A Christmas Story-the musical Acting Sides

Jean Sheppard (Narrator)

Back in those days you never asked yourself, “Do my parents love me?” It never crossed your mind. You were there. They took care of you. Their job was to raise you. Your job was to let them. When they said “Don’t run with scissors, “ or “Button your coat,” or “You’ll shoot your eye out, “ maybe even they didn’t know it—but that’s what is was…love…That night, next to me in the darkness lay my cold blue steel beauty—the greatest gift I had ever received. My old man, my dad gave it to me. That’s why it was the greatest gift I would ever receive. As the excitement from the day gradually subsided, I finally drifted off to sleep pranging ducks on the wing and getting off spectacular hip shots.

Ralphie

What I want for Christmas is a Red Ryder BB gun with a compass in the stock and this thing that tells time. I don’t think a football is a very good Christmas present. But, I think that everybody should have a Red Ryder BB gun. You never know when you’ll need it.

Randy

Come on, Ralphie, let’s run home. (getting upset watching Ralphie fight Farkus) Ralphie, stop it! You’re going to kill him. (running off shouting) Mom! Mom! You gotta come quick!

The Old Man #1

Look, it’s a telegram…(reading) “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!” (looking up from telegram) I. Am. A. Winner. I’m a winner! I’m a winner!!! It could be anything. A new car, a trip to Paris. A guy in Terre Haute won a bowling alley. I don’t know how they’d deliver a bowling alley but they could deliver a deed for cripessake.

The Old Man #2

What was that? Was that the furnace again? (slowly unleashing his rage) It’s the clinkers…It’s the consarned, goobly-degooking, racklin’ash! Sons britches motor-floggin’ cake-sniffin’ shirty plastards! Fargangled britches, cobbler-goblin’ (almost slips on skates) Who left the skates on the steps?! And who turned the damper down?! You have to leave it up! Clinkers again. Cob-globbering, tuttin-fruitten clinkers. The fufaluckin’ fumulgatin’, faarfigugin flopchockitty furnace has gone out again. Call the office and tell them I’ll be late.

Mother #1

(distressed) The lamp broke. I—I don’t know what happened. I was just—setting out the candles…and…and…You think I’m jealous? Of a plastic leg? That’s ridiculous! Jealous! Jealous of what? (she can’t hold it back any longer) That was the ugliest lamp I ever saw! Also, we are out of glue. Randy used it up on a school project. I haven’t had a chance to buy some more. Boys, I’m going next door to Mrs. Cartwright’s for a little while. Randy, your dinner is still on the table. You’re the only one who didn’t finish eating.

Mother #2

Ralphie, here's your glasses. You left them on the radio. Don't you do that again. (to the Old Man) What happened today? Oh, Ralphie got in a fight. (playing down the situation) You know how boys are…It wasn't much. I gave him a talking to…(effortlessly changing the subject) You say the Bears are starting Bulholtz this Sunday? Why don't you go to the game? Take Ralphie with you.

Miss Shields

Now I know some of you put Flick up to this. But those who did know their blame. Andy I'm sure the guilt is far worse than any punishment you might receive. Don't you feel terrible? Don't you fell remorse…for what you have done? Well, that's all I'm going to say about poor Flick. (Shifting topics) All right, class, I have your Christmas themes for you. I'm pleased. They were generally pretty good, except for the margins. Look at your paper only. No talking now.

Schwartz

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. 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. All right, there's the flagpole. Why don't you put your tongue on it? I double dare you.

Flick

You kiddin'? Stick my tongue to that stupid pole? That's dumb. All right. All right. I'm goin' I'm goin'. (Flick sticks his tongue to the pole-speaks tongue tied with a lisp) This is nothin' (Realizing he's stuck and turning hysterical) Stuck…stuck…stuck? I'm stuck! Hey fellas, help me, come on—Don't leave me. Come back—come back!

Scut Farkus

Come here, jerk! Hey, Parker, when I tell you come here you better come here. Come on, fat mess. What, you gonna cry? Come on cry! Cry baby! Cry!

Girl#1

(placed on Santa's lap-acting snotty and perturbed) Well it's about time—I want…Tinker-toys, X-ray glasses, a teddy bear, a Monopoly set, a decoder pen, a new pair of gloves…Oh! And a collie named Fluffy! (Elf takes her off Santa's lap and she has a temper tantrum)

Girl #2

Do you believe that? Ralphie beat the stuffing out of that big bully Scut Farkus. I never thought it would happen. Especially by Ralphie Parker. He tore right into him. I think that's the last we'll see of Farkus for a while…and Dill too!