

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

AAAAAAAHHHHHH!!!!

OLD MAN

AAHHHHHHHHHH

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.	RALPHIE
On you.	SCUT
On me.	RALPHIE
Counting on you.	SCUT
On me.	RALPHIE
Counting.	SCUT
On me.	RALPHIE
You.	SCUT
Me.	RALPHIE
	SCUT
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.	RALPHIE
No?	SCUT
No.	RALPHIE
Won't do it?	SCUT
Won't.	RALPHIE
Won't.	SCUT

Won't. RALPHIE

Won't. Even if I dare him? SCUT

Flick, don't listen to him. RALPHIE

If I... double dare him? SCUT

Flick, man, just be cool. RALPHIE

If I... Double Dog Dare him? SCUT

Ralphie and Flick share tense terrified stares, barely holding it together...

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

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.

NOOOO!! RALPHIE AND RANDY AND SCHWARTZ

Hand the China White, he keeps his tongue. SCUT

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.

AHHHHHHH!!!!!! RALPHIE AND RANDY AND SCHWARTZ

Thank you, gentlemen. SCUT

Gentlemen. DILL

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? RALPHIE

Who's asking? SANTA

RALPHIE
Santa! Dill and Scut Farkus, those cocksuckers, they took my friend's tongue, I seriously 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!!

SANTA
(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?

RALPHIE
Please!!

SANTA
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!

RALPHIE
Please just give me the gun, I'll be good all year, I'll be good to Randy, to the Old Man, to-

SANTA
You'll shoot your eye out.

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!

DILL

Ralphie fires again, taking out Scut's other eye-

My other eye!

SCUT

His other eye!

DILL

BLAM BLAM Ralphie shoots out Dill's eyes.

My TWO eyes!!

DILL

RALPHIE

(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

MOM

I told you to throw it out!

OLD MAN

It's all I have left of her!

RALPHIE

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 #!

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!