

*(They laugh loud and long, and fade as the light on them fades. The classroom wagon rolls upstage and the fence and shed roll back in from R. RALPHIE gazes once more at the crumpled theme in his hand, then puts it in his pocket.)*

RALPH. I stuffed my tattered dreams into my pocket and stared out hopelessly on the bleak years ahead ... years without an official Red Ryder carbine action 200-shot Range Model air rifle. How much was a man supposed to take? *(To "Wolf" theme from "Peter & The Wolf" or something similar, FARKAS enters from DR. As he passes.)* Uh oh.

FARKAS. Hey! Hey you! Come here! *(RALPHIE turns, sees FARKAS. Stays in place, looking mournful. FARKAS moves closer.)* I said come here! *(RALPHIE does not move. FARKAS steps in next to him.)* Hey, listen, jerk, when I tell ya to come here, you better come here! *(In his hand, FARKAS holds a large snowball. He transfers it to his downstage hand, reaches across RALPHIE with the upstage hand, twirls him around, wrenches his arm up between his shoulder blades.)* How about we wash your face! *(He plops the snowball square into RALPHIE's face and massages it around as it disintegrates. RALPHIE's glasses fall off. FARKAS laughs and lets RALPHIE go. As RALPHIE crosses, FARKAS trips him and laughs again. RANDY enters from DR and stops, watching in horror. RALPHIE rolls over on one elbow, wipes his face and sniffs.)* What are you gonna do? Cry now? Come on, cry baby, cry for me! Come on, cry! *(He continues to ad-lib under RALPH's next speech, "Cry, I dare ya! Go on!" etc. RALPHIE slowly struggles to his feet.)*

RALPH. First my parents, then Orphan Annie, then Santa and finally Miss Shields. One disappointment after another ... and each one building, building, building inside me. *(FARKAS, laughing, crosses L.)* Suddenly, without warning, fuses began to blow, bang! Bang! Bang! One after another! There was an explosion in my skull! I reverted to the code of my cave-dwelling ancestors and went completely out of my mind with blood lust.