

(#13 – DEAD MOM *begins.*)

DEAD MOM

(LYDIA:) (*looking around at the new house*) I'm alone.
I am... utterly alone. Except for you, Dead Mom.

Singer-Songwriter
Goth Rock

(LYDIA:)
(*vocal last x*)

2 4x

Hey mom,

(*As she sings, LYDIA unpacks an old Victrola from a box.*)

4

Dead mom, _____ I need _____ a lit - tle help

7

here. I'm prob-'ly talk - ing to _____ my - self -

9

— here, but, Dead mom, _____ I got - ta ask;

11

Are you real - ly in— the ground,

13

— 'cause I feel— you all— a-round

15

— me? Are you here,— dead mom,—

(She pulls a camera out of the box and crosses over to the weird sculpture.)

(LYDIA:) This is the oldest house I've ever seen. *(snaps a photo – Flash!)* You would have loved it... Dead Mom.

17

8x

— dead mom?

20

(LYDIA:) 21

Dead mom I'm tired— of try-in'— to i-

23

- ron out— my creas - es. I'm a bunch

25



— of bro - ken piec - es it was you—

27




— who made— me whole. Ev - 'ry day—

29




— Dad's star - ing at — me Like all "hur -

31



- ry up,— get hap - py! Move a-long — for-

34




get a - bout your mom." 'Cause Dad-

37



- dy's in de - ni - al. Dad - dy does - n't wan - na feel—

39  He—wants me to smi-le and clap

42  —like a per-form-ing seal.—— Ig-nored

45  — it for a while but Dad - dy's lost his mind for real—

47 

Driving
49  Ma - ma won't you send— a sign.— I'm

51  run-nin' out— of hope— and time.— A

53 

plague of mice, a light - ning strike— or drop

55

— a nu - clear bomb!_____

57

No more play - in' Dad - dy's game.— I'll

59

go in - sane— if things— don't change.—

61

What - e - ver it takes— to make— him say—

63

— your— name. Dead mom.