

*crosses to the counter, opens a drawer and begins to rummage around.)* You leave it alone now, it's not all cooked yet. *(THE OLD MAN, his eye on her, furtively moves toward the turkey and tries to pinch off a piece. Without turning to look.)* I said, you leave that turkey alone. It's got another hour to cook, you'll give yourself worms! *(She crosses to it, tilts the pan up and spoons drippings back over the turkey.)*

THE OLD MAN. It's not raw, it's mostly cooked!

MOTHER. Wait until it's *all* cooked!

*(THE OLD MAN exits. The lights dim in the kitchen and come up full in the yard where RALPHIE cocks his weapon. RALPH, wearing a cowboy hat and bandanna, enters from R.)*

RALPH. Don't ever shoot at other kids, partner. Red Ryder never shoots at anybody but bad guys, like Black Bart. And Red Ryder never shoots to wound or kill. He only shoots bad guys' guns outta their hands.

RALPHIE. OK, Black Bart, now you get yours.

*(He sights down the barrel and pulls the trigger. "Splang!" The BB hits the garbage can and ricochets. "Tick!" It ricochets again. RALPHIE's head snaps back, his glasses fly off, and he falls in the snow, hurling his rifle away.)*

RALPH. Oh my God! *(He whips off the cowboy hat.)* I shot my eye out!

*(RALPHIE sits up, his hand cupped over his eye. We hear an audio montage of overlapping voices: SANTA: "You'll shoot your eye out, kid! Ho! Ho! Ho!" ESTHER JANE: "You'll shoot your eye out, Ralphie!" FLICK: "Aren'tcha afraid you'll shoot your eye out?" Under it all, MOTHER and MISS SHIELDS are singing, "You'll shoot your eye out! You'll shoot your eye out!")*

MOTHER (*from kitchen*). Ralphie, be careful out there!  
Don't shoot your eye out!

RALPH. She hadn't seen! She didn't know! (*RALPH takes off the neckerchief and tosses it and the cowboy hat over the fence. RALPHIE takes his hand down.*) My eye was all right. The BB must have hit my glasses. My glasses! (*RALPHIE stands and begins searching, myopically, for his glasses.*) Oh no! Where were they? Few things brought such swift and terrible retribution on a kid as a pair of busted glasses! (*A warning to his younger self.*) Be careful, you can't see without those glasses, you might accidentally ... (*A "crunch!" sound as RALPHIE steps down.*) Oh no!

RALPHIE. Oh no! (*He reaches down in the snow and picks up a pair of twisted glasses, one lens broken out.*)

RALPH. Just what I was afraid of! They're pulverized!

RALPHIE. Oh no. (*He tries on the broken glasses. They don't look good.*)

RALPH. For a moment I thought, "I'll fake it! They'll never know the lens is gone!"

RALPHIE. Oh no.

RALPH. I knew that wouldn't work. Rapidly my mind evolved a spectacular plot. Let's see ... uh ... an icicle! Yeah! An icicle falls off the garage and hits me in the eye! It would work! It had to work! Quickly, I whipped up some tears.

*(RALPHIE lowers his head and squirms a bit, then lets out with a wail. MOTHER reacts immediately as the light in the kitchen comes up full.)*

MOTHER. Ralphie? Ralphie!

*(RALPH crosses L. A light comes up DL, and he moves into it. MOTHER crosses outside and through the gate, hovering over RALPHIE.)*

MOTHER (*cont'd*). What's the matter, honey? What happened?

RALPHIE (*sobbing*). There was this icicle and it fell off the garage and it hit me in the eye, and I ...

MOTHER. Oh! Oh! (*He sobs as she leads him up the steps.*) Don't stand out here in the cold. Come on, come on! Sit here. Sit here. (*In the kitchen, she sits him in a chair, then crosses to the sink where she runs water, wets the corner of a dish towel, crosses downstage and wipes his face.*)

RALPHIE.

MOTHER..

It was an icicle! The biggest one I've ever seen! It was up high on The garage. I didn't see it till it was too late! I tried to get out of the way, but it fell and hit me and I tried to save my glasses, but it was too late, and ...

Icicles can be dangerous! Just let me see. Here, here, let's clean it up and see how bad it is. It doesn't look bad at all! Why, no, it's hardly more than a scratch! I'll bet your air rifle deflected it so you weren't hurt as bad as you might have been!

MOTHER. Why sure! There, see? It's just a little bump! Here, here now, you just hold this wet towel on it.

RALPHIE. It hit my cheek and broke my glasses! I tried to get out of the way!

MOTHER (*moving to the refrigerator*). You're lucky it didn't cut your eye! Those icicles have been known to kill people! (*She opens the freezer, takes out ice cubes.*)

RALPHIE. I tried to get out of the way!

MOTHER. Of course you did. (*Moves down to RALPHIE.*) Here, put some ice cubes in here ... (*She takes the towel, wraps a few ice cubes in it, gives it back.*)

RALPHIE. What about my glasses?