

Ralph  
Flick  
Farkas

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.)

Schwartz  
Ralphie

⊛ 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.

RALPH (*moving toward the group*). At recess a select group always gathered around a lamppost in the corner of the playground to discuss the deep philosophers and share information based on the latest research.

SCHWARTZ. All right then, if you don't believe me, I double dare ya!

RALPH. The exact exchange and nuance of wording in this phase of the "dare" ritual is very important.

FLICK. So you're sayin' if I put my tongue on this post it'll stick.

SCHWARTZ. Yeah!

FLICK. That's dumb! It wouldn't happen!

SCHWARTZ. Then go ahead! Prove I'm wrong!

RALPHIE. Go ahead, Flick.

FLICK. Heck no!

SCHWARTZ. That's 'cause you know it'd stick!

FLICK. Would not!

SCHWARTZ. Would too!

FLICK. Would not!

SCHWARTZ. All right then, I double dog dare ya!

*(The other children react with surprise and concern. FLICK is thrown a bit off balance.)*

RALPH. This was getting serious. A double dog dare. There was nothing left but a "triple dare you" and, finally, the coup de grâce of all dares, the sinister "triple dog dare."

SCHWARTZ. I triple dog dare ya!



*(Unconcealed shock and sharp intakes of breath all around. Significant looks exchanged.)*

RALPH. Hm. Schwartz created a slight breach of etiquette by skipping the triple dare and going right for the throat.