

A Christmas Story

MISS SHIELDS

Margins! Margins! Margins! Why don't they listen? Why don't they learn? Semicolon, you dolt, not peri-od! Oh, I can't take this anymore. But I must! It is my duty! One more! Just one more! *(Takes a theme from the top of the pile and reads.)* "Ralph Parker" *(Rolls her eyes.)* Ha! *(Reads silently. The overture from Tchaikovsky's "Romeo and Ju-liet" creeps in under.)* Why ... why ... this is ... good. This is... it's wonderful! *(She clutches it to her bosom as the music swells.)* The theme I've been waiting for all my life! It vali-dates my existence! The prose ... it ... it sings! " ... legend-ary official Red Ryder carbine action 200-shot Range Model air rifle with a compass and this thing which tells time build right into the stock!" Why, this isn't prose! It's poetry! Sheer poetry! I am transported! It out-Shakespeares Shakespeare! *(She stands and sweeps the stacks of themes from her desk.)* These are not worthy to be in such close proximity to this ... this ... masterpiece! Let the word go out, past is prologue! The history of theme writing begins here! Ralph Parker A++++++++.