

START

**O.M.
MOTHER
RALPHIE**

*removing mummy, now on a tea pressed paper cowboy hat.
RALPHIE enters from the hall, with an appropriate fanfare,
resplendent in a silver-fringed cowboy shirt, chaps and sil-
ver lamé Stetson. He carries a genuine Red Ryder BB gun.)*

MOTHER. We're saved! We're saved! It's Ralphie the Kid,
come to fight the bad guys!

THE OLD MAN. And he's carryin' Old Blue, his legendary
official Red Ryder carbine action 200-shot Range Model
air rifle!

MOTHER. With a compass ...

THE OLD MAN. ... and this thing which tells time ...

MOTHER. ... built right into the stock!

RALPHIE *(walks with a bowlegged assuredness)*. Now, don't
you folks worry none. We'll make short work o' these here
polecats, I reckon. What you figure we're up against here?

THE OLD MAN. Well, Ralphie the Kid, we sorta figger it's
Black Bart and his desperados.

MOTHER. They're packin' plastic water pistols, and big rub-
ber daggers!

THE OLD MAN. They come in by air, in a tin zeppelin with
little wheels and a friction motor.

RALPHIE. I ain't seen the desperado alive can stand up to me
once I get 'em in the special cloverleaf sight of Old Blue,
my legendary official Red Ryder carbine action 200-shot
Range Model air rifle with a compass and this thing which
tells time built right into the stock.

THE OLD MAN. That's what I said. *(MOTHER and RANDY
nod agreement.)*

RALPHIE. Reckon I better have a look-see. *(He climbs to the
table top and poses with Old Blue.)*

DESPERADOS *(fleeing in their trucks)*. Oh no!

STOP