

FARKAS - FLICK

ACT I

A Christmas Story

37

(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.