

Start → **RS#2 Schwartz, Flick**

SCHWARTZ (*an ongoing debate, he argues with arrogance*).

Hey listen, smartass. I asked my old man about sticking your tongue to a flagpole in the winter, and he says it'll stick to the pole, just like I told you.

FLICK (*with healthy confidence*). Ah, baloney. What would your old man know about anything?

SCHWARTZ. My old man knows, 'cause he once saw a guy stick his tongue to a railroad track on a bet, and the fire department had to come and get his tongue unstuck.

FLICK. You're full of beans, and so's your old man. ← **End**

*(ESTHER JANE and MARY BETH enter, chatting animatedly, followed by RALPHIE and RANDY.)*

RALPHIE. Hey fellas, wait up!

*(RANDY struggles to keep up. He falls, immobile.)*

RANDY (*tries repeatedly to get up but can't*). I can't get up. (*Trying.*) I can't get up. I can't get up! (*Hysterical.*) Ralphie, I can't get up! Come on, Ralphie! Wait up! (*Whimpers.*) Come on, guys!

RALPHIE. Let's go, Randy, we're gonna be late!

RANDY. I can't! I fell down, and I can't get up!

ESTHER JANE. Go help your brother, Ralphie.

RALPHIE (*reluctantly*). Oh, all right.