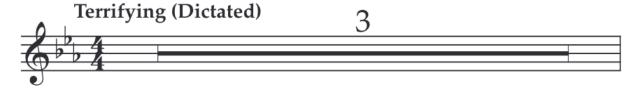
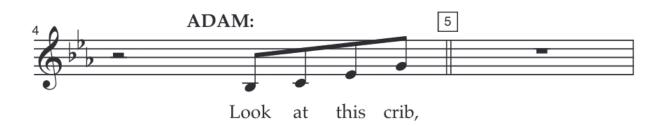
READY, SET, NOT YET

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.)







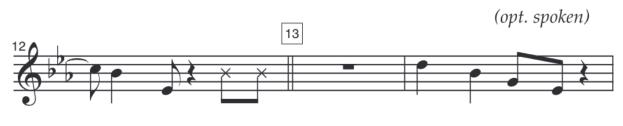
I know to the un - trained eye_ it's bo-



ring. But no-thing's a chore when you're re-sto-

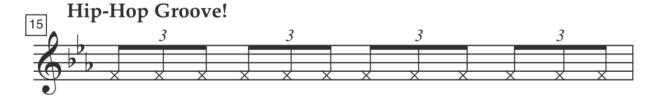


- ring a - part from frus-tra - tion, pain and fi-nan-



- cial drain - It's fun!

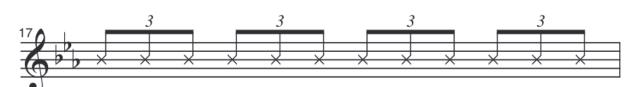
Folks say: "A-dam...



why do you po-lish a crib when you don't have a



kid and e - ven if you did have a kid, this



crib is too pre-cious for pla-cing a ba-by in-



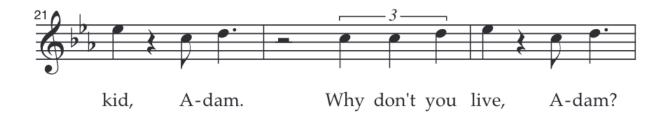
side it so it sim - ply ex - ists to re - mind you your



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



you are not men-tal-ly pre-pared to make room for a







(*The lights in the house buzz and flicker.*) **(ADAM:)** Ah, wouldja look at that? Jeez Louise.



(BEETLEJUICE enters, followed by BARBARA carrying handmade pottery.)

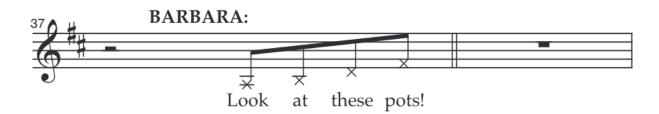
BARBARA: Fuse box again?

ADAM: I'll call Howard.

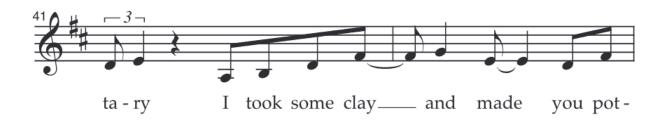
(ADAM exits.)

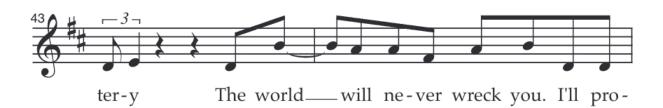
BEETLEJUICE: Spoiler alert: Howard can't stop what's coming.



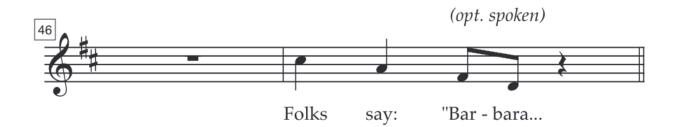


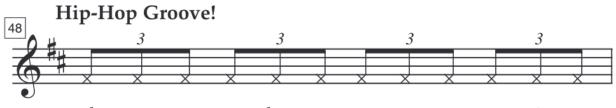




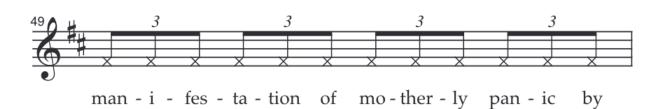






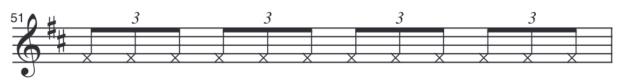


Why can't you see that cer - a - mics is sim - ply a





ma-king a ba-by that's break-a-ble aren't you cre-



a - ting a way of trans - la - ting the ter - ror of



ma-king ma-ter-nal mis-takes in-to clay



hi-ding a-way so you don't have to face be-ing a bad

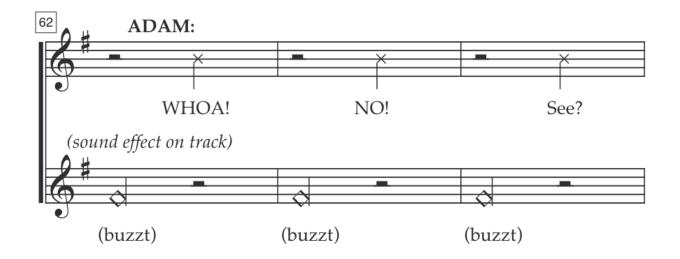




(ADAM reenters with an extension cord that he doesn't yet connect to the crib mobile's plug. The lights flicker again.)

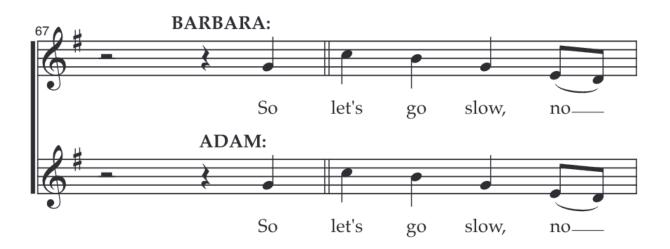


wil-lin' to take_ the next step? Rea-dy set!

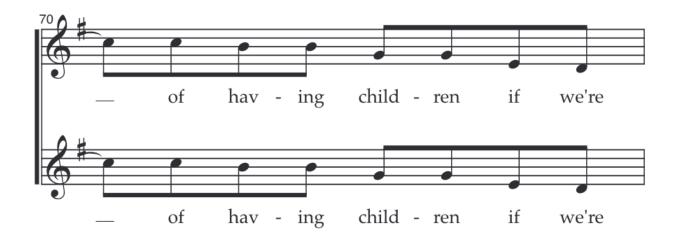


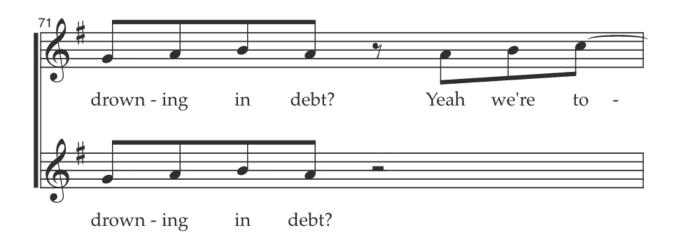
(ADAM:) We can't start a family in a house with crummy fuses! **BARBARA**: You are absolutely right.



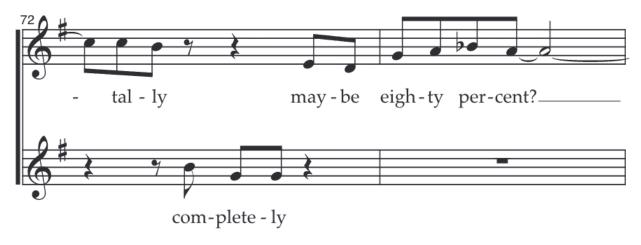


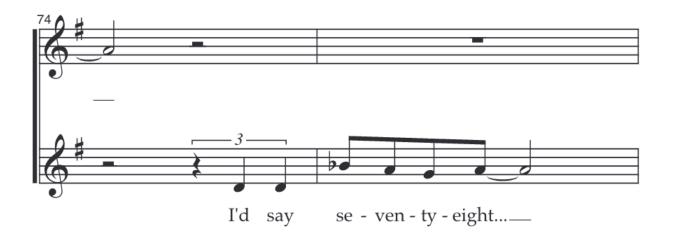




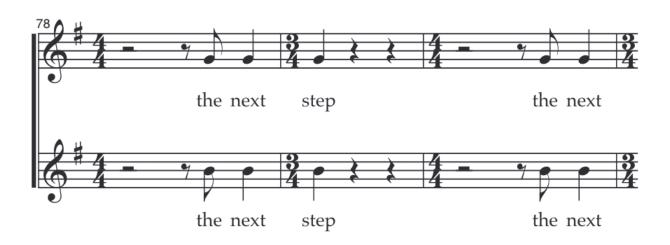


(ADAM, dancing, picks up one end of the extension cord plug. BARBARA, also dancing, picks up the crib moble's plug.)











(Cute as can be, they come together, bringing their two plugs together... and FRZZT! They are instantly electrocuted. Both bodies lie motionless on the floor.)





See, I was-n't kid-ding it's a show a-bout death!

(And as the audience applauds—BEETLEJUICE addresses the audience again, clapping along with them—)

(BEETLEJUICE)

Whoa! People just died and you guys are <u>clapping</u>? I love it! Now here's the plan: *I* can't make a living person say my name, but with a little help from me, those newlydeads CAN. Then the B-man's free! But first...

(#7 – THE HANDBOOK begins.)