



## A Christmas Story: The Musical Audition Information

**Thank you for your interest in auditioning for A Christmas Story: The Musical! The Show Director, Roland Chandler, and Music Director, Emily Marchman are excited to see this show come to life.**

- **Location:**
  - Cedartown Performing Arts Center - 205 East Avenue, Cedartown, Georgia.
  - Please enter through the glass lobby doors (at ticket windows).
  - In the lobby you will find further instructions and printed forms (if not completed in advance)
- **Please fill out the attached Audition Form in advance or immediately upon arrival.**
  - Be sure to list any and all conflicts that you have with the tentative rehearsal calendar in your form.
- **Please prepare the following for your audition:**
  - A one-minute song (around 32 bars)
  - A brief monologue of your own choosing or from the sample sides provided.
    - Additional script pages can be provided when requested.
- **A note on choreography:**
  - There will not be a dance/movement intensive during auditions. Choreography will be determined after cast selection.
- **A note on auditioning:**
  - There will be consideration for multiple roles, as appropriate, and you may be asked to read specific sides. Samples of these sides are attached to this packet.
- **Performance Dates:**
  - Show Dates:
    - Friday, December 6th
    - Saturday, December 7th
  - *Tentative rehearsal schedule will be made available no later than 9/16.*
- **Additional Information**
  - Build/Strike:
    - The Cedartown Performing Arts Centers welcomes actors interested in assisting with scenic work, costuming, and/or assisting with strike.

# A Christmas Story, The Musical

## CHARACTERS

**JEAN SHEPHERD/NARRATOR:** Late 40s to early 60s. A charismatic storyteller who has the ability to weave a spell and draw an audience into his magical world. He is omniscient but not overpowering—a good-natured curmudgeon with a deadpan sense of humor. He holds the audience with his tremendous presence and spark. [Note: The framing device begins with Jean's radio show, but as the action unfolds he becomes a physical part of the storytelling, a narrator who comes in and out of the scenes. When he is onstage as the narrator, he is unnoticed by the other characters (except for the few occasions when he has direct interaction with Ralphie). When Jean assumes an onstage role (e.g., the telegram deliverer), he is, of course, seen by the others as that character. When Jean is observing Ralphie, he feels and expresses everything just as Ralphie would, exactly paralleling the boy's emotional state. The "Universal I" phrase that Jean uses in his opening speech is his way of distancing himself from the story, but it is truly autobiographical in nature.]

### THE PARKERS:

**RALPHIE:** 9, going on 10 (may be played by a 9 to 12-year-old). Cute and winsome, but not precious. Bright, but not precocious. A regular kid you wouldn't mind having as a next-door neighbor. He's a bit mischievous and rascally but with a twinkle in his eye.

**MOTHER:** 30s to 40s. More in charge of the family than the Old Man is, but she would never let him know it. She is warm and affable ... at times a bit daffy ... but not a pushover. A vibrant woman, she is always busy, especially anytime she's in the kitchen. She is the secret engine that keeps the family running, keeping the household together with an impressive balancing act.

**THE OLD MAN:** 30s to 40s. A guy with a good heart, though it is buried beneath a sometimes gruff (and rough) exterior. He's a devoted husband and father who loves his family but doesn't overtly show it. He usually expects the worst but is capable of excitement if the situation warrants (though it usually doesn't). In his moments of fantasy, he is transformed from his usual grumbling blue-collar self to a true song and dance man.

**RANDY:** 7 to 8 (may be played by a 7 to 10-year-old). Ralphie's younger brother. Cute, cuddly and whiny. Admires Ralphie but won't admit it. He's at the stage of childhood wherein he seems opposed to everything, but he's still lovable—not a brat.

**THE KIDS** (*may be doubled*):

**SCHWARTZ:** a classmate.

**FLICK:** a classmate.

**ESTHER JANE:** a classmate.

**MARY BETH:** a classmate.

**SCUT FARKUS:** 14 to 15. The textbook example of a schoolyard bully, except this truant doesn't go to school. He is loud, obnoxious and intimidating. Older than Ralphie and his classmates by a year or two, he wears a perpetual scowl beneath his trademark coonskin cap. He always appears at the most inopportune times to scare and harass his innocent victims.

**GROVER DILL:** 9 to 12. Always at Farkus' side is his toady, Dill. Much younger and decidedly smaller than Farkus, Dill delights in being tethered to his "hero." He punctuates the bully's threats and warnings with a series of rapid-fire belly-laughs, thus making the two of them the scourge of the neighborhood whenever they appear. But, like most of their ilk, when the two are finally challenged and bested, they turn out to be the biggest cowards of all.

**BOY**

**GIRLS (3)**

**NANCY**

**BANK TELLERS**

**CUSTOMERS**

**TAP SPECIALTY BOY**

**GOGGLES KID**

**WAITER'S DAUGHTER**

THE ADULTS (*may be doubled*):

MISS SHIELDS: Mid 30s to late 50s. The local elementary school teacher. A seemingly stereotypical 1940s educator—prim and proper. Stern when necessary, though warm—and even humorous—when the situation merits it. In Ralphie’s fantasy, she becomes a dynamic, show-stopping, brassy belter and tapper—a force to be reckoned with.

SANTA: Early 30s to early 60s. The Santa Claus at Higbee’s Department Store is decidedly unlike the typical “Jolly Old Elf” of legend and lore. Ill-tempered and slightly inebriated, he is unhappy with his job. He dismisses each child as quickly as possible in an attempt to put an end to the day and, perhaps, head for the nearest “watering hole.”

ELVES (8)

DELIVERY MEN (2)

TOWNSPEOPLE

PARENTS

VILLAIN

BANKROBBERS (2)

ESCAPED PRISONER

BARTENDER

CUSTOMERS

CAN-CAN GIRLS

CAN-CAN GIRLFRIEND

POLICEMAN

FIREMAN

DOCTOR

NURSE

WAITER

**Father**  
**Mother**  
**Ralphie**  
**Randy**

MOTHER.  
AWAY.

RALPHIE & RANDY  
AWAY  
AWAY

THE OLD MAN.  
AWAY

THE PARKERS.

WE HAFTA HURRY UP

'CAUSE IT ALL COMES DOWN TO CHRISTMAS—

*(A sound of a punctured tire. The car sags and screeches to a halt.)*

THE OLD MAN. Oh, flibberdygibbit! Muckerucker! Corn doodle doo.

MOTHER. What is it, dear?

THE OLD MAN. Nobody move! We have—a flat!

JEAN. My old man's tires were actually only tires in the academic sense. They were round and made of rubber. But there was so little tread, you could read the want ads of the *Tribune* right through them.

THE OLD MAN *(slightly perturbed, yet confident)*. Left front this time. I'll get the jack and change it. Four minutes. Time me.

**(#9a: "Flat Tire")**

THE OLD MAN *(cont'd)*. Carn fenuckle!

*(He exits the car, opens the trunk and pulls out the spare tire, jack and tire iron.)*

JEAN. Actually, my old man loved it. He always saw himself in the pits at the Indianapolis 500 Motor Speedway.

THE OLD MAN. All of you—stay in the car. Don't want it falling on anybody in case the jack fails. Four minutes. Go!  
*(Begins to change the tire.)*

MOTHER. Ralphie, go help your father change the tire.

RALPHIE (*surprised, excited*). Really? Can I?

MOTHER. Yes.

JEAN. It was the first time it had been suggested that I help my father with anything.

(*RALPHIE approaches THE OLD MAN who is fast at work.*)

THE OLD MAN (*noticing RALPHIE, slightly annoyed*).  
What are you doing?

RALPHIE. Mom said I should help.

THE OLD MAN (*grumbling*). Oh, yeah? Well, get over here and hold this hubcap.

(*He gives the hubcap to RALPHIE.*)

THE OLD MAN (*cont'd, sternly and forcefully*). No, not like that. Hold it like a man. Now I'm gonna put the lug nuts in it. So, for cripeessake, don't move.

(*Sounds of the mimed lug nuts, five in all, are heard hitting the metal hubcap as JEAN speaks.*)

JEAN. So, the old man kept at it, and I held the hubcap in a death grip. When my father said, "Don't move," what he really meant was, "Don't breathe." But I was up to it. I could do it! I would do anything to prove myself worthy.

THE OLD MAN. Consarn it, krick in my knee!

(*After removing the tire, THE OLD MAN lurches to a standing position, knocking the hubcap from RALPHIE's hand.*)

RALPHIE (*in very slow motion, a prolonged cry*). AAAHHH!!!

(*They freeze, except for their heads, which follow the high arc of the hubcap in slow motion and then offstage to the landing of the mimed lug nuts.*)

JEAN (*with exaggerated horror*). The lug nuts went flying through the air, silhouetted against the moonlit night sky. Then they were gone. Suddenly, I lost all sense of where I was or who I was with.

**(9b: “F\*@#!”)**

RALPHIE (*still very slow motion, perhaps an echo effect*).  
Ooooh, fffffffuuuuuuuuuuuuudddddgggggeeee!

*(Beat.)*

JEAN (*slowly confessing*). Only I didn't say “fudge.” I said the word. The big one, the queen mother of dirty words—the f-dash-dash-dash word. I had broken the verboten rule. I was awfully young to die.

THE OLD MAN (*almost bewildered*). What did you say?

RALPHIE (*petrified*). Uh—uh ...

THE OLD MAN (*gritting his teeth*). That's what I thought you said. Get in the car. Go on!

*(RALPHIE gets into the car as THE OLD MAN, grumbling more faux-swears, quickly mimes rounding up the lug nuts and finishes changing the tire. This time at lightning speed as he seethes with anger.)*

THE OLD MAN (*under his breath*). Get the Oldsmobile, Frank. Get the Oldsmobile. Yeah, from your dead-beat brother. *(He gets into the car.)*

MOTHER (*revealing his time*). Eight minutes.

THE OLD MAN. Do you know what your son just said?

MOTHER (*innocently*). No, what?

THE OLD MAN. Oh, I'll tell you what he said. *(Swatting RANDY away.)* Randy!



**Mother  
Jean  
Ralphie  
Mrs. Swartz  
Swartz**

*(He whispers into MOTHER's ear. She gasps audibly.)*

MOTHER. I can't breathe ... I can't breathe!

JEAN *(full of doom)*. It was all over. I was dead. What would it be—the guillotine, a hanging, the chair, the rack, Chinese water torture? No. Mere child's play compared with what awaited me.

*(The scene has transitioned.)*

## SCENE 8

*(The Parker family house. Late that night. RALPHIE is sitting on a stool with MOTHER and THE OLD MAN glowering over him while RANDY hides.)*

MOTHER *(with a disciplinary tone)*. Open up, Ralphie!

*(She pops a bar of Lifebuoy soap into his mouth.)*

JEAN *(with an air of sophistication)*. I had become quite a connoisseur of soap. My personal preference was for Lux, but I found that Palmolive was quite piquant with just a touch of mellow smoothness ... Lifebuoy, on the other hand ...

RALPHIE *(with soap in his mouth)*. Yuck.

MOTHER. All right. Where did you hear that word?

JEAN *(chuckles)*. Now I'd heard that word at least twelve times a day from my old man. My father worked in profanity the way other artists might work in oils or clay. It was his true medium. But I chickened out.

MOTHER. Are you ready to tell me?

RALPHIE *(with soap still in mouth, indecipherable, reluctantly)*. Schwartz.

*(She takes the bar of soap out of RALPHIE's mouth.)*

RALPHIE (*cont'd*). Schwartz.

MOTHER. Oh, I see.

RALPHIE (*as MOTHER crams the soap back into his mouth*).  
No! No! No! No!

*(MOTHER goes to the phone and dials.*

*MRS. SCHWARTZ appears suddenly in a spotlight DR. She speaks nasally, answering with muffled words throughout the conversation.)*

MRS. SCHWARTZ. Hello.

MOTHER. Hello, Mrs. Schwartz?

MRS. SCHWARTZ. Hello, Mrs. Parker, how are you?

MOTHER. I'm fine. Mrs. Schwartz, do you know what Ralph just said?

MRS. SCHWARTZ. I hear all the kids are saying "smartass" these days.

MOTHER. No. He said ... (*Inaudible.*)

MRS. SCHWARTZ (*horrified*). Oh no, not that!

MOTHER. Yes. That. And do you know where he heard it?

MRS. SCHWARTZ (*as if it were obvious*). Probably from his father.

MOTHER (*offended*). No. He heard it from your son!

MRS. SCHWARTZ (*with growing outrage*). What? WHAT?  
WHAAAAAAT???

SCHWARTZ (*appearing beside her*). Mom?

*(As MRS. SCHWARTZ chases SCHWARTZ across the stage, we hear sounds of spanking and ad-libbed crying.)*

SCHWARTZ (*cont'd*). Ah! What'd I do? What'd I do?  
What'd I ... ? (*They exit.*)

**Miss Shields  
Jean  
Ralphie**

*(Using hot water to thaw his tongue, they attempt to pull him from the pole.)*

FLICK.  
OW!

ADULTS & KIDS.  
OOH!

ALL ADULTS & KIDS.  
STICKY, STICKY, STICKY

*(They attempt once again to pull him from the pole.)*

FLICK.  
OW!

ADULTS & KIDS.  
OOH!

ALL ADULTS & KIDS.  
STICKY, STICKY, STICKY SITUATION

FLICK.  
OW! OW!

ADULTS & KIDS.  
OOH!

*(They have successfully removed FLICK from the pole.)*

FLICK. Sthlun uv a— *(A lisped version of “son of a \_\_\_\_.”)*

*(The DOCTOR or FIREMAN or POLICEMAN covers his mouth just in time so we don’t hear the word. Music: Button.)*

**(#12a: “Sticky Situation” [Playoff])**

*(FLICK’S MOM leads him away, scolding him. The POLICEMAN, FIREMAN, DOCTOR and NURSE exit. MISS SHIELDS returns to the classroom.)*

MISS SHIELDS *(didactic)*. Now I know some of you put Flick up to this. But those who did know their blame. And I’m sure the guilt is far worse than any punishment you might receive. Don’t you feel terrible? Don’t you feel remorse ... for what you have done?

JEAN (*chuckling*). Adults love to say things like that. But kids know better. We know darn well it was always better not to get caught.

*(FLICK enters the classroom, sulking, and sits in his chair. Several giggles are heard.)*

MISS SHIELDS. Well, that's all I'm going to say about poor Flick. (*Shifting topics.*) All right, class, I have your Christmas themes for you. (*She picks the themes up from her desk and begins to pass them out.*)

JEAN (*relieved*). At last!

MISS SHIELDS. I'm pleased. They were generally pretty good, except for the margins. Look at your paper only. No talking now.

*(She finally hands RALPHIE his theme. He holds it without opening it, anticipating an impressively high grade.)*

JEAN. I held my breath as I stared at the paper. I imagined Miss Shields was restraining her verbal praise of my theme in deference to the ordinary intelligence of my classmates.

*(The KIDS look at one another's papers and generally congratulate one another on what seems to be uniformly good grades.)*

JEAN (*cont'd*). I was sure the multiple pluses were fairly dripping to the floor.

*(RALPHIE looks at his paper.)*

JEAN (*cont'd, shock and anger*). But there was only one plus.

RALPHIE (*outraged*). C-plus?

*(Instantly, MISS SHIELDS assumes the demeanor of a menacing 1930's gun moll or nightclub singer.)*

**Ralphie**  
**Randy**  
**Grover Dill**  
**Jean**  
**Mother**

**(#13b: “The Fight”)**

*(During JEAN’s speech, we see the rage boil and well up within RALPHIE as he prepares to attack. He has reached his breaking point.)*

JEAN. And on that day, at that moment, the demon not only inhabited me, it consumed me. It possessed me. I threw myself at the tormentor with a strength I’d never known.

RALPHIE *(losing all control and jumping onto FARKUS as he squeals a high-pitched, almost girlish squeal)*. AH-HH-HH!!! *(He goes into a full-on faux-profanity rage.)* Golbuster balfaddle fulfuse flappermap!

*(In an exaggerated, heightened manner, FARKUS falls to the ground, and RALPHIE punches and smacks him. FARKUS groans and cries.)*

RANDY. Ralphie, stop it! You’re going to kill him.

RALPHIE *(continuing the choreographed fight)*. Stick-a-lick-a, mac-a-lack-a!

DILL. Hey! Get off of him!

*(RALPHIE sucker-punches DILL.)*

RANDY *(quickly, running offstage)*. Mom! Mom! You gotta come quick!

*(Other KIDS enter and, mesmerized, watch the fight.)*

RALPHIE *(almost delighting in the profanity and violence. Broad gestures, over the top)*. Confaluted frazzle-baster pena-lotta corn doodle dooooo!

*(He continues the “profanity” under JEAN’s line.)*

JEAN. By now, I was beyond profanity. I was speaking in tongues!



RALPHIE (*stylized he-man warrior celebration. He is conquering his foe*). He-bee, je-bee! Arkanoble! Umlay, um-lay, umlay!

(RALPHIE is still clobbering FARKUS as MOTHER enters, rushing on, with RANDY close behind.)

RALPHIE (*cont'd.*) Glockenspeilia cheriberium! Eglottal! Eglottal! Eglottal! (*With a finishing blow, he clobbers FARKUS.*) Splid!

MOTHER (*overlapping with RALPHIE*). Ralphie! Stop it! Stop it!

(*She tries to pull RALPHIE off of FARKUS, then implores the gathered KIDS.*)

MOTHER (*cont'd.*). Somebody ... boys! Help me get him off.

(*Two or three of the KIDS help MOTHER pull RALPHIE from the defeated FARKUS who, along with RALPHIE, is crying.*)

SCHWARTZ. Way to go, Parker!

GIRL 1. Hooray for Ralphie!

(*The KIDS break into a cheer.*)

ALL KIDS.

WHEN YOU'RE A WIMP  
YOU PATIENTLY WAIT FOR THE DAY ...  
WHEN THE TABLES HAVE TURNED  
AND YOU'RE MAKIN' 'EM PAY

MOTHER (*interrupting them*). Kids! Now stop that.

(*DILL comes to the aid of FARKUS and helps him up. Barely able to stand, FARKUS is dragged off by DILL as they exit.*)

FLICK (*his tongue still in bandages from the flagpole accident*).  
But that was Scut Farkus. He showed Scut Farkus who's boss!

**Jean  
Mother  
Swartz  
Ester Jane**

MOTHER. I don't care about Scut Farkus.

MARY BETH. He's a big bully!

MOTHER. It makes no difference!

*(MOTHER speaks as she and RANDY help RALPHIE up.)*

MOTHER *(cont'd, forcefully)*. Now all of you go home. *(A moment later, smiling weakly.)* And have a merry Christmas.

*(She picks up RALPHIE's glasses that have fallen to the ground and puts them in her pocket.)*

*The KIDS start to leave, all overlapping. MOTHER gathers a crying RALPHIE and heads home as RANDY follows.)*

#### **(#14: "Just Like That")**

GIRL 1. Do you believe that?

GIRL 2. Ralphie beat the stuffing out of Scut Farkus ...

SCHWARTZ. I never thought it would happen. Especially by Parker.

ESTHER JANE. He tore right into him.

MARY BETH. I think that's the last we'll see of Farkus for a while ... and Dill, too ...

*(The KIDS ad-lib as they exit.)*

JEAN *(in momentary celebration)*. I had won!

*(The Parker family house comes into view as MOTHER comforts RALPHIE on the way to the house.)*

MOTHER. Shh ... shh ...

JEAN. I had pummeled Farkus and sent Dill running for the hills.

MOTHER. Ralphie ... Ralphie.

JEAN. But I had also disappointed my mother, losing any chance of procuring the coveted Christmas gift.

MOTHER. Settle down, Ralphie. Just settle down ...

JEAN (*realizing what's to come*). Surely the fight and the profanity had sealed my fate, especially when the old man found out.

*(RALPHIE, MOTHER and JEAN have entered the house. RANDY hides under the sink.)*

#### SCENE 4

*(The Parker family house. Immediately afterward.)*

*MOTHER, comforting RALPHIE, who is sobbing, and RANDY enter the living room. RANDY hides under the sink.)*

MOTHER. Hey, hey, hey. It's OK. You're gonna be all right ...

*(MOTHER, always practical and straightforward, comforts RALPHIE.)*

CATCH YOUR BREATH AND LOOK AROUND  
THERE'S NO MONSTER WAITING BY  
NOTHING'S CRUMBLING TO THE GROUND  
NOTHING'S TUMBLING FROM THE SKY

NOTICE HOW THE WORLD KEEPS TURNING  
LIFE GOES ON

A MOMENT COMES  
A MOMENT GOES  
AND JUST LIKE THAT  
THE MOMENT'S GONE

*(RALPHIE is still upset, whimpers.)*

IF YOU SLIP AND SCRAPE YOUR KNEE  
THINK IT'S NEVER GONNA HEAL  
IN A DAY OR TWO YOU'LL SEE  
IT'S JUST NOT THAT BIG A DEAL  
AND YOU'RE BACK TO JUMPING, LAUGHING  
YOU'VE MOVED ON

# A Christmas Story: The Musical

Audition Form

(visit <https://form.jotform.com/CedartownShows/Audition2024> to fill out electronically)

## Your Name (As you would like it to appear in the program)

First Name

Last Name

## Your E-Mail Address

example@example.com

## Address

Street Address

Street Address Line 2

City

State / Province

Postal / Zip Code

## Your Phone Number

Area Code

Phone Number

## Parent Phone Number (if applicable)

Area Code

Phone Number

## Your Gender

## Your Birthday

Month Day

Year

**Auditions will take place 9/16 & 9/19 from 6-8:30 PM. Which date are you attending?**

Monday, September 16th

Thursday, September 19th

**Please note that auditions will be considered for multiple roles, however, we will take the role you are most interested into consideration.**

I Understand.

**Which role(s) are you most interested in? (List 3 max)**

**Will you accept any role?**

Yes.

No.

**Will you accept an ensemble part?**

Yes.

No.

**If cast, is this your first performance at the Cedartown Performing Arts Center?**

Yes.

No.

**Please list any previous acting or stage experience.**

**If NOT cast, would you be interested in any of the following?**

Set Build

Painting

Props

Backstage Crew

Tech