

## CS#8 Santa, Male Chief Elf, Female Chief Elf, Jean and Ralphie

104

A Christmas Story, The Musical

ACT II

*(Note: The following eight lines, with the exception of JEAN's dialogue, may be delivered in slow motion and with an echo effect. RALPHIE views this moment in a hazy, quasi-nightmarish way.)*

**Start**



SANTA. What's your name, little boy?

MALE CHIEF ELF. Come on, kid.

FEMALE CHIEF ELF. It's nearly nine. The store's closing.

SANTA. What do you want for Christmas?

JEAN. My mind had gone blank. I was blowing it. Blowing it.

MALE CHIEF ELF. Hurry up, kid.

FEMALE CHIEF ELF. Come on.

SANTA. What about a nice football?

JEAN. Football? Football? What's a football? Without conscious will, my voice squeaked out—

RALPHIE *(mindlessly, in a haze)*. Football.

SANTA *(back to real time)*. OK, get him outta here.

*(JEAN speaks as RALPHIE is being pushed down the slide.)*

JEAN. A football? Oh, no. What was I doing? Wake up, stupid, wake up!

RALPHIE *(stopping himself mid-slide, climbing back up)*.

No! No! I want an official Red Ryder carbine-action 200-shot Range Model air rifle! *(He shoots a wink and a smile to the audience, self-satisfied.)*

SANTA. You'll shoot your eye out, kid. Ho! Ho! Ho!

*(With his boot, SANTA pushes RALPHIE, who is devastated, down the slide.)*

RALPHIE *(going down the slide)*. NOOOOOOOOO!

**End**



SANTA & ELVES.

UP ON SANTA'S LAP