

SIBLING DUET

*A brother and sister, Ricky and Susie, are plagued by juvenile speech impediments.*

"Please Kill My Sister for Christmas"

RICKY (*With a pronounced lisp.*)

STHEATHENTHS GREETINGTH!  
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PLEATHE KILL MY STHITHTER FOR CHRITHMITH.  
THAT WOULD REALLY MAKE MY CHRITHMITH DAY.  
PLEATHE KILL MY STHITHTER FOR CHRITHMITH.  
YOU COULD SLITHE HER WITH A BLADE FROM YOUR STHLAY.  
I JUTH DESPYTHE MY OLDER STHITHTER,  
SO STHRING HER LIKE THE LIGHTHS UPON THE TREETH!  
WE'LL HANG A THILKY BLACK RIBBON,  
A BIG BLACK RIBBON,  
ON OUR FRONT-DOOR CHRITHMITH WREATH!

"Give My Little Brother What He Wants"

SUSIE (*Whose R's and L's are pronounced as W's.*)

WHERE'S MY WICKY?  
THERE'S MY WICKY!  
WHO WUVS WICKY?  
SUE WUVS WICKY!

MY WITTLE BWUTHER — HE'S THE BEST!  
SANTA, GWANT MY OWNWEE WEQUEST:  
GIVE MY WITTLE BWUTHER WHAT HE WANTS!

MY WITTLE SIBWING I ADORE,  
SO MISTER KWINGLE, I IMPWORE.  
GIVE MY WITTLE BWUTHER WHAT HE WANTS!

HE WEEWY WIKES TWAINS,  
HE WEEWY WIKES TWYKES,  
SO, GIVE HIM WHAT HE WANTS AND WHAT HE WIKES.  
EVEN IF MY WITTLE BWUTHER HAS A CWAZY WHIM,  
'CAUSE I WEEWY,  
I WEEWY WUV HIM!

*(They repeat twice, overlapping, with business, to a climax.)*