

# The Addams Family

## PUGSLEY

### WHAT IF

[Rev. 11/18/11]

Music and Lyrics by  
ANDREW LIPPA

WEDNESDAY: We're gonna go now.

PUGSLEY: But, but... Can I come?

WEDNESDAY: Sorry, Pugs. I'm with Lucas now. Bye.

[MUSIC]

PUGSLEY: But wait! Wait!

Liltingly - In 1  $\frac{3}{4}$  62

5  
PUGSLEY:

1-4 4 5 6 7

What if she ne - ver tor - tures me

8 9 10 11 12

a - ny - more? How would I man - age?

13 14 15 16 17

What if she ne - ver nails my tongue to the bath - room floor?

18 19 20 21 22

What if she walks a -

23 24 25 26 27

way leav - ing me A - O - K,

28 to m. 61 61 62 63 64

hid - ing each pow - er tool. Why would she

65 66 67-68 69 **Flowing** 70

be so cruel. I could

71 72 73 74 75

stab my arm my self. Could rip my

76 77 78 79 80

ton - sils out. Could set my hair a -

81 82 83 84 85 86

flame. I could

87 88 89 90 91

spray my eyes with mace, but face the

92 93 94 95 96

fact: With out her it would - n't be the

**GRANDMA: (singing)** "Always look on the bright side of life." [GO ON to ms. 101]

97 98 99-100 2

same.

**PUGSLEY: (cont.)** Hi, Grandma.  
**GRANDMA:** Hey, stud. How's life?  
**PUGSLEY:** Too long.

**GRANDMA:** Tell me about it. [MUSIC OUT]

101 101-104 105

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**

186A-186C

**PUGSLEY:**

188

189

190

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** 206 207 208 **A Tempo** 209 210

'Til then I'm just a strange,

211 212 213 **A Bit Brighter** 214 215

sad rit. kid?

216 217 **rall.** 218 219