

## CS#10 Mother, Jean, Ralphie

Start

ACT II      A Christmas Story, The Musical      125

MOTHER (*from inside the house*). Frank, stay away from that turkey. You'll get worms. Where's Ralphie?

JEAN. Rapidly my mind evolved a spectacular plot ... It had to work. Quickly, I whipped up some tears.

*(RALPHIE whimpers as MOTHER enters the yard.)*

RALPHIE (*a tear-filled yelp, putting on a show*). Mommy!

MOTHER. Ralphie? What's the matter, baby? What happened? (*Examines his face.*)

RALPHIE (*crying*). There was ... this ... (*Improvising.*) icicle!

MOTHER. Icicle?

RALPHIE (*weepy and dramatic*). Yeah, an icicle, and it fell off the garage roof and hit my cheek, and it broke my glasses ... and I tried to get out of the way ... but I couldn't ...

MOTHER. Ah, lemme see. It's just a little bump. You poor thing! You're lucky it didn't hit your eye! (*A bit daffy.*) Those icicles have been known to kill people!

RALPHIE. But what about my glasses?

MOTHER (*picking up the glasses*). Well, you can wear the old ones with the crack in them until we can get you some new ones.

*(They start back inside.)*

JEAN (*in delirious joy*). I had pulled it off!

### (#18b: "Bumpus Hounds")

*(RALPHIE looks out at the audience and smiles, then immediately resumes crying to his MOTHER. They exit.)*

JEAN (*cont'd*). It had worked! Victory was mine! Ah, life is like that. Sometimes at the height of our reveries, when our joy is at its zenith, when all is most right with the world—the most unthinkable disasters descend upon us.

End