

ALL FOR THE LITTLE ONES, CHRISTMAS JOYS

(She starts to dance provocatively.)

HO, HO HO! WHO WOULDN'T GO? HO, HO HO!

WHO WOULDN'T GO?

(Honey Raye and Geneva, on opposite sides of the "stage" both try to catch Patsy as she shimmies past them. They fail.)

UP ON THE HOusetop, CLICK, CLICK, CLICK

DOWN THROUGH THE CHIMNEY WITH OLD

SAINT NICK

(Geneva hurries onstage and hauls Patsy off. Blackout.)

Scene 13.

Lights come up on the fellowship hall. Dub, still in his Santa suit, is on his back on the downstage left table. Frankie hovers over him.

FRANKIE. You sure you wouldn't rather have a chair?

DUB. I'm not moving. This kidney stone's lodged again and I'm not about to risk knockin' it loose one more time.

FRANKIE. Then at least take one of your pain pills.

DUB. Much as I want to, I've decided it's more important for me to be coherent when you go into labor. I'm gonna be there for you.

FRANKIE. That's probably the sweetest thing you've ever said to —
(She puts her hand on his arm.)

DUB. Don't touch me! You'll make the stone move!

FRANKIE. Just look at us. Aren't we the spry, young things to be bringing two babies into the world?

DUB. Yeah, that and the fact that we're in no financial position to raise two more kids pretty well completes the picture.

FRANKIE. We won't get any sleep.

DUB. They'll tear up the house.

FRANKIE. We'll never have anything nice.

DUB. Everything we own will be sticky for years to come.

FRANKIE. (*Beat. Then, sincerely.*) Ooh, I can't wait 'til they get here.

DUB. Me, too. I'm so excited.

G.J. (*She enters from the sanctuary, in costume, mascara smeared down her cheeks. She attempts an upbeat tone.*) Why, hi, Mama. Hi, Daddy.

DUB. Hi, Baby Girl. You come to check on your poor, ol' parents?

FRANKIE. G.J., you're crying.

G.J. (*She sobs.*) No, I'm not.

DUB. Sure she is. That's because Justin proposed and she's just so happy she can't help it. Right, Princess?

G.J. (*She bawls.*) I told him noooooooooooooo.

FRANKIE. Why, Sweetheart?

G.J. You've said over and over how you're both too old to be raising kids again. (*Unseen by the others, Justin enters from the sanctuary, still in costume.*) And since Tina Jo's married and Aunt Honey's got her dinette business and Aunt Twink's in jail, it's up to me to help you. So, I'm just gonna concentrate on inseminating during the day and taking care of babies at night. Getting married'll just have to wait.

JUSTIN. *That's* the reason you turned me down? I thought it was because you didn't love me anymore.

G.J. Oh, no, Justin. I love you with all my heart, but I've been trying to love you less and not be around you so much, because I knew you were going to ask me to marry you. I didn't want it to hurt so bad when I had to say no.

DUB. (*To Frankie.*) Lord, were these two made for each other, or what?

FRANKIE. Gina Jo, that's so sweet. But Dub and I are going to be just fine raising these boys. We're looking forward to it. So, if you really want to make us happy, go find happiness for yourself. And if you want a little advice, (*Re: Justin.*) I think it could be standing right beside you.

G.J. I was just trying to do the right thing.

JUSTIN. And now you have your chance. (*He gets down on one knee, then looks heavenward.*) Okay, can we try this again? (*Then.*)

Gina Jo, will you marry me?