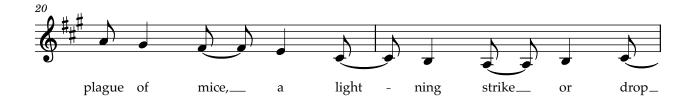
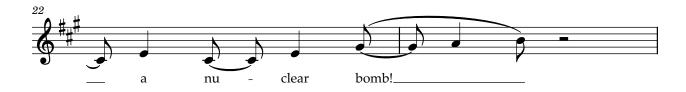
### DEAD MOM

(LYDIA)











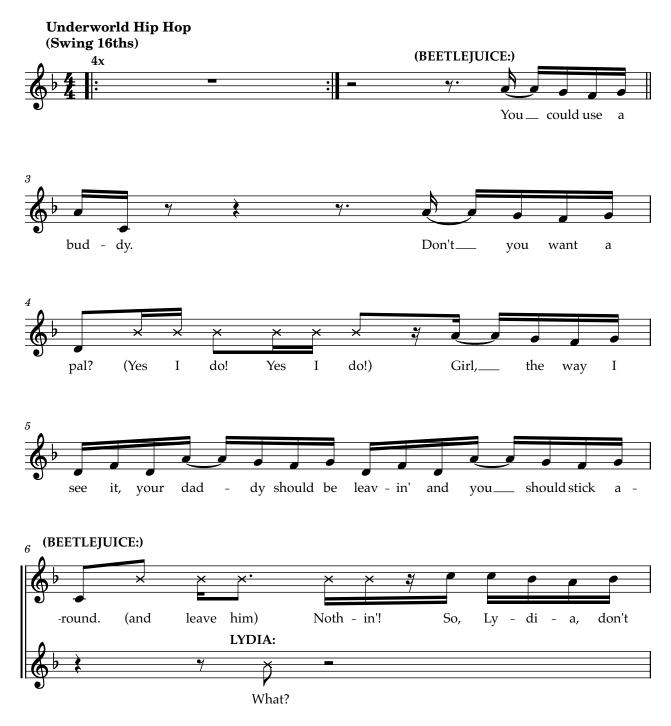


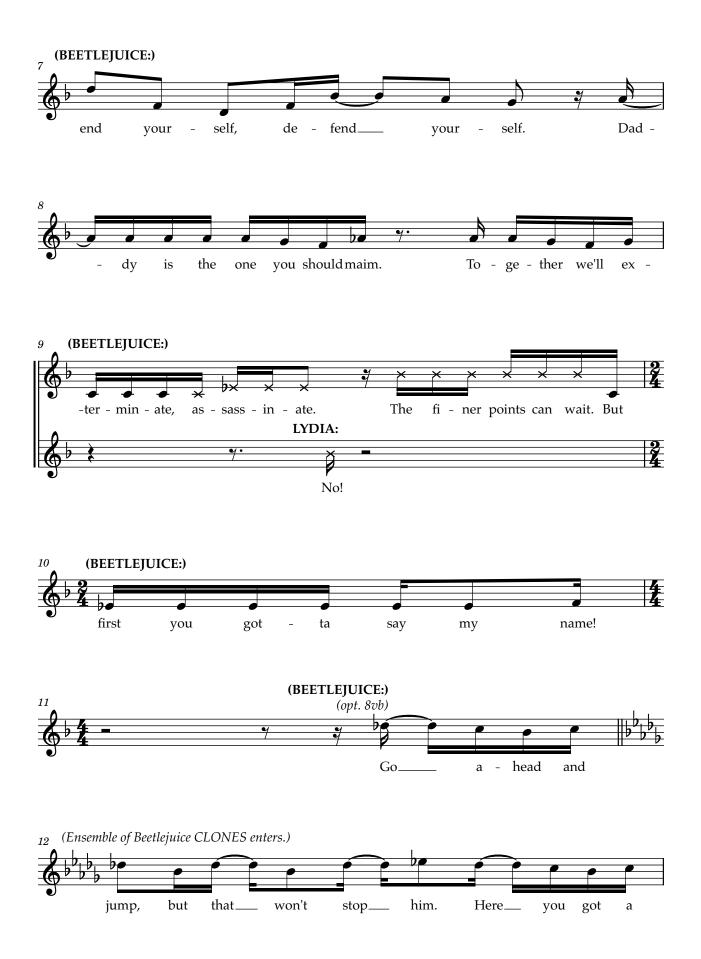




#### SAY MY NAME (BEETLEJUICE)

**BEETLEJUICE:** (*getting an idea*) Hey, I get it. We're not that different. You don't like your dad? I don't like my mom. She is a DEMON. Point is... maybe we can help each other.







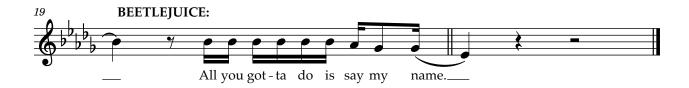






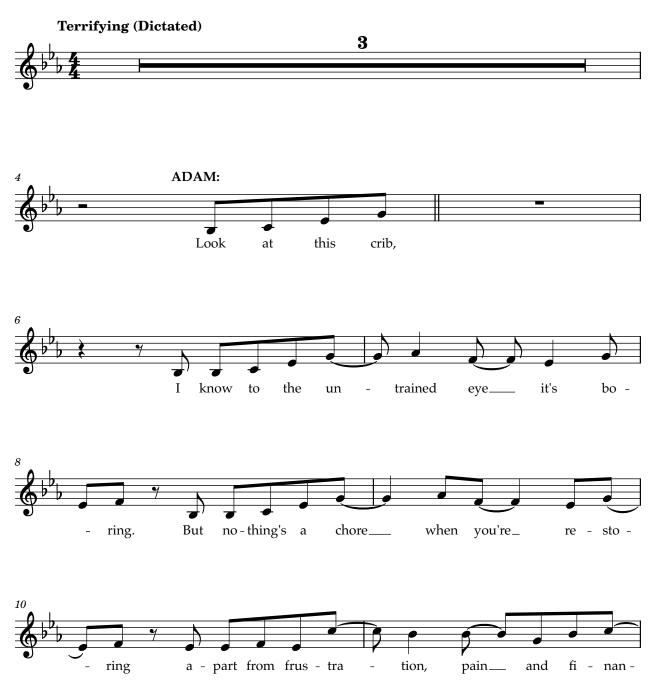


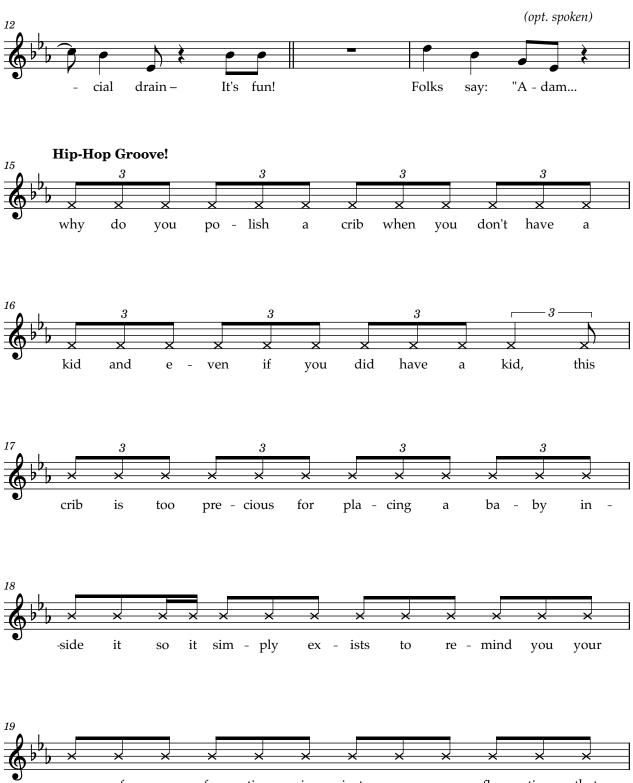




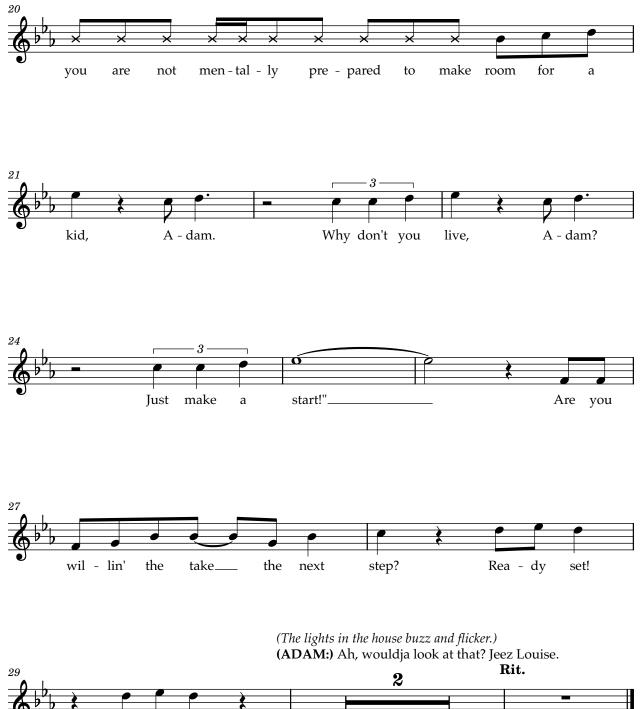
# READY, SET, NOT YET

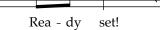
**BEETLEJUICE:** Finished? Adam. We're just getting started. (*BEETLEJUICE heads off. ADAM lovingly examines the crib, equipped with an old-fashioned electric mobile, little Burtonesque toys hanging off a rotating parasol. An old chunky power cord dangles.)* 





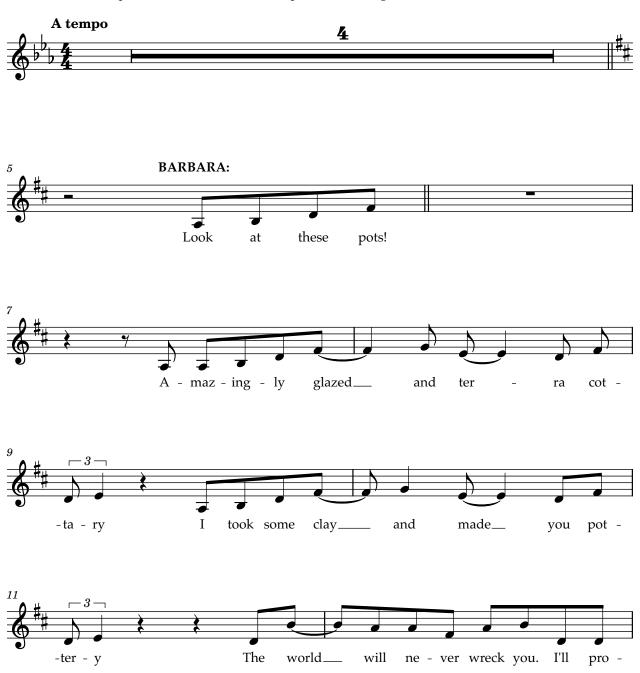
sense of per - fec - tion is just a re - flec - tion that

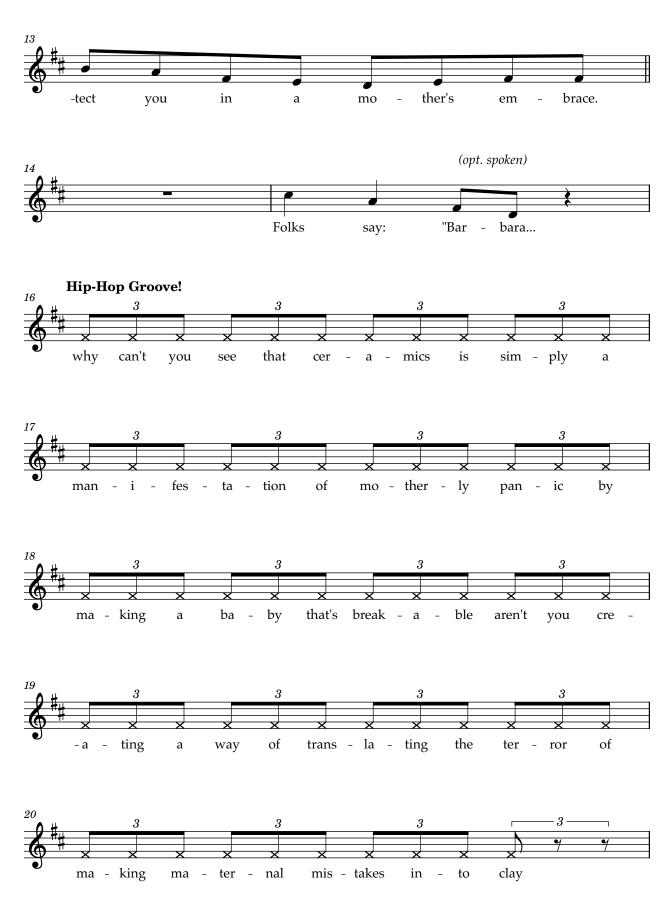


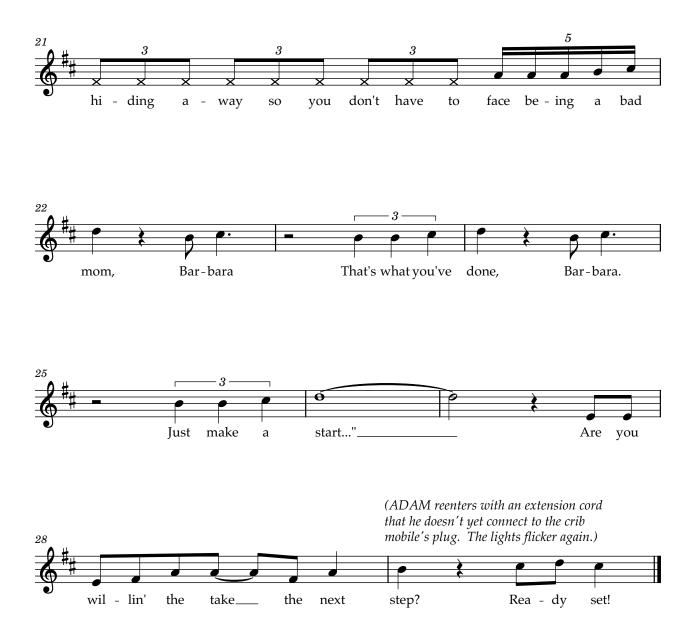


#### READY, SET, NOT YET (BARBARA)

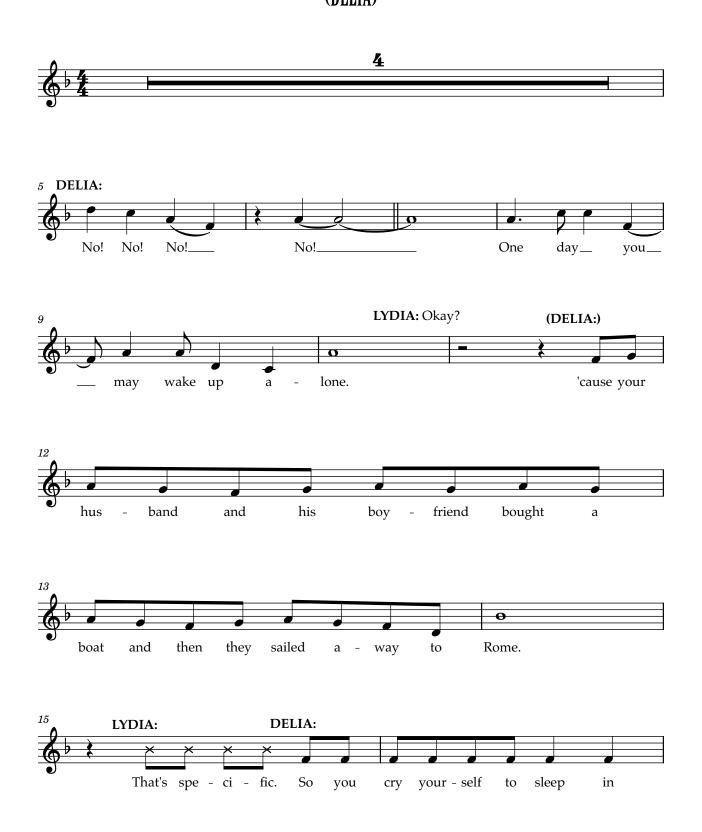
(BEETLEJUICE enters, followed by BARBARA carrying handmade pottery.) BARBARA: Fuse box again? ADAM: I'll call Howard. (ADAM exits.) BEETLEJUICE: Spoiler alert: Howard can't stop what's coming.







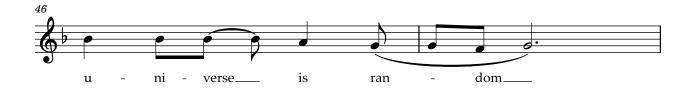
#### NO REASON (DELIA)



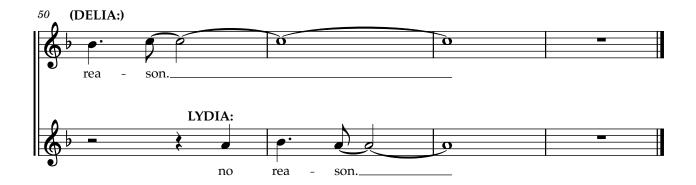












## WHAT I KNOW NOW

(MISS ARGENTINA)











