

ESTHER JANE. *Merry Christmas, ...*
waits, stroking her spider.) Well, 'bye ...

~~STAGE~~

(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!

SCHWARTZ. Hey! Let's go to Pulaski's! They got a new buncha jawbreakers!

FLICK. Yeah!

(FLICK and SCHWARTZ move L, turn, see that RALPHIE remains in position.)

SCHWARTZ. Ralph, you comin'?

RALPHIE. No. You go ahead.

~~STOP~~

Flick
Schwartz