

Vocal

Pugsley Vocal⁻⁴⁻

GRANDMA: Takes the lid off the id. Brings out the dark side.

PUGSLEY: Whaddaya mean?

GRANDMA: One swig of this and Mary Poppins turns into Medea. [GO ON to ms. 171]

PUGSLEY: I don't understand your references.

GRANDMA: Well, stop the damn texting and pick up a book once in a while. [GO ON to ms. 175]

GRANDMA: Now, quit whining about your sister. Start thinking about *you* and how you're gonna live your life.

[GO ON to ms. 179]

GRANDMA: (cont.) Time, my dear, is a thief. She'll steal your soul and flee on little fairy wings.

[GO ON to ms. 183]

GRANDMA: (cont.) And stay outta my shit or I'll rip your leg off and bury it in the backyard. I love you. [GO ON to ms. 186A]

Brighter

Vamp

Start

PUGSLEY:

188

Wednes-day will drink and then

191 192 193 194 195

she'll be her - self a - gain. Lu - cas will

196 197 198 199 200

leave her be, so she can tor -

201 202 203 204 205

ture me. Just like she al - ways did. _____

Colla Voce

A Tempo

206 207 208 209 210

'Til then I'm just a strange,

213 A Bit Brighter

211 212 213 214 215

fat rit. kid? _____

216 217 rall. 218 219

End I