
6pm to 8:30pm  
Auditions for  
Adults

Sat, Oct 12  
Drama Pod  
11am -1pm  
Auditions for Kids

Sat, Oct 12  
Drama Pod  
1pm-3pm  
Auditions for  
Adults & Kids

CALL BACKS ON SUN, OCT. 13 BY INVITATION ONLY

Audition packets available at the KAC office & online at [www.kodiakarts.org](http://www.kodiakarts.org)  
Questions? call 907.942.5840 or email [info@kodiakarts.org](mailto:info@kodiakarts.org)

