A CHRISTMAS STORY
(adapted by Quentin Tarantino)

A Short Play

by

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ANNOUNCER
And now, in a blatant attempt to cash in on the holiday classic... we are proud to present... “A Christmas Story...

*Lights up on RALPHIE in his pink bunny suit.*

ANNOUNCER
-adapted by Quentin Tarantino”.

*The guitars blaze to life on “Carol of the Bells” by August Burns Red.*

BANG BANG BANG!

*THE OLD MAN stumbles in, firing a pistol at barking dogs O.S.*

OLD MAN
Goddam shoe-pissing flea-dripping ankle-biting ball-licking ass-sniffing-

*MOM enters*

MOM
The dogs next door?

OLD MAN
The neighbors! The Bumpuses! But their dogs are no ant-free picnic either.

MOM
Well, since they got the dogs no-one’s stealing their weed or smack.

OLD MAN
They- they - got a smooth operation running over there, dogs or no dogs-

MOM
*(Hands a bag to Ralphie)*
Which reminds me, Ralphie, take Randy the Little Weasel and go drop off this baggie of Skag at the Williams’ house.

RALPHIE
*(Gesturing to pink rabbit suit)*
Wearing this?
MOM

(Grabs him, serious)

Listen, young man, in 1946, your Aunt Clara was knee-deep in mud, bat-shit, and malaria in the jungles of Thailand. She knew if she was ever going to feel the warm manhood of Uncle Leo’s love-pounder inside her again, she was gonna need to emulate the famed and feared Satan Chameleon of the Kaeng Krachan Khao Sok. Which meant not only blending in, but throwing off her pursuers, confuse them, make them doubt their own sanity so badly they wouldn’t know out of which end to spit and which to shit, and to do that your Aunt Clara, using nothing but the 52 years of accumulated lint she found in her belly button, under her arms, and up her-

RALPHIE

Mom!

MOM

-using that lint and the gnawed-clean rib bone of a Hairy-Nosed Otter as a needle, she knitted this exact rabbit suit, and she donned it, and she slipped out of Thailand with 80 kilos of the sweetest H the world had ever seen. And now she’s bequeathed that lint-knitted suit to you, and I don’t give a good Clouded Leopard piss what it smells like, you wear it with pride and you get the hell over to the Williams with that bag of black tar.

Ralphie starts off dejectedly...

MOM

And take Little Snot-Runner with you.

Little brother RANDY walks on in his huge puffy coat, his arms stuck up in the air.

OLD MAN

Get your arms down. It looks like you’re already surrendering to the Bumpuses.

RANDY

I can’t put my arms down!

OLD MAN

You put your arms down or I’m cuttin’ em off, strappin’ em to your legs like a second and third dick and we’ll see what kind of snow angels you make then, won’t we?

Randy quickly lowers his arms as best he can.

MOM

And if you’re good little mules, you’ll both get something special under the Christmas tree this year.
RALPHIE

(Gasps)
A Red Ryder Carbine Action 200-Shot Range Model Air Rifle with a compass in the stock and a thing that tells time?

MOM
Don’t be stupid, you’ll shoot your eye out.

RALPHIE
But you’ve got a Smith and Wesson .38, and Dad has that Luger P08-

MOM
That’s so we can shoot other people’s eyes out. Now waddle the fuck to the Williams.

OLD MAN
Hey! Where’d this come from??

He pulls a large box onstage

MOM
Postman dropped it off for you at lunch.

OLD MAN
It’s my Major Award!

MOM
What?

OLD MAN
(Opening the big box)
I entered a contest! An endurance contest, whoever could withstand the most blows to the head with a ball-peen hammer won a Major Award!

RALPHIE
And you won?

OLD MAN
(Taps his head)
Took 31 blows before my ear had to be stitched back on.

RALPHIE
Wow.

OLD MAN
(Digging in box)
And this has to be my Major Award! My Major Award-
MOM
(Reading a card from the box)
This card was inside - it just says “Merry Christmas, you illiterate anal probe. From the Bumpuses and your mother.”

RALPHIE
The Bumpuses? Aren’t they still mad because of their jacked shipment of Benzedrine?

OLD MAN
(pulls a stockinged leg out)
It’s... it’s...

RALPHIE
A leg lamp??

OLD MAN
(Holding up the bloody leg)
A real leg! A human leg! The severed leg of my own mother!!

RALPHIE AND RANDY
AAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!!!!

OLD MAN
AAH HHHHHHHH

MOM
Boys! Boys!
(Shoving Ralphie and Randy away)
Get out of here, get the baggy to the Williams, we’re gonna need their muscle - Go! GO!!

Ralphie and Randy hurry away as Mom and Old Man (wailing) carry the leg and box O.S.

On step FLICK AND SCHWARTZ, Ralphie’s school friends.

FLICK
Hey, where you guys goin’, Ralphie?

RALPHIE
Hey, Flick. Hey, Schwartz. We’re dropping off drugs to the Williams Clan on the way to school.
SCHWARTZ

Can we come?

RALPHIE

I guess.

They start to walk, and on step SCUT FARKUS and GROVER DILL, two big bully boys.

RALPHIE

Scut Farkus and Grover Dill! The worst bullies on Cleveland Street!

SCUT

(Quietly, stepping close)

Ralphie. Gentlemen. I like the rabbit costume.

DILL

Rabbit costume.

SCUT

Brings out the pink in your cheeks.

DILL

Cheeks.

SCUT

I, as I’m sure you, want to keep all that blood in the capillaries in those rosy cheeks, am I correct?

DILL

Correct?

SCUT

Which means giving me the shipment you so inelegantly just tried to hide behind or beneath your fluffy pink cottontail.

RALPHIE

I... I can’t. My crew’s counting on me.

SCUT

They’re counting?
They are.

On you.

On me.

Counting on you.

On me.

Counting.

On me.

You.

Me.

Just like I’m counting on your drip-chugging pal Flick here to put his tongue on that flag pole over there. Unless you give me the goods.

He won’t do that.

No?

No.

Won’t do it?

Won’t.

Won’t.
RALPHIE

Won’t.

SCUT

Won’t. Even if I dare him?

RALPHIE

Flick, don’t listen to him.

SCUT

If I... double dare him?

RALPHIE

Flick, man, just be cool.

SCUT

If I... Double Dog Dare him?

_Ralphie and Flick share tense terrified stares, barely holding it together_

SCUT

If... I... **Triple. Dog.** Dare him?

_Flick hesitates... So tense..._

Then _Dill SHOVES Flick to the flag pole, GRABS Flick’s jaw, pries open his mouth, pulls his tongue out and presses Flick’s face to the freezing metal._

RALPHIE AND RANDY AND SCHWARTZ

NOOOO!!

SCUT

Hand the China White, he keeps his tongue.

_Ralphie quickly hands over the baggie_

_Dill and Scut exchange looks, Scut nods._

_Dill SLAMS Flick’s jaw shut, severing his tongue. Blood pours out of Flick’s mouth as he sinks to his knees... then collapses to the ground._

RALPHIE AND RANDY AND SCHWARTZ

AHBBBBBBB!!!!!!!
Thank you, gentlemen.

Gentlemen.

And the two bullies saunter off.

Schwartz and Randy flee, dragging Flick’s body off with them.

Ralphie turns, stunned... lost...

And then SANTA CLAUS rolls on in a chair.

...Santa?

Who’s asking?

Santa! Dill and Scut Farkus, those cocksuckers, they took my friend’s tongue, I seriously need a Red Ryder Carbine Action 200-Shot Range Model Air Rifle with a compass in the stock and a thing that tells time NOW!!

(Silences him with a raised finger)

Well, this finds us in an interesting paradigm, doesn’t it? You, in your hour of darkest need, are turning to what is commonly considered a figment, a commercialized pacifier of young minds everywhere - effective, yes, but corporeal? Tangible? You have no proof I even exist - “Habeas Corpus”, “show me the body”, isn’t that the phrase? And yet, what body? Where in all this wide world is the genuine jolly old elf, in physical form, with all his mucus, marrow, and piss-filled flesh?

Please!!

And yet- and yet - here we are, you on bended knee not only wishing me into existence as so many other tots are doing at this very moment, but asking - nay, demanding of me a means by which to take another tot’s life. The parallels to organized religion are simply too potent to ignore!

Please just give me the gun, I’ll be good all year, I’ll be good to Randy, to the Old Man, to-
You’ll shoot your eye out.

SANTA

And he shoves Ralphie away.

Santa disappears as Ralphie turns sadly to face his mother who steps onstage.

RALPHIE

Mom. I really fucked up.

(Realizing what he’s said, covers his mouth)

I’m sorry I didn't mean that Don’t wash my mouth out with soap Don’t wash my mouth

MOM

Are you kidding? We don’t have time for moose-shit. Here.

(Hands him a BB gun)

Merry Christmas.

RALPHIE

...is... Is this...

MOM

Red Ryder Range Air Rifle dada dada compass, time thing, dada dada whatever. We’ve gotta defend this family. You’re a man now. Do what God gave you the testicular fortitude to do.

She hurries off. Ralphie looks at his gun... beams...

Just as Scut and Dill saunter on. Ralphie turns to face them. Very calm.

SCUT

(To Ralphie)

Hey, you finally got your pop gun? Careful, you’ll shoot your-

RALPHIE

No.

(Scut stops)

It’s not my eyes gonna be shot out.

BAM! He fires! Scut spins, grabbing his eye, SCREAMS!

SCUT

My eye!
His eye!

*Ralphie fires again, taking out Scut’s other eye-

My other eye!

*SCUT

His other eye!

*BLAM BLAM Ralphie shoots out Dill’s eyes.

My TWO eyes!!

*DILL

(Calmly)

Also your knee caps.

*BANG BANG BANG BANG

The bullies fall to the ground clutching their legs and eyes.

*RALPHIE

(Walks calmly over and retrieves his baggie)

Get out of here. Go lick your wounds. I hear Flick’s tongue is available.

*Dill and Scut crawl off as Mom, Old Man and Randy enter (Randy still in his puffy coat)

*OLD MAN

Come on, Ralphie, we can’t eat Christmas dinner in that house, not with my mother’s severed leg sitting on the dining table.

*He and Mom start setting up a table and chairs

I told you to throw it out!

*MOM

It’s all I have left of her!

*OLD MAN

So where are we gonna eat Christmas dinner?
OLD MAN
Right here. In the Bo Ling Chop Suey Palace.

MOM
Let’s have some Chinese turkey!

RALPHIE
...Oh. Okay.

They all sit, awkwardly

RALPHIE
(Pulls out the baggie)
Listen, Mom, Dad, I have a gift for you-

And on step THREE THUGS

THUG #1
Hey.
(The family turns)
I’m Scut Farcus’ father and head of the Farkus Syndicate. You and your little air rifle just took out my son and my best enforcer.

OLD MAN
Oh Shiiiiiiiiii-

They all move into slow motion -- everybody pulls out guns and knives - Randy too - Firing and being blown away in balletic slow motion as Frank Sinatra sings "Mistletoe and Holly"

Ralphie’s hit, but keeps firing - they overturn the table for a shield...

And it’s over.

Everyone’s dead, bodies everywhere.

Except Ralphie who’s on his knees, bloodied in his pink rabbit costume... He looks at his prized gun...

RALPHIE
...best... Christmas... Ever.

And he collapses as Sinatra sings.

Blackout!