

FRANKIE. What “mommy” needs is to get these babies born so she can be a normal-sized human being again. Yesterday I was at the store and a woman asked if I knew where the Petite Department was. I said, “Do I *look* like I know where the *Petite Department* is?” (*She seizes Dub by the collar.*) Dub Dubberly, I am sick of being super-sized! You hear me?! Sick of it!

DUB. (*He gently pulls her hands off his collar and eases her onto a chair.*) You know, maybe we should talk about something else. Why don’t you tell Santa what you want for Christmas.

FRANKIE. Fine. I want Santa to get a vasectomy.

DUB. A what?! Oh, no. No, no, no, no, no. Hell, no. There’s not enough milk and cookies in the world to make Santa ever consider that.

FRANKIE. You asked what I want. So gift wrap that and stick it under the tree. Because Mrs. Claus is not going to have another surprise like *this* (*She points to her stomach.*) again.

DUB. You know, some women complain their husbands have lost romantic interest in them after years of marriage.

FRANKIE. Clearly, that is not one of our fundamental issues.

DUB. Looka here, Frankie, these last nine months haven’t exactly been a joy ride for me, either. I’m still trying to figure out how we’re going to afford these twins. So isn’t it enough that I’m down at the Super SmartMart every night wearing this stupid costume for extra money, without you asking me to rework my plumbing?

FRANKIE. That’s another thing. You’re working too hard. And now I’m having to worry about these babies *and* me *and* you. I’m sick of that, too.

DUB. Well, I just can’t do anything right, can I? So, if you’ll excuse me, this seasonal hire with no benefits and a bad knee is off to enjoy one final round of pushy parents and greedy kids with boney butts. (*He exits.*)

FRANKIE. (*She calls after him.*) Wait, Dub! I’m sorry. I don’t mean to be — (*She stops and sighs. Looks heavenward.*) Mama Eula, I hope you’re not up there thinking I only talk to you when things are bad, but, well ... things are bad and I need to talk to you. This