



AUDITION SIDES

DIRECTIONS:

Please look at the sides for the character(s) you may want to audition for. Please note that there may be multiple sides for some characters. All sides are labeled.

You may be asked to do multiple sides or read for multiple characters, or you may not. It depends on audition turn out.

Sides do not need to be memorized. However, the more familiar you are with them, the more you will be able to focus on the acting in the audition.

Remember, we are casting ACTORS not READERS.

TIPS FROM THE DIRECTOR:

While this play is based on the movie, please do not try to do impressions or try to copy the movie. It is important to show honesty in these characters by letting us see the sides of YOU that connect to the character you are auditioning for. That will help make them more realistic. To really do that, here are some things to think of when preparing for the audition:

- 1) What do I have in common with this character and how can I show that in my audition?
- 2) What strengths do I have that I can bring to telling this character's story and how can I use them in my audition?
- 3) What is happening in this scene and does my delivery of the lines help tell that story?

You may be asked to try different versions of choices you make in the audition. When you practice, try different ways of saying the lines so you can be ready to explore those different choices in the audition.

The most important thing to remember is that it is called a PLAY not a WORK. Auditions are not about perfection. They are about potential! All that we are looking for is that you have the potential to play the character. We don't expect it to be perfect. Just come ready to play and have fun with these characters.

We're excited to see your audition!

BOYS SIDE

PAGE 1

Start: 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 (a yelp, then). 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.

SCHWARTZ. Oh yeah?

FLICK. Yeah!

RALPH. At recess a select group of us 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!

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SCHWARTZ. Would too!

FLICK. Would not!

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

SCHWARTZ. I triple dog dare ya!

FLICK (*nervous*). All right, all right.

RALPHIE. Do it, Flick.

SCHWARTZ. Go on, smart pants, do it. (*He gives FLICK a poke in the arm.*)

FLICK (*wincing*). Hey! That's my sore arm, okay?

RALPHIE. Do it.

FLICK. Don't rush me. (*He cracks his knuckles, shakes out his hands, steps up to the lamppost and sticks out his tongue as RALPHIE speaks.*)

FLICK (*leans into the lamppost and his tongue makes contact*). Thith ith noth... (*And then he realizes.*) Thtuck! Thtuck! I'm Thtuck! (*He begins to wail.*)

SCHWARTZ (*his theory is proven out, but it still surprises him*). Jeepers! It really works!

(*The bell rings to end recess. The children exit, save for RALPHIE, SCHWARTZ and, of course, FLICK. SCHWARTZ moves to leave.*)

RALPHIE. Wait! Whadda we gonna do?

SCHWARTZ. I dunno. (*He points offstage in the direction of the school building. It is out of his hands.*) The bell rang. (*He exits.*)

FLICK. Auth! Oaaait! Cuh back! Doe lee nee! Cuh back!

RALPHIE (*with an apologetic shrug*). The bell rang. **End**

Start:

HELEN. Know what Roxane said?

ESTHER JANE. What?

HELEN. Roxane said Ralph Parker likes you.

ESTHER JANE. Really? Roxane said that? (*HELEN nods.**After a pause.*) I think he's cute. Don't you think he's cute?

HELEN. I like older men.

ESTHER JANE. Older?

HELEN. Sixth-graders.

ESTHER JANE (*clearly impressed*). Oh! (*Pause.*) Have you picked a subject for your theme?

HELEN. No. Something about politics, maybe.

ESTHER JANE. Maybe I will, too.

HELEN. Are you Democrat or Republican?

ESTHER JANE (*uncertainty, then, with conviction*). Presbyterian.**End**

RALPH & RALPHIE SIDE

Start:

RALPH. Howdy, pardner.

RALPHIE (*turns, not the least bit surprised*). Howdy.

RALPH. Come on over and set a spell. (*RALPHIE crosses to the campfire. The DC light fades to black. RALPHIE sits. A coyote howls in the distance. RALPH reaches back and pulls forth a BB gun.*) Know what this is, pardner?

RALPHIE. A legendary official Red Ryder 200-Shot Carbine Action Range Model Air Rifle with a compass and this thing which tells time built right into the stock.

(Now the dialogue is rapid fire, with no pauses between speakers. It is from the new Red Ryder ad in RALPHIE's hand.)

RALPH. Yes sir. A real Western saddle gun with a genuine Western Carbine Ring.

RALPHIE. Sixteen-inch leather saddle thong knotted to the ring.

RALPH. So you can tie it to yer saddle or hang it on yer wall.

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RALPHIE. Lightning loader—pour in 200 shots in just five seconds.

RALPH. Carbine-style forepiece and cocking lever.

RALPHIE. Red Ryder's picture, signature and portrait of his horse, "Thunder," branded right into the pistol grip stock.

RALPH. Special adjustable cloverleaf rear sight.

RALPHIE. The legendary official Red Ryder 200-Shot Carbine Action Range Model Air Rifle...

RALPH. ... with a compass...

RALPHIE. ... and this thing which tells time...

RALPH. ... built right into the stock. Ya gonna get this cowboy carbine, saddle pard?

RALPHIE. No. They're afraid I'll shoot my eye out.

RALPH. So ya just gonna give up? (*RALPHIE nods.*) Why, I'm plumb ashamed of ya, pard. (*RALPHIE looks surprised and sorrowful.*) Y'ever see Red Ryder give up? (*RALPHIE shakes his head.*) Or Roy or Gene or Hoppy? (*The kicker:*) Or the Lone Ranger? (*RALPHIE, stunned, shakes his head.*) 'Course not! Whether yer fightin' the Cavendish gang or stoppin' a runaway stagecoach single-handed, y'never give up. That's what bein' a cowboy is all about!

End

OLD MAN, MOTHER, RALPHIE / RANDY SIDE

If Auditioning for Randy, read Ralphie.

Start: THE OLD MAN. Here. Here. Quick. Quick. *(Takes the hammer and crowbar and begins working on the crate. Ad-libs as he pounds and pries.)* Man, that's...really nailed down...that's tight...doesn't want to let go...really did a job on this... *(Finally the top comes loose and THE OLD MAN pulls it off, setting it down U. He looks inside, pulls out wads of excelsior. In awe.)* There could be anything in here. *(He climbs into the box and throws excelsior.)*

MOTHER. Maybe they forgot to put anything in. Maybe...

THE OLD MAN. It's in here! It's gotta be in here! It's... Oh! Oh boy! Oh boy! Would you look at that! Would you just look at that!

MOTHER. What? What is it?

(THE OLD MAN emerges holding a life-sized female leg in a black spike heel and mesh stocking. He dives back into the excelsior. A moment of silence, then MOTHER, stunned, repeats herself.)

MOTHER. What is it?

THE OLD MAN. It's a leg. Like...like a statue.

MOTHER. A statue?

THE OLD MAN. Yeah. Statue.

RALPHIE *(who has stepped forward, begins to run his hand up and down the leg. Dreamy).* Yeah...statue.

MOTHER *(moving him back).* Ralphie...

THE OLD MAN. Omigosh! Do you know what this is? Would you believe it? *(He rises from the crate with a garish, pink satin lampshade trimmed in black fringe. He claps the shade on the leg which MOTHER has been supporting on the edge of the crate.)* It's a lamp! Isn't it

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great? What a great lamp! Hold it. *(He climbs out of the packing crate.)* I know just the place for it... *(He crosses to the table near the window, moves the plant to the floor and moves the table away from the wall, then puts the lamp on it.)* ...right in the middle of our front room window. *(He holds the power cord aloft, looks along the baseboard for the wall socket, finds it, falls to his knees and sets to work in the cluttered knot of extensions, multiple sockets and plugs.)* Lessee...the radio...the Christmas tree... This goes to... *(Sparks. A puff of smoke rises, a floor lamp in the corner winks out, and the lights on the Christmas tree go off.)*

MOTHER. What happened?

THE OLD MAN *(blowing on it and replugging).* I meant to do that. Nothin' to worry about. Got it under control. Just a minute...and...there! *(The lamp lights. THE OLD MAN steps back, enraptured.)* Oh! Look at that! Will you look at that! Isn't that glorious? It's...it's indescribably beautiful! It reminds me of the Fourth of July! *(MOTHER looks less certain.)* I've gotta see what it looks like from the street!

MOTHER *(as he moves to door and exits).* Do we have to, um...? Wouldn't it look better down in the... *(She is pointing to the basement, but he is gone.)* Oh...dear. Um... boys, go get ready for bed. *(Looks around.)* Where's Randy?

RALPHIE *(with a shrug).* I dunno. *(He exits.)* **End**