

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