RIGHT BEFORE YOUR EYES

(As the music begins, LADAHLORD enters the stage. He crosses to the ghost light and begins to sing.)



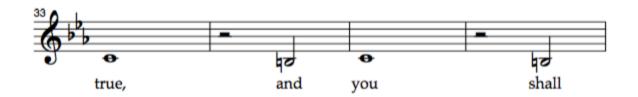


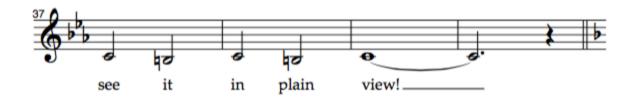


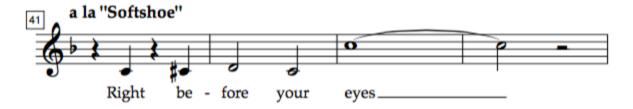


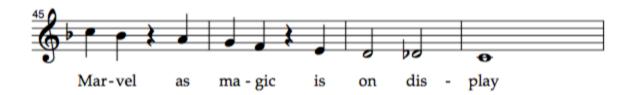


















(LADAHLORD removes the ghost light.)

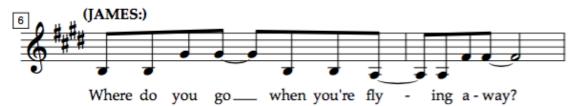


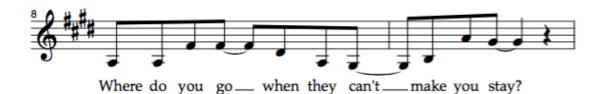
ON YOUR WAY HOME

(JAMES:) (putting them away) This is no place for the two of you. You can leave any time you want. I can't leave, because... I have no place to go.

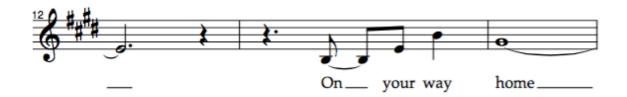


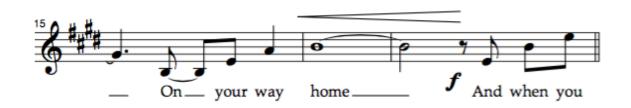
Imaginative, with hope



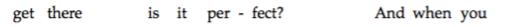






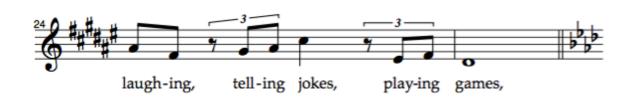




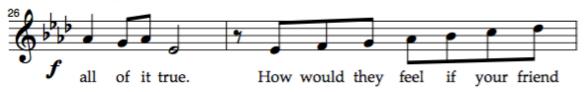


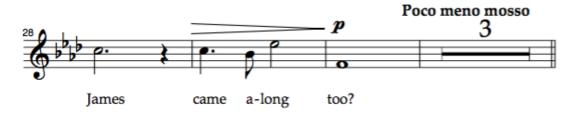






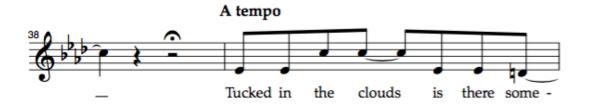
Poco più mosso



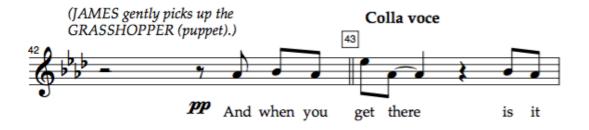




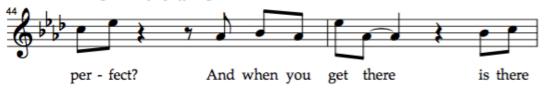




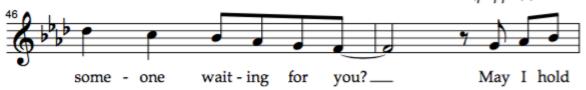




(JAMES releases the GRASSHOPPER (puppet), sending him safely offstage.)



(JAMES gently picks up the LADYBUG (puppet).)



Molto rall.



(JAMES releases the LADYBUG (puppet) into the air. She flies gorgeously offstage, leaving JAMES alone and back in bed.)

Rall.



sadubus/Bridge

EVERYWHERE THAT YOU ARE

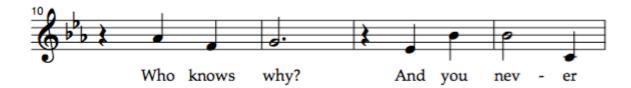
LADYBUG: James, your parents

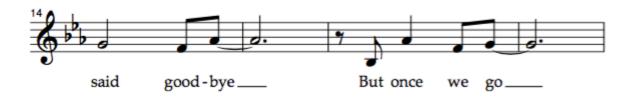
are with you always.

JAMES: They are?

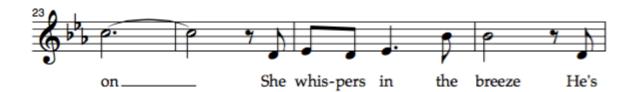
LADYBUG: Of course they are.

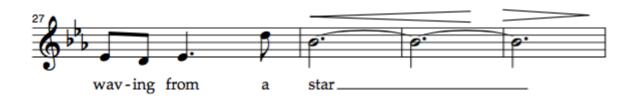
















Srasshop's

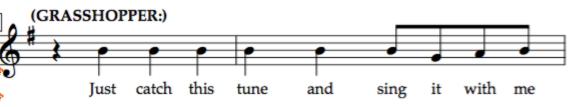
FLOATIN' ALONG

(GRASSHOPPER plays a fiddle lick, which leads into the song.)

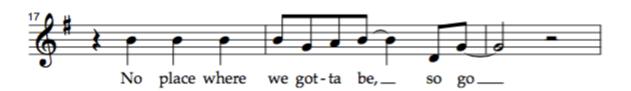
Breezy, bouncy swing - cut time feel

GRASSHOPPER: But the sky is clear and the sea is calm. There's nothing to do now, but enjoy the adventure! Tally-ho and away we go!









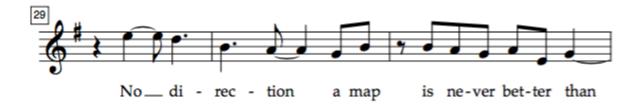


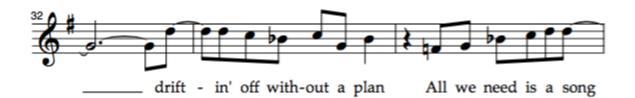
We're tum-blin' off where no-bod-y's been

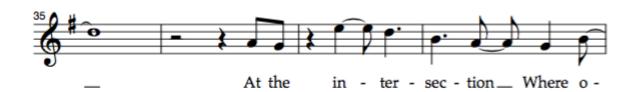


How true ad - ven-tures al-ways be-gin Take a ride on the tide











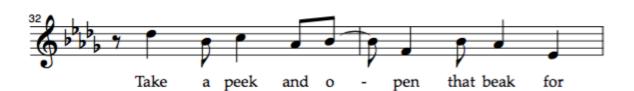


PLUMP AND JUICY



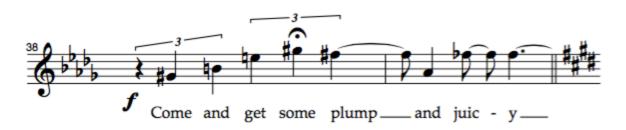












(EARTHWORM:) I guess they're not hungry. Well, at least we tried.

(EARTHWORM tries his best to exit. The SHARKS attack, knocking everyone to the ground.)

ALL: Whoah!

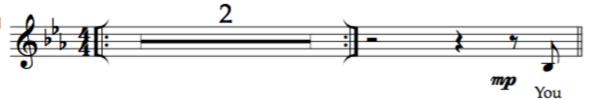
JAMES: Come on Earthworm, you can do it! (GRASSHOPPER forces EARTHWORM back onstage.)

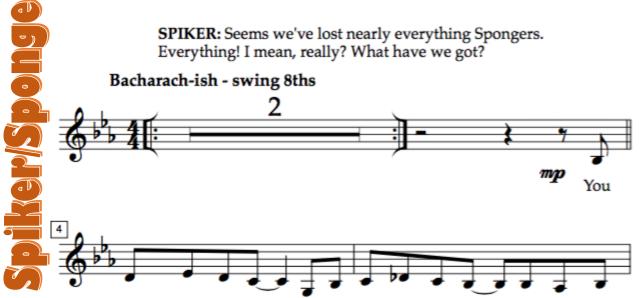


I GOT YOU

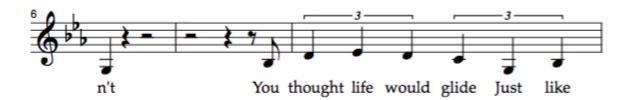
SPIKER: Seems we've lost nearly everything Spongers. Everything! I mean, really? What have we got?

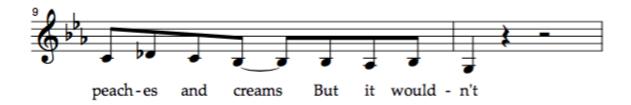
Bacharach-ish - swing 8ths



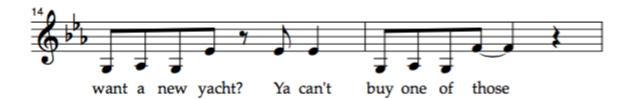


thought you could ride On the fruits of your dreams But you could-





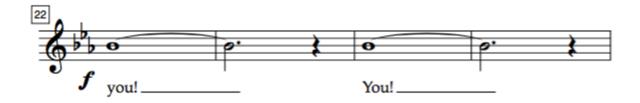


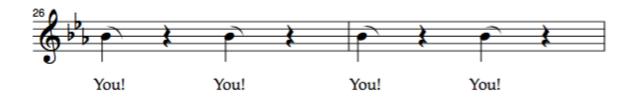




That's the way your new life goes But in the end

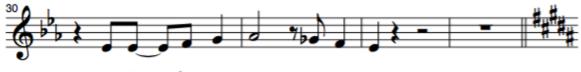








Who can re-place That Frank-en-stein face?



You know that it's true I got you!